

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
=
MILMAN, BOWLES, WILSON,
AND
BARRY CORNWALL.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.



PARIS

PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI

N° 18, RUE VIVIENNE

1829

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NOTICE OF THE PUBLISHERS.

Messrs. Galignani beg leave to intimate, that the present edition of the Works of Milman, Bowles, Wilson, Barry Cornwall, is infinitely more perfect than any of those published in London; as they have been favoured, from private sources, with many original productions of these esteemed writers, which are now for the ~~the~~ first time given to the public; in addition to which, all their contributions have been carefully selected from the numerous miscellaneous publications in which they have from time to time appeared.

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Memoir of the Rev. Henry Hart Milman.

THE life of the scholar united with that of the clergyman, is, in a peculiar manner, barren and in attractive to the general reader, from its being deficient in those stirring incidents which fix the attention and take strong hold upon the memory. There may be every virtue under heaven, all the graces of the mind, and the fullest development of those tranquil and better qualifications of the heart which are, in truth and reason, men's noblest attributes; but there must be stir and bustle, animation and variety, to enchain the indifferent reader to the biographical page. Why the purer virtues alone are so in attractive, is perhaps owing to the superior charm they possess in the social circle. They must be experienced to be valued, and interest from immediate contact and personal observation, becoming mere verbiage on paper, because they are there seen divested of their simple charms; the chaste beauty of their hues being, like the transitory expression on the features of the orator or the actor, untransferable, and only truly engaging in actual observation.

To this tranquil order of biographical subjects belongs the memoir of the Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, a clergyman of the Church of England, and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. He was born in London, February 10th, 1791; and was the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, a very eminent physician, considered to have been much in the confidence of the late king and queen of England. The name of Mr Milman's mother was Hart.

Our poet was first sent to school at Greenwich, where he had for a master the well-known Dr Charles Burney. From the tutorage of Dr Burney he was removed to Eton. In that celebrated seminary he remained about nine years. In the year 1810 he went to Oxford, and entered at Brazen-Nose College. At this university he obtained the greatest number of prizes that ever fell to the lot of one individual. One of these was for English verse, one for Latin verse, and a third and fourth for English and Latin essays, while he was distinguished for the first honours in the examinations.

In the year 1815, Mr Milman became a fellow of Brazen-Nose College, and in 1817 entered into holy orders. It was in the year 1817 that the vicarage of St Mary in the town of Reading was

conferred upon him. In 1821 he was elected professor of poetry in the university,—an office usually held for five years, but the professor is customarily re-elected for the same term. In 1824, Mr Milman married Mary Anne, the youngest daughter of Lieutenant-General Cockell.

In the foregoing lines are comprised all the events of the peaceful and virtuous life of a distinguished man, up to the period when his name came forth to the world in his writings. In the time preceding that period, to arrive at such honours there must have been as arduous, nay more arduous mental labour, than he encounters who overruns kingdoms, or whose adventures and hair-breadth escapes by sea and land fill a folio over which the reader bends with admiration and interest. How little does the *own* attract, compared with the other! Yet how enchainning and useful,—how much matter for contemplation would be afforded to the world, were it practicable to record all the workings of the student's mind, which have passed away in secret. The strugglings after knowledge, the satisfaction at successful progress, the despair of conquering a difficulty at one time, and the triumph over obstacles at another; the aspirations after distinction, the perseverance in toil and the glory of success.

The first appearance of Mr Milman before the public was in the tragedy of *«Fazio,»* which was written before he went into orders, and was afterwards performed with distinguished success. It appeared on the scene at Drury-Lane, on the 5th of February, 1818; but it had been previously published by its author, and had passed through three editions. The plot of this drama is more than commonly interesting, and has the recommendation of being simple, and consequently more noble in character in proportion to its simplicity. The imagery is natural and chaste, the diction pure and elegant. The poetry is of the highest order, and abounds in passages of chastened beauty and great felicity of expression.

The *«Fall of Jerusalem,»* the next dramatic work of this poet, appeared in 1820. Perhaps there is more of nature and pathos, more to affect the heart and feelings in this poem than in *«Fazio,»* or, rather, more that strikes the mind of

the reader, and produces profounder impressions. The time is limited to thirty-six hours; and the subject admitting powerful descriptions, the author has not neglected to avail himself of all which was within his grasp, to enhance the effect of the performance. There is a happy substitution of prophecy for the ancient government of destiny, and all the various characters are forcibly and nobly conceived. This poem is well worthy the pen of a clergyman, gifted, as its author undeniably is, with genius and learning far above the common lot of dramatic writers.

These works may be said to have established their author's fame upon an immovable basis, and, with others which he has undertaken since, to have earned him a celebrity of no mean grade. Mr Milman assiduously performs the duties of a clergyman, and is greatly respected by all who know him in that character. They are things not a little to be envied, in journeying through the wild of life, the possessing that blamelessness

of character, and the attracting that affection from our fellow-citizens which is so seldom the lot of celebrity. Thus is doubled the sum of rational enjoyment. In these respects Mr Milman is to be envied, if envy it be lawful to indulge towards any of our fellow-creatures; and, if we say true, no one more merits to enjoy the delightful feeling of conscious virtue than the author of "Fazio."

Several articles in the "Quarterly Review," in its better literary days, are attributed to the pen of Mr Milman; but none of them are tainted with the asperity which was so long the besetting sin of that publication. The Oxford professor of poetry would be as far above the meanness of personal abuse, as his talents are above those of most who laboured in that work in its days of rabid criticism. Mr Milman's articles were literary, temperate, and such as might be expected from the pen of the Christian and the poet.

POETICAL WORKS

OF

HENRY HART MILMAN.

XXXIII. K 6

A TRAGEDY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following attempt at reviving our old national drama with greater simplicity of plot, was written with some view to the stage. Circumstances and an opinion of considerable weight induced me to prefer the less perilous ordeal of the press: as in the one case, if its merits are small or moderate, the quiet sleep of oblivion will be infinitely less grating to an author's feelings, than a noisy and tumultuous execution in a public theatre; if, on the other hand, public opinion be in its favour, its subsequent appearance on the stage would be at least under favourable auspices. I am aware, that there is a prejudice at the theatre against plays which have first appeared in print; but whence it originates I am at a loss to conceive. It being impossible, on the present scale of our theatres, for more than a certain proportion of those present to see or hear with sufficient distinctness to form a judgment on a drama, which is independent of show and hurry; it surely would be an advantage that a previous familiarity with the language and incidents should enable the audience to catch those lighter and fainter touches of character, of passion, and of poetry, on which dramatic excellence so mainly depends. I put entirely out of the question those who go to a play from mere desire of novelty, whose opinions either way would be of very slight value.

The Play is founded on a story, which was quoted in the Annual Register for 1795, from the "Varieties of Literature;" but great liberties have been taken with it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

GONSALVO, } *Senators of Florence.*
AURIO, }

GIRALDI FAZIO.

BARTOLO.

PHILARIO.

FALSETTO.

DANDOLO.

THEODORE, } *Captains of the Guard.*
ANTONIO, }

PIERO.

WOMEN.

MARCHESA ALDABELLA.

BIANCA.

CLARA.

FAZIO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room with Crucibles and Apparatus of Alchymy.

Enter FAZIO and BIANCA.

FAZIO.

WHY what a peevish envious fabulist,
Was he, that vow'd cold wedlock's atmosphere
Wearies the thin and dainty plumes of love;
That a fond husband's holy appetite,
Like the gross surfeit of intemperate joy,
Grows sickly and fastidious at the sweets
Of its own chosen flower!—My own Bianca,
With what delicious scorn we laugh away
Such sorry satire!

BIANCA.

Which of thy smooth looks

Teacheth this harmony of bland deceit?
Oh, my own Fazio! if a serpent told me
That it was stingless in a tone like thine,
I should believe it. Oh, thou sweetly false!
That at cold midnight quitt'st my side to pore
O'er musty tomes, dark sign'd and character'd,
O'er boiling skellets, crucibles and stills,
Drugs and elixirs.

FAZIO.

Ay, chide on, my love;
The nightingale's complaining is more sweet,
Than half the dull unvarying birds that pipe

Perpetual amorous joy.—Tell me, Bianca,
How long is 't since ■ wedded?

BIANCA.

Wouldst thou know

Thy right and title to thy weariness?—
Beyond two years.

FAZIO.

Days, days, Bianca! Love

Hath in its calendar ■ tedious time,
So long ■ what cold lifeless souls call years.
Oh, with my books, my sage philosophy,
My infants, and their mother, time slides ■
So smoothly, as 't ■ fall'n asleep, forgetting
Its heaven-ordained motion. We ■ poor
But in the wealth of love, ■ that, Bianca,
In that ■ are eastern sultans. I have thought
If that my wondrous alchymy should win
That precious liquor, whose transmuting dew
Makes the black iron start forth brilliant gold,
Were it not wise to cast it back again
Into its native darkness?

BIANCA.

Out upon it!—

Oh, leave it there, my Fazio!—Leave it there!—
I hate it!—'T is my rival, 't is thy mistress.—
Ay, this it is that makes thee strange and restless,
A truant to thine own Bianca's arms,
This wondrous secret.

FAZIO.

Dost thou know, Bianca,

Our neighbour, old Bartolo?

BIANCA.

O yes, yes—

That yellow wretch, that looks as he were stain'd
With watching his own gold; every one knows him,
Enough to loathe him. Not a friend hath he,
Nor kindred ■ familiar; not a slave,
Not a lean serving wench: nothing e'er enter'd
But his spare self within his jealous doors,
Except a wand'ring rat; and that, they say,
Was famine-struck, and died there.—What of him?

FAZIO.

Yet he, Bianca, he is of our rich ones.
There 's not ■ galliot on the sea, but bears
A venture of Bartolo's; not ■ acre,
Nay, not ■ villa of our proudest princes,
But he hath cramp'd it with ■ mortgage; he,
He only stocks ■ prisons with his debtors.
I saw him creeping home last night; he shudder'd
As he unlock'd his door, and look'd around,
As if he thought that every breath of wind
Were ■ keen thief; and when he lock'd him in,
I heard the grating key turn twenty times,
To try ■ all were safe. I look'd again
From our high window by ■ chance, and saw
The motion of his scanty moping lantern;
And, where his wind-rent lattice ■ ill stuff'd
With tatter'd remnants of a money-bag,
Through cobwebs and thick dust I spied his face,
Like ■ dry wither-boned anatomy,
Through a huge chest-lid, jealously and scantily
Uplifted, peering upon coin and jewels,
Ingots and wedges, and broad bars of gold,
Upon whose lustre the ■ light shone muddily,
As though the New World had outrun the Spaniard,
And emptied all its mines in that coarse hovel.

■ ferret eyes gloated as wanton o'er them,
As ■ gross Satyr on ■ sleeping Nymph;
And then, ■ he heard something like a sound,
He clapp'd the ■ to, and blew out the lantern,
But I, Bianca, hurried to thy arms,
And thank'd my God that I had braver riches.

BIANCA.

Oh then, let that black furnace burst: dash down
Those ugly and mishapen jars and vials.
Nay, nay, ■ sage philosopher, to-night,
At least to-night, be only thy Bianca's. *(She clings to him.)*
FAZIO *(looking fondly at her)*.
Why, e'en the Prince of Bards ■ false and slanderous,
Who girt Jove's bride in that voluptuous zone,
Ere she could win her weary lord to love;
While my earth-born Bianca bears by nature
An ever-blooming cactus of delight!

BIANCA.

So courtly and ■ fanciful, my Fazio!
Which of our dukes hath lent thee his ■ poeasies?
Why, such a musical and learned phrase
Had soften'd the marchesa, Aldabella,
That high signora, that once pamper'd thee
Almost to madness with her rosy smiles;
And then my lady queen put on her winter,
And froze thee till thou wert ■ very icicle,
Had not the lowly and despised Bianca
Shone ■ it with the summer of her pity.

FAZIO.

Nay, taunt not her, Bianca, taunt not her!
Thy Fazio loved her once. Who, who would blame
Heaven's moon, because a maniac hath adored it,
And died in his dotage? E'en a saint might wear
Proud Aldabella's scorn, nor look less heavenly.
Oh, it dropt balm upon the wounds it gave;
The soul ■ pleased to be ■ sweetly wrong'd,
And misery grew rapturous. Aldabella!
The gracious! the melodious! Oh, the words
Laugh'd on her lips; the motion of her smiles
Shower'd beauty, as the air-caressed spray
The dews of morning; and her stately steps
Were light as though ■ winged angel trod
Over earth's flowers, and fear'd to brush away
Their delicate hues; ay, e'en her very robes
Were animate and breathing, ■ they felt
The presence of her loveliness, spread around
Their thin and gauzy clouds, ministering freely
Officious duty ■ the shrine where Nature
Hath lavish'd ■ her skill.

BIANCA.

A proud loose wanton!

FAZIO.

She wanton!—Aldabella loose!—Then, then
Are the pure lilies black as soot within,
The stainless virgin snow is hot and rancid,
And chastity—ay, it may be in heaven,
But all beneath the moon is wild and haggard.
■ she be spotted, oh, unholiness
Hath ■ been so delicately lodged
Since that bad devil walk'd fair Paradise.

BIANCA.

Already silent? Hath your idol quaff'd
Enough of your soft incense? Fazio! Fazio!
But that her gaudy bark would aye disdain
The quiet stream whereon ■ glide so smooth,
I should be fearful of ye.

FAZIO.

Nay, unjust!

Ungenerous Bianca! who foregoes,
For the gay revel of a golden harp,
Its ecstasies and rich enchanting falls,
His own domestic lute's familiar pleasing?
But thou, thou vain and wanton in thy power,
Thou know'st at canst make e'en jealousy look lovely,
And all thy punishment for that had passion
■ this—[Kisses her]—Good night!—I will but snatch ■
■ look

Now the great crucible doth its slow work,
And be with thee; unless thou fanciest, sweet,
That Aldabella lurks behind the furnace;
And then, heaven knows how long I may be truant.

[Exit BIANCA.]

FAZIO (solus).

Oh, what a star of the first magnitude
Were poor young Fazio, if his skill should work
The wondrous secret your deep-closetted sages
Grow grey in dreaming of! Why all our Florence
Would be too narrow for his branching glories;
It would o'erleap the Alps, and all the north
Troop here to see the great philosopher.
He would be wealthy too—wealthy in fame;
And that's more golden than the richest gold.

[A groan without.]

Holy St Francis! what a groan was there!

Voice without.

Within there!—Oh! within there, neighbour!—Death,
Murder, and merciless robbery!

FAZIO opens the Door.

What! Bartolo!

BARTOLO.

Thank ye, my friend! Ha! ha! ha! my old limbs!
I did not think them half so tough and sinewy.
St Dominic! but their pins prick'd close and keen.
Six of 'em, strong and sturdy, with their daggers,
Tickling the old man to let loose his ducats.

FAZIO.

Who, neighbour, who?

BARTOLO.

Robbers, black crape-faced robbers,

Your only blood-suckers, that drain your veins,
And yet their meagre bodies aye grow sparer.
They knew that I had moneys from the Duke,
But I o'erreach'd them, neighbour: not a ducat,
Nay, not a doit, ■ ■ ■ themselves withal,
Got they from old Bartolo.—Oh, I bleed!
And my old heart beats minutes like a clock.

FAZIO.

A surgeon, friend!

BARTOLO.

Ay, ■ of your kind butchers,

Who cut and slash your flesh for their own pastime,
And then, God bless the mark! they must have money!
Gold, gold, or nothing! Silver is grown coarse,
And rings unhandsonely. Have I 'scaped robbing,
Only to give?—Oh there! there! there! Cold, cold,
Cold as December.

FAZIO.

Nay, then, a confessor!

BARTOLO.

A confessor! ■ of your black smooth talkers,
That drone the name of God incessantly,
Like the drear burthen of a doleful ballad!

That sing to one of bounteous codicils

To the Franciscans ■ ■ ■ hospital!

Oh! there's ■ shooting!—Oozing here!—Ah me!

My ducats and my ingots scarcely cold

From the hot Indies!—Oh! and I forgot

To seal those jewels from the Milan Duke!

Oh! misery, misery!—Just this very day,

And that mad spendthrift Angelo hath ■ sign'd

The mortgage ■ those meadows by the Arno.

Oh! misery, misery!—Yet I 'scaped them bravely,

And brought my ducats off!—

[Dies.]

FAZIO.

Why e'en lie there, as foul a ■ of earth

As ever loaded it. 'T were sin to charity

To wring one drop of brine upon thy corpse.

In sooth, Death's not nice-stomach'd, to be cram'd

With such unsavoury offal. What a god

'Mong men might this dead wither'd thing have been,

That now must rot beneath the earth, as ■

He rotted on it! Why his wealth had ■

In better hands an atmosphere around him,

Musical ever with the voice of blessing,

Nations around his tomb, like marble mourners,

Vied for their pedestals.—In better hands?

Methinks these fingers are ■ coarse nor clumsy.

Philosophy, Philosophy! thou 'rt lame

And tortoise-paced to my fleet desires!

I scent a shorter path to fame and riches.

The Hesperian trees nod their rich clusters at me,

Tickling my timorous and withdrawing grasp;—

I would, yet dare not:—that's a coward's reckoning.

Half of the sin lies in «I would.» To-morrow,

If that it find ■ poor, will write ■ fool,

And myself be a mock unto myself.

Ay, and the body murder'd in my house!

Your carrion breeds most strange and loathsome insects—

Suspicion's of the quickest and the keenest—

So, neighbour, by your leave, your keys! In sooth,

Thou hadst ■ desperate love for holy church;

Long-knolled bell were no sweet music to thee.

A ■ God be with thee, shall ■ all thy mass;

Thou never lovedst those dry and droning priests.

Thou'lt rot most cool and quiet in my garden;

Your gay and gilded vault would be too costly.

[Exit with the body of Bartolo.]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter FAZIO, with a dark Lantern.

I, wont to rove like a ■ household dog,

Caress'd by every hand, and fearing none,

Now prowl e'en like a grey and ■ wolf.

'T is ■ bad deed to rob, and I 'll have ■ on 't:

'T is ■ bad deed to rob—and whom? the dead!

Ay, of their winding-sheets and coffin nails.

'T is but ■ quit-rent for the land I sold him,

Almost two yards to house him and his worms:

Somewhat usurious in the main, but that

Is honest thrift to your keen ■

Had he ■ kinsman, nay a friend, 't ■ devilish.

But now whom rob I? why the state—In sooth

Marvellous little ■ I this same state,

That I should be ■ dainty of its welfare.

Methinks our Duke hath pomp enough, ■ Senate

■ in their scarlet robes and ermine tippets,
And live in proud and pillar'd palaces,
Where their Greek wines flow plentiful—*Besides,*
To scatter it abroad amid ■ many,
It ■ to ■ the sun ■ into spangles,
And ■ its brilliance by dispersing it.
Away! away! his burying is my Rubicon!
Cæsar ■ nothing! Now, ye close-lock'd treasures,
Put on your gaudiest hues, outshine yourselves!
With a deliverer's, not a tyrant's hand
Invade I thus your dull and peaceful slumbers,
And give ye light and liberty. Ye shall not
Moulder and rust in pale and pitiful darkness,
But front the ■ with light bright ■ his ■

SCENE III.

The Street ■ Fazio's Door.

Re-enter FAZIO with ■ sack: he rests it.

My steps were ever to this door, ■ though
They trod on beds of perfume and of down.
The winged birds ■ not by half ■ light,
When through the lazy twilight air they wheel
Home to their brooding mates. But now, methinks,
The heavy earth doth cling around my feet.
I move ■ every separate limb were gyved
With its particular weight of manacle.
The moonlight that was wont ■ seem ■ soft,
So balmy to the slow respired breath,
Icily, shivering cold falls on me.
The marble pillars, that soared stately up,
As though to prop the azure vault of heaven,
Hang o'er me with a dull and dizzy weight.
The ■ whereon I tread do grimly speak,
Forbidding echoes, ay with human voices.
Unbodied arms pluck at me as I pass,
And socketless pale eyes look glaring ■ ■
But I have past them: and methinks this weight
Might strain more sturdy sinews than mine own.
Howbeit, thank God, 't is safe! Thank God!—for what?
That ■ poor honest man's grown a rich villain.

SCENE IV.

Fazio's House.

Enter FAZIO with his sack, which he opens and surveys.

I thank ye, bounteous thieves! ■ liberal thieves!
Your daggers are my worship. Have ye leap'd
The broad and sharp-staked trenches of the law,
Mock'd ■ the deep damnation that attaints
The souls of murderers, for my hands unbloodied,
As delicately, purely white ■ ever,
To pluck the golden fruitage? Oh, I thank ye,
Will chronicle ye, my good friends and true.

Enter BIANCA. (FAZIO conceals the Treasure.)

BIANCA.

Nay, Fazio, nay: ■ ■ ■ much: nay, Fazio,
I'll not be humour'd like a froward child,
Trick'd into sleep with pretty tuneful tales.

FAZIO.

We feast the Duke to-morrow: shall it be
In the Adorni ■ Vitelli palace?
They're ■ ■ sale, ■ each ■ fair and lofty.

BIANCA.

Why, Fazio, art thou frantic? Nay, look ■
So strangely, so unmeaningly. I had rather
That thou wouldst weep, than look so haggard joyful.

FAZIO.

Ay, and ■ glorious banquet it shall be:
Gay ■ in as proud caparisons,
As though they served immortal gods with nectar.
Ay, ay, Bianca! there shall be a princess;
■ shall be lady of the feast. Let's see
Your gold and crimson for your fair-hair'd ■ ■ ■
■ shall be gold and crimson. Dost thou know ■
The princess that I mean? Dost thou, Bianca?

BIANCA.

Nay, if thou still wilt flout me, I'll ■ weep:
Thou shalt not have the pitiful bad pleasure
Of wringing me to misery. I'll be cold
And patient ■ statue of my wrongs.

FAZIO.

I have just thought, Bianca, these black stiffs
An ugly and ill-fitting furniture:
We'll try an they are brittle. (*Dashes them ■ pieces.*)
I'll have gilding.

Nothing but gilding, nothing but what looks glittering:
I'm sick of black and dingy darkness. ■ (*Un-*
covering the sack),

Look here, Bianca, here's a light! Take care:

Thine eyesight is too weak for such ■ blaze.

It is ■ daylight; nay, it is not morn—

And every ■ is worth a thousand florins.

Who shall be princess of the feast to-morrow?

[*She bursts into tears.*]

Within, within, I'll tell thee all within.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Palace of Fazio.

FALSETTO, DANDOLO, PHILARIO, and a Gentleman.

FALSETTO.

Serve ye Lord Fazio?

GENTLEMAN.

Ay, sir, he honours ■

With his commands.

FALSETTO.

'T is ■ brave gentleman!

Tell him Signior Falsetto, and Philario,
The ■ renowned Improvisatore,
And Signior Dandolo, the court fashionist,
Present their duty to him.

GENTLEMAN.

Ay, good sirs.

[*Aside.*] My master hath a Midas touch; these fellows
■ try ■ he hath ■ like that great king. [*Exit.*]

Enter FAZIO, splendidly dressed.

FALSETTO.

Most noble lord, most wonderful philosopher!
We ■ ■ thank thee, sir, that thou dost honour
Our Florence with the sunlight of your fame.
Thou that hast ravish'd nature of ■ ■ ■
That maketh thee her very paragon:
She can but ■ gold, and ■ canst thou:
■ she doth bury it in mire and mirk,

Within the unsunn'd bowels of the earth:
But thou dost set it on the face of the world,
Making it shame its old and sullen darkness.

FAZIO.

Fair sir, this cataract of courtesy
O'erwhelms my weak and unhabituate ears;
If I may venture such uncivil ignorance,
Your quality?

FALSETTO.

I, my good lord, am one
Have such keen eyesight for my neighbours' virtues,
And such a doting love for excellence,
That when I see a wise man, or a noble,
Or wealthy, as I ever hold it pity
Man should be blind to his merits, words
Slide from my lips; and I do mirror him
In the clear glass of my poor eloquence.

FAZIO.

In and honest phraseology,
A flatterer.

FALSETTO.

Flatterer! Nay, the word's grown gross.
An apt discourser upon things of honour,
Professor of art panegyric.
Till were I a hawk to such bravery,
And not a thrush to sing of it. Wealth, sir,
Wealth is the robe and outward garb of man;
The setting to the rarer jewelry,
The soul's unseen and inner qualities.
And then, my lord, philosophy! 't is that,
The stamp and impress of our divine nature,
By which we know that we are Gods, and are so.
But wealth and wisdom in spacious breast!
Who would not hymn rare and rich a wedding?
Who would not serve within the gorgeous palace,
Glorified by such strange and admired inmates?

FAZIO (aside).

Now the poor honest Fazio had disdain'd
Such scurvy fellowship; howbeit, Lord Fazio
Must lacquey his new state with these base jackalls.

(To him.)

Fair sir, you'll honour with your company.

(To Dandolo.)

May I make bold, sir, with your and title?

DANDOLO.

Oh, my lord, by the falling of your robe,
Your cloth of gold one whole hair's-breadth low,
'T is manifest you know Signior Dandolo.

FAZIO.

A pitiable lack of knowledge, sir!

DANDOLO.

My lord, thou hast before thee in thy presence
The mirror of the court, the very calendar
That rules the swift revolving round of fashion;
Doth tell what hues do suit what height o' the sun;
When your spring pinks should banish from the court
Your sober winter browns; when July heat
Doth authorize the gay and flaunting yellows;—
The court thermometer, that doth command
Your three-piled velvet abdicate its state
For the airy satins. Oh, my lord, you are too late,
At least three days, with your Venetian tissue.

FAZIO.

I sorrow, sir, to merit your rebuke
On point so weighty.

DANDOLO.

Ay, signior, I'm paramount

of boot, and spur, and hose;
In matters of the robe and cap supreme;
In ruff disputes, my lord, there's appeal
From my irrefragability.

FAZIO.

Sweet sir,

I fear me, such despotic rule and sway
Over the persons of our citizens
Of danger to our state of Florence.

DANDOLO.

Good sooth, my lord, I am a very tyrant.
Why, if a senator should presume to wear
A cloak of fur in June, I should indict him
Guilty of leze-majesté against my kingship:
They call me Dandolo, the King of Fashions—
The whole empire of dress is my dominion.
Why, if Duke should an ill-grain'd colour
Against my positive enactment, though
His might shield him from the palpable shame
Of a rebuke, yet, my good lord, opinion,
Public opinion, would hold Signior Dandolo
Merciful in his silence.

FAZIO.

A Lycurgus!

DANDOLO.

Good, my lord! dignity must be upheld
On the strong pillars of severity.
Your cap, my lord, a little to the north-east,
And your sword—thus, my lord—pointed out this way,
{Adjusting him.

In an equilateral triangle. Nay,
Nay, my credit, my good lord, this hose
Is a fair woof. The ladies, sir, the ladies
(For I foresee you'll be a ruling planet),
Must be taught any heretical fancies,
Fantastical infringements of my codes—
Your lordship must give place Signior Dandolo
About their persons.

FAZIO.

Gentle sir, the ladies

Must be too deeply, irresistibly yours.

DANDOLO.

No, signior, no; I'm not of the gallants
That pine for a fair lip, or eye, or cheek,
Or that poetical treasure, a true heart.
But, my lord, a fair-order'd head-dress makes me
As love-sick as a dove at mating-time:
A tasteful slipper is my soul's delight:
Oh, I adore a robe that drops and floats
As it were lighter than the air around it;
I dote upon a stomacher to distraction,
When the gay jewels, gracefully disposed,
Make of stars: and then a fan,
The elegant motion of a fan, is murder,
Positive murder to my poor weak

(turning to Philario).

here's a third: the Improvisatore,
Gentle Philario, lurks, methinks, behind.

PHILARIO.

Most noble lord! it were his loftiest boast
To wed your honours to his harp. To hymn
The finder of the philosophic stone,
The sovereign prince of alchymists; 't would make
The cold verse-mechanist, the nice balancer

MILMAN'S POETICAL WORKS.

Of curious words and fair compacted phrases,
Burst ■ a liquid and melodious flow,
Rapturous and ravishing but in praise of thee!
But I, my lord, that have ■ fluent vein,
The rapid rush——

Fie, sir! O fie! 't is fulsome.

Sir, there's a soil ■ for that rank weed flattery
To trail its poisonous and obscene clusters:
A poet's soul should bear ■ richer fruitage—
The aconite grew not in Eden. Thou,
That thou, with lips tipt with the fire of heaven,
Th' excursive eye, that in its earth-wide range
Drinks in the grandeur and the loveliness
That breathes along this high-wrought world of man;
That hast within thee apprehensions strong
Of all that's pure and passionless and heavenly—
That thou, ■ vapid and a mawkish parasite,
Shouldst pipe ■ that witch Fortune's favourites!
'T is coarse—'t is sickly—'t is ■ though the eagle
Should spread his sail-broad wings to flap ■ dunghill;
As though ■ pale and withering pestilence
Should ride the golden chariot of the sun;
As one should use the language of the gods
To chatter loose and ribald brothelry.

PHILARIO.

My lord, I thank thee for that noble chiding—
Oh, my lord, 't is the curse and brand of poetry,
That it must trim its fetterless free plumes
To the gross fancies of the humourous age;
That it must stoop from its hold heights to ■
Liquorish opinion, whose eye wavering breath
Is ■ it as the precious air of life.
Oh, in a capering, chambering, ■ land,
The lozel's song alone gains audience,
Fine loving ditties, sweet ■ sickness;
The languishing and luscious touch alone,
Of all the full harp's ecstasies, can detain
The palled and pampered ■ of Italy.
But, my lord, we have deeper mysteries
For the initiate——Hark!—it bursts!—it flows!

Song by PHILARIO.

Rich and royal Italy!
Dominion's lofty bride!
Earth deem'd ■ loss of pride
To be enslaved by thee.
From broad Euphrates' bank,
When the sun look'd through the gloom,
Thy eagle's golden plume
His orient splendour drank;
And when ■ he ■
Far in the chamber'd west,
That bird of brilliance yet
Bathed in his gorgeous ■

■ and sunken Italy!
The plunderer's common prey!
When saw the eye of day
■ very a slave ■ thee?
Long, long a bloody stage
For petty kinglings tame,
Their miserable game
Of puny ■ ■ wage.

Or from the northern star
Come haughty despots down,
With iron hand ■ share
Thy braised and broken ■

Fair and fervid Italy!
Lady of each gentler art,
Yet couldst thou lead the heart
In mild captivity.
Warm Raphael's Virgin sprung
To worship and ■ love,
The enamour'd air above
Rich clouds of music hung.
Thy poets bold and free
Did noble wrong to time,
In their high rhymed majesty
Ravishing thy clime.

Loose and languid Italy!
Where now the magic pow'r
That in thy doleful hour
Made ■ queen of thee?
The pencil cold and dead,
Whose lightest touch ■ life;
The old immortal strife
Of thy high poets fled.
From her inglorious ■
Will Italy arise?
Will golden days return
'Neath the azure of her skies?

This is done, oh, this is done,
When the broken land is one;
This shall be, oh, this shall be,
When the slavish land is free.

SCENE II.

The Public Walks of Florence.

FAZIO, FALSETTO, DANDOLO, PHILARIO.

FALSETTO.

Yonder, my lord, is the Lady Aldabella,
The star of admiration ■ all Florence.

DANDOLO.

There, my lord, there is a fair drooping robe—
Would that I ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ breath of wind to float it!

FAZIO.

Gentlemen, by your leave I would salute her:
Ye'll meet ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ in the Piazza. [*Exeunt all but Fazio.*]
Now, lofty woman, we ■ equal now,
And I will front thee in thy pitch of pride.

Enter ALDABELLA. She speaks after a salutation on each side.

Oh, thou and I, Sir, when ■ ■ ■ of old,
Were ■ ■ ■ distant, nor ■ ■ ■ chill. My lord—
I had forgot, my lord. You dawning signiors
Are jealous of your state; you great philosophers
Walk not on earth; and ■ ■ ■ poor groveling beings,
■ ■ ■ would win your eminent regards,
Must meet ye i' the air. Oh, it sits well
This scorn, it looks ■ ■ ■ grave and reverend.

FAZIO.

Is scorn in Lady Aldabella's creed
■ ■ ■ ■ ■ and heretical?

ALDABELLA.

Again,

Treason again, ■ most irreverent laugh,
A traitorous jest before ■ learn'd ■ sage:—
■ I may joy in thy good fortune, Fazio.

FAZIO.

■ sooth, good fortune, if 't is worth thy joy,
The haughty Lady Aldabella's joy.

ALDABELLA.

Nay, ■ thou hadst not dash'd so careless off
My bounteous offering, I had said—

FAZIO.

What, lady?

ALDABELLA.

Oh nought—mere sound—mere air—Thou 'rt married,
Fazio:

And is thy bride ■ jewel of the first water?
I know thou wilt say, ay; 't is ■ old tale,
Thy fond lip-revel on ■ lady's beauties:
Nethinks I've heard thee descant upon loveliness,
Till the full ears ■ drunken with sweet sounds.
But never let me see her, Fazio; never.

FAZIO.

And why not, lady? She is exquisite,
Bashfully, humbly exquisite; yet Florence
May be ■ proud of her, ■ of the richest,
That fire her with the lustre of their state.
And why not, lady?

ALDABELLA.

Why! I know not why—

Oh your philosophy, 't is ever curious;
Poor lady Nature must tell all; and clearly,
To its inquisitorship.—We'll not think ■ 't:
It fell from me un'wares; words will start forth,
When the mind wanders.—Oh no, not because
She's merely lovely:—but we'll think ■ more on 't.—
Didst hear the act?

FAZIO.

Lady, what act?

ALDABELLA.

The act

Of the great Duke of Florence and his Senate,
Entitled against turtle doves in poesy.
Henceforth that useful bird is interdict,
As the mild emblem of true constancy.
There's a new word found; 't is pure Tuscan too:
Fazio's to fill the blank up, if it chime;
If not, Heaven help the rhymester.

FAZIO (*apart*).

With what an airy and a sparkling grace
The language glances from her silken lips!
Her once loved voice how exquisite it sounds,
E'en like ■ gentle music heard in childhood!

ALDABELLA.

Why yes, my lord, in these degenerate days
Constancy is ■ rare a virtue, angels
Come down to gaze on 't: it makes the world proud.
Who would be one o' the many? Why, our Florence
Will blaze with the miracle. 'T is true, 't is true,
The odour of the rose grows faint and sickly,
And joys ■ finest by comparison.—
But what is that to the majestic pride
Of being the sole true phoenix?

FAZIO.

Gentle lady,

Thou speak'st ■ if that smooth word constancy
Were harsh and brassy sounding in thy ears.

ALDABELLA.

No, no, signior; your good old-fangled virtues
Have gloss enough for me, had it been my lot
To be ■ miser's treasure: if his eyes
Ne'er open'd but on me, I ne'er had wept
At such a pleasant faithful avarice.

FAZIO.

Lady, there ■ time when I did dream
Of playing the miser to another treasure,
One ■ less precious than thy stately self.

ALDABELLA.

Oh yes, my lord, oh yes; the tale did run
That thou and I did love: so ran the tale.
That thou and I should have been wed—the tale
Ran so, my lord.—Oh memory, memory, memory!
■ is ■ bitter pleasure, but 't is pleasure.

FAZIO.

A pleasure, lady!—why then cast me off
Like an indifferent weed?—with icy scorn
Why choke the blossom that but woo'd thy sunshine?

ALDABELLA.

Ah, what an easy robe is scorn to wear!
'T is but to wrinkle up the level brow,
To arch the pliant eyelash, and freeze up
The passionless and placid orb within—
Castelli! oh Castelli!

FAZIO.

Who was he, lady?

ALDABELLA.

One, my good lord, I loved most fondly, fatally.

FAZIO.

Then thou didst love? love, Aldabella, truly,
Fervently, fondly?—But what's that ■ me?

ALDABELLA.

Oh yes, my lord, he was ■ noble gentleman;
Thou know'st him by his title, Condé d'Orsoa;
My nearest kinsman, my good uncle:—I,
Knowing our passionate and fanciful nature,
To his sage counsels fetter'd my wild will.
Proud was he of me, deem'd me a fit mate
For highest princes; and his honest flatteries
So pamper'd me, the fatal duteousness
So grew upon me—Fazio, dost thou think
My colour wither'd since we parted? Gleam
Mine eyes ■ they were wont?—Or doth the outside
Still wear ■ lying smooth indifference,
While the unseen heart is haggard wan with woe?

FAZIO.

Is 't possible? And didst thou love me, lady?
Though it be joy vain and unprofitable
As is the sunshine ■ a dead man's eyes,
Pleasureless from his impotence of pleasure;
Tell ■ and truly—

ALDABELLA.

My grave air confessor,

On with thy hood and cowl.—So thou wouldst hear
Of pining days and discontented nights;
Ah me's and doleful airs to my sad lute.
Fazio, they suffer most who utter least.—
Heaven, what ■ babbling traitor is the tongue!
Would not the air freeze up such sinful sound?—
Oh no, thou heard'st it not. Ah me! and thou,
■ know, wilt surfeit the coarse common ear
With the proud Aldabella's fall.—Betray me not;

■ charier of her shame than Aldabella.

[*Fazio falls ■ his knees ■ her.*

My lord! my lord! 't is public here—no more—
I'm staid for at my palace by the Arno.

Farewell, my lord, farewell!—Betray ■ ■ :—
But never let ■ see her, Fazio, ■

FAZIO (solus.)

Love me!—to suffering love me!—why her love
Might draw ■ brazen ■ from its pedestal,
And make its yellow veins leap up with life.
Fair Chastity, thou hast ■ juggling fiends
Caballing for thy jewel: ■ within,
And that's ■ mild and melting devil, Love;
'Tis other without, and that's ■ fair rich gentleman,
Giraldi Fazio: they're knit in ■ league.
And thou, thou snowy and unsociable virtue,
Mayst lose ■ less ■ votaress from thy nunnery
Than the most beautiful proud Aldabella.
Had I been honest, 't ■ indeed to fall;
But ■ 't is but ■ step down the declivity.
Bianca! but Bianca!—bear ■ up,
Bear me up, in the trammels of thy fondness
Bind thou my slippery soul. Wrong thee, Bianca?
Nay, nay, that's deep indeed; fathomless deep
In the black pit of infamy and sin:
I am not so weary yet of the upper air.
Wrong thee, Bianca? No, not for the earth;
Not for earth's brightest, not for Aldabella.

SCENE III.

Palace of Fazio.

FAZIO and BIANCA.

FAZIO.

Dost thou love me, Bianca?

BIANCA.

There's ■ question

For a philosopher!—Why, I've answer'd it
For two long years; and, oh, for many more,
It will not stick upon my lips to answer thee.

FAZIO.

Thou'rt in the fashion, then. The court, Bianca,
The ladies of the court, find ■ ■ fair gentleman;
Ay, and a dangerous wit too, that smites smartly.

BIANCA.

And thou believest it all!

FAZIO.

Why, if the gallants,
The lordly and frank spirits of the time,
Troop around thee with gay rhymes on thy beauties,
Tinkling their smooth and ■ flatteries,
Shalt thou be then ■ solemn infidel?

BIANCA.

I shall not heed them; my poor beauty needs
Only one flatterer.

FAZIO.

Ay, but they'll press on thee,
And force their music into thy deaf ears.
Think ye, ye should be coy, and calm, and cold?

BIANCA.

Oh, no!—I fear me ■ discourteous laugh
Might be their guerdon for their lavish lying.

FAZIO.

But if ■ trip upon your lip, or wind

Your fingers ■ his sportive hand, think ye
Ye could endure it?

BIANCA.

Fazio, thou wrong'st me
With such dishonest questionings. My lord,
There's such ■ awe in virtue, it ■ make
The anger of ■ sleek smooth brow like mine
Strike the hot libertine to dust before me.
He'd dare to dally with a fire in his hand,
Kiss ragged briars with his unholy lips,
Ere with his rash assault attain my honour.

FAZIO.

But if ye see ■ by a noble lady,
Whispering ■ though she were my shrine, whereon
I lay my odorous incense, and her beauty
Grow riper, richer at my cherishing praise;
■ she lean on ■ with a fond round arm,
■ her eye drink the light from out mine eyes,
And if her lips drop sounds for my ear only;
Thou 'lt arch thy moody brow, look at me gravely,
With ■ pale anger ■ thy silent cheek.
'T is out of keeping, 't is not the court fashion—
We must forego this clinging and the clasping;
Be cold, and strange, and courteous ■ each other;
And say, «How doth my lord?» «How slept my lady?»
As though we dwelt at opposite ends o' the city.

BIANCA.

What hath distemper'd thee?—This is unnatural;
Thou couldst not talk thus in thy steadfast ■
Fazio, thou hast seen Aldabella!—

FAZIO.

Well,

She is no basilisk—there's ■ death in her eyes.

BIANCA.

Ay, Fazio, but there is; and more than death—
A death beyond the grave—a death of sin—
A howling, hideous, and eternal death—
Death the flesh shrinks from.—No, thou must not see
her!

Nay, I'm imperative—thou 'rt mine, and shalt not.

FAZIO.

Shalt not!—Dost think me ■ thick-blooded slave,
To say «Amen» unto thy positive «shalt not?»
The hand upon a dial, only to point
Just as your humorous ladyship chuse ■ shine?

BIANCA.

Fazio, thou settest ■ fever in my brain;
My very lips burn, Fazio, at the thought:
I had rather thou wert in thy winding sheet
Than that bad woman's arms; I had rather grave-worms
Were on thy lips than that bad woman's kisses.

FAZIO.

Howbeit, there is ■ blistering in their taste:
There is no suffocation in those ■

BIANCA.

Take heed; we ■ passionate; our milk of love
Doth turn to wormwood, and that's bitter drinking.
The fondest are most frenetic: where the fire
Burneth intensest, there the inmate pale
■ dread the broad and beaconing conflagration.
■ that ye cast us to the winds, the winds
Will give us their unruly restless nature;
We whirl and whirl; and where ■ settle, Fazio,
But he that ruleth the mad winds ■ know.
If ye do drive the love out of my soul,
That is its motion, being, and its life,

There'll be a conflict strange and horrible,
Among all fearful and ill-visaged fiends,
For the blank void; and their mad revel there
Will make me—oh, I know not what—hate thee!—
Oh, no!—I could not hate thee, Fazio:
Nay, nay, my Fazio, 't is not come to that;
Mine arms, mine arms, shall say the next « shall not; »
I'll never startle more thy peevish ears,
■ I'll speak to thee with my positive lips.

[Kissing and clinging to him.]

FAZIO.

Oh, what ■ wild and wayward child am I!—
Like the hungry fool, that in his moody fit
Dash'd from his lips his last delicious morsel.
I'll see her once, Bianca, and but once;
And then a rich and breathing tale I'll tell her
Of our full happiness. If she be angel,
'T will be a gleam of Paradise ■ her,
And she'll smile at it ■ of those soft smiles,
That makes the air ■ sunny, blithe, and balmy.
■ she be devil—Nay, but that's too ugly;
The fancy doth rebel at it, and shrink
As from ■ serpent in a knot of flowers.
Devil and Aldabella!—Fie!—They sound
Like nightingales and screech-owls heard together.
What! must I still have tears to kiss away?—
I will return—Good night!—It is but once.
See, thou 'st at the taste o' my lips now at our parting;
And when ■ meet again, if they be tainted,
Thou shalt—oh no, thou shalt not, canst not hate me.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Palace of ALDABELLA.

ALDABELLA.

My dainty bird doth hover round the lure,
And I must hood him with a skilful hand:
Rich and renown'd, he must be in my train,
Or Florence will turn rebel to my beauty.

Enter CLARA, FAZIO behind.

ALDABELLA goes on.

Oh, Clara, have ye been ■ the Ursulines?
What says my cousin, the kind Lady Abbess?

CLARA.

She says, my lady, that to-morrow noon
Noviciates are admitted; but she wonders,
My Lady Abbess wonders, and I too
Wonder, my lady, what can make ye fancy
Those damp and dingy cloisters. Oh, my lady!
They'll make ye cut off all this fine dark hair—
Why, all the signiors in the court would quarrel,
And cut each other's throats for ■ loose hair of it.

ALDABELLA.

Ah me! what heeds it where I linger out
The remnant of my dark and despised life?—
Clara, thou weariest me.

CLARA.

Oh, but, my lady,
I saw their dress: it ■ ■ coarse and hard-grain'd,
I'm ■ 't would fret your ladyship's soft skin
Like thorns and brambles; and besides, the make on't!—
■ vine-dresser's wife at market looks more dainty.

ALDABELLA.

Then my ■ will not stain it. Oh, 't is rich enough
For lean and haggard sorrow. (Appearing ■ perceive
FAZIO, exit CLARA.) Oh, my lord!
You're timely come to take ■ long farewell.
Our convent gates are rude, and black, and close;
Our Ursuline veils of such a jealous woof,
There ■ be piercing in those curious eyes,
Would know if the skin beneath be swarth or snowy.

FAZIO.

A convent for the brilliant Aldabella!
The mirror of all rival lovelinesses,
The harp to which all gay thoughts lightly dance,
Mew'd in the drowsy silence of a cloister!

ALDABELLA.

Oh, what regards it, if a blind man lie
On ■ green lawn or on ■ steamy moor!
What heeds it to the dead and wither'd heart,
Whose faculty of rapture is grown sere,
Hath lost distinction between foul and fair,
Whether it house in gorgeous palaces,
Or mid ■ graves and haggard signs of care!
Oh, there's a grief, ■ with the threads of being
Ravelled and twined, it sickens every sense:
Then is the swinging and monotonous bell
Musical as the rich harp heard by moonlight;
Then are the limbs insensible if they rest
On the ■ pallet or the pulpy down.

FAZIO.

What ■ ye, lady?—thou bewilder'st me.
What grief so wanton and luxurious
Would chuse the Lady Aldabella's bosom
To pillow on?

ALDABELLA.

Oh, my lord, untold love—
Nay, Fazio, gaze not on me so; my tongue
Can scarcely move for the fire within my cheeks—
It cankereth, it consumeth, untold love.
But if it burst its secret prison-house,
And venture on the broad and public air,
It leagueth with a busy fiend call'd Shame;
And they both dog their game, till misery
Fastens upon it with a viper's fang,
And rings its being with its venomous coil.

FAZIO.

Misery and thee!—oh, 't is unnatural!—
Oh, yoke thee to that thing of darkness, misery!—
That Ethiop, that grim Moor!—it were to couple
The dove and kite within one loving leash.
■ must not be; nay, ye must be divorced.

ALDABELLA.

Ah no, my lord! we ■ too deeply pledged.
Dost thou remember ■ old poet's ■ legend
Over Hell gates—« Hope comes not here? » Where hope
Comes not, is hell; and what have I ■ hope?

FAZIO.

What hast to hope?—Thou'rt strangely beautiful—

ALDABELLA.

Wouldst thou leave flattery thy last ravishing sound
Upon mine ears?—'T is kind, 't is fatally kind.

FAZIO.

Oh, no! ■ must not part, we must not part.
■ ■ tell thee something: what, I know not.
■ only know one word that should have been;

1 Dante.

And that—Oh! if thy skin were seam'd with wrinkles,
If on thy cheek sate sallow hollowness,
If thy warm voice spake shrieking, harsh, and shrill;
But to that breathing form, those ripe round lips,
Like a full parted cherry, those dark eyes,
Rich in such dewy languors—I'll not say it—
Nay, nay, 't is **me** now!—Poison's at work!
Now listen to me, lady—We must love.

ALDABELLA.

Love!—Ay, my lord, **as** far **as** honesty.

FAZIO.

Honesty!—'T is a stale and musty phrase;
At least at court: and why should **we** be traitors
To the strong tyrant Custom?

ALDABELLA.

My lord Fazio—

Oh, said **I** my lord Fazio?—thou 'lt betray me:
The bride—the wife—she that I mean—My lord,
I am nor splenetic nor envious;
But 't is a name I dare not trust my lips with.

FAZIO.

Bianca, oh Bianca is her name;
The mild Bianca, the soft fond Bianca.
Oh to that name, e'en in the Church of God,
I pledged **a** solemn faith.

ALDABELLA.

Within that Church

Barren and solitary my sad name
Shall sound, when the pale nun profess'd doth wed
That her cold bridegroom Solitude: and yet—
Her right—ere she had seen you, we had loved.

FAZIO (*frantically*).

Why should we dash the goblet from our lips,
Because the drops may have a smack of bitter?
Why should that pale and clinging consequence
Thrust itself ever 't wixt **us** and our joys?

ALDABELLA.

My lord, 't is well our convent walls are high,
And our gates massy; else ye raging tigers
Might rush upon us simple maids unveil'd.

FAZIO.

A veil! a veil! why Florence will be dark
At noonday: or thy beauty will fire up,
By the contagion of its own bright lustre,
The dull dead flax to **an** intense a brilliance,
'T will look like one of those rich purple clouds
On the pavilion of the setting sun.

ALDABELLA.

My lord, I've **a** poor banquet here within;
Will 't please ye taste it?

FAZIO.

Ay, wine, wine! ay, wine!

I'll drown thee, thou officious preacher, here! (*Clasping
his forehead.*)

Wine, wine!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Palace of Fazio.

BIANCA.

Not all the night, not all the long, long night,
Not **to** me! not send to me! not think on me!
Like an unrighteous and unburied ghost,

I wander up and down these long arcades.
Oh, in **an** old poor narrow home, if haply
I linger'd late abroad, domestic things
Close and familiar crowded all around me;
The ticking of the clock, the flapping motion
Of the green lattice, the grey curtains' folds,
The hangings of the bed myself had wrought,
Yea e'en his black and iron crucibles,
Were **as** **as** **as** my friends. But here, oh here,
Where all is coldly, comfortlessly costly,
All strange, all **in** uncouth gorgeousness,
Lofty and long, **a** wider space for misery—
E'en my own footsteps on these marble floors
Are unaccustom'd unfamiliar sounds.—
Oh, I am here so wearily miserable,
That I should welcome my apostate Fazio,
Though he were fresh from Aldabella's arms.
Her **name**!—her viper coil!—I had forsworn
That thought; lest he should come, and find **me** mad,
And **go** back again, and I not know it.
Oh that I were a child to play with toys,
Fix my whole soul upon a cup and ball—
Oh any pitiful poor subterfuge,
A moment to distract my busy spirit
From its dark dalliance with that cursed image!
I have tried all: all vainly—Now, but now
I went in to my children. The first sounds
They murmur'd in their evil-dreaming sleep
Was **a** faint mimicry of the name of father.
I could not kiss them, my lips were so hot.
The very household slaves are leagu'd against me,
And do beset me with their wicked floutings,
• Comes my lord home to-night?—and when I say,
• I know not, their coarse pity makes my heart-string
Throb with the agony.—(*Enter PIERO*)—Well, what of
my lord?

Nay, tell it with thy lips, not with thy visage.

Thou raven, croak it out if it be evil:

If it be good, I'll fall and worship thee;

'T is the office and the ministry of gods

To speak good tidings to distracted spirits.

PIERO.

Last night my lord did feast—

BIANCA.

Speak it at once—

Where? where?—I'll wring it from thy lips.—Where?
where?

PIERO.

Lady, at the Marchesa Aldabella's.

BIANCA.

Thou liest, false slave: 't was at the Ducal Palace,
'T was at the arsenal with the officers,
'T was with the old rich senator—him—him—him—
The **one** with a brief name; 't **was** gaming, dicing,
Riotously drinking.—Oh it **was** not there;
'T **was** any where but there—or if it was,
Why like **a** sly and creeping adder sting me
With thy black tidings?—Nay, nay: good my friend;
Here's money for those harsh intemperate words.—
But he's **not** there: 't was **one** of the gallants,
With dress and stature like my Fazio.
Thou wert mistaken:—no, no; 't **was** not Fazio.

PIERO.

It grieves **me** much, but, lady, 't **is** my fear
Thou 'lt find it but too true.

BIANCA.

Hence! hence! Avaunt,
With thy cold courteous face! Thou seest I'm wretched:
Doth it content thee? Gaze—gaze—gaze!—perchance
Ye would behold the bare and bleeding heart,
With all its throbs, its agonies.—Oh Fazio!
Oh Fazio! is her smile more sweet than mine?
Or her soul fonder?—Fazio, my lord Fazio!
Before the face of man mine own, mine only;
Before the face of Heaven Bianca's Fazio,
Not Aldabella's.—Ah, that I should live
To question it!—Now, henceforth all ■ joys,
Our delicate endearments, all ■ poison'd.
Ay! if he speak my name with his fond voice,
It will be with the same tone that to her
He murmur'd hers:—it will be, or 't will seem so.
If he embrace me, 't will be with those arms
In which he folded her: and if he kiss me,
He 'll pause, and think which of the two is sweeter.

PIERO.

Nay, good my lady, give not entertainment
To such sick fancies: think on lighter matters.
I heard strange news abroad: the Duke's in council,
Debating on the death of old Bartolo,
The grey lean usurer. He's been long abroad,
And died, they think.

BIANCA.

Well, sir, and what of that?

And have I not the privilege of sorrow,
Without a menial's staring eye upon me?
Who sent thee thither to charter my free thoughts,
And tell them where to shrink, and where to pause?
Officious slave, away!—(Exit.)—Ha? what saidst thou?
Bartolo's death! and the Duke in his council!—
I'll rend him from her, though she wind around him,
Like the vine round the elm. I'll pluck him off,
Though the life crack at parting.—No, no pause;
For if there is, I shall be tame and timorous:
That milk-faced mercy will come whimpering to me,
And I shall sit and meekly, miserably
Weep o'er my wrongs.—Ha! that her soul were fond
And fervent as mine own! I would give worlds
To see her as he's rent and rack'd from her.
Oh, but she's cold; she cannot, will not feel.
It is but half revenge: her whole of sorrow
Will be ■ drop to my consummate agony.—
Away, away: Oh had I wings to waft me!

SCENE II.

Duke and his Council.

DUKE.

T ■ passing strange, ■ man of such lean habits,
Wealth flowing to him in ■ steady current,
Winds wafting it unto him from all quarters,
Through all his seventy toilsome years of life,
And yet his treasury ■ spare and meagre;
Signior Gonsalvo, were the voice that told us
Less tried and trusty than thine own, our faith
Would be a rebel to such marvellous fact.

GONSALVO.

Well may your Highness misdoubt me, myself
Almost misdoubting mine own positive senses.
No sign was there of outward violence,
All in a state of orderly misery,
No trace of secret inroad; yet, my liege,

The mountains of his wealth were puny mole-hills,
A few stray ducats; piles indeed of parchments,
Mortgages, deeds, and lawsuits heaped to the roof,
Enough to serve the armies of all Tuscany
At least for half a century with new drum-heads.

AURIO.

Happily, my liege, he may have gone abroad,
And borne his riches with him.

DUKE.

Signior Aurio,

That surmise flavours not of your known wisdom.
■ argosies encumber all our ports,
His unsold bales rot in the crowded wharfs;
The interest of a hundred usuries
Lieth unclaim'd.—Besides, he hath not left
Our city for these twenty years:—a slight
So unprepared and wanton suite not well
Your slow and heavy laden usurer.

Enter ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

My liege, a lady in the antechamber
Boasts knowledge that concerns your this day's council.

DUKE.

Admit her.—(Enter BIANCA.)—How! what know'st
thou of the death

Of old Bartolo?—he he dead in sooth?
Or of his riches?

BIANCA.

■ The east side of the fountain,

In the small garden of a lowly house,
By the Franciscan convent, the green herbs
Grow boon and freely, the manure is rich
Around their roots: dig there, and you 'll be wiser.

DUKE.

Who tenanted this house?

BIANCA.

Giraldi Fazio.

DUKE.

What of his wealth?

BIANCA.

There's one in Florence knows
More secrets than becoms an honest man.

DUKE.

And who is he?

BIANCA.

Giraldi Fazio.

GONSALVO.

My liege, I know him: 't is the new sprung signior,
'This great philosopher. I ever doubted
His vaunted manufactory of gold,
Work'd by some strange machinery.

DUKE.

Theodore,

Search thou the garden that this woman speaks of.
Captain Antonio, be 't thy charge to attach
With speed the person of this Fazio.

BIANCA (rushing forward ■ ANTONIO).

You 'll find him at the Marchesa Aldabella's:
Bring him away—no mercy—no delay—
Nay, not an instant—not time for a kiss,
A parting kiss. (Aside.) Now have I widow'd her,
As she has widow'd me! Now come what will,
Their curst entwining arms are riven asunder.

DUKE.

And thou, thou peremptory summoner!
Most thirsty after justice! speak—Thy name?

BIANCA.

Bianca.

DUKE.

Thy estate wedded or single?

BIANCA.

My lord——

DUKE.

Give instant _____ to the court.

BIANCA.

Oh! wedded, but most miserably single.

DUKE.

Woman, thou palterest with our dignity.
Thy husband's name and quality?—Why shakest thou,
And draw'st the veil along thy moody brow,
As thou too wert a murderess?—Speak, and quickly.

BIANCA (*faltering*).

Giraldi Fazio.

DUKE.

'T is thy husband then—

Woman, take heed, if, petulant and rash,
Thou wouldst abuse the righteous sword of law,
That brightest in the armoury of man,
To a peevish instrument of thy light passions,
Or furtherance of _____ close and secret guilt:
Take heed, 't is in the heaven stamp'd roll of sins,
To bear false witness——Oh, but 'gainst thy husband,
Thy bosom's lord, flesh of thy flesh!—To set
The bloodhounds of the law upon his track!
If thou speak'st true, stern justice will but blush
To be so cheer'd upon her guilty prey.
If it be false, thou givest to flagrant sin
A heinous immortality. This deed
Will chronicle thee, woman, to all ages,
In human guilt a portent and an era:
'T is of those crimes, whose eminent fame Hell joys at,
And the celestial angels, that look on it,
Wish their keen airy vision dim and narrow.

Enter THEODORE.

My liege, e'en where she said, an unstripp'd corpse
Lay carelessly inearth'd, old weeds hung on it,
Like those that old Bartolo wont to wear;
And under the left rib a small stiletto,
Rusted within the pale and creeping flesh.

Enter ANTONIO with FAZIO.

My liege, the prisoner.

DUKE.

Thou'rt Giraldi Fazio.

Giraldi Fazio, thou stand'st here arraign'd,
That, with presumption impious and accurst,
Thou hast usurp'd God's high prerogative,
Making thy fellow mortal's life and death
Wait on thy moody and diseased passions;
That with a violent and untimely steel
Hast set abroad the blood, that should have ebb'd
In calm and natural current: to sum all
In one wild name—a name the pale air freezes at,
And every cheek of man sinks in with horror—
Thou art a cold and midnight murderer.

FAZIO.

My liege, I do beseech thee, argue not,
From the thick clogging of my clammy breath,
Aught but a natural and instinctive dread
Of such a bloody and ill-sounding tide.
My liege, I do beseech thee, whate'er reptile

Hath _____ this filthy slime of slander on me,
Set him before _____ face to face: the fire
Of my just anger shall burn up his heart,
_____ his lip drop, and powerless shuddering
Creep o'er his noisome and corrupted limbs,
The _____ lie choke in his wretched throat.

DUKE.

Thou'rt bold.—But know ye ought of old Bartolo?
Methinks, for innocence, thou'rt pale and tremulous—
That name is to thee _____ a thunderclap;
But thou shalt have thy wish.—Woman, stand forth:
Nay, _____ away thy veil.—Look _____ her, Fazio.

FAZIO.

Bianca!——No, it is a horrid vision!
And, if I struggle, I shall wake, and find it
A miscreated mockery of the brain.
_____ thou'rt a fiend, what hellish right hast thou
To shroud thy leprous and fire-seamed visage
In lovely linaments, like my Bianca's?
If thou'rt indeed Bianca, thou wilt _____
A ring I gave thee _____ our wedding time.
In God's name do I bid thee hold it up;
And, if thou dost, I'll be a murderer,
A slaughterer of whole hecatombs of men,
So ye will rid _____ of the hideous sight.

DUKE.

Giraldi Fazio, hear the court's award:
First, on thy evil-gotten wealth the State
Setteth her solemn seal of confiscation;
And for thyself——

BIANCA (*rushing forward*).

Oh, we'll be poor again!

Oh, I forgive thee!—We'll be poor and happy!
So happy, the dull day shall be too short for us.
She loved thee, that proud woman, for thy riches;
But thou canst tell why I love Fazio.

DUKE.

And for thyself—'T is in the code of Heaven,
Blood will have blood—the slayer for the slain.
Death is thy doom—the public, daylight death.
Thy body do we give unto the wheel:
The Lord have mercy on thy sinful soul!

BIANCA.

Death!—Death!—I meant not that!——Ye mean not
that!

What's all this waste and idle _____ of murder?
He slay a man—with tender hands like his?—
With delicate mild soul?——Why, his own blood
Had startled him! I've _____ him pale and shuddering
At the sad writhings of a trampled worm:
I've _____ him brush off with a dainty hand
A bee that stung him. Oh, why _____ ye thus
The garb and outward sanctity of law?
What means that snow upon your reverend brows,
_____ that ye have no subtler apprehension
Of _____ inherent harmony in the nature
Of _____ bloody criminal and bloody crime?
'T _____ wise t' arraign the soft and silly lamb
Of slaughtering his butcher: ye might make it
As proper a murderer _____ my Fazio.

Woman, th' irrevocable breath of justice
Wavers not: he _____ die.

_____ die!——

Ye grey and solemn murderers by charter!

Ye ermined manslaughter! when the tale is rife
 With blood and guilt, and deep and damning, Oh,
 Ye suck it in with cold insatiate thirst:
 But to the plea of mercy ye are stones,
 As deaf and hollow ■ the unbowl'd winds.
 Oh, ye smooth Christians in your tones and looks,
 But in your hearts ■ savage ■ the tawny
 And misbelieving African! ye profane,
 Who say, « God bless him! God deliver him! »
 While ye are beckoning for the bloody axe,
 To smite the unoffending head!—his head!—
 My Fazio's head!—the head this bosom cherish'd
 With its first virgin fondness.

DUKE.

Fazio, hear.

To-morrow's morning sun shall dawn upon thee:
 But when he setteth in his western couch,
 ■ finds thy place in this world void and vacant.

BIANCA.

To-morrow morning!—Not to-morrow morning!
 The damning devils give a forced faint pause,
 If the bad soul but feebly catch at heaven.
 But ye, but ye, unshriven, unreconciled,
 With all its ponderous mass of sins, hurl down
 The bare and shivering spirit.—Oh, not to-morrow!

DUKE.

Woman, thou dost outstep all modesty:
 But for strong circumstance, that leagues with thee,
 We should condemn thee for a wild mad woman,
 Raving her wayward and unsettled fancies.

BIANCA.

Mad! mad!—ay, that it is!—ay, that it is!
 Is't to be mad to speak, to move, to gaze,
 But not know how, or why, or whence, or where?
 To ■ that there ■ faces all around me,
 Floating within a dim discolour'd haze,
 Yet have distinction, vision, but for one?
 To speak with rapid and continuous flow,
 Yet know not how the unthought words start from ■?—
 Oh, I am mad, wildly, intensely mad.
 'T ■ but last night the moon was ■ the full;
 And ye, and ye, the sovereign and the sage,
 The wisdom and the reverence of all Florence,
 E'en from ■ maniac's dim disjointed tale,
 Do calmly judge away the innocent life,
 The holy human life, the life God gave him.

Giraldi Fazio, hast thou aught to plead
 Against the law, that with imperious hand
 Grasps at thy forfeit life?

FAZIO.

My liege, this soul

Rebels not, nay, repines not ■ thy sentence;
 Yet, oh! by all on earth, by all hereafter,
 All that hath cognizance o'er unseen deeds,
 Blood is ■ colour stranger to these hands.
 But there are crimes within me, deep and black,
 That with their clamorous and tumultuous voices
 Shout at me, « Thou shouldst die, thy sins are deadly: »
 Nor dare my oppressed heart return, « 'T is false. »

BIANCA.

But I, I say, 't ■ false: he is not guilty:
 Not guilty unto death: I say he is not.
 God gave ye hearing, but ye will not hear;
 God gave ye feeling, but ye will not feel;
 God gave ye judgment, but ye falsely judge.

DUKE.

Captain Antonio, guard thy prisoner.
 ■ it be true, blood is not ■ thy soul,
 Yet thou object'st not to the charge of robbery?

[Fazio bows.

Thou dost not. Robbery, by the laws of Florence,
 Is sternly coded ■ a deadly crime:
 Therefore, I say again, Giraldi Fazio,
 The Lord have mercy ■ thy sinful soul!

[They follow the Duke.

BIANCA (seizing and detaining AURIO).

My lord! my lord! we have two babes at home—
 They cannot speak yet; but, your name, my lord,
 And they shall lisp it, ere they lisp mine own—
 Ere that poor culprit's yonder, their own father's.
 Befriend us, oh, befriend us! 'T is ■ title
 Heaven joys at, and the hard and savage earth
 Doth break its sullen nature to delight in—
 The destitute's sole friend—And thou pass too!
 Why, what a common liar was thy face,
 That said the milk of mercy flow'd within thee!—
 Ye're all alike.—Off! off!—Ye're all alike.

[Exeunt all but FAZIO, the Officer, and BIANCA.

BIANCA (creeping to FAZIO).

Thou wilt not spurn me, wilt not trample ■ me,
 Wilt let me touch thee—I, whose lips have slain thee?
 Oh, look not on me thus with that fond look—
 Pamper me not, for long and living grief
 To prey upon—Oh, curse me, Fazio—
 Kill ■ with cursing: I ■ thin and feeble—
 A word will crush me—any thing but kindness.

FAZIO.

Mine ■ Bianca! I shall need too much mercy
 Or ere to-morrow, to be merciless.
 It ■ not well, Bianca, in my guilt
 To cut ■ off—thus early—thus unripe:
 It will be bitter, when the ■ falls ■ me,
 To think whose voice did ■ it to its office.—
 No more—no more of that: we all must die.
 Bianca, thou wilt love me when I'm dead:
 I wrong'd thee, but thou 'lt love me when I'm dead.

BIANCA.

What, kiss me, kiss me, Fazio!—'t is too much:
 And these warm lips must be cold clay to-morrow.

ANTONIO.

Signior, ■ must part hence.

BIANCA.

What! tear ■ from him,

When he has but ■ few short hours to give me!
 Rob me of them!—He hath lain delicately:
 Thou wilt not envy ■ the wretched office
 Of strewing the last pillow he shall lie on—
 Thou wilt not—nay, there's moisture in thine eye—
 Thou wilt not.

ANTONIO.

Lady, far ■ is the warrant
 Of my stern orders—

BIANCA.

Excellent youth! Heaven thank thee!

There's not another heart like thine in Florence.
 We shall not part, we shall not part, my Fazio!
 Oh, never, never, never—till to-morrow.

FAZIO (as he lends her out).

■ was ■ with this cold and shaking hand
 I led thee virgin to the bridal altar.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Prison.

FAZIO and BIANCA.

FAZIO.

Let's talk of joy, Bianca; we'll deceive
This present and this future, whose grim faces
Stare at me with such deep and hideous blackness:
We'll fly to the past. Dost thou remember, love,
Those gentle moonlights, when my fond guitar
Was regular, me convent vesper hymn,
Beneath thy lattice, sometimes the light dawn
Came stealing on our voiceless intercourse,
Soft in its grey and filmy atmosphere?

BIANCA.

Oh yes, oh yes!—There'll be a dawn to-morrow
Will steal upon us.—Then, oh then—

FAZIO.

Oh, think not on't!—

And thou remember'st too that beauteous evening
Upon the Arno; how we sail'd along,
And laugh'd to see the stately towers of Florence
Waver and dance in the blue depth beneath us.
How carelessly thy unretiring hand
Abandon'd its soft whiteness to my pressure?

BIANCA.

Oh yes!—To-morrow evening, if thou close
Thy clasping hand, mine will not meet it then—
Thou'lt only grasp the chill and senseless earth.

FAZIO.

Thou busy, sad remembrancer of evil!—
How exquisitely happy have we two
Sate in the dusky and discolour'd light,
That flicker'd through our shaking lattice bars!
Our children at our feet, or on our laps,
Warm in their breathing slumbers, or at play
With rosy laughter on their cheeks!—Oh God!—
Bianca, such a flash of thought cross'd o'er me,
I dare not speak it.

BIANCA.

Quick, my Fazio!

Quick, let me have't!—to-morrow thou'lt not speak it.

FAZIO.

Oh, what a life must theirs be, those poor innocents!
When they have grown up to a sense of sorrow—
Oh, what a feast will they be for rude misery!
Honest men's boys and girls, whene'er they mingle,
Will spurn them with the black and branded title,
«The murderer's children.» Infamy will pin
That pestilent label on their backs; the plague spot
Will bloat and blister them till their death-beds;
And if they beg—for beggars they must be—
They'll drive them from their doors with cruel jeers
Upon my riches, villanously style them
«The children of Lord Fazio, the philosopher.»

BIANCA.

To-morrow will the cry begin, to-morrow.—
It must not be, and I sit idle here.
Fazio, there must be in this wide, wide city
Piercing and penetrating eyes for truth,
Souls not too proud, too cold, too stern for mercy.
I'll hunt them out, and swear them to our service.
I'll raise up something—Oh, I know not what—
Shall boldly startle the rank air of Florence

With proclamation of thy innocence.

I'll raise the dead! I'll conjure up the ghost
Of that old rotten thing, Bartolo; make it
Cry me in the market place, «Thou didst not slay him!»
Farewell, farewell! If in the walls of Florence
Any thing like hope or comfort, Fazio,
I'll clasp it with such strong and steadfast arms,
I'll drag it to thy dungeon, and make laugh
This silence with strange uncouth sounds of joy.

SCENE II.

A Street.

FALSETTO, DANDOLO, PHILARIO.

FALSETTO.

Good Signior Dandolo, here's a prodigal waste
Of my fair speeches to the sage philosopher.
I counted me at least a two months' diet,
Besides stray boons of horses, rings, and jewels.

DANDOLO.

Oh my Falsetto, a coat of my fashion
Come me the wheel!—it wrings my very heart,
To fancy how the seams will crack, or haply
The hangman will be seen in't!—That I should live
To be purveyor of the modes to a hangman!

Enter BIANCA.

BIANCA.

They pass me by on the other side of the street;
They spurn me from their doors; they load the air
With curses that are flung on me: the Palace,
The Ducal Palace, that should aye be open
To voice of the distress'd, as is God's heaven,
Is ring'd around with grim and armed savages,
That with their angry weapons smite me back,
As though I were with fire in my hand, to burn
The royal walls: the children in the streets
Break off their noisy games to hoot at me;
And the dogs from the porches howl me on.
But here's a succour.—(To Falsetto.) Oh, good sir, thy
friend,

The man thou feastedst with but yesterday,
He to whose motion thou wast a true shadow,
Whose hand rain'd gifts upon thee—he I mean,
Fazio, the bounteous, free, and liberal Fazio—
He's wrongfully accused, wrongfully doom'd:
I swear to thee 't is wrongfully.—Oh, sir,
An eloquent honey-dropping tongue like thine,
How would it garnish up his innocence,
Till Justice would grow amorous, and embrace it!

FALSETTO.

Sweet lady, thou o'ervaluest my poor powers:—
Any thing in reason to win me much loveliness
To smile me—But this were wild and futile.

BIANCA.

In heaven?—'T is to save a human life—
Is that in the spacious realm of heaven?—
Kind sir, there's not a prayer will mount hereafter
Heavenward from us me our poor children's lips,
But in it thy dear name will rise embalm'd;
And prayers have power to cancel many a sin,
That clogs and flaws our nature and corrupt nature.

FALSETTO.

Methinks, good Dandolo, 't is the hour we owe
Attendance me the Lady Portia's toilette.—
Any commission in our way, fair lady?

DANBOLO.

Oh yes! I'm ever indispensable there
As is her looking glass.—

BIANCA.

Riotous madness!

To waste a breath (*Detaining them*) upon such thin-
blown bubbles!

Why, thou didst cling to him but yesterday,
As 't were a danger of thy life to part from him;
Didst swear it ■■■ a sin in Providence
He was not born ■ prince. (*To Dandolo.*) And thou,
sir, thou—

Chains, sir, in May—it is a heavy wear;
Hard and unseemly, ■ rude weight ■ iron.—
Faulx! cast ye off this shape and skin of men;
Ye stain it, ye pollute it: be the reptiles
Ye are. (*To Philario.*) And thou, sir—I know in whose
porch

He hired thee to troll out thy fulsome ditties:
I know whose dainty ears ■■■ last night banqueted
With the false harlotry of thy rich airs.

PHILARIO,

I do beseech thee, lady, judge me not
So harshly. In the state, Heaven knows, I'm powerless:
I could remove yon palace walls, as soon
As alter his sad doom. But if to visit him,
To tend him with a soft officious zeal,
Waft the mild magic of mine art around him,
Making the chill and lazy dungeon air
More smooth, more gentle to the trammell'd breathing:—
All that I can I will, to make his misery
Slide from him light and airily.

BIANCA.

Wilt thou?

Why then there's hope the Devil hath not all Florence.
Go—go!—I ■■■ point thee out the way:
Mine eyes are cloudy; it is the first rain
Hath dewed them, since—since when I cannot tell thee—
Go—go!—(*Exit.*)—One effort more; and if I fail—
But by the inbred and instinctive tenderness
That mingles with the life of womanhood,
I cannot fail: and then, thou grim to-morrow,
I'll meet thee with ■ bold and unblench'd front.

SCENE III.

Palace of Aldabella.

ALDABELLA.

Fazio in prison! Fazio doom'd ■ die!—
I was too hasty; should have fled, and bashfully
Beckon'd him after; lured him, not seized on him.
Proud Aldabella ■ poor robber's paramour!
Oh it sounds dismal! Florence ■■■ not hear it:—
And sooth his time is brief to descant on it.—

(*To BIANCA, who enters.*)

And who art thou thus usherless and unbidden
Scarest my privacy?

BIANCA (*aside*).

I must not speak yet;
For if I do, a curse will clog my utterance.

ALDABELLA.

Nay, stand not with thy pale lips quivering nothings—
Speak out, and freely.

BIANCA.

Lady, there is one—

Fie, fie upon this choking in my throat—
One thou didst love, Giraldo Fazio:
One who loved thee, Giraldo Fazio—
He's doom'd ■ die, to die to-morrow morning!
And lo 't is ■■ already!—

ALDABELLA.

He is doom'd?

Why then the ■■ must die.—

BIANCA.

Nay, gentle lady,

Thou 'rt high-born, rich, and beautiful: the princes,
The prime of Florence wait upon thy smiles,
Like sunflowers on the golden light they love.
Thy lips have such sweet melody, 't is hung upon
Till silence is an agony. Did it plead
For ■■ condemn'd, but oh most innocent,
'T would be ■ music th' air would fall in love with,
And never let it die, till it had won
Its honest purpose.

ALDABELLA.

What ■ wanton waste

Of idle praise is here!

BIANCA.

Nay think, oh think,

What 't is to give again a forfeit life:
Ay, such a life as Fazio's!—Frown not ■ me:
Thou think'st that he's a murderer—'t is all false;
A trick of Fortune, fancifully cruel,
To cheat the world of such ■ life as Fazio's.

ALDABELLA.

Frivolous and weak: I could not if I would.

BIANCA.

Nay, but I'll lure thee with so rich a boon—
Hear,—hear, and thou art won. If thou dost save him,
It is but just he should be saved for thee.
I give him thee—Bianca—I his wife:—
I pardon all that has been, all that may be—
Oh I will be thy handmaid; be so patient—
Calmly, contentedly, and sadly patient—
And if ye see a pale or envious motion
Upon my cheek, ■ quivering on my lips,
Like to complaint—then strike him dead before me.
Thou shalt enjoy all—all that I enjoy'd:
His love, his life, his sense, his soul be thine;
And I will bless thee, in my misery bless thee.

ALDABELLA.

What mist is on thy wild and wandering eyes?
Know'st thou to whom and where thou play'st the raver?
I, Aldabella, whom the amorous homage
Of rival lords and princes stirs no more,
Than the light passing of the common air—
I, Aldabella, when my voice might make
Thrones render up their stateliest to my service—
Stoop ■ the sordid sweepings of a prison?
I—

BIANCA.

Proud-lipp'd woman, earth's most gorgeous sovereigns
Were worthless of my Fazio! Foolish woman,
Thou cast'st a jewel off! The proudest lord
That ■■ revell'd in thy unchaste arms,
Was ■ swarth galley-slave to Fazio.
Ah me! me! me! e'en I his lawful wife
Know 't ■■ more truly, certainly than thou.—
Hadst thou loved him, I had pardon'd, pitied thee:
We two had sate, all coldly, palely sad;
Dropping, like statues ■■ a fountain side,

A pure, ■ silent, and eternal dew.
Hast thou outwept me, I had loved thee for 't—
And that ■ easy, for I 'm stony here. (*Putting her
hand to her eyes.*)

ALDABELLA.

No there! to th' hospital for the lunatics
Fetch succour for this poor distress—

BIANCA.

What said I?

Oh pardon me, I came not ■ upbraid thee.—
Think, think—I 'll whisper it, I 'll ■ betray thee;
The air 's ■ tell-tale, and the walls ■ listeners:—
Think what a change! Last night within thy chamber;
(I 'll not say in thy arms; for that displeases thee,
And sickens me ■ utter,) and to-night
Upon a prison pallet, straw, hard straw;
For eastern perfumes, the rank noisome air;
For gentle harpings, shrilly clanking chains:—
Nay, turn ■ off: the worst is yet ■ come.
To-morrow at his waking, for thy face
Languidly, lovingly down drooping o'er him,
The scarr'd and haggard executioner.

ALDABELLA (*turning away*).

There is ■ dizzy trembling in mine eye;
But I must dry the foolish dew for shame.
Well, what is it ■ me? I slew him not;
Nay, nor denounced him to the judgment seat.
I but debase myself to lend free hearing
To such coarse fancies.—I must hence to-night
I feast the lords of Florence. [*Exit.*]

BIANCA.

They 're all lies:

Things done within ■ far and distant planet,
Or offscum of ■ dreamy poet's brain,
All tales of human goodness. Or they 're legends
Left ■ of some good old forgotten time,
Ere harlotry became a queenly sin,
And housed in palaces. Oh, earth 's so crowded
With Vice, that ■ strange Virtue stray abroad,
They hoot it from them like a thing accurst.
Fazio, my Fazio!—but ■ 'll laugh ■ them:
We will ■ stay upon their wicked soil,
E'en though they sue us ■ ■ die and leave them.

SCENE IV.

Fazio's House.

BIANCA.

Ah, what a fierce and frantic coil is here,
Because the sun ■ shine on ■ ■ less!
I 'm sick and weary—my feet drag along.
Why must I trail, like ■ scotch'd serpent, hither?
Here, ■ this house, where all things breathe of Fazio?
The air tastes of him—the walls whisper of him.—
Oh, I 'll ■ bed! to bed!—What find I there?
Fazio, my fond, my gentle, fervent Fazio?—
No!—Cold ■ ■ his couch, harsh iron bars
Curtain his slumbers.—Oh, no, no—I have it—
He is in Aldabella's arms.—Out ■ 't!
Fie, fie!—that 's rank, that 's noisome!—I remember—
Our children—ay, my children—Fazio's children.
'T ■ my thoughts' burthen as I came along,
Were it ■ wise ■ bear them off with ■
Away from this cold world!—Why should ■ breed up
More sinners for the Devil ■ prey upon?
There 's one ■ boy—some strumpet will enlase him,

And make him wear her loathsome livery.
The other a girl: if she be ill, she 'll sink
Spotted ■ death—she 'll be an Aldabella:
■ she be chaste, she 'll be ■ wretch like me,
A jealous wretch, ■ frantic guilty wretch.—
No, no: they must not live, they must not live!
[*Exit into a chamber.*]

After a pause she returns.

■ will ■ be, it will not be—they woke
As though e'en in their sleep they felt my presence;
And then they smiled upon me fondly, playfully,
And stretch'd their rosy fingers ■ sport with me:
The boy did arch his eyebrows ■ like Fazio,
Though my soul wish'd that God would take them to him
That they were 'scaped this miserable world,
I could but kiss them; and, when I had kiss'd them,
I could ■ ■ have leap'd up to the moon
As speck'd or soil'd their alabaster skins.—
Wild that I am!—Take them ' another world!—
As though, I, I my husband's murderess,
In the dread separation of the dead,
Should meet again those spotless innocents!—
Oh, happy they!—they will but know to-morrow
By the renewal of the soft warm daylight. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Street—Morning Twilight.

BIANCA.

Where have I been?—I have not been at rest—
There 's yet the stir of motion in my limbs.
Oh, I remember—'t ■ ■ hideous strife
Within my brain: I felt that all ■ hopeless,
Yet would not credit it; and I set forth
To tell my Fazio so, and dared not front him
With such cold comfort. Then ■ mist came o'er me,
And something drove me on, and on, and on,
Street after street, each blacker than the other,
And a blue axe did shimmer through the gloom—
Its fiery edge did ■ to and fro—
And there ■ infants' voices, faint and failing,
That panted after ■ I knew I fled them;
Yet could not chuse but fly. And then, oh then,
I gazed and gazed upon the starless darkness,
And blest it in my soul, for it ■ deeply
And beautifully black—no speck of light;
And I had feverish and fantastic hopes,
That it would last for ever, nor give place
To th' horrible to-morrow.—Ha, 't ■ there!—
'T is the grey morning light aches in mine eyes—
It is that morrow!—Ho!—Look out, look out!
With what ■ hateful and unwonted swiftness
■ ■ my comfortable darkness from me!—
Fool that I am!—I 've lost the few brief hours
Yet left ■ of my Fazio!—Oh, away,
Away ■ him!—away! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The Prison—totally dark, except ■ lamp.

FAZIO and PHILARIO.

FAZIO.

I thank thee: 't ■ a melancholy hymn;
■ soft and soothing ■ the gale of eve,

The gale, whose flower-sweet breath ■■■ shall pass
o'er me.

Oh, what ■ gentle ministrant is music
To piety—to mild, ■ penitent piety!
Oh, it gives plumage ■ the tardy prayer,
That lingers in ■ lazy earthly air,
And melts with it to heaven—To die, 't is dreary;
To die ■ villain's death, that 's yet a pang.
But it must down: I have so steep'd my soul
In the bitter ashes of true penitence,
That they have put ■ ■ delicious savour,
And all is hallow'd quiet, all within.
Bianca!—Where is she?—why comes she not?—
Yet I do almost wish her not ■ come,
Lest she again ■■■ me of life.

PHILARIO.

Hast thou no charge to her, ■ fond bequest?—
It shall lose little by my bearing it.

FAZIO.

Oh yes, oh yes!—I have her picture here:
That I had seen it in one hour of my life,
In Aldabella's ■■■ had it look'd ■ me,
I should have had one sin less ■ repent of.
I'm loth the coarse and vulgar executioner
Should handle it with his foul gripe or pass
■ ribald jests upon it.— Give it her.

*[With the picture he draws out some gold, on which
he looks with great apparent melancholy.]*

PHILARIO.

And this too, sir?

FAZIO.

Oh, touch it not, Philario!

Oh, touch it not!—'t is venomous, 't is viperous!
■ there be bottomless sea, unfathom'd pit
In earth's black womb—oh, plunge it, plunge it deep,
Deep, dark! or if a devil be abroad,
Give it ■ him, to bear it whence it came,
To its own native Hell.—Oh no, no, no!
He ■■ not have it: for with it he 'll betray
More men, more noble spirits than Lucifer
Drew down from heaven. This yellow pestilence
Laid waste my Eden; made ■ gaudy bird of me,
For soft Temptation's silken nets to snare.
It crept in to us—Sin came with it—Misery
Dogg'd its foul footsteps—ever-deepening Sin,
And ever-darkening Misery.—Philario,
Away with it!—away! — *(Takes the picture.)* Here's
fairer gazing.

Thou wouldst not think these smooth and smiling lips
Could speak away ■ life—a husband's life.
Yet ah! I led the way ■ sin—I wrong'd her:
Yet, Heaven be witness, though I wrong'd her, loved her,
E'en in my heart of heart.

Enter BIANCA.

Who's that, Bianca,
That's loved so deeply?—Fazio, Fazio, Fazio,—
■ is that ■■■!

FAZIO.

Nay, look cheeringly:

It may be God doth punish in this world
To spare hereafter.

BIANCA.

Fazio, ■■■ loose!—

Thou clasp'st thy murderess.

FAZIO.

No, it is my love,
My wife, my children's mother!—Pardon me,
Bianca; but thy children—I'll not see them:
For ■ the ■ of a soft infant's memory
Things horrible sink deep and sternly settle.
I would ■ have them, in their after-days,
Cherish the image of their wretched father
In the cold darkness of ■ prison-house.
Oh, ■ they ask thee of their father, tell them
That he is dead, but say not how.

■■■■

No, no—

Not tell them, that their mother murder'd him.

FAZIO.

But ■ they well, my love?

BIANCA.

What, had I freed them
From this drear villains' earth, sent them before me,
Lest ■ should miss them in another world,
And ■ be fetter'd by ■ cold regret
Of this sad sunshine?

FAZIO.

Oh, thou hast not been
So wild a rebel to the will of God!
If that thou hast, 't will make my passionate arms,
That ring thee round so fondly, drop off from thee,
Like sere and wither'd ivy; make my farewell
Spoken in such suffocate and distemper'd tone,
'T will sound more like—

BIANCA.

They live! thank God, they live!
I should not rack thee with such fantasies:
But there have been such hideous things around me,
Some whispering me, some dragging me; I've felt
Not half a moment's calm since last ■ parted,
So exquisite, ■ gentle, ■ this now—
I could sleep ■ thy bosom, Fazio.

Enter ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

Prisoner,

Thine hour is come.

BIANCA.

It is not morning yet—
Where is the twilight that should usher it?
Where is the sun, that should come golden on!
Ill-favour'd liar, to come prate of morning,
With torchlight in thy hand to ■■ the darkness.

ANTONIO.

Thou dost forget; day's light ne'er pierceth here:
The ■■ hath kindled up the open air.

BIANCA.

I say 't is but an hour since it was evening,
A dreary, measureless, and mournful hour,
Yet but an hour.

FAZIO.

I will obey thee, officer!
Yet but a word—Bianca, 't is a strange one—
Canst thou endure it, dearest!—Aldabella—

BIANCA.

Curse her!

FAZIO.

Peace, peace!—'t is dangerous: sinner's curses
Pluck them down tenfold from the angry heavens
Upon the curser's head—Beseech thee, peace!—
Forgive her—for thy Fazio's sake, forgive her.

BIANCA.

Any thing not to think on her—Not yet—
They shall not kill thee—by my faith they shall not!
I'll clasp mine arms ■ closely round thy neck,
That the red axe shall hew them off, ■ shred
A hair of thee: I will so mingle with thee,
That they shall strike at random, and perchance
Set me free first—

[The bell sounds, her grasp relaxes, and she stands torpid.]

FAZIO (*kissing her, which she does not seem to be conscious of*).

Farewell, farewell, farewell!—

She does not feel, she does not feel!—Thank heaven,
She does ■ feel her Fazio's last, last kiss!—
One other!—Cold ■ stone—sweet, ■ roses.

[Exit.]

BIANCA (*slowly recovering*).

Gone, gone!—he is not air yet, not thin spirit!—
He should not glide away—he ■ not guilty—
Ye murder and ■ execute—Not guilty.

[Exit, followed by Philario.]

SCENE III.

*A magnificent Apartment in the Palace of ALDABELLA—
Every appearance of ■ ball prolonged till morning
—DUKE, LORDS, FALSETTO, DANDOLO, and ALDABELLA.*

DUKE.

'T is late, 't is late; the yellow morning light
Streams in upon our sick and waning lamps.
It was a jocund night: but good my friends,
The sun reproves our lingering revelry;
And, angry at our scorning of his state,
Will shine the slumber from our heavy eyes.

GONSALVO.

There 's one, my liege, will sleep more calm than we:
But ■ I heard the bell with iron tongue
Speak out unto the still and solemn air
The death-stroke of the murderer Fazio.

DUKE.

So, lady, fare thee well: our gentlest thanks
For thy fair entertaining.—Ha! what's here?

Enter BIANCA, followed by PHILARIO.

BIANCA.

Ha! ye've been dancing, dancing—so have I:
But mine was heavy music, slow and solemn—
A bell, ■ bell: my thick blood roll'd ■ it,
My heart swung ■ and fro, ■ dull deep motion.

(Seeing ALDABELLA.)

'T ■ thou, 't is thou!—I came ■ tell thee something.

(alarmed and shrieking).

Ah me! ah me!

BIANCA.

Nay, shrink not—I 'll not kill thee:

For if I do, I know, in the other world,
Thou 'lt shoot between me and my richest joys.—
Thou shalt stay here—I 'll have him there—all—all of
him.

DUKE.

What ■ the wild-hair'd maniac?

BIANCA (*moving him aside*).

By and by—

To ALDABELLA.

I tell thee, that ■ cheek thy lips did stray on

But yesternight, 't is cold and colourless:

The breath, that stirr'd among thy jetty locks,
That ■ such incense to thee—it is fled:
The voice, that call'd thee then, his soul of soul—
I know it—'t ■ his favourite phrase of love—
I've heard it many ■ time myself—'t was rapturous;
That mild, that musical voice is dumb and frozen:
The neck whereon thine arms did hang so tenderly,
There 's blood upon it, blood—I tell thee, blood.
Dost thou hear that? is thy brain fire to hear it?
Mine is, mine is, mine is.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

'T is Fazio's wife.

BIANCA.

It is not Fazio's wife.—Have the dead wives?
Ay, ay, my liege, and I know thee, and well—
Thou art the rich-robed minister of the laws.
Fine laws! rare laws! most equitable laws!
Who robs his neighbour of his yellow dust,
Or his bright sparkling stones, or such gay trash—
Oh, he must die, die for the public good.
And if ■ steal ■ husband from his wife,
Do dive into her heart for its best treasure,
Do rend asunder whom Heaven link'd in one—
Oh, they are meek, and merciful, and milky—
't is a trick of human frailty—Oh, fine laws!
Rare laws! most equitable laws!

DUKE.

Poor wretch,

Who is it thus hath wrong'd thee?

BIANCA (*to the Duke*).

Come thou here.

The others crowd around her—she says to FALSETTO,
Get back, get back: the god that thou adoredst,
Thy god is dead, thou pitiful idolater.

To DANDOLO (showing her Dress).

I know they 're coarse and tatter'd—Get thee back.

To the Duke.

I tell thee, that rich woman—she—My liege,
I 'll speak anon—my lips do cling together—
There 's dust about my tongue—I cannot move it.

DUKE.

Ho, there!—some wine!

BIANCA.

Thank thee, 't is moist—I thank thee;
*(As she raises the goblet ■ her lips, she ■ ALDABELLA,
and dashes it away.)*

Her lips have been upon it—I 'll have none on't.

ALDABELLA.

My liege, thou wilt not hearken to the tale
Of a mad woman, venting her sick fancies
Upon a lady of my state and honour!

DUKE.

Lady, there is one ■ alone, that holds
Above the range of plumed and restless Justice
Her throned majesty—the state of Virtue.—
Poor sad distraught, speak on.

BIANCA.

I am not mad,

Thou smooth-lipp'd slanderer!—I have been mad,
And then my words ■ vague, and loose, and broken;
■ now, there 's mode and ■ in my speech.
I 'll hold my brain; and then I 'll tell my tale
Simply and clearly.—Fazio, my poor Fazio—
■ murder'd not—he found Bartolo dead.
The wealth did shine in his eyes, and he ■ dazzled.

And when that he ■■■ gaily gilded up,
 She, she, I say (nay, keep away from her,
 For she hath witchcraft all around her), she
 Did take him ■■■ her chamber—Fie, my liege!
 What should my husband in her chamber?—Then,
 Ay then, I madden'd.—Hark! hark! hark!—the bell,
 The bell that I ■■■ knolling—hark!—Here, here,
 Massy and cold it strikes—Here, here. (*Clasping her
 forehead.*)

GONSALVO.

Sad ■■■ !

Tear not ■■■ piteously thy disorder'd hair!

BIANCA.

I do not tear my hair: there should be pain
 If that I did; but all my pain 's within (*with her hand
 ■■■ her bosom*).

It will not break, it will not break—'t is iron.

If this be true—

PHILARIO.

My liege, it is the tale

That Fazio told me ere he died.

BIANCA.

Ay, sir,

The dying lie not—he, ■■■ dying man,
 Lied not—and I, a dying woman, lie not:
 For I shall die, spite of this iron here.

DUKE (to ALDABELLA).

There is confession in thy guilty cheeks.
 Thou high-born baseness! beautiful deformity!

Dishonour'd honour!—How hast thou discredited
 All that doth fetter admiration's eye,
 And made us out of love with loveliness!
 I do condemn thee, woman, by the warrant
 Of this my ducal diadem, to put ■■■ thee
 The rigid convent-vows: there bleach ■■■
 Thy sullied breast; there temper thy rank blood;
 Lay ashes ■■■ thy soul; swathe thy hot skin
 In sackcloth; and God give thee length of days,
 'T atone, by this world's misery, this world's sin.

[Exit ALDABELLA.]

BIANCA.

Bless thee, Heaven bless thee!—Yet it must not be.
 My Fazio said ■■■ must forgive her—Fazio
 Said so; and all he said is ■■■ and wisest.

DUKE.

She shall have her desert: aught ■■■ to ask of us?

BIANCA.

My children—thou 'lt protect them—Oh, my liege,
 Make them not rich: let them be poor and honest.

DUKE.

I will, I will.

BIANCA.

Why then 't is time, 't is time.
 And thou believest he is no murderer? (*Duke bows
 assent.*)

Thou 'lt lay me ■■■ him, and keep her away from us.
 It breaks, it breaks, it breaks—it is not iron.

[Dies.]

Samor, Lord of the Bright City.

AN HEROIC POEM.

et o! modo spiritus adit,
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marto phalanges.
 MILTON, *Mansus*.

■■■ better fortitude
 Of patience ■■■ heroic martyrdom.
 MILTON'S *Par. Lost*, Book IX.

PREFACE.

THE Historians¹ of the Empire, near the period of time
 ■■■ which this Poem commences, make mention of ■■■
 Constantine, who assumed the purple of the western
 empire, gained possession of Gaul and Spain, but was
 defeated and slain ■■■ the battle of Arles. He had ■■■ son
 named Constans, who became ■■■ monk, and was put to
 death at Vienne.

About the ■■■ time a Constantine appears in the
 relations of the old British Chronicles and Romances.
 He was brother of the king of Armorica, and became
 himself King, ■■■ rather ■■■ elected sovereign of the petty
 Kings of Britain,² who continued their succession under
 the Roman dominion. He ■■■ called Vendigard³ and
 Waredur, the Defender and Deliverer. He had three

sons, Constans, who became a hermit, and was mur-
 dered, either (for the traditions vary) by the Picts, by
 Vortigern, or by the Saxons; Emrys, called by the
 Latin writers Aurelius Ambrosius; and Uther Pen-
 dragon, the father of Arthur. These two Constantines
 are here identified, and Vortigern supposed to have
 been named King of Britain, ■■■ the person of greatest
 authority and conduct in the wreck of the British
 army, defeated at Arles. Many, however, of the chiefs
 in the Island advancing the hereditary right, before
 formally settled ■■■ the ■■■ of Constantine, Vortigern,
 mistrusting the Britons, and prest by invasions of the
 Caledonians, introduced the Saxons to check the bar-
 barians and strengthen his own sovereignty.

The Hero of the Poem is an historical character, as
 far as such legends can be called History. He appears
 in most of the Chronicles, as Edol, or Eldol, but the
 fullest account of his exploits is in Dugdale's Baronage
 under his title of Earl of Gloucester. William Har-
 rison, however, in the Description of Britain prefixed to

¹ Gibbon, Chap. 31.² Whitaker, Hist. of Manchester.³ Lewis, Hist. of Britain.

Holinshed, calls him Eldulph de Samor. But all concur in ascribing to him the ■ which make the chief subject of the fifth and last Books of this Poem.

Most of ■ present names of places being purely Saxon, and the old British having little of harmony or association ■ recommend them, I have frequently, on the authority of Camden and others, translated them. Thus the Saxon Gloucester, called by the Britons Caer Gloew, is the Bright City. The Dobuni, the inhabitants of the Valea, are called by that name. Some few sanctioned by old usages of Poetry and Romance I retain, as Kent, Thanet, Cornwall. London is Troynovant, ■ the City of the Trinobantes.

Some passages in the Poem will be easily traced to their acknowledged sources, the Poets of Greece and Italy; one however, in the third book, relating to the Northern mythology, has been remarkably anticipated in a modern Poem. The honourable Author may be assured that the coincidence is unintentional, ■ that part of this Poem ■ the earliest written, and previous to the appearance of his production.

SAMOR.

BOOK I.

LAND of my birth, O Britain! and my love;
Whose air I breathe, whose earth I tread, whose tongue
My song would speak, its strong and solemn tones
Most proud, if I abate not. Beauteous Isle,
And plenteous! what though in thy atmosphere
Float not the taintless luxury of light,
The dazzling azure of the Southern skies;
Around thee the rich orb of thy renown
Spreads stainless and unsullied by a cloud.
Though thy hills blush not with the purple vine,
And softer climes excel thee in the hue
And fragrance of thy summer fruits and flowers,
Nor flow thy rivers over golden beds;
Thou in the soul of man, thy better wealth,
Art richest: nature's noblest produce thou,
The immortal Mind in perfect height and strength,
Bear'st with ■ prodigal opulence; this thy right,
Thy privilege of climate and of soil,
Would I assert: nor, save thy fame, invoke,
Or Nymph, or Muse, that oft 't ■ dream'd of old
By falls of waters under haunted shades,
Her ecstasy of inspiration pour'd
O'er Poet's soul, and flooded all his powers
With liquid glory: so may thy ■
Burn in my heart, and give to thought and word
The aspiring and the radiant hue of fire.

Forth from the gates of Troynovant hath past
King Vortigern; the Princes of the Isle
Around him; on the walls, for then (though ■
Scorn bounds her mighty wilderness of streets,
And in magnificence of multitude
Spread, and illimitable grandeur), walls
With jealous circuit and embattled range
Girt Britain's ■ Capital; where swarm'd
Eager her wondering citizens ■ ■
The Monarch. Him the Saxon Hengist met,
And Horsa, with their bands in triumph led,
As from ■ recent victory; their blue eyes

Sparkled, and proud they shook their saffron hair;
And in the bicker of their spears, the toss
Of ponderous mallets, the quick flash of swords,
■ emblazon'd White Horse ■ their banners waved,
Was triumph. Thus King Vortigern began:

■ Welcome, Deliverers! of our kingdom's foes,
Welcome, thrice-honour'd Conquerors! ■ ■
■ painted Caledonian o'er our realm
The chariots of his rapine wheel, so full
The desolation, havoc so complete
Hath ■ and blasted in Erle Hengist's path
The mouldering ruins of our Roman wall,
Leagued with the terror of the Saxon name,
Shall be defence more mighty, than when soar'd
Its battlements unbroken, and above
The imperial Eagle shook its wings of gold.
Oh, toil'd with victory, burthen'd with renown,
For ye our baths float cool and clear, our air
Is redolent with garland wreathes, and rich
Within our royal citadel is crown'd
For ye the banquet; welcome once again,
Mighty to save, and potent ■ defend!

A faint acclaim, ■ feeble sullen din
Ensued, with less of gladness than fierce grief,
And wrath ill stifled. Seeming all unmoved,
Elate the Monarch onward led the way;
Slow follow'd Saxon Hengist's martial train,
Clashing their armour loud, ■ they would daunt
All Britain with the clamour: march'd behind
The island Nobles, save some restless hands
Were busy with their sheathed swords, they moved
Silent, and cold, and gloomy, ■ a range
Of mountain pines, when cloudy lowers the storm.

Upon the azure bosom of the Thames
Reclining, with its ponderous ■ of shade,
Arose the royal Citadel, the work
Of the great Cæsar. Danger he and dread
Of Rome and Pompey; yet 'gainst savage foes
Vantage of trench and tower and massy wall
Scorn'd not, so swift, so perilous, so fierce
Cassivelaun his painted charioteers
Whirl'd to the frantic onset, standing forth
Portent of freedom 'mid ■ world enslaved

They pass'd the portal arch; the sumptuous hall
Flung back its gates; around the banquet board
Ranged Prince and Chieftain, where luxurious art
Shower'd prodigal her dainties, poisons sweet,
And baleful splendour. Fierce the Saxon gazed
On goblet, and huge charger carved with gold,
Contemptuous wonder. But the Monarch's brow
'Can lighten, as with greedy joy he quaff'd
Oblivious bliss; thus ever guilty soul
Woos frenzy, and, voluptuous from despair,
Forgets itself to pleasure. High aloof,
Each in his ■ robe, the band of Bards
Mingled the wanton luxuries of sound;
Gentle melodious languor, melting fall,
With faint effeminate flattery the soul
Guiling of manhood. Silent veil'd his harp
White-hair'd Aneurin, and indignant tears
Stood in the old man's eye, for wrathful shame
To hear his godlike and heaven-breathing art
Pampering loose revels with officious chime.
Then ■ the glorious madness; forth he sprung
With one rude stroke along the clashing chords
Won silence deep ■ of a summer eve

After a noontide storm; his silver locks
Waved proud, the kindling frenzy of his eye
Flash'd triumph, as the song of Chariots rose.
The song that o'er the van of battle shower'd
Pale horror, when that scourged Icenian Queen
Through the square legions drove her car; ■■■ heard
Her brazen wheels to madden, the keen scythes
Grinde through their iron harvest; then rush'd route,
Wail'd havoc; seem'd Bonduca fiercer urged
The trampling steeds; behind her silence sank
Along the dreary path of her revenge.

Ceased the bold strain, then deep the Saxon drain'd
The ruddy cup, and savage joy uncouth
Lit his blue gleaming eyes: nor sate unmoved
The Briton Chiefs; fierce thoughts began to rise
Of ancient wars, and high ancestral fame.
Sudden came floating through the hall ■■■ air
So strangely sweet, the o'erwrought ■■■ scarce felt
■ rich excess of pleasure; softer sounds
Melt never ■ the enchanted midnight cool,
By haunted spring, where elfin dancers trace
Green circlets on the moonlight dew; ■■■ lull
Becalmed mariner from rocks, where basks
At summer noon the Sea-maid; he his oar
Breathless suspends, and motionless his bark
Sleeps on the sleeping waters. Now the notes
So gently died away, the silence seem'd
Melodious; merry now and light and blithe
They danced on air: anon came tripping forth
In frolic grace a maiden troop, their locks
Flower-wreath'd, their snowy robes from clasped zone
Fell careless drooping, quick their glittering feet
Glanced o'er the pavement. Then the pomp of sound
Swell'd up, and mounted; as the stately swan,
Her milk-white neck embower'd in arching spray,
Queens it along the waters, entered in
The lofty hall a shape ■ fair, it lull'd
The music into silence, yet itself
Pour'd out, prolonging the soft ecstasy,
The trembling and the touching of sweet sound.
Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, ■■■ like delicious airs
Of flute or harp: ■ though she trod from earth,
And round her ■■■ an emanating cloud
Of harmony, the Lady moved. Too proud
For less than absolute command, too soft
For aught but gentle ■■■ thought: her hair
Cluster'd, as from ■ orb of gold cast out
A dazzling and o'erpowering radiance, save
Here and there on her snowy neck reposed
In a soothed brilliance ■■■ thin wandering tress.
The azure flashing of her eye ■■■ fringed
With virgin meekness, and her tread, that seem'd
Earth to disdain, ■ softly fell on it
As the light-dew-shower ■ ■■ a tuft of flowers.
The soul within seem'd feasting on high thoughts,
That to the outward form and feature gave
A loveliness of scorn, scorn that to feel
Was bliss, ■■■ sweet indulgence. Fast sank back
Those her fair harbingers, their modest eyes,
Downcast, and drooping low their slender necks
In graceful reverence; she, by wond'ring gaze
Unmoved, and stifled murmurs of applause,
Nor yet unconscious, slowly won her way

To where the King, amid the festal pomp,
Sate loftiest; as she raised a fair-chased cup,
Something of ■■■ confusion overspread
Her features; something tremulous broke in
On her half-failing accents ■ she said,
« Health to the King! »—the sparkling wine laugh'd up,
As eager 't ■■■ to touch so fair a lip.

A moment, and the apparition bright
Had parted; as before the sound of harps
Was wantoning about the festive hall.

As ■■■ just waking from a blissful dream
Nor moves, ■■■ breathes, lest breath or motion break
The beauteous tissue of fine form woven o'er
His fancy, sate King Vortigern. « Whence came,
And whither ■■■ she? of what ■■■ and ■■■
Sprang this bright wonder of ■■■ earth, that leaves
The rapture of her presence in ■■■ hall,
Though parted thence too swiftly? »—« King (replied
Erle Hengist)—in our ancient Saxon faith,
Ill bodes the joyless feast, where maiden's lips
Pledge ■■■ the wassail goblet. »—« By my soul, »
Cried Vortigern, « a gallant faith! and I
Omen so sweet discredit not; the health
Those smooth lips wish'd me, well those lips might give,
A fragrance and a sparkling have they left
Even ■■■ the wine they touch'd. » He said, and prest
The goblet to his own. « A father's ear,
King Vortigern, must love the flattering tongue
That descants lavish on his daughter's praise. »
« Thy daughter? Saxon! »—« Mine, though vaunt not I
Her beauty, many a German Erle and King
Hath vow'd at his life's peril ■■■ proclaim
Her far-surpassing comeliness. »—None heard
The secret converse that ensued. Lo, ■■■
King Vortigern, and from his brow transferr'd
A coronet of radiant Eastern gems
To the white hair of Hengist, and drank off
A brimming cup, and cried, « To Kent's high King,
A health, ■ health to Vortigern's fair bride,
The golden-hair'd Rowena. »—Seized at once
Each Saxon the exulting strain, and struck
The wine-drain'd goblet down, « Health, King of Kent! »

As 'mid the fabled Libyan bridal stood
Perseus, in stern tranquillity of wrath,
Half stood, half floated on his ample plumes
Out-swelling, while the bright face on his shield
Look'd into stone the raging fray; ■ rose,
But with ■■■ magic arms, wearing alone
Th' appalling and control of his firm look,
The solemn indignation of his brow,
The Briton Samor; at his rising, awe
Went abroad, and the riotous hall ■■■ mute;
But like unruffled summer waters flow'd
His speech, and courtly reverence smoothed its tone.

« Sovereign of Britain's Sovereigns! of ■■■ crowns
The highest! in our realm of many thrones
Enthroned the loftiest! mighty ■ thou art,
Thou dost outstep thy amplitude of sway;
Thine is ■■■ isle to govern not to give;
A free and sacred property hast thou
In our allegiance; for a master's right
Over ■■■ lives, our principedoms, and ■■■ souls,
King Vortigern, ■ well mayst thou presume
To a dominion o'er our winds, to set
Thy stamp and impress on ■■■ light from heaven.
This Britain cannot rest beneath the shade

Of Saxon empire, this our Christian soil
 The harvest of obedience will not bear
 To Heathen sway; and hear me, Vortigern,
 The golden image that thou settest up,
 Like the pride-drunken Babylonian king,
 Though dulcimer and psaltery soothe us down
 To the soft humour of submission tame,
 We will not worship.—From the hall he past,
 Thus saying. Him the land's brave and proud
 Follow'd, the high and fame-enamour'd souls,
 Never to Britain wanting, though in hours
 Loosest of revels soft, and wanton ease.
 But Vortigern, more largely pouring in
 The vine's delicious poison, sate, and cried,
 Whom the flax binds not, must the iron gyve,
 Whom sceptres daunt not, must the sword control.
 Evening fell gentle, and the brilliant sun
 Was going down into the waveless Thames,
 As bearing light and warmth to her cold Nymphs
 Within their crystal chambers, when the King
 Left the hall of banquet. Lofty and alone,
 Even as the Pillar great Alcides set,
 The limit of the world and his renown,
 On Calpe, round whose shaft the daylight wreathed
 Its last empurpling, on the battlements
 Stood Samor in the amethystine light,
 And « Go to darkness, thou majestic orb!
 To-morrow shall the nations bask again
 In thy full glory. »—Thus he said, and turn'd
 To where the King went rapid past.—« And thou,
 Thou to thy setting hastest, never more
 Thou thy benighted splendour to renew;
 Late at thy noon of pride, now sunk, declined
 For ever from thy fair meridian go,
 Into thy cloudy ! »—The solemn tone
 Of his deep voice seized on the King, as frosts
 Arrest the rapid flowing stream.—« What means
 The Sovereign of the Vales, even in my halls,
 And my castle battlements, to cast
 Bold scorn on Britain's King? Ingrate and blind,
 When I the valiant Saxon have brought in
 To check the Caledonian, through your isle
 Marching by wild light of your burning towns;
 Ye, wedded my sorrow and your shame,
 Mock my the safety my free love provides. »
 « Ah, provident! ah, sage! ah, generous King!
 That the emaciate wolf to dog the flock;
 The hawk guard the dovecote. »—« Wise-lipp'd chief,
 I thank thee for thy phrase: doves ye, doves
 That fly with piteous and most delicate speed
 Before the Scottish kites, that swoop your nests
 And flesh their greedy talons in your young. »—
 « Monarch! the eaglet, were it smoothly nurs'd
 In the dove's downy nest, at its first flight
 Would shrink down dazzled from the morning sun;
 But with strong plumes refresh'd, anon 't would claim
 Its old aspiring birthright, and unblench'd
 Bathe in the bickering of the noontide car.
 Oh, have slumber'd soft luxury's lap
 To her loose tabret; but, misjudging King!
 Britain is like her soil; above the turf
 Lies velvet smooth, hard iron lurks beneath.
 I know the northern Pagans waste our land,
 And the tame mission to the Roman sent
 I know: The fierce Barbarian to the sea
 Drives us, the to the Barbarian back

Merciless: so ran the plaintive legend. True!
 But soldiers would it cast back; despair
 its valour; war makes warriors. King!
 Calamities are on us, evil days
 O'er isle darken, but the noble
 Disaster, as Angel his wings,
 To elevate and glorify. Nor us
 Shroudeth alone the enveloping gloom, the frame
 And fabric of world is breaking up.
 Rome's dome of empire, that o'ervaulted earth
 With its capacious shadow, rent and split,
 Disorders the smooth course of human things,
 Leaving confusion lord of this wale ball,
 While to and fro the Nations' sway perplex'd,
 Like a tempestuous sea. Oh, mid such wreck,
 Our Britain in lone safety uphold,
 On every side 'gainst gathering foes present
 A rampire of hard steel, or firmer far,
 The bulwark of a haughty spirit pour'd
 From the throned Sovereign through her sons, were pride,
 Were honour, might arrest Heaven's plumed hosts,
 And in their sphere-born music win renown.
 So He whose sceptre glitters in thy grasp,
 He the Deliverer, the Defender named,
 So Constantine had done, had the high Soul's bane,
 Ambition, never maddened him to wear
 The purple, madly worn, yet nobly lost
 On the sad plain by Arles.—« I knew, I knew
 'T would come to this, that Constantine would end
 The high-wrought oratory. This too I know,
 And this I tell thee, Samor! nor yet add
 Rebel! thy secret commerce with his sons,
 To undermine my stately throne; the right,
 So babble ye in your licentious phrase,
 Confer'd by our assembled British Kings
 On Constantine for ever and his heirs. »—
 « Alas! how better were it to know nought,
 Than, like kings, darkly. Constantine's brave sons
 And Samor oft have met, have met to wail
 The hazard of their native land, to swear
 Before the altar of the eternal God,
 Never, amid these rude and perilous times,
 To blow the trump of civil strife, to prop
 With their allegiance Britain's throne, though fill'd
 By one they deem usurping. Vortigern!
 I am upon the string that jars thy soul,
 And it vibrate to its highest pitch.
 Oh what a royal madness, that might build
 Upon the strong rock of a people's love,
 Yet chuseth the loose quicksand of distrust,
 And overlays the palace of his pride
 With a rude Saxon buttress, whose stern weight
 Must crush it. Thou dost fear thy subjects arm'd,
 Fear, lest the old valiance in their hearts inure,
 And therefore fight'st their wars with foreign steel;
 And is this he, the noble and the wise,
 The Vortigern, that Britain on the plain
 Of Arles, that fatal plain, hail'd Captain, King?
 Arise, be King, be Captain, be thyself!
 And will stand around thy throne, and mock
 The ruinous fashion of the times. »—« Away!
 My royal word is the Saxon given. »
 « O, Vortigern! this knee hath never bow'd,
 Save the King of kings, thus low on earth
 I thee, the Saxon off. »—At once
 The swift contagious grandeur set on fire

The Monarch—'I am thine, ■ Britain's all :
Now by my throne, thus, thus I have not felt,
Since first this circling gold eat in my brow,
So free, ■ upright, and so kingly, chains
Fall from me, mists are curling off my soul.'

Like ■ bold venturers, silently they stand,
Launching amid the sun-light their rich bark
O'er glassy waters to the summer airs :
Their solemn pondering hath the lofty look
Of vaunting, over each high brow flames out
A noble rivalry of hope and pride.

The sound of wheels, lo, sliding came and smooth
A car, wherein, like ■ fair idol led
Through the mute tumult of adoring streets,
Bright-hair'd Rowena pass'd the portal arch.

Have ye a sense, ye gales, a conscious joy
In beauty, that with such ■ artful touch
And light ye float about her garment folds,
Displaying what is exquisite display'd,
And thinly scattering the light veil where'er
Its shadowing may enhance the grace, and swell
With sweet officiousness the clustering hair
Where fairest tufts its richness, and let fall
Where drooping most becomes ; that thus ye love
To lose yourselves about her, and expire
Upon her shape, or snow-white robes ? She stood,
Her ivory arm in a soft curve stretch'd out,
As only in the obedience of her steeds
Rejoicing ; they their necks arch'd proud and high,
And by her delicate and flower-soft hands
Sway'd, as enamour'd of her mastery moved,
Lovingly on their bright-chafed bits reposed,
Or in gay sport upon each other fawn'd.
But as the Monarch she beheld, she caught
The slack rein up, and with unconscious check
Delay'd the willing coursers, and her head,
Upon her snowy shoulder half declined
In languor of enjoyment, rising wore
Rosy confusion, and disorder fair
Transiently on her pride of motion broke.
Or chance, or meaning wander'd to his face
Her eye, with half command, entreating half ;
Haughty to all the world, but mild ■ him,
Th' all admired admiring, and th' all awing awed—
She look'd ■ him, and trembled ■ she look'd.

Alone she came, alone she went not ■

BOOK II.

Noon is ablaze in Heaven, but gloom, the gloom
Of the brown forest's massy vault of shade,
Is o'er the Kings of Britain ; the broad oaks,
As in protection of that conclave proud,
Like some old temple's dome, with mingling shade
Meet overhead, around their rugged trunks
Shew like fantastic pillars closely set
By Druids in mysterious circle, wont
Here, when the earth abroad ■ bright and clear
With moonshine, to install their midnight rites
By blue nor earthly kindled fires, while Bards
Pour'd more than music from their charmed harps.
Each on his mossy seat, in arms that cast
A glimmer which is hardly light, they sit
Colossal, stern, and still ; on every brow

Indignant ■ and sad vengeance lowers.
Them had the Pagan peasant deem'd his gods,
In cloudy wrath down stooping from the heavens
To blast the mighty of mankind, and wreak
On ■ old empire ruin and revenge.

And first majestic, yet mild, ■
A lofty shape, nor less than monarch seem'd,
Whose royal look from souls bold, brave, and free,
■ stooping slavery claim'd, but upright ■
And noble homage ; yet uncrown'd he ■
Dominion, him with stately reverence heard
That armed Senate. ■ Princes of the land,
Lords of the old hereditary thrones
Of Britain, we, the ■ of Constantine,
Emrys and Uther, ■ not here to charge
Inconstant counsel ■ your wisdom, nought
Arraigning, that the sceptre ■ ■ line
Solemnly given, in those disastrous days,
When for the Empire of the Occident,
For Gaul o'er-master'd, and submitted Spain,
Warr'd Constantine, and warring nobly fell,
Ye placed in elder hand, our right foregone
For the more precious public weal : oh, Chiefs,
'T ■ well and wisely done ; a stripling's arm
May rear the kingly standard in its pomp
To play with Zephyrs under cloudless skies,
But when the rude storm shakes its ponderous folds
'T were hard for less than the consummate man
Aloft ■ bear it, yet unstooping. Well
Stemm'd your new standard-bearer Vortigern
The o'ershadowing tempest, nor abased his front
Your crown's old glories ; till, alas ! dire change !
Dread fall ! the sceptre that ye fondly hoped,
Would blossom, like the Hebrew Hierarch's rod,
With the almond bloom of mercy and of love,
Liker the Egyptian magic-worker's wand
Became a serpent, withering all your peace
With its infection : then your virtues wrought
Your sorrows, from your valour grew your shame.
Your borders were o'erleap'd, your towns ■ fire,
And the land groan'd beneath fierce Rapine's wheels.
Ye cried unto your King for arms, he sage
In cold and jealous wisdom fear'd ■ arm,
Whose ■ might brave himself, and cast control
On the fierce wanderings of his royal will.
Saxons must fight our wars, ■ hard-wrung gold
Buy ■ ignoble safety, till the slaves
Swell'd into Lords, and realms must pamper
Our hirelings into Princes : Kent, fair Kent,
The frontlet of ■ isle, where yet ■ ■
The graves great Cæsar peopled with his dead,
When on his ■ the Briton conqueror hung,
Where first the banner of the Cross was waved
Sinks to ■ Heathen province. Warriors ! Kings !
This must ■ be among baptized men,
This cannot be 'mong Britons. Therefore here,
Here in your presence dare ■ call again,
Your throne our throne, and challenge in your love
A Sovereign's title : by our youth we fell
From that great height, but Vortigern hath fall'n
By his ■ guilt ; we therefore rise again
In majesty renew'd ; he falls, no more
To ■ into the sacred royal seat.
Thereat with concord loud, and stern acclaim,
Gave ■ that proud Senate, and denounced
Judgment irrevocable. But with mien

Somewhat appall'd, as one in high debate,
And solemn council unassay'd, ■■■
Prince Uther : ere he spake his clanging mail
Smote with fierce stroke, as audience to enchain,
Himself the battle sound enkindling, high
His haughty brow and crested helm upflung,
Thus rude his fiery eloquence pour'd forth.

« Warriors of Britain ! ■■■ pomp of words
Beseems, nor strife of smooth and liquid phrase,
In the debate of swords, the fray of steeds
No combatant unskill'd. I will not boast
That I have brook'd with Emrys' patient pride
A sceptre's loss : a boy, I wept to hear
My father's crown was on ■ stranger's brow.
But when my arm 'gan grasp a sword, those tears,
Those soft unseemly waters, turn'd to hues
Of burning indignation ; every ■■■
Show'd, every kingly title ■ my ■■■
Sounded ■ scorn and shame. Even ■ his height
And plenitude of power I yearned to rise
Against th' enthroned Usurper—now, O Kings!
Thus charter'd, thus commission'd, thus array'd,
With what a noble frenzy will ■■ rush,
Trampling the wreck of Saxon and of King;
Our path shall be as rapid and ■ bright
As summer meteor, more pernicious, that
Waning into the dull unkindling air,
We burning, desolating as we pass.
On, Britons, on ! ■ tyrant fills your throne,
Nor fitter monument may tyrant find
Than his throne's ruins ; let the flat earth close
O'er both ■■ once ; the stranger Saxon lords
Within ■■ isle, the seas that bore him here
In his storm-braving navy, bear him back
Weltering and tossing in their drowning surge.»

Low'ring he stood, still in fierce act of speech,
Yet speechless. Sudden, then, in dread uproar
Rose shout of war, with thundering clash of arms
Mingled, then hurrying spears and nodding helms
With glittering tumult in the pale gloom flash'd ;
War, war each voice, each stricken shield denounced.

Amid the multitudinous din ■■■
Solemnly the Bright City's Lord ; down sunk
Instant all tumult, broke abruptly off
Fierce voice and clash of ■■■ so mute and deep
Settled the silence, the low sound ■■ heard
Of distant waterfall; the ■■■ drop
From the green arch above. Still and abash'd
Sate the fierce conclave, while with mild reproof
Winning all hearts, the gracious Chieftain spake.

« Brave sight for earth, and heaven ! it doth not fail.
A nation's cry for freedom and for faith,
Nor faint, ■■ deaden in the mist and gloom
Of this low earth, it takes the morning's wings,
Passeth the crystal skies, and beats heaven's gate ;
There glideth through the gladdening Angel choirs,
That fan it onward with their favouring plumes,
To the eternal sapphire throne, and him
That sits thereon, ineffable. O Kings !
Our council thus appealing may ■■ wear
Seeming of earthly passion, lust of sway,
Or frenetic vengeance : we must rise in wrath,
But wear it ■■ mourner's robe of grief,
Not ■■ garb of joy : must boldly strike,
But like the Roman, with reverted face,
In sorrow ■ be so enforced. Brave Chiefs,

It would misseem ■ son of this proud isle,
To trample on the fallen, though a King ;
■ would misseem ■ Christian to rejoice
Where virtue hath play'd false, and fame's pure light
Hath sicken'd to dishonourable gloom.
Vortigern is our foe, ■■ more our King,
Yet king he hath been, king he had been still,
■■■ his high vaulting pride disdain'd
The smooth dominion of old use, nor striven
To fix ■■ impatient necks the yoke
Of foreign usurpation ; our free land
Will not endure the heathen Saxon's rule,
Nor him that rules by heathen Saxon power.
So march ■■ forth in th' armour of our right,
From ■■ once King not falling off in hate
Or fickleness, but by ■■ constraint
Of duty to ourselves and ■■ God.
So march we forth, and in such state may make
Our mother land to vaunt of us : raise up,
Side by side, the fair airs to captivate
To ■■ approval of our upright deed,
Our royal banner and the Cross of Christ ;
And ■■ within their cirque of splendour, calm,
And yet resistless ■■ the bright-maned steeds
That bear the Morn to disenthroned old Night.

« And now our kingly sceptre, forced aside,
By stress and pressure of disorder'd times,
Devious into an alien hand, reverts
To the old line ; the heir of Constantine,
Constans, the elder than this noble pair,
Stands foremost on succession's golden roll.
Nor know ■■ I his gentle soul more apt,
To listen the soft flowing vesper hymn,
Than danger's spirit-stirring tramp, yet deem,
Thus ■■ forewarn'd 't is dangerous to divert
The stream of royal blood, that broken, pours
Waters of bitterness and civil strife
O'er th' harass'd land, and therefore thus hail I
Constans the King of Britain. Speak I right?
I pause, and wait, O Chiefs ! your high award.»

He ceased, nor time for voice or swift acclaim,
Scowling ■ sullen laugh of scorn, leap'd forth
The mountain King, the Sovereign of the lakes
And dales this side the Caledonian bound ;
He only, when the Kings sate awe-struck, stor'd
Elate with mocking pity in his frown ;
A mighty savage, he of God and man
Alike contemptuous : nought of Christian lore
Knew he, yet scoff'd unknown, 't was peaceful, meek,
Thence worthless knowledge. Him delighted more
Helvellyn's cloud-wrapt brow to climb, and share
The eagle's stormy solitude ; 'mid wreck
Of whirlwinds and dire lightnings huge he stood,
Where his ■■ Gods he deem'd on volleying clouds
Abroad ■■ riding and black hurricane.
Them in their misty pride assail'd he oft
With impious threat, and laugh'd when th' echoing glens
His wild defiance cast unanswered back.
Now with curl'd lip of scorn, and brow uplift,
Lordly command, not counsel fierce ■■ spake.
— « Shame, coward shame ! as though the fowls of heaven,
When in dusk majesty and pride of wing
Sails forth the monarch eagle, down ■■ stoop
In homage ■ the daw. O craven souls !
When Snowdon or high Skiddaw's brow ■■ bare,
To plant the stately standard of revolt

Upon a molehill. Constans! that to him
Caswallon should bow down; aloft our crown
Upon the giddy banner staff, that rocks
On Troynovant's tall citadel, uphang,
And who the dizzy glory will rend down,
Or Constans or Caswallon? The bright throne
Environ with grim ranks of steel-girt men:
Huge Saxons black with grisly of war,
Who first will hew that triumphal seat
His ruinous path? Hear, sceptred Britons, hear,
A counsel worthy the deep thoughts of kings:
Of valorous achievement and bold deeds
Be guerdon to the mightiest of our Isle,
The Sov'reignty of Britain; spurn my voice,
And I your counsels, cast you off,
And with my hardy vassals of the north
I join the Saxon.—Then fierce sounds again
Broke out, wan flames of brandish'd armour flash'd.
In rude disorder and infuriate haste
Sprang every warrior from his seat, as clouds
Amid the sultry heaven, thunderous and vast,
Gather their blackening disarray burst
Upon some mountain turret, so the Chiefs
Banded their fierce confusion to rush on,
And whelm in his insulting pride the foe.
He stood as one in joy, and lower'd a smile,
With wolf-skin robe flung back, broad shield out-
stretch'd,

And battle axe uplift: vaunting and huge
As fabled giant on embattled Heaven,
Glaring not less than utter overthrow,
And total wreck. Forthwith a youth rush'd out,
His moony buckler high upheld to bar
The onset, and with voice, which youthful awe
Temper'd to tone less resolute, address'd
The haughty Chieftain. "Father, deem thou,
Malwyn confederate in thy lawless thought;
Mine is a Briton's soul, a Briton's sword,
But mortal man that seeks thy life, must pass
O'er Malwyn's corpse." Back Chief and King recoil'd,
In breathless admiration. Nobler pride,
And human joy almost to softness smoothed
Caswallon's rugged brow. "Well hast thou said,
Son of Caswallon, worthy of thy sire!
On thine track mount thou to fame, nor swerve
For man, than man.—Awhile the Kings
Brief parley held, then stately and severe
Rose Emrys, and pronounced their stern arrest.

"Caswallon of the Mountains, long our isle
Hath mark'd thy wavering mood, friend foe;
Now in the Caledonian inroad prompt
To bear thy share in rapine, foremost
In our high councils. This we further say,
We scorn thy war, Caswallon, hate thy peace,
And deem it of our mercy that, unscathed,
We ban thee from our presence." Nor reply
Caswallon deign'd; calm strode he in scorn
Of wrath 'gainst foes so lowly. Far was heard
His tread along the rocky path, the crash
Of branches rent by his unstooping helm.
They in blank wonder sat, nor wholly quell'd
Wrath and insulted majesty, with look
As he still in presence fix'd, and stern.
Then spake Prince Emrys, "Not of trivial toil
To shape the rude trunk of enterprise
To smooth perfection; deeply must we found,

And strongly build the fabric of our hopes,
And each must hold his charge. Be, Samor, thine
To bear brother Constans Britain's crown,
In name of our assembled Kings. Mine
From the Armoric shore, King Hoel's realm,
(Our father's brother, Hoel) to embark
The of high-famed Chivalry.
Thou, Uther, the West; each other King
Unto his own, signal of revolt
To lead his armed Vassalage abroad."

So saying, each departed; again
The ancient silence on the solemn place.

Together from the forest pass'd the friends,
Samor and Elidure; below their way
Went wandering on through flowery meads, or sank
Beneath green arches dim of hawthorn shade.
Around the golden hills in wealth
Bask'd in the sunshine; on a river bank
Long gleaming down its woodland course, reposed
Many a white hamlet: even fierce shrines of
Wore aspect mild of peace; towers dark of yore
And rugged in the Roman array,
With ivy and grey o'ergrown,
Their green crowns melted in the heavens.

"Oh grief! o'er yon fair meads and smiling lawns
Must steeds of carnage batten, men of blood
Their fell magnificence of murderous pomp
Pavilion in yon placid groves of peace.
The blood-thirst savages of wood and air,
In meet abodes of wilderness and woe,
Shroud their abhorred revels; the gaunt wolf
Prowls gloomy o'er the wintry blasted heath;
Brood desolate on some bare mountain peak
Raven and screaming vulture. Man, fell man,
Envious of bliss he scorns, 'mid haunts of peace,
Spots fair and blissful, start of earth;
Plays ever his foul of spoil and death,
Ruthless, then Creation's pride,
Supreme o'er all alone in of blood."

Thus Elidure; him Samor, from deep trance
Wakening, address: "Soft man of peace, my prayer
Would ask of heaven theatre of strife
Save yon fair plain: there forth the weak would start
In the tumultuous valour of despair,
The timorous proudly tower in of death:
There, where each tree, each dell, each grassy knoll,
Lovely from memory of past delight,
Is kindred to the soul; his house of prayer,
The altar of his bridal vow, the font
Of his sweet infant's baptism, kindred all,
Holiest and last, his fathers' peaceful graves:
Oh, were all Britain, like yon beauteous plain,
Blissful and free, that angels there might
Forgetful of their heavenly bowers of light,
Friend of my boyhood, all-conquering foes,
Who fetter the free winds, and ride the
Kinglike, their menacing prowls would aloof,
And bitterly, in baffled lust of prey,
Curse the proud happiness that mock'd their might."

Lo, here he paused, gay of dazzling light
Slow o'er the plain advancing, indistinct
From their brightness; gradual the long blaze
Broke into form, lance and bow and helm,
Standard and streamer, chariot and fair steed,
Start from the mingled splendour. On their height
Unseen, the Chieftains watch'd the winding pomp.

And all before the azure-vested Bards
 From glancing instruments shook bridal glee.
 Then the gorgeous chariots, rough with gold,
 And steeds their proud heads nodding with rich weight
 Of frontlet wreathed with flowers and shadowy plumes;
 Therein ladies robed in costly state,
 Each like a Queen; the noble charioteers,
 Briton in garb, with purple mantle loose,
 O'er steel, in network bright, scale o'er scale,
 Glittering, and aventayle barr'd close and firm,
 As yet the gaudy traitors shamed to meet
 The cold keen glance of countryman betray'd.
 Dark in their iron arms, wildly girt
 With Caledonian spoils, their yellow hair
 Down from the casque in broad luxuriant flow
 Spreading, and lofty banner wide display'd,
 Whereon a milk-white reinless shone,
 Paced forth the Saxon warriors. High o'er all,
 Tempestuous Horsa, chafing his hot steed,
 And Hengist with his wreath of amber beads,
 Hoary strength, in spite of age or toil,
 A tower of might; with that tall grove of spears,
 Circled, and rampire close of serried shields,
 The bridegroom Monarch rode, his bright attire
 Peaceful, fitting nuptial pomp, his robe
 Rich-floating strew'd the earth with purple shade,
 And his lofty brow a regal crown,
 Bright as a wreath of sunbeams; high his arm
 The ivory sceptre bore of kingly sway:
 Yet who his mien and bearing watch'd had seen
 Dim gleam of jealous steel, or lurking mail
 Beneath those glorious trappings, for his gaze,
 Now jocund, changed anon to wandering stare,
 Fearful and wild, as the still air were rife
 With vengeful javelins showering death; pace
 Hurried, yet tardy, of one who rides
 O'er land still tottering with earthquake shock.
 And him beside, on snowy palfrey, deck'd
 With silver bells its pendant mane profuse,
 Of silver and of stainless ermine
 The bright caparisons, and all her robes
 White of woven lily cups, the Bride
 Majestic rode, waving throne.
 Her sunbright hair she waved, and smiled around,
 As though, of less than kingly Paramour
 Scornful, she said, Lo, Britain, through your land
 I lead the enthralled sovereign of your isle.
 Yet so surpassing fair, brief instant wish'd
 Those wrathful Briton Chiefs their leafy
 A thin transparent cloud: of his high charge
 Brief while forgetful, Samor stood entranced,
 Fearing her form should fleet swift away.
 Came it from earth or air, yon savage shape,
 His garb, if garb it be, of shaggy hair
 Close folding o'er his dusky limbs, his locks
 And waving matted beard like cypress boughs
 On bleak heath swaying the midnight storm?
 Came he from yon deep wood? On the light spray
 No leaf is stirring. On the winged winds
 Rode he? No breeze awakes the noontide air.
 Mid that arm'd throng, dismaying, undismay'd,
 With a strange eye dilated, unused
 To sights of earth, and voice that seem'd
 Rarely hold discourse with human ears,

• Joy, • and again, and thrice he uttered • Joy. •
 Cower'd Horsa on his palsied steed; aghast,
 As toiling to despise the thing he fear'd,
 Sate Hengist. • Joy to Bridegroom and to Bride!
 Why should man rejoice, and earth be glad?
 Beyond the sphere of man, the round of earth,
 There's loud rejoicing; 't is not in the heavens!
 And many ministrant Angels shake their wings
 In gladness, wings that not plumed with light.
 The dead are jocund, the dead in bliss.
 Your couch is blest—by all whose blessings blast,
 All things unlovely gratulate your love.
 I the nuptial pomp, the nuptial song
 I hear, and the pomp, for Hate, and Fear,
 And excellent Dishonour, and bright Shame,
 And rose-cheek'd Grief, and jovial Discontent,
 And that majestic herald, Infamy,
 And that high noble, Servitude, are there,
 A blithesome troop, a gay and festive crew.
 And the Land's curses the bridal hymn;
 Sweetly and shrilly doth th' accordant Isle
 Imprecate the glad Hymenean song.
 So joy again, I say, Britain's King,
 That taketh to his bosom Britain's fate,
 Her beautiful destruction his bed.
 And joy Britain's Queen, who bears her Lord
 So bright a dowry and profuse, long years
 Of war and havoc, and fair streams of blood,
 And plenteous ruin, loss of crown and fame,
 And full perdition of the immortal soul;
 So thrice again I utter 'joy,' 'joy,' 'joy!'

Then upsprung spear to strike, and bicker'd bow:
 Ere spear could strike, or shaft could fly, the path
 Was bare and vacant; shape nor sound remain'd;
 Only the voice of Vortigern moan'd out,
 —Mornin',—and on the long procession past.
 Down in a quiet dale, where beechen grove
 With interchanging gold and glossy green
 O'ermantled the smooth slopes, that fell around
 Like a fair amphitheatre, beneath
 A brook went wand'ring through fresh meadow banks,
 With a cool dashing, here the Chiefs
 The royal Hermit met, his gentle brow
 Smooth a slumbering Angel's plumes (effaced
 traces of this rude and wearing earth,
 All brands of fiery passions, wild desires)
 Wore that calm holiness the sainted dead
 Smile on the visions of their loved earth:
 His life was like a sleep, with heavenly sights,
 And harmonies, as of angelic sounds
 Visited ever, his barren heart
 Touch'd not the light affections, trembled
 His spirit with love's fervent swell, but all
 Most wont to bear man's soul to earth, round him
 As the thin morning clouds around the lark,
 Gather'd, to float him upward to the heavens.

They at his feet down laid the kingly crown,
 Fulfill'd their lofty mission. He, the while,
 With that mild sadness he had watch'd the leaves
 Drip from the autumnal bough, survey'd
 Its stately glittering. • Man of earth, why mock,
 With gaudy pageantry, and titled pomp,
 The and transient pilgrims of this world.
 The fading flag-flower yon streamlet brink,
 Were garland meeter for our mortal brows
 Than yon rich blaze of gems. • Prince, • Samor spake,

• Sweet is it down the silent vale of life
To glide away, of all but Heaven forgot,
Forgetting all but Heaven. Of king-born men,
Lords of mankind, high delegates of Heaven,
Loftier the doom, their prerogative
The luxury of conferring bliss. Oh, Prince!
Not by the stream to slumber, not to waste
Idly in joyous dreams the drowsy hours,
Hath Heaven thy kingly heritage ordain'd;
Set badge of Empiry on thy brow: of god
The noblest service is to mankind,
To save a nation all a mortal's power,
To imitate the Saviour of the world. •

Calm answer'd Constans: • Earth's exalted fame,
Grandeurs and glories gleam upon my soul
Like wintry sun-light on a plain of snow.
With prayers, a Hermit's arms, I aid your cause—
Farewell. Why pause ye, a question more
The wisdom of my choice—lo, yon fair orb;
How spotless the fine sphere where he holds
His secret palace, knows not his pure light
A stain of dimness, till th' abode of men
Pours o'er it its infectious mists. • Oh, Prince!

'T is not the glory of that peerless light,
The barren glittering, the unfruitful sphere
Of splendour on the still inanimate skies;
It is the life, the motion, and the joy
It breathes along this world of man, the broad
Munificence of blessing that awakes,
And in its rapturous gratitude springs up,
To glorify its bounteous source of pride. •

« I on thy brow at thine own words on fire;
Mine, Samor, yet is calm and cold. • Dost thou,
Constans, all title, claim, and right renounce
To Britain's throne? • Even free I renounce
The everlasting enemy of man. •

• Will thy voice mingle with the general cry,
'Long live King Emrys?'— • Long may Emrys live,
Even the eternal life beyond the grave. •

• Yet one word more; 't is perilous in the storm
For the tall pine, less, in evil days,
For the high-born and exalted of the state.
The Saxon blood-blounds abroad for prey,
Seek thou quiet solitude remote,
Beyond their prowling range. •—His arm to Heaven
Slowly uplifted, « Will they reach there? »
Spake the meek Hermit, « there is rest secure. •

They parted; gentle Elidure alone,
Lingering with somewhat of envious gaze,
View'd the deep quiet of that placid dell.

That night were along the dusky wood,
Of more than human stature moving forms,
Pale faces circled with black iron helms,
Not of the Briton shape their garb or arms;
Stealthy their pace and slow; the peasants thought
Demons of evil that sad night had power,
And pray'd Heaven's grace to guard the saintly

At morn roved forth the peasant, down the dale
His dog went bounding to the Hermit's cell,
For all mute creatures loved the of God.
A quick and desolate moaning nearer call'd
The peasant; in officious grief the dog
Stood licking the cold hand that drooping hung
Lifeless; the mild composure of his brow
On the cross rested; praying he had died,

BOOK III.

ORIENT the bright-hair'd Charioteer of heaven
Pour'd daylight from his opal wheels, and struck
From the blue pavement of the sky clear flakes
Of azure light upon the Eastern
And the grey mists slowly curl'd away,
Rose the white cliffs of Kent, like palace fair,
Or fane of snowy marble, an enshrine
Blue Amphitrite, or the Sea-Gods old
Of Pagan mariner. Rode tall below
The Saxon navy, as from midnight sleep
Wakening; the grey sails in the breeze of
'Gan tremble, gleaming flash in the spray.
The Sea-Kings on the beach in parley
Were met, less than nation's doom and fate
Of kingdoms in their voice. Lo, in the midst
Stood huge Caswallon; word of mild salute
Deign'd not, but thus address the Ocean Lord.

« Saxon! that o'er this fair and princely isle
Thou wouldst win empire by the sword of war,
I marvel not, arraign not—'t is a dream,
Noble as o'er the heavens walk abroad,
Companion of yon bright majestic sun.
Now, by my glory, Saxon, mortal peer
Never Caswallon brook'd, save thee alone,
Thee, rival in his race of pride and power.
Arm'd with myself and all th' embattled North,
Not Roman Britons; sons of sires who dash'd
The purple Conquerors' haughty wall to earth,
And trampled their strewn ramparts; who ne'er deign'd
Barter for gaudy robe and marble pile,
Fierce naked freedom, and wild mountain cave,
Will I, and thou with Saxon spears begirt,
Bow this fair Britain on our lordly sway.
Then will two, from pale perplexed earth
Seen, like twin meteors battling in high heaven,
On some lone eminence wage glorious strife,
Sole empire meed of conquest, of defeat
Utter annihilation, dark and full,
Solace and lofty comfort. » Bold he paused,
Nor Hengist with pale sign of awe dread
Shamed the proud peerage, but with hardy speech
Guileful, faith by seeming scorn of guile.

« Briton, dare high deeds, and to disown,
Argues a wavering valour; the firm soul
Vaunts resolute its lofty dangerous scope.
To us our Gods o'er ocean and its shores
Kingly dominion and wide sway have given;
Were insult on our might and base reproach,
The freedom of one sea-girt isle, to thee
Honouring, not fearing, 'mid prime grant
Transcendant state, and eminence of power.
Now speed we of th' immortal Powers in Heaven,
Our high omniscient Fathers, to demand
The eternal shield of fate be graven
Ruin on Conquest, ere to bold emprise
We gird our brazen arms. •—« Of mighty men
The gods are mighty, whom the Saxon fears,
The paramount of men, 't were rash to scorn,
No calm and sunshine deities of peace. •—

Spake Caswallon, the mild faith of Christ
Scoffing with covert mockery; thus th' All Wise
The animators of the proud on earth

Silent endures, till some brief point of time
Crumbles the high-built insolence of years.

• Wilt thou behold our gods? » fierce Horsa cried.
■ Then mount the bark, abroad her wings ■ spread,
And fleet along the obedient deep she speeds.
Fear not, proud Briton. » — Fear! » Caswallon cried;
All iron ■ he stood, o'er surf, surge, wave
He bounded, hollow rang his heavy arms,
The bark her tall side to the troubled waves
Stoop'd groaning; nor delay'd the Ocean King.

• Brother, farewell! not singly the bold wolf
Scatters the mountain herd; in grim repose
He rests expectant of his kindred troop,
Numberless from their shaggy dens they sweep,
And spacious o'er the antler'd monarch's realm
Spreads the wide ravage of their muster'd might. •
Stern Horsa bow'd assent, yet paused to watch
The proud bark tilting o'er the ■ plain.
Stately she rode her path of light, her sails
In dalliance with the courteous winds: bold Man!
Well may thy full heart bound: in earth and air
The thunder-maned steed, the eagle throned
In the pavilion of his plumes, stand forth
Creation's glories; but the noblest shape
That walks the deep thy workmanship sublime
Owneth, and starts from thee to life. Vaunt thou,
Yet humbly vaunt, all greatness is from God.

What dolphin glancing in his silver sport,
More graceful with translucent pinion parts
The liquid azure? what Leviathan,
Huge heaving on the thick Norwegian foam,
More lordly than the white-wing'd bark, that wafts
The Sea King o'er his empire? the fair waves
Rise in their gamesome turbulence, and pay
Wild homage ■ that royal Mariner.

The motion and the murmur of the deep,
The rushing of the silent, solemn sky,
Each in its deep abyss and pure expanse,
Seeming its secret mysteries of might,
Its ruling soul of everlasting change,
To veil from mortal knowledge, ever pour,
O'er savage ev'n and rude, tumultuous awe,
And exultation of ■ pleasing dread,
From dizzy notions of infinity,
Vague sense of ever-during sights and sounds,
Inactive though the body, the free spirit,
Vagrant along the illimitable void,
Perils uncouth and rich uncertainties
Ranges in restless round, plucks treasures rare,
That gem the caverns of the hoary deep,
Or bathes with sea-maids in their crystal bowers,
Or with gay creatures and fantastical
Peoples ■ dreamy land; such joys of old
Lured the fierce Saxon from his darksome woods,
To launch along the vast and barren sea.
Such joys through this long voyage, wean'd brief while
From thoughts of war and ■ empire wide,
Haughty Caswallon, ■ from him assumed
Fierce aspect, and ■ battailous character.

'T was midnight, but ■ rich unnatural dawn
Sheets the fired Arctic heaven; forth springs ■ arch,
O'erspanning with ■ crystal pathway pure
The starry sky, ■ though for Gods to march,
With show of heavenly warfare daunting earth,
To that wild revel of the northern clouds,
That ■ with broad and bannery light distinct,

Stream in their restless wavings to and fro,
While the sea billows gleam them mellow back;
Anon like slender lances bright upstart,
And clash and cross with hurtle and with flash,
Tilting their airy tournament. — « Brave signs, »
Cried Hengist; « lo, ■ Gods their standards rear,
And with glad omen of immortal strife
Salute ■ high-wing'd purpose. » — « Yea (return'd
Caswallon) from mine own Helvellyn's brow,
Never a brighter conflict in the skies
Taught me that war ■ dear in Heaven: dream ye
Of tamer faith in gentle Southern skies
Your smooth and basking deities; ■ North
Wooes ■ with tender hues and sunny smiles
Soft worship, but emblazons all the air
With semblance of celestial strife, unveils
To us of their empyreal halls the pomp,
The ■ majesty of godlike war. »

Oh Lord of Lords! incessant thus assail'd
That pagan with his frantic railings Thee,
Th' ineffable, yet worshipp'd of thy power
A faint and pale effect, reflection dim
From thy soul-blinding glories. On they sail'd,
Till o'er the dark deep ■ the wintry winds
Swept on their murky pinions, huge and high
The liquid legions of the main arose;
Like ■ upon the sable pines, the foam
Hung hoary on their tower'd fronts; but slow,
Like a triumphant warrior, their bold bark
Wore onward, now upon the loftiest height
Shaking its streamers' gay defiance, now
With brave devotion to the prone abyss
Down rushing. But the sternest Saxon cheek
Put ■ to shame that dauntless Landman; he
In the strong passion of a ■ delight
On the fierce tumult feasts, and almost grieves,
When ■ beneath the haven rocks embay'd,
The angry ■ wearying ■ repose,
And the slack sails slow droop their flugging folds.

Their port was southward of that Strait, where bursts
The Baltic, with her massy waves of ice
Encumbering far and wide the Northern main.

South, North, and East, the rapid heralds speed,
Summoning from fen or forest, moor ■ wild,
Britain? on thee to banquet, all who bathe
In Weser, Elbe, or Rhine, their saffron locks,
Hertog and Erle and King; the huntsman bold
Of bear, or bison, o'er the quaking moss,
Or grim Viking, who but sues his Gods
For tempests, so upon some wealthy coast
Bursts unforeseen his midnight frigate fierce,
And freights its greedy hold with amplest spoil.

And now have Hengist and Caswallon climb'd
The chariot of the Oracle; no wheels
Bear that strange car; like wind along the sea,
■ glides along the rapid rein-deer's track.
Beauteous those gentle rein-deer arch'd their necks,
And cast their palmy antlers back, and spread
Their broad red nostrils to the wind: they hear
Old Hengist's voice, like arrows down the gale,
Like shot-stars through the welkin start they forth.
The ■ slides light, the deer bound fleet: they pass
Dark leagues of pine and fir, the filmy light,
Shivering with every motion of the wind
On their brown path lies tremulous, o'er them sails,
Heard through the dismal foliage hissing shrill,

And hoarser groaning of the swaying boughs,
The funeral descant of the ominous birds.
Around them the prophetic milk-white steeds,¹
Their necks yet virgin of the taming curb,
With all their loose long glories, arch, and pass
In solemn silence, and regardless paw
The unechoing earth. ■■ that old German, ■■
Inflexible with bolder hand to draw
The veil of dusk futurity, disdains
These tamer ■■■ Still the car slides light,
The deer² bound fleet, they pause not, save to quaff
The narrow cruise, ■■ share their scanty store.
Like swallows o'er the glassy rivers smooth,
O'er the pellucid lake, with glittering breast
Yet wrinkled with its rippling waves, they skim;
The dead unstirring ocean bears them on;
Amid the immortal ice-hills wind they now.

In restless change, God's softer summer works
Glitter and fade, are born and die; but these,
Endiadem'd by undissolving snows,
High Potentates of winter's drear domain,
Accumulate their everlasting bulk,
Eternal and imperishable, stand
Amid Creation's swift inconstant round,
In majesty of silence undisturb'd,
Save when from their long menacing brows they shake
The ruining Avalanche; unvisited
By motion, but of sailing clouds, when sleets
From their unwasting granary barb their darts,
And the grim North-wind loads his rimy wings.
Nor trace of man, save many a fathom deep,
Haply dark signs of some tall people strange,
That walk'd the infant earth, may shroud profound
Their legends inaccessible. They ■■■
In headlong precipice, or pyramid
Linking the earth and heaven, to which the piles
Where those Egyptian despots rot sublime,
Or even that frantic Babylonian tower,
Were frivolous domes for laughter and for scorn.

Nor wants soft interchange of vale, where smiles
White mimicry of foliage and thin flower.
Feathery and fanlike spreads the leafy ice,
With dropping cup, and roving tendril loose,
As though the glassy dew o'er flower and herb
Their silken moisture had congeal'd, and yet
Within that slender veil their knots profuse
Blossom'd and blush'd with tender life, the couch
Less various where the fabled Zephyr fans
With his mild wings his Flora's bloomy locks;
But colourless and cold, these flowering vales
Seem meeter for decrepit Winter's head
To lie in numb repose. The ■■ slides light,
The deer bound fleet, the long grey wilderness
Hath something of ■■ roseate glimmering dim,
And widens still its pale expanse: when lo,
A light of azure, wavering ■■ display
No sights, no shapes of darkness and of fear.
Tremblingly flash'd the inconstant meteor light,
Showing thin forms, like virgins of this earth,
Save that all signs of human joy or grief,
The flush of passion, smile or tear had seem'd

On the fix'd brightness of each dazzling cheek,
Strange and unnatural: statues not unlike
By nature, in fantastic mood congeal'd
From purest snow, the fair of earth ■■ shame,
Surpassing beauteous: breath of mortal life
Heaved not their bosoms, and ■■ rosy blood
Tinged their full veins; yet moved they, and their steps
Were harmony. But three of that bright troop,
The loveliest and the wildest, stood aloof,
Enrapt by what in human form were like
Impulse divine, of their fine nature seem'd
The eternal instinct. Them ■■ less survey'd
Caswallon with the knitted brow of scorn:
Bitter he spake—' No marvel Saxon souls
Revel in war's delights, so stern, so fierce
Their deities.' Severe with wrath suppress,
As one ill-brooking that irreverent mirth
Scoff'd the feign'd lore, himself ne'er dared to doubt,
Answer'd the son of Woden. ' These, proud Chief,
So snowy, soft, and airy, gentle, these
Are ministers of destiny and death,
The viewless Riders of the battle field:
When sounds the rushing of their sable steeds,
Down sink the summon'd mighty, and expand
Valhalla's cloudy portals; to their thrones
They the triumphant strangers lead, and pour
Lavish the eternal beverage of the Gods.
Mark thou yon bright-hair'd three? and would thy soul
Grasp the famed deeds of ancient time, ■■ know
The master spirits of our present world.
Lo Gudur, she whose deep mysterious soul
Treasureth the past, and Rosta, who beholds
All acts and agents of this living earth;
She too is there before whose spacious sight
The years that have not been start up and live,
Who reads within the soul of ■■ unborn
The unimagined purpose, of the sage
Skulda the sagest. Ask and thou shalt know.'
—' I am not King of Britain, have not been;
Hateful the present and the past, my soul
Thirsteth for what shall be.'—Then Hengist spake
In tone of mix'd authority and prayer,
' Queen of the Future, Valkyr, hear and speak,
Speak to the Son of Woden.'—All the troop
Instant the thin bright air absorb'd alone,
Stood Skulda with her white hair waving wide,
As trembling ■■ the verge of palpable being,
Ready to languish too in light away.

' O'er Britain's isle doth Woden to his ■■■
Give empire?' She, but in no human tone,
E'er from the soul's emotion harsh or soft,
One glittering rich unvarying tone replied,
' To thine, but ■■ thee?'—And, ' I am thine,'
Caswallon shouted loud, and sternly shook
His visionary sceptre. ' Whence the foe
Fatal to Hengist, and to Hengist's sway?'
' Not from the mountain, Saxon, from the Vale.'
Heard, heeded not the Mountain Chief that strain
Dire and ill-boding, or if heard, disdain'd
Adverse what prosperous seem'd ■■ voice from Heaven.

' By what rich rite,' he cried, ' may Briton Chief
Win favour from high Woden?'—' Not the blood
Of steed or stag; a flower of earth ■■ fade.
Blest o'er all virgins of the earth, the chaste,
The beautiful, by Heaven ordain'd to lead
The souls of valiant men to the pale hall

¹ Proprium gentis, equorum quoque praestigia ■■ monitus experiri:
publico aluntur illeis memoribus ■■ lacis. Candidi, et nullo mor-
tali opere contacti, quos pressos sacro curru sacerdos ■■ val
princeps civitatis comitantur, hinnitibusque ■■ fremitus observant.
Tacit. Germ.

Of the Immortal; air her path, and Heaven
Her dwelling, with the fair and brave of earth
Her sole communion?—By my future throne,
Proud office for the daughter of a King!
A royal damsel, mine blood, shall join
Your cloudy mysteries.—A hue like joy
Overspread all her face and form, while slow
Into the air she brighten'd indistinct
Even now, and now invisible. seem'd
In gloomy converse with his own dark mind
Old Hengist, despair'd that hold of soul,
In pride of human wisdom revoke
The irrevocable, what himself deem'd fate
By force or fraud to master or elude.

O glorious eminence of virtuous fame,
Glorious from peril! Warrior of the Vales,
Fate-signal'd Samor, vaunt not thou the love
Of a blind people, weak prince: thy boast
The sworn unerring hate of Britain's foe.

So pass'd they forth, in wild joy elate,
Already in his high disdainful thought
Wielding supremacy; each of fix'd fate
Nought heeding, but what fed his fierce desires.

The car slides light, the deer bound fleet, nor
Nor star in all the hazy heavens. Snow, snow,
Above, around, beneath. Unblinded yet,
Drive on the kingly charioteers, and shake
The showery plumage from their locks; fast fades
The long pale plain, the giant ice-hills sink,
Lakes, rivers, patient of their speed,
Huge, dim, and dusk the forest pines rush back,
Now pant the brown deer by that ocean bay.

How desolate now thy unplough'd waves,
Dark Baltic! wandering Elbe, thy icy breast
How silent of thy hunters. Sleep thou calm
Amid thy wanton vineyards, Gaul! no more
The blue-eyed Plunderers, bridging thy broad Rhine,
Waste thy inebriate harvests' clustering pride.
Sing songs of joy, soft Italy! o'er thee
But Alaric and Attila drive on
Their chariot wheels of conquest, this their peer
In majesty of havoc, in
Of devastation, this, the fiercer third
Of human Furies, scapest thou: therefore sing,
Soft Italy; for lo, at Hengist's call,
Vast Germany dispeoples her wide realm,
Deserts to silence and the beasts of game
Her long and soundless forests. Seems the North
The forge of Nations, in one fleet ' exhaust
Her iron wealth of warriors; helmed high
The Suevian with his towery knotted locks,
Frisian and Scandinavian, Cimbrian rich
In ancient vantage of his sires, who clomb
The Alpine snows, and shook free Rome with dread.
And other nameless, numberless, sweep forth
Their hands; but three almost in nations came:
The Jute, the Anglian, and the Saxon, each
Leaving earth bare for many a lonesome league,
wives, his children, and his Gods embarks,
On the fierce quest of peril and of power.

Then forth each Chieftain to salute
The pole-star of their baleful galaxy,
Prime Architect of ruin: him who sway'd

Their hot marauding, desultory strife
To cool and steady warfare, of their limbs
The domineering soul. As each past
Shook up the Scald his harsh-strung shell, and cast
The of each nation to the winds;
And Hengist with imperious flattery
Each tall and titled Leader: «Art thou here,
Bold Frisian Hermangard! broader isle
And fairer than thy Rhine laves round,
Spreads for thee her green valleys. How brook'st thou,
Strong Scandinavian Lodbrog, thou the Chief
Of the renown'd Viking, while the
So nobly riot with the wintry storms,
The tame and steadfast land? Now freely leap,
Arngrim, along thy Suevian forests brown
The bear and foam-tusk'd wild boar; let them leap,
A braver game is up on Britain's shore.
O Cerdic, grey in glory, young in power,
The Drave ran purple with thy boyish deeds,
A darker, redder dye, o'er silver Thames
Shall spread before thy ancient battle axe.
Ho, Offa, the rich-flowing mead hath worn
Your Jutland cups, beneath the British helms
Capacious goblets smooth and fair await
Offa's carousals. Heir of Cimbric fame,
Frotho, how these, of late the Roman's slaves,
Will the race daunt, who set our Thor afront
The Roman's Capitolian Jove. And thou,
My gold-hair'd brother, are the British maids,
Or British warriors, Abisa, the first
In the fierce yearnings of thy boyish soul?
And lo the mighty Anglian; oh, unfold
Ocean wide, wealthy realms, too brief,
Too narrow for Argantyr's fame, the round
Of this the choice, the Sovereign of thine isles.»

Thereat a sound of clattering shields arose,
As all the rocks around with one harsh rift
Had rent asunder: «Fair must be the land,
And brave the conquest, plenteous the renown,
Where Hengist leads strong Woden's sceptred sons!»

But inly laugh'd Caswallon, as he long'd
With each match his Briton strength;
On the prophetic Valkyr thought, and glanced
Proud pity on the legends of their praise.

Advanced Argantyr, his bold grasp apart,
As peer his peer, led Hengist. «Thou and I,
Saxon, must have compact; dark I know
Thy paths of strife, while my frank valour loves
The broad bright sunshine; thou by sleight and art
Minest thy slow conquest; I with naked sword
Affront my peril, its menacing height
Bow to the dust before me; for bold war,
For noonday battling, tender I mine arm,
But allegiance to subtle craft;
To peace Argantyr doth revolt when thou
Array'st in the smooth garb of guile.»
«The weak, Argantyr, and the friendless, need
Such politic skill; I take thee at thy word.
Who skulks a fox when he dare prowl a wolf?
Power charters force; where strong Argantyr stands
Is power.—And aboard, brave Chiefs, aboard,
Or the soft spring o'ertakes our tardy keels,
And with her slothful breezes smooths the skies.»
Wonderous that ocean armament; in shoals

¹ *Insigne gentis obliquare crinem, nodoque sabatringero—In uti-
tudinem quam terrorem, adituri belis, compio, ut hostium*

Ride boat and bark, innumeros — the waves
That show white slender streaks of foam between
Their tawny sides, save here and there towers up
Some statelier admiral in lordly height
O'er the frail comm'nalty, whose limber ribs
Are the light wicker, cased with sturdy hides
Their level bottoms smooth. ¹ Oh, that frail Man,
Loose-woven frame of dissoluble stuff,
Uncharter'd from the boisterous license rude
Of pitiless winds and fierce unfetter'd waves,
To that unhackled libertine, wild Chance,
Amenable, unguaranteed from burst
And inroad of invading surge, that he,
With such thin barrier between life and death,
Should sit and skim along the ocean waste,
Careless as maiden in a flowery field;
Valour or frenzy is it? They their toil
Ply nimbly, and with gallant oar chastise
The insurgent billows, their despotic sails
Lords o'er the wild democracy of air.

Less vast, and mann'd with tamer, feebler spirits,
In later days, against — Virgin Queen,
The Spaniard's mad Armada; but the flag
Of Howard, and the Almighty's stormy hand,
Belied their braggard baptism, — they won
Brave conquest! graves in ocean's barren caves,
Or on the whirlpool-girded Orcades.

But onward rides that Pagan fleet: young Spring
Hath scarcely tipt the leafless woods with green;
Tyne's jetty tide is blanch'd with German oars.

Now whither with that dark-brow'd priest set forth
Old Hengist and the Briton Mountain Lord?
Is it, fell Hengist, that Caswallon's name
Paragon thine in British hate, close link'd
By fellowship in nameless rites accurst,
Be hence more deeply, execrably thine?
Or, from weak credence in such impious Gods,
Urgest thou that fell sacrifice? Oh, where
The spotless Virgin doom'd (so wild the creed)
The Valkyr's airy troop to join, and glide
Immortal through Valhalla's cloudy halls?

BOOK IV.

SUNK — the sun, and up the eastern heaven,
Like maiden — a lonely pilgrimage,
Moved the meek Star of Eve; the wandering air
Breathed odours; wood, and waveless lake, like man,
Slept, weary of the garish babbling day.

Dove of the wilderness, thy snowy wing
— slumber droops not; Lilian, thou alone,
'Mid the deep quiet, wakest. Dost thou rove,
Idoltrous of yon majestic moon,
That like a crystal-throned queen in Heaven,
Seems with her present deity to hush
To beauteous adoration all the earth?
Night — the solemn silent mountain tops
Stand up and worship, the translucent streams
Down the hill sides glittering cherish the pure light
Beneath the shadowy foliage o'er them flung

¹ Primum — salix, madefacto vimine parvam
Texitur in puppim, cœquoque indute juvenco,
Vectoris patiens tumidum super omicat amnem;
Sic Venetus stagnante Pado, fœquoque Britannus
Navigat oceanus. LUCAN.

At intervals; the lake, — silver white,
Glistens, all indistinct the snowy swans
— in the radiance cool: doth Lilian muse
To that apparent Queen her vesper hymn?

Nursling of solitude, her infant couch
Never — mother watch, within the grave
She slept unwaking; scornful turn'd aloof
Caswallon, of those pure instinctive joys
By fathers felt, when playful infant grace,
Touch'd with — feminine softness, round the heart
Winds its light — of undefined delight,
Contemptuous; he with haughty joy beheld
His boy, fair Malwyn, him in bossy shield
Rock'd proudly, him upshore — mountain steep,
Fierce and undaunted, for their dangerous nest
To battle with the eagle's clamorous brood.

But she the while from human tenderness
Estranged, and gentler feelings that light up
The cheek of youth with rosy joyous smile,
Like a forgotten lute, play'd on alone
By chance-caressing airs, amid the wild
Beauteously pale, and sadly playful grew,
A lonely child, by not — human heart
Beloved, and loving none; — strange, if learnt
Her native fond affections to embrace
Things senseless and inanimate: she loved
All flow'rets that with rich embroidery fair
Enamel the green earth, the odorous thyme,
Wild rose, and roving eglantine, nor spared
To — their fading forms with childish tears.
Grey birch and aspen light she loved, that droop
Fringing the crystal stream; the sportive breeze
That wanton'd with her brown and glossy locks,
The sunbeam chequering the fresh bank. Ere dawn
Wandering, and wandering still at dewy eve,
By Glenderamakin's flower-empurpled marge,
Derwent's blue lake, or Greta's wildering glen.

Rare sound to her — human voice, scarce heard,
Save of her aged nurse, or shepherd maid
Soothing the child with simple tale or song.
Hence, all she knew of earthly hopes and fears,
Life's sins and sorrows; better known the voice
Beloved of lark from misty morning cloud
Blithe carolling, and wild melodious notes
Heard mingling in the summer wood, or plaint,
By moonlight, of the lone night-warbling bird.
Nor they of love unconscious, all around
Fearless, familiar they their descants sweet
Tuned emulous. Her knew all living shapes
That tenant wood — rock, dun roe — deer,
Sunning his dappled side at noontide crouch'd,
Courting her fond caress, nor fled her gaze
The brooding dove, but murmur'd sounds of joy.

One — noon, the silvery birchen shade
Pendant above from dripping crag her brow
Veil'd from the fiery sunbeam, gems of spray
Gleam'd cool around with watery rainbow-light,
From a pure streamlet down its rocky bed
Dashing sweet music; she on mossy couch
Sate listening the blithe thrush, whose airy notes
In — contention Echo caught
Responsive. Sudden droop'd its flagging wing
The timorous bird of song, and fluttering sought
Soft refuge in the maiden's snowy breast.
— o'er the nestling prisoner folding light
Her careless vest, stood gazing, where, awhile

Dark in the sun-cloud's white, fiercely down
A swooping falcon: at her sight it check'd;
Its keen eye bright with joy, th' admiring bird
Fearfully beauteous floated in the air,
Its silver wings, and glossy plumage grey,
Glanced in the sun-light. Up the maiden gazed,
Smiling a pale and terrified delight,
And seem'd for that loved warbler in her breast
Beseeching mercy. 'Mid the green-wood sank
Th' obedient bird; she, joyous his flight,
Her bosom half reveal'd, with gentle hand
Caressing smoothed her captive's ruffled plumes.
Anon around a frightened thankful look
Glancing, what seem'd human shape she saw,
Or more than human; stately on his
The falcon sat, and proudly flapp'd his wings.
She turn'd to fly, yet fled not, turn'd to gaze,
Yet dared not raise her downcast eye; she felt
Her warm cheek, why she knew not, blush, her hand
Unconscious closer drew her bosom's fold.
With accent mild the Stranger brief delay
Entreated; she, albeit his gentle words
Fell indistinct her alarm'd ear,
Listening delay'd, and still at fall of
Delay'd, e'en then with dim reverted eye,
Slow lingering on her winding homeward path.

No more in pomp of war, or vaulting steed,
Joyeth the Son of Vortigern, nor feast
With jocund harpings, and rich-jewell'd dames,
Outshining in their pride the starry heavens.

As fair the spring-flower's bloom, graceful droops
The wild ash spray, as sweet the mountain bee
Murmurs, melodious breathes the twilight grove,
Unheard of her, unheeded, who erewhile
Visited, constant as the morning dew,
Those playmates and sweet of her soul.
In sole image the enamour'd maid
Concentrated all qualities of love,
All beauty, grace, and majesty. The step
Of tall stag prancing stately down the glen,
The keen bright fierceness of the eagle's glance,
And airy gentleness of timorous roe,
And, more than all, a voice soothing soft
Than wild-bird's carol, the murmuring brook,
With eloquence endued and melting words
So wondrous; though unheard since eve, the sounds
Come mingling with her midnight sleep, and make
The damask of her slumbering cheek grow warm.

And she is now beneath the moonlight rock,
Gliding the rippling waters that efface
That image its breast distinct,
Garb, form, and feature, Vortimer; though mute,
As prodigal of fondness, his bright face
Looks up her with glance of tenderer love,
Than wild-dove to its mate earliest spring.

Oft hath that moonlight wax'd and waned, since last
He parted, all of him that could depart;
Save that no distance could remove the words,
The look, the touch, that lives within her still,
The promise of return on her lips.

And hark it comes, his steed along the glen;
She o'er the lucid mirror stooping, braids
Hasty her dark-brown tresses, bashful smiles
Of virgin vanity flit o'er her cheek,
Tinging its settled paleness. Now 't is near,
But ne'er did Vortimer with iron hoof

Bruise the green flowery sward that Lilian loves.
A gentle frown of winning fond reproach
Arch'd her dark eyelash, her head she turn'd,
Ah! not Vortimer. Her father stood
Before her, stern and dark, his trembling child
Cheer'd fond word, greeting kiss; his arm
Clasp'd round her, his steed again he sprung.
And through moon-light and through shade he
 spurr'd,

Gleam'd like a meteor's track his flinty road,
Like rude hunter with snow-white fawn,
His midnight prey. Anon, the mountain path
'Gan upward wind, the fiery courser paused
Breathless, and faintly raising her thin form;
"Oh, whither bear ye me?" with panting voice,
Murmur'd. Caswallon spake unmoved, "to death."
"Death, father, death is comfortless and cold!
Aye me! when maiden dies, the smiling morn,
The wild birds singing on the twinkling spray,
Wake her more; the wind breathes soft,
Waving the fresh grass o'er her narrow bed,
Gladdening to all but her. Senseless and cold
She lies; while all she loved, unheard, unseen,
Mourn round her." There broke off her faltering
 voice.

Dimly, with farewell glance, she roved around,
Never before beautiful the lake,
Like a sky, distinct with stars, the groves,
Green banks and shadowy dells, her haunts of bliss,
Smiled, ne'er before lovely, their last smile;
The fountains seem'd to wail, the twilight mists,
On the wet leaves weeping for her.
Had not her own tears blinded her, there too
She surely had beheld youthful form,
Wandering the solitary glen. But loud
The courser neigh'd, down bursting, wood and rock
Fly backward, the wide plain its weary length
Vainly outspreads; and now 't is midnight deep.
Ends at a narrow glen their fleet career.
That glen was pale with rude black rocks,
There slowly roll'd a brook its glassy depth;
Now in the moon-beams white, dark in gloom.

She lived, she breathed, she felt her denied
That sole sad happiness the wretched know,
Ev'n from excess of feeling, not to feel.
Behold her gentle, delicate, and frail,
Where all around, through rifted rock and wood,
Grim features glare, huge helmed forms obscure
People the living gloom, with dreary light
Glimmering, as of the from iron
Coldly reflected, lovely stands she there,
Like a blest Angel 'mid th' accurst of Hell.
A voice is heard.—"Lo, mighty Monarch, here
The stream of sacrifice; to man alone
Fits the proud privilege of bloody death
By shaft or mortal steel; Hela's realm,
Unblooded, woundless, the maid descend;
So in the bright Valhalla shall she
For Woden and his Peers the cup of bliss."
Her white arms round her father's rugged neck
Winding with desperate fondness, she 'gan pour,
As dear, familiar, long-loved heart,
Most eloquent her inarticulate prayers.
 the dew gleaming on his cheek? or weeps
The savage and the stern, yet her sire?
But some rude arm of one, whose dreadful face

She dared not gaze on, seized her. Gloomy stood,
Folding his wolf-skin mantle to conceal
The shuddering of his huge and mailed form,
Caswallon. Then again the voice came forth,
"Fast wanes the night, the Gods brook no delay,
Monarch of Britain, speed." He, at that name
Shaking all human from his soul, flung back
The foldings of his robe, and stood elate,
As haughty of some glorious deed, nor knew
Barbarian blind as proud, who feels no more
The mercies and affections of his kind,
Casts off the image of God, a man of ill,
With all his nature's earth, without its heaven.

A sound is in the silent night abroad,
A sound of broken waters; rings of light
Float o'er the dark stream, widening to the shore.¹
And lo, her re-appearing form, as soft
As fountain Nymph by weary hunter seen,
In the lone twilight glen; the moonlight gleam
Falls tenderly on her beseeching face,
Like the halo of expiring Saint, she seems
Lingering to lie upon the water top,
As to enjoy once more that light beloved;
And tremulously moved her soundless lips
As syllabing the name of Vortimer;
Then deep she sank, and quiet the cold stream,
Unconscious of its guilt, went eddying on,
And look'd up lovely to the gazing moon.

What deepest thoughts, young Vortimer, have place
Within thy secret breast? thou slowly ridest
By Eamont's alder brink, thy silver arms
Through the brown copse with moonshine glittering dim
Is 't that late fight by Thanet, when the fire
From thine and Horsa's steel, frequent and red,
Burnt the pale sea-spray? or thy stately charge,
With show of British war, to curb and check
The threatening Caledonian? or what bathes
Youth's cheek in bitterest and most gall-like tears;
Thy father's shame, the curse that, unredeem'd
By thy young valour, his once kingly name
Brands with the deep-sear'd characters of hate?

Or is 't that gentle Maid by Derwent lake,
Her flower-wreathed tresses and her pale sweet smile?
How pleasant, after war and journeying fleet
To Britain's Northern realm, from Kent's white cliffs,
Once more to see her early gliding foot
Skimming the morning dews, to hear her voice,
As artless, as melodious, melt on air,
Among the wood-birds matins to surprise
Thine dear name upon her bashful lips!

What floateth down the stream a deep dead white
Amid the glittering moonshine, where the stream
Runs black beneath the thicket boughs, still white,
Still slowly drifting, like a dying swan,
In snowy beauty, its watery bier?
Oh, but Lilian here! perchance its neck

¹ Homo quem mors immolandum obtulerat, in fontem qui ad locum sacrificiorum scaturiebat vivus immergebatur: qui si facile offaret animam, favorem renuntiabant sacerdotes votum: moxque inde ereptum in vicinum nemus, quod sacrum credebant, suspendentes, inter Deos translatus affirmabant. Quo factum, ut beatum se crederet, qui se immolatione o vivis excederet. Accidit nonnunquam ipsos simili sorte delectos victimari. Quod quia fastidiosum regno libamen estimabatur, totius populi multitudo cum summa congratulatione insignes victimas prosequantur. Enimvero sic defunctos omnino mori, sed tam illos quam se ipsos immortales esse. Olaus Magnus, Book 3, cap. 6.

May struggle up, to the still waves to chaunt
Its soft requiem, the most gentle breath,
Fancifully, delicately sweet,
That soothes the midnight's dewy calm.

Near, and more near, it takes a human shape:
Some luckless maiden; haply her loved youth
Awaits her at the well-known place, upbraids
Her broken faith, as fond Vortimer,
As full of love. 'T is closer now; he leaps
From his high steed, he draws it to the shore.
Scarce time for fancy for fear, the moon
Quench'd her broad light behind a rushing cloud,
And utter darkness settled round. He sate
In solitude, with that cold lifeless thing;
He dared not leave it, for a hideous thought
Was in his brain.—"Why is it like to thee,
My Lilian! be it any one but thou—
Hopelessly cold, irrevocably cold:
It cannot be, and yet 't was like: her height,
Her slender waist like Lilian's, and her hair
As dainty soft, and trick'd with flowers; 't is she,
And I will kiss her, pardon if I err,
If stranger lips round, smooth like thine; but oh!
So coldly passive! when we parted, thine
Thwarted me with a struggling bashfulness,
And, won at length, with meek surrender swell'd.
Wild and delirious fancy! many a maid
Hath full round lips, to trick the hair with flowers
'T is common vapidity. If dead, even dead,
So chilly senseless Lilian could not be
To Vortimer's embrace. Oh, but for light,
Though dim and scanty a glow-worm's fire,
To make me surely, hopelessly undone!
Aught but this racking ignorance. Dawn forth,
Thou tortoise-footed sluggard, Morn! one beam,
Thou pitiless cold Moon!—Morn dawn'd yet,
And pale and thick remain'd the moonless sky.
Darkness around, the dead within his arms,
He sate, even like a poison'd man, that waits,
Yet haunted by a miserable hope,
The palpable cold sickness in his veins,
And yearns to live or die, scarce cares he which,
So one were certain. But when slow the dawn
Unveil'd its filmy light, he turn'd away
From that which might be Lilian's face, and pray'd
Even for the hateful, dun, uncertain gloom,
As now by habit the slow-creeping grief,
Winding like ivy round and round his heart,
Were rapture, and not lightly to be lost.
It seem'd unconsciously his hand held up,
Unconsciously declined his heavy eye,
Where slowly brighten'd on that lifeless face
The intrusive beauty; one tress lay across,
Overspreading yet a thin and shadowy doubt;
Move it he dare not, but the officious wind
At length dispersed it. As the thought, the fear
Were new, were sudden, like the lightning flash
That scars the infant in its mother's arms,
Smote on him the dire certainty. He clasp'd
Her damp dead cheek to his.—"Thus, meet we thus,
Lilian, my Lilian, silent, strange, and cold?
I do bid thee fondly gaze, nor ask
Long garrulous welcoming,—but speak, but move!
Lilian; ne'er thought I, I should live to loathe
Thy gentle presence.—Most ungrateful girl,
And I for thee forsook my warrior trust,

Was truant to my country's — for thee.
 By the green Tees my murmuring camp upbraids
 My soft unwarlike absence—aye, upbraid!
 Henceforth finds Fortune no where in this soul
 To fasten misery on; I laugh at Fate,
 For I am past its wavering malice now.
 Thinks she with hollow gauds of fame, and clang
 Of cymbal praise, to lure me forth, a bland
 And courteous parasite in her fond train?
 No; hang thou there, my helm, my broad-barr'd shield
 Rust on you bank; my sword, — duty more,
 To shape the smooth turf for my Lilian's grave;
 Thy bridal bed, sweet Maid, it should have been,
 Where thou and Vortimer had met. Thy grave
 Shall be my field of fame, my wreath of pride
 The flowers the courteous spring shall lavish there;
 And I'll have glory in my depth of woe—
 A wild and strange delight in my despair:
 Not yet, the cold earth must not part — yet,
 One glimmer more from thine eye's dark-fringed blue,
 One throb, — tremor, though it be the last
 In thy soft limbs—dead, sightless, icy dead!—

O'er his lost Love, thus that sad Prince, undream'd
 The hell-born secret of her fate, arraign'd
 Blind Chance for keen-eyed Man's earth-sullying sins.

But southward far the savage fleet bore on.
 On Flamborough-head the morning sun look'd dusk
 Through their dim sails; where Scarborough's naked foot
 Spurns back, and saith, « no farther, » to the waves,
 From cleft and cave the sullen sea-birds sprang,
 Wheeling in air with dizzy flight, and shriek'd
 Their dreary fears abroad. The Shepherd, —
 O'er level Lindesay view the watery plain,
 Blue trembling to the soft horizon's line,
 Sees, like a baleful portent from the heavens,
 That sable train of gloom warp slowly past.
 Th' Icenian coast (that scepter'd woman's realm,
 Bonduca, who from her fair body slaked
 The stain of Roman lust in Roman blood,)
 Looks haggard, with distracted faces wan,
 Hoar age, fair youth, the woman and the child,
 From beech — steep cliff, gazing now to Heaven,
 Now — that ocean army's watery march.

Oh Nelson! if the unborn soul distinct
 Amid the loose infinity of space,
 Be visited by apparitions dim
 Of this earth's fleeting Present, and inhale
 Faint foretaste of its mortal passions, thou,
 When, with usurping prow, that foreign fleet
 Daunted thy Britain, thou didst surely yearn
 To unordain'd maturity to force
 Thy unripe being, to foresee from Fate
 Thy slow existence. Oh, the days must dawn,
 When Saxon and when Briton, melted off
 All feud, all hate, all discord, of their strength
 And valour blent th' abstract and essence rich,
 One sword, one name, one glory, and one God,
 From their bright armoury of Captains, thee
 Their chosen thunderbolt shall usher forth,
 From the leagued Nations' frantic grasp to wrest
 Britain's allotted sceptre of the sea.

A brighter and more British battlement,
 Than tender forms of women, the pale dread
 Of infants and decrepit eld, from Thames
 To Thanet crown the pale-brow'd cliffs of Kent.
 As when from Aulis that immortal fleet

Swept the Ægean, all the hollow beach,
 And every Phrygian promontory glow'd
 With brazen battle, here the Morning's Son,
 Swarth Memnon, here the invulnerable strength
 Of Cyenus, here the beardless Troilus,
 Unwounded by soft Cressida's arrowy eyes;
 Here Hector, seeking through the watery route
 The tall Thessalian prow, with fatal thirst
 Furious even then, the silver-footed Queen
 To orphan of her heaven-soul'd boy. So broad,
 So brave in splendour tower'd the rampart bolt
 Of British Warriors on that pallid shore.

On Thanet are the Sea King Brethren met.
 Their greeting in that fiercely sportive strain
 That, elevate with imminent success,
 Scoffs at past ill.— « On Thanet's marge well met,
 Erle Horsa; now meseems our spacious realm
 Is somewhat waste and shrunken, since we last
 View'd its fair confines; for such noble guests
 And numerous as attend our royal march,
 Our kingdom's harbours show too close, our land
 Narrow and brief for such free spirits' range.
 Ill husbandry! our fertile province wide
 To barter for this spare and meagre isle.
 Horsa, for anchorage and breathing space
 Our weary mariners must e'en go sue
 Their gentle Briton neighbours; haply they,
 Knowing our native courtesy, may cede
 From their abundance some fair leagues of earth.»

« Ingrate and blind (cried Horsa), they forswear
 Our mild dominion; to their King's behest
 Rebellious, they proclaim the British earth
 The undivided, indivisible right
 Of their old British sires, nor may 't descend
 Sever'd and mutilate to their British sons.
 They shook not off the Roman's gentle sway,
 To slave it to Barbarians. Specious terms,
 And with such cogent arguments enforced,
 We were fain shroud us in this narrow isle
 From such hot disputants; a desperate spirit
 Was that old Cæsar, who first planted here
 The tree of conquest. — « Holds the King his faith? »
 « Oh, thy fair daughter hath a soft-link'd chain
 For the old royal Lion; he obeys,
 Like a slim greyhound in a silken leash,
 Her eye-won empire. But there walks abroad
 A youngling of the brood; — blood but mine
 Might flesh the ravine of his dainty jaws.
 This Vortimer, this bright-eyed, beardless boy.
 Aye, front to front I met him, but their bands
 Rent us asunder, and my crest-lopp'd helm,
 My scatter'd blood, pass'd unavenged. Now earth
 Swallow — in my wrath, heaven's bolt sear up
 My constant heart, if I forget thee, Boy,
 Nor shear the gay sprouts of thy budding fame! »
 « A child their mightiest! » — « Scornful Hengist, no;
 A manlier spirit rideth the fierce storm,
 One in whom bravery and counsel vie
 For excellence: wild battle wears the shape
 — will ordains; and if the rebel swerve,
 — forceth it with his strong sword t' obey
 His high behest, and take the fate he gives.»

« — name—his name! » — « The Chieftain of the Vales,
 So sounds his title. — Then — bitter groan,
 'T were hard to tell from what bad passion, hate
 Or dread, or hideous hope, from Hengist's breast

Burst forth ; with his mail'd hand he clasp'd his head,
As though to mould the discord of his thoughts
To one strong mass : then, ■ the birth ■ ripe,
A light and laughing carelessness relax'd
Those knitted furrows, seem'd his eager soul
Clasp'd the dim future with ■ wanton joy.

But on the mainland, in sad council, meet
The Baronage of Britain, timorous hearts
In hollow unsubstantial valour trick'd,
While those who dare show fear, fear undisguised.
Their first fierce rush of courage pass'd, like flame
The mountain heath devouring, with fleet blaze,
But transitory ; they of generous thoughts,
Of appetites whose sole rich draught is fame,
Wanting the steadfast fuel, the strong wind
Wanting of love devotional, heart-deep
To their own native land, that passion proud
That is all passions, that hath breath to fan
To a broad light beyond the noon-day Sun
The waning embers of faint zeal ; they hence
Powerful, but now with gallant charge to sweep
From Kent's fair Valleys Horsa's Saxon train,
Downcast in mien and mind, with prospect sad
Now count that countless navy's gathering sails.

Not now the rapture and the restlessness,
The riding and the racing, burst and shock,
And sudden triumph, or as sudden death ;
Now long, long wasting of the limbs and life,
The circumspect cold strife, drear march, damp watch,
Forepining day, and vigilant sleepless night,
Eternal and interminable war,
Before them spreads its comfortless wide tract.
Gone all soft joys, all courtly luxuries gone :
The languor of the bath, the harp, the song
By twilight in the lady's sleepless porch,
The loitering in the sunny colonnade,
The circus, and the theatre, the feast
Usurping the mild midnight's solemn hours ;
From holier hearts, the chapel and the prayer,
The matins, and melodious vesper hymn,
The bridal with its gay and jocund rout,
The baptism with its revel, gone—all gone.
The burial on cold battle field, unhymn'd,
Unmourn'd, untomb'd ; nor taper, tear, nor mite :
Gentle commercing between God and man
Broke off, save hasty prayer ere battle morn,
Cold orison upon the midnight watch.

Sole pillar of the quaking temple, firm,
Inflexible, on the foundation deep
Of his broad spirit, Samor bears the weight
Of imminent danger, and his magic voice
With shame, with praise, with soothing, and with scorn,
Scatters the languid mist, that wreathes their souls,
And from their blanch'd cheeks drives the white dismay.

What ho ! ■ trumpet from the Thanet shore,
Truce for the Saxon's embassy ; his hand
Outholding the white wand of peace, comes ■
Old Cerdic, and before the assemblage proud
Speaks frank and bold that gray Plenipotent.

• Britons, most strange 't will sound, while our vast fleet
Affronts your pale cliffs with fierce show of war,
Yet would we peace with Britain. Deem ■ this,
In the blown arrogance of brief success,
The hard-wrung cowering of faint fear ; look round
Your own brief camp, then gaze abroad, ■ sails
Outnumber your thin helms, and that pale fear

Is not familiar with our German souls.
This know ye further, what we Saxons dare,
That dare we nobly, openly. Far south
A rich and wanton land its champaign green
Spreads to the sun, there all the basking hills
Glow with the red wine, there the fresh air floats
So fragrant, that 't is pleasure but to breathe,
Aye one blue summer in the cloudless skies ;
And our old Bards have legends, how of yore
From that soft land bright eagles, fledged with gold,
Danube or Rhine o'erflew, their Cæsars fired
Our holy groves with insolent flames, and girt
Our fierce free foresters with slavish chains,
That scarce bold Herman rent their massive links.
Not to despoil ■ mild and gentle isle,
For full fierce vengeance on Imperial Rome
Pours forth embattled Germany. Then hear,
Brave islanders ! our Saxon terms of peace :
For this fair province, ours by royal boon
Of your King Vortigern give plenteous gold ;
And with it take the gift, that deepest wrings
Our German souls ■ part with, ■ revenge.
With most unwonted patience will we bear
Erle Horsa's camp with fierce assault o'erborne,
And British wolves full-gorged with Saxon gore.
Then not as foes, but friends, we disembark
Our sea-worn crews, ourselves, the Chiefs of war,
In solemn festival to your high Lords,
Pledge on the compact our unwavering faith.
But if ye still with lavish thirst pursue
War's crimson goblets, freely let them flow.
If the fierce pastime of the fire and sword
Be jocund to ye, ho, let slip the game.
Your city walls are not so airy high,
But our fleet flames may climb their dizzy towers,
And revel on their pinnacles of pride ;
Your breastplates not ■ adamant proof,
But our keen falchions ■ your hearts may find
A direful passage. And not we alone,
Caswallon, at our call, o'er the wide North
Wakes the hoarse music of his rushing cars.
Then chuse your bride, oh Britons, lo, each courts
Your arms with rival beauties, Peace and War."

Thus half in courtesy, defiant half,
To wait their answer he withdrew. Ero died
His voice, ere from ■ single lip assent
Had parted, Samor rose, and cried aloud—

• Britons ! oh Britons ! hinds fear fawning wolves,
The peasant flies the snake that smoothly coils
Round his numb foot its gay enamell'd rings ;
I dread ■ peaceful Saxon. 'T is too rare,
Prodigious, and unnatural, like ■ star
Seen in the noon-day. Was 't for this, for this
Round Vortigern's tame soul that proud-ey'd Queen
Wound her voluptuous trammels ? did the meek,
The hermit Constans, bleed for this ? Oh, Peace
Is like the rain from heaven, the clouds must burst
Ere earth smile lovely with its lucid dews.
Peace must be won by war, swords, swords alone
Work the strong treaty. Shall our slaves, that sold
Their blood, their lives unto us for base hire,
On our fair provinces set now their price ?
Nor feast, nor metal give we, but cold steel !
Give gold ! ■ wisely might the miser lead
The robber to his treasury, and then cry,
• Go hence, and plunder ; • 't were to tempt, to bribe

The undream'd perjury, and spread a lure,
 To bring the parted spoiler swiftly back.
 Outnumber us! and **■** we sunk **■** low
 To count our valour by our helmet crests?—
 Oh, every soul that loves his native land,
 It is a legion; where the fire shall **■**
 The hydra heads of liberty? Our earth
 Shall burst **■** bearing of **■** boon **■** crop
 Of sworded soldiers, **■** of bladed grass,
 And all our hills branch out in groves of steel.
 So thought our fathers, so they bravely strove
 For the bleak freedom of their steamy moors,
 Their black oak's fruitage coarse, and rites uncouth
 Of Druid, by the beal-fire's lurid flame.
 But we, less drossy beings, filter'd off
 Our natures rude and gross, create anew
 Souls of fine wants and delicate desires,
 Rich in the fair civilities of life,
 Endued with sensitiveness keen and clear
 Of earth's best pleasures, shall we tamely yield
 Our beauteous Britain, **■** own pleasant isle,
 To dreary-soul'd Barbarians? 'T is not now
 Merely to 'scape the heaven-branded name of slaves,
 For license to breathe where **■** chuse, and wield
 At our own wayward will unfetter'd limbs.
 Oh, if we fail, free Christians must sink down
 To Heathen slaves, our gilded palace roofs
 Shout the loose riot of new Lords, our wives
 Be like base plunder, vilely bought and sold;
 Worse shame! worse sin! the murky Heathen groves
 O'er our fallen Churches their pale gloom advance;
 Our holy air go hot and reeking up
 With impious incense to blood-beveraged Gods!
 The deep damnation of a Pagan creed
 Rot in our children's souls! Then be our peace
 Not hasty, as of timorous souls that snatch
 At every feeble reed, but stoop we to it
 As with a conqueror's pride, with steel-gloved hand
 Seal our stern treaty. So if they depart,
 And with their spread sails hunt their mad emprise;
 But while **■** prow dash menace on our shore,
 Our earth be patient of one armed hoof,
 Tame treaty, temporizing truce, avaunt?
 The foreign banner that usurps our winds,
■ it a foe, strange steel that doth divert
 One ray of sunlight from **■** shores, be that
 The scope and centre of all British swords.
 So build we up our peace on the strong rock
 Of brave defiance, cement it with scorn,
 Set bright-arm'd Valour in its jealous porch,
 Bold warden; from our own intrinsic strength,
 Not from the mercy of our foes, be free.—

Oh the soul's fire, of that swift element
 Th' intensest, broadest spreads and nimblest mounts,
 With flaky fierce contagion; it hath caught
 In that Baronial conclave, it hath blazed.
 But then rose Elidure, with bashful mien,
 Into himself half shrinking; from his lips
 The dewy words dropt, delicate and round,
 And crept into the chambers of the soul,
 Like the bee's liquid honey:— And thou too,
 Enamour'd of this gaudy murderer, War!
 Samor, in hunger's meagre hour who scorns
 A fair-skin'd fruit, because its inward pulp
 May be or black or hollow? this bland Peace
 May be a rich-robed evil; war, stern war,

Wears manifest its hideousness, and bares
 Deformities the Sun shrinks to behold.
 Because 't is in the wanton roll of chance
 That he may die, who desperately leaps
 Into the pit, with mad untimely **■**
 To clasp annihilation? Were **■** path
■ through the grim and haunted wilds of strife,
 To the mild shrine of peace, maids would not **■**
 Their bridal chaplets with more joy, than I
 Th' oppressive morion: then th' old vaunt **■** wise,
 To live in freedom, or for freedom die.
 Then would I too dissemble, with vain boast,
 Our island's weakness; **■** an iron front,
 Though all within were silken, soft, and smooth.
 For what are we, slight sunshine birds, thin plumed
 For dalliance with the mild, luxurious airs!
 To grapple with these vultures, whose broad vans,
 Strung with their icy tempests, but with wind
 Of their forth rushing down would swoop us? Then,
 Then, Samor, eminent in strength and power,
 It were most proud for thee alone to break
 The hot assault, with single **■** t' arrest
 The driving ruin—ruin, ah! too sure.
 Oh, 't were most proud; to **■** sad comfort; sunk,
 Amerced of all our fair, smooth sliding hours,
 Our rich abodes the wandering war-flame's feast.
 Samor, our fathers fear'd not death; cast off
 Most careless their coarse lives; with nought to lose,
 They fear'd no loss; our breathing is too rich,
 Too precious this our sensitive warm mould,
 Its joyances, affections, hopes, desires,
 For such light venture. Oh, then, be we not
 Most wretched from the fear of wretchedness!
■ war must be, in God's **■** let war be!
 But, oh, with clinging hand, with lingering love,
 Clasp we our mistress, Peace. Gold! what is gold?
 My fair and wealthy palace set to sale,
 Cast me a beggar to the elements' scorn;
 But leave me peace, oh, leave my country peace,
 And I will call it mercy, bounty, love!—

So spake he, with vain show of public zeal
 Blazoning his weak intent; and **■** prevail'd
 His loose and languid eloquence. Each rent
 The golden frontlet from his helm, cast down
 His breastplate's golden scales, in contest free
 Prodigal rivals at rich price to buy
 That baleful merchandise, their country's shame.

Oh, where the royal Brethren now? the pride
 Serene of Emrys? where thy Dragon crest,
 Prince Uther? for thy voice, young Vortimer?
 Seal, Samor, thy prophetic lips; in vain
 The trumpet of thy warning shouts abroad.
 Will the winds hear thee? will the rocks obey?
 Or hearts than wind more light, than rocks more cold?

Grey Cerdic hath their faint award; they part
 Jocund, and light of hope; but Samor grasped
 The hand of Elidure:— My childhood's friend,
 I **■** thee by all joys we two have shared;
 Our interchange of souls, communion free
 Of every thought and motion of our hearts,
 Our infant pastimes, and our graver joys,
 Go not thou to this feast.— Doth Samor go?
■ Britain must have no danger, gentle friend,
 That Samor shares not; thou art noted well
 To hate the riotous and brawling feast.
 With thy fond bride, thy Evelene, await

Silent the knowledge whether thou or I
Have err'd in this day's council.—«No, best friend,
Samor must have ■ danger Elidure
Shares not. Oh, why this cold and gloomy dread?
In the deep centre of our isle be held
This dreaded banquet. Samor, ne'er thought I,
While my mild blood ran constant, thine would flag,
And curdle with the pallid frost of fear.»

'T is famed, that then, albeit amid the rush
Of clamorous joy unmark'd in drearier days,
Remember'd signs on earth, and signs in heaven,
With loud and solemn interdict arraign'd
That hasty treaty; maniacs kindled up
With horrible intelligence the pits
Of their deep hollow eyes, and meaning strange
Gave order to their wandering utterance: stream'd
Amid the dusky woods broad sheeted flames;
The blue fires on the fen ■ noon-day danced
Their wavering morrice, and the bold eyed wolves
Howl'd on the sun. Life ominous and uncouth
Seized upon ancient and forgotten things;
The Cromlechs rock'd, the Druid circles wept
Cold ruddy dew; ■ of that neighbouring feast
Conscious, the tall Stone Henge did shrilly shriek
As with ■ whirlwind, though no cloud was moved
In the still skies. A wailing, ■ of harps,
Sad with no mortal sorrow, sail'd abroad
Through the black oaks of Mona. Old deep graves
Were restless, and arm'd bones of buried men
Lay clattering in their stony cells. 'T was faith,
White women upon sable steeds were seen
In fleet career 'neath the rank air; the earth
Gave up no echo to their noiseless feet,
And on them look'd the moon with leprous light
Prodigious; haply like those slender shapes
In the ice desert by Caswallon seen.
From Mona ■ the snowy Dover cliffs,
From Skiddaw ■ St Michael's vision'd mount,
Unknown from heaven or earth, or nether pit,
Unknown or from the living ■ the dead,
From being of this world, or nature higher,
Pass'd one long shriek, whereat old Merlin leap'd
From his hoar haunt by Snowdon, and in dusk
And dreary descant mutter'd all abroad
What the thin air grew cold and dim to hear.

'T is said, rude portents in the church of God,
With insolent noises, brake the holy calm.
The grey owl hooted at the noontide chaunt,
The young owl clamour'd at the matin song,
The pies and ravens, from the steeple top,
To the priest's Benedicite moan'd back
A sullen hoarse Amen, and obscene bats
Around the altar candlesticks did flap
Their leathern wings. ■ Yes, from his stricken hand
The white-stoled Bishop to the earth let fall
The consecrated chalice; the holy wine
(Ineffable!) flowed on the pavement stone.

BOOK V.

SWAN of the Ocean, ■ thy throne of waves
Exultant dost thou sit, thy mantling plumes
Ruffled with joy, thy pride of neck elate,
To hail fair peace, like Angel visitant,

Descending, amid joy of earth and heaven,
To bless thy fair abode. The laughing skies
Look bright, oh, Britain! on thy hour of bliss.
In sunshine fair the blithe and bounteous May
O'er hill and vale goes dancing; blooming flowers
Under her wanton feet their dewy bells
Shake joyous; clouds of fragrance round her float.
City to city cries, and town to town
Wafting glad tidings; wide their flower-hung gates
Throw back the churches, resonant with pomp
Of priests and people, to the Lord their prayers
Pouring, the richest incense of pure hearts.
With garland and with song the maids go forth,
And mingle with the iron ranks of war
Their forms of melting softness; gentle gales
Blow music o'er the festal land, from harp
And merry rebeck, till the floating air
Seem harmony; still all fierce sounds of war;
No breath within the clarion's brazen throat;
Soft slumber in the war-steed's drooping mane.

Not in the palace proud, or gorgeous hall,
The banqueting of Peace; on Ambri plain
Glitter the white pavilions to the sun,
Their snowy pomp unfolding; there the land
Pours its rejoicing multitudes to gaze,
Briton and Saxon, in majestic league,
Mingling their streaming banners' blazon'd waves.
Blithe as a virgin bridal, rich and proud
As gorgeous triumph for fair kingdom won,
Flows forth the festal train; with arms elate
The Mothers bear their infants to behold
That Hengist, whose harsh name erewhile their cheeks
Blanch'd to cold paleness; they their little hands
Clap, smiling, half delighted, half in dread.
Upon that hated head, from virgin hands,
Rain showers of bloom; beneath those hated feet
Is strewn a flowery pavement; harp and voice
Hymn blessings on the Saxon, late denounced
Th' implacable, inexorable foe.

Lordly they pass'd and lofty; other land
Save Britain, of such mighty despots proud,
Had made a boast of slavery; giant men
■ soul as body. Not the Goth more dread,
Tall Alaric, who through imperial Rome
March'd conqueror, nor that later Orient chief,
Turban'd Mohammed, who o'er fall'n Byzance
His moony ensign planted; they, unarm'd,
Yet terrible, went haughty on, of power
A world to vanquish, not one narrow isle.

The hollow vault of heav'n is rent with shouts,
Wild din and hurry of tumultuous joy
Waves the wide throng, for lo, in perfect strength,
Consummate height of manhood, but the glow,
The purple grace of youth, th' ambrosial hue
Of life's fresh morning, on his glossy hair,
His smooth and flushing features, Samor ■
His name is on the lisping infant's lips,
Floats ■ the maiden's song; him warrior ■
Hail with proud crest elate; him present, deem
Peace timorous mercy ■ the invading foe.
Around the Kings of Britain, some her shame,
Downy and silken with luxurious ease,
Others ■ hardy, in whose valiant looks
Were freedom and command: of princely stem
Alone ■ absent the forsaken King
And his sad Son, and those twin royal youths,

Emrys and Uther; nor the Mountain Lord,
With that young eaglet of his race, deign share
The gaudy luxuries of peace; save these,
All Britain's valiance, princedom, and renown
March'd jubilant, with symphony and song.

Noon; from his high empyreal throne the Sun
Floods with broad light the living plain; more rich
Ne'er blazed his summer couch, when sea and sky,
In royal pomp of cloudy purple and gold,
Curtain his western chambers, breathing men
Gorgeous and numberless ■ those bright waves
Flash, in their motion, the quick light; aloof
The banqueters, like Gods at nectar feast,
Sit sumptuous and pavilion'd; all glad tones
From trembling string, or ravishing breath or voice,
In clouds of harmony melt up to Heaven;
O'erwhelming splendour all of sight and sound,
One rich oppression of eye, ear, and mind.

Midnight, in darkness heavy, thick, and chill;
In silence rigid, deep and breathless, stands
On the wide plain one lonely man. Wan light,
From dim decaying firebrand in his grasp,
Feebly, with gleam inconstant, shows his mien
Hopeless, too haughty to despair: His eye,
As jealous of dark foe, goes wandering round:
Yet seems he one more fear'd than fearing; rent
His robes' rich splendour; and his ponderous arm,
With its wild weapon wearily declined,
Bears token of rude strife—though rude, though fierce,
By thy brow's pride, thou sad and stately Man!
No faint inglorious craven hast thou shrunk,
In dread of death, or avarice base of blood.

At that dead hour, in Caesar's city's gates
The Briton wives and mothers sate; at eve
They from the plain, had homeward turn'd, to rock
Their infants' rosy sleep, or trim the couch
For him beloved and loving; some, from joy
Sleepless, sate watching the grey shadows fall,
In luxury of impatience; slumbering some,
From weariness of pleasure, in light dreams
Lived o'er again the morning's jocund hours.

That hour, one horn with long and solemn blast
Went wailing up the heavens; less shrill, less drear,
Blew through the fatal Roncesvalles pass,
In after times, Roland's deep bugle, heard
Dolorous, so poets feign, ■ Paris' wall.
The air seem'd shivering where the knell pass'd on,
As with ■ cold wind shudder'd the thick trees.

But those fond women hail that brazen sound,
Joy's harbinger, sweet signal of return:
As the fond maid her lover's moonlight lute,
They drink in its dire harshness, busy round
Gazing, if aught neglected, careless aught
Belle the welcome, or to wakening child
Smile the glad tidings, or along the walls
People the dim air with the forms they love.
Oh, fond of fancy! credulous of hope!
Ye hear but pleasure in that horn; but see,
In the dim tumult of yon moving lights,
Swift homeward hurrying. Now the slow delay
Is but a lengthen'd rapture: steps are heard,
And figures indistinct are in the gloom
Advancing; yet no festal pomp proclaim'd
By music's merry breath, but mute and slow,

As from dark funeral—haply wearied all
With the long revel day. But ye 'gin trace
Some well-known gesture, dear familiar step,
Each boastful of her lover's speedier pace.
Saxon the first, how wearily slow they pass!
■ ■ they Saxon, Saxon still, the last
Saxon; in wonder they, nor yet in fear,
Question the dark air with their searching eyes,
Incredulous arraign the deepening gloom,
That with an envious melancholy shroud
Palls the long-look'd for, late-returning. Theft,
Ah, deeper darkness covers; to their homes
Never more to return! Lo, all at once
The bloody knives, borne boastful, their red light
Flash murderous; known is all ere aught is fear'd.
And yet are there unfaded on their brows
The garlands that ye fondly wove, the air
Not silent of your blessings. From these walls,
At morn, three hundred breathing valiant men
Went proudly forth—in solitary life
Moves o'er the plain that one majestic shape,
Like Spirit of Vengeance o'er ■ ghastly land
That scoff'd awhile, in high portentous guilt.
The slumbering of God's wrath now blasted lies,
Infecting with the ashes of its wreck
The late chastising heavens. So lone, so dark,
But pale with human sorrows at his heart,
The King of that Bright City in the Vales,
Walks the waste gloom; around him the cold winds
Speak voices from the dead, and oft he turns,
Brandishing defiance on the air, and smites
Some seeming Saxon with his smouldering brand.

Now rests he in that old mysterious ring,
The dateless and the numberless Stonehenge,
That is, and hath been, whence ■ how, none knows.
But even the Master Druid with slow dread
Its dangerous precincts trod, though noontide bright
Revel'd in the rich heavens, and holiest harps
Purified the calm air: rose like the wreck
Of some old world the shadowy temple huge,
Shapeless magnificence! here souls profane
Deem'd rites so potent held as made the oaks
Stand still and motionless 'mid the wild storm,
And with a light, nor of the stars ■ moon,
Sheeted the midnight heavens: deem'd ■ more sage,
Th' Invisible his cloudy presence here
Embodied, and with wisdom heavenly and high
Full feasted the tranced soul; all the dire place
Fled, fearing more, unknowing what they fear'd.

Amid those stony giants that uptower
In massy darkness, or in the wind's rush
Seem swaying on their dizzy balance, stands,
■ virtue of aught earthly may ■ awe,
Awe-struck the Christian; now ■ calmer soul
Had time for grief, for memory, o'er ■ flows
Deep-hulling quiet; here the light ■ ■
Had felt a motion on their lips ■ prayer;
Nor marvel then that holy thoughts oppress'd
■ with a full ecstasy the Christian soul.

■ Merciful! by whose ■ mine arm hath paved
With the strewn corpses of ■ murderous foes
A dismal passage, while around me ■ ■
Mow'd Britain with his ■ scythe! oh God,
I thank thee, if I die, ■ warrior's ■
May be my brave distinction: if ■ ■
Be worthy thy upholding, though all lost,

The friendships and the prides, that made its ———
 Blissful and bright, I thank thee for my life:
 Thank thee, that yet — British earth shall breathe
 A Briton, resolute on that last crag,
 That knows not the rude Saxon's tread, — rise
 Erect in stately freedom, and o'er-brood
 The dim and desert beacon of revenge.
 Or deign'st thou this low frame of dust to chuse
 Thy minister of wrath, I not with prayer
 Vain and presumptuous, summon from the clouds
 Thy thunders, nor invoke prodigious Death
 To smite my foes. Hopes perishable man,
 At his wild bidding, thou the laws wilt burst,
 Wherewith thou fetterest thy Omnipotence?
 Harden — stern endurance these frail limbs,
 With adamantine patience sheathe my soul,
 That nor pale shrinking of the coward flesh,
 Nor inward palseying swerve from its brave scope
 Th' aspiring spirit; grant thou this sole prayer,
 And I thus lone, thus desolate, proclaim,
 Single, yet dauntless to yon Saxon host
 Stubborn defiance, haughty to bear up
 The wreck of Britain with unstooping neck.*

Now over all the orient sky, the Morn
 Spread rosy in her youth of light, as fair,
 As bright her rising on this plain of death,
 As yesterday, when festal multitudes
 Greeted her dawn: so vain the boast of man,
 That earth, and air, and sky, their mimic hues
 Borrow from his fantastic woes and joys.

And o'er the plain began his lonely way
 The Warrior, on his brow the unheeded wind
 Fann'd freshness, and the wandering lark unheard,
 Quiver'd her blithe song, like an airy voice,
 Bathing in light. Anon a dale beneath
 Open'd, and slow withdrew the misty veil
 That o'er her hamlets, roofs, and bowery trees
 Tinged with a liquid azure the thin air.
 Along the winding path he roves, that none,
 Save feet habituate to its maze, could thread,
 Heedless that here to Elidure's green home
 He came, unwetting visitant. Within,
 Breathless, as though she listen'd in her sleep,
 Close to the door, — jealous lest some ear
 Earlier than her own should catch the sound
 Of Elidure's returning tread, or voice,
 Anticipate the welcome of her own,
 Reclined the bride, soft Evelene. The step
 Up from the pillowing hand her flushing cheek
 Waken'd, or ere the threshold he o'erpast,
 The form yet indistinct to her quick sight,
 Murmur'd her fond upbraiding. « Truant Lord,
 Art thou too changed, thou too of midnight feast
 Enamour'd? time hath been the rosy cup,
 Thou Saxon in thy revels, had look'd pale
 To Evelene's cheek—'T is wretched solace, yet
 'T is solace in the drear extreme of grief,
 To find one human heart whose deeper ———
 Makes weakness of our wailing.* Though alone
 Of the fray's dizzy tumult lay distinct
 Elidure's image — the Wanderer's soul,
 His image — beneath the Saxon steel
 Dying, he struggled back to life from joy
 His stern friend to behold with fiery brand
 Piercing his path of flight, less bitter seem'd
 His cup of woe, when from him sprang that bride,

Nor knew him; knew him, but — Elidure.
 Then sued for tidings, and with all her soul
 Listen'd but could not hear, mistrusting all
 While yet but fearing, but when all assured,
 Mistrusting even her fears, even then to hope
 Clinging with desperate energy of soul.
 Her Samor left in that dead night of mind,
 When madness were a comfort, all wild whirl,
 All dizzy hurry of rack'd — were rich,
 Were rapturous to that blank and dismal void,
 When one incessant miserable thought
 Blends with the life, the being of the spirit.

Him scared — Saxon clarion, the drear blast
 Winding of fleet pursuit; came o'er his soul
 His own, his wedded Emeric, her babes
 Hushing, while greedily with — and soul
 She drinks each sound the busy babbling fame
 Spreads on the wandering winds; the fleetest steed
 Of Elidure bestriding, still he moves
 A tardy laggard to his soul's desire.
 Sedulous each throng'd haunt of man avoids
 His jealous speed, and still from town and tower
 Came blithely forth the jubilant hymns of peace;
 Still unextinguish'd their glad brilliance, waned
 In morn's grey mists the yellow festal fires.

Day pass'd, day sank; 't is now the dewy eve.
 Beneath him, in the soft and silent light,
 Spread the fair Valleys, mead and flowery lawn
 With their calm verdure interspersed allay
 The forest's ponderous blackness, or retire
 Under the chequering umbrage of dim groves,
 Whose shadows almost slumber: far beyond
 Huge mountains, brightening in their secret glens,
 Their cold peaks bathe in the rich setting —
 Sweeps through the midst broad Severn, deep and dark
 His monarchy of waters, its full flow
 Still widening, as he scorn'd to bear the main
 Less tribute than a sea; or inland roll'd
 Ambitious ocean, of his tide to claim
 The wealthy vassalage. High on its marge
 Shone the Bright City, in her Roman pomp,
 Of bath, and theatre, and basilic,
 Smooth swelling dome, and spiring obelisk,
 Glittering like those more soft and sunny towns
 That bask beneath the azure southern skies
 In marble majesty. Silent she stands
 In the rich quiet of the golden light;
 The banner on her walls its cumbrous folds
 Droops motionless. But Samor turn'd aloof,
 Where lordly his fair dwelling's long arcade
 On its white shafts the tremulous glittering light
 Cherish'd, and starry with the river dew
 Its mantle of gay flowers, the odorous lawn
 Down sloped, as in the limpid stream to bathe.

No watch-dog, with glad bark and fawning joy,
 — Lord saluted: Samor mark'd it not.
 No menial caught the slack rein from his hand:
 He heeded not. No swift familiar step
 Forth started at his coming; face of joy
 Brightened not—vacant all: yet heeds he not.
 No infants, in their giddy, tottering speed,
 Clung round his knees. So early at their rest!
 Thought the fond father. Emeric's chamber door
 Stands open; he but paused his name to hear
 Low mingled with her murmur'd orisons:
 All hush'd — in a tomb; perchance she sleeps,

At his long absence heartick. ■ the folds
Gently withdrawing of his nuptial bed,
As with the amorous violence of his lips
To wake her to delicious fear, bends down.
Cold, cold as marble, the forsaken bed
Received the fervent pressure. Back he sprung,
And strange, like ■ that moveth in his sleep,
Stood with loose arms and leaden listless gaze.
Unconscious, ■ the city walls, far ■
From that high chamber, ■ his eyes: behold
Against the Sun's last light a wandering breeze
Swells up the heavy banner; in the gleam
The White Horse of the Saxon shakes his mane.

Then felt he the blank silence, then perceived
The tumult, and rude disarray that marr'd
The face of his fair dwelling. Forth he rush'd,
As eager that his soul at ■ wild draught
Might glut itself with perfect woe, all ill
Exhausted, laugh drain'd destiny to scorn.
Cradle and infants, couch with frantic hand
Hurrying he explores; the sad chill void
Almost delights. Now on the river brink
He watches yon huge forms that pace the walls;
Saxon their long black lances, Saxon helms
Nod o'er their lofty brows, terrific gloom.

Lo! at his foot, beneath a primrose bed,
Half veil'd, and branching alder that o'er-droop'd
Its dark green canopy, a slumbering child—
If slumber might he call'd, thst but o'erspread
A wan disquiet o'er the wither'd cheek,
Choked the thin breath that through the pallid lip
Scarcely struggled, closed not the soft sunken eye.
Well Samor knew her, of his love first pledge,
First, playfulest, and gentlest: he but late
Luxurious in the fulness of his woe,
Clings to this 'lorn hope like a drowning man,
Not yet, not yet in this rude world alone.
Lavish of fond officious zeal, he bathes
With water from the stream her marble brow,
Chafes her; and with his own warm breath recalls
The wandering life, that like ■ waning lamp
Glimmer'd anon, then faded: but when slow
Unfix'd her cold unmeaning eye regain'd
Brief consciousness, powerless her languid arm
Down fell again, half lifted in his hair
To wreath ■ it was wont, with effort faint
Strove her hard features for a woeful smile:
And the vague murmurs of her lips 'gan fall
Intelligible to his ear alone.

• And thou art come—too late—yet thou art come,»—
He soothing her with hope, he knew most false,
Slow modell'd from her broken faltering voice
One sad continuous story.—• 'T was at eve
We went to rest, I never slept ■ soft;
Our mother lull'd us with assurance sweet
Of thy returning.—By and by I woke,
But the bright morning was not shining fair,
Nor the birds singing ■ they used. I saw,
By a dim dusky light, huge iron men
With hair like fire, and their fierce voices spake
Strange language: of my prayers I thought, and strove
My eyes to close, still those grim-visaged ■
Stood in the wavering darkness by the light
Of their blue weapons—then they went away.
I crept out to my mother's couch; she lay
Asleep, but not as I have seen her sleep.

When I have stolen ■ morn to look ■ her,
And thou hast laid me by her quiet side.
She shiver'd in her sleeping, and her skin
Was chilly ■ the touch, yet, oh to sleep,
Even ■ she did, I long'd; for they came back,
Those shapes in all their darkness, all their light;
Before their rugged faces I felt cold
As in the ■ time; my eyes could not see,
Oh, but I heard a dizzy sound, like shrieks
Of many voices all at once. I thought
Rude hands were busy ■ my mother's couch,
As though to bear her thence—yet woke she not.
Oh Father, I have never look'd on death,
But she ■ dead, I felt that she was dead.
I could not breathe, yet from my thirsty throat
My voice was bursting, but down o'er me fell
The foldings of the couch—long, long it seem'd,
Ere from that cumbrous weight I struggled forth,
Then all was silent, all except the dash
Of distant oars: I cried aloud, and heard
But my ■ voice. I search'd, yet found I none;
Not ■ in all these wide and lofty halls—
My mother, my sweet brothers gone, all gone.
Almost I wish'd those fierce ■ might return
To bear ■ too in their dread arms away.
Hither I wander'd, for the river's sound
Was joyous to the silence that came cold
Over my bosom, since the Sun hath shone,
Yet it seem'd dark—but oh, 't is darker now,
Darker, my Father, all within cold, cold,
The soft warmth of thy lips no more can reach
This shuddering in my breast—yet kiss me still.—

Vain, all in vain, that languid neck ■ more
Rises to meet his fondness, that pale hand
Drops from his shoulder, that wooed voice hath spent
Its last of sweetness: wanted this alone
That could enhance his agony, baffled hope.
Quiet and cool the deep tide at his feet
Rolls with ■ tranquil murmur; one lone gleam
Still lingering from the sunken Sun, beneath
The moving surface, lightens its cold depth.
How pleasant in its secret caves to quench
The soul, the body's fever; to cast off
This restless, trembling consciousness, that clings
Enamour'd to its anguish, sedulous
To ■ its own disquiet: not to feel,
Though cast by wandering waves ■ Emeric's grave;
Though Saxon barks triumphant bound above,
To feel not, and have freedom though in death.
For why this barren wilderness of earth
Still haunt, man's pity, and the arch fiend's scoff;
Why to the wearying wretchedness of life
Cling with ■ coward fondness?—but a step
To quiet—to forgetfulness, ■ step.

But alien to proud Samor, those ■ thoughts
Startled his nature, burnt his soul with shame,
That such unholy musings dare intrude
On its sad sanctity; upright he sprung;
Oh, ■ in vain a Christian, with clench'd hand
And inward rack convulsive of choked pain,
Forced calmness to his brow: his hollow voice
Wrought ■ ■ mournful fortitude.—• Oh thou,
Glorious in thy prosperity of crime,
Hengist, and thou that barter'st thy ■ fame
For sweet lascivious chambering, ■ unking'd
Thy stately soul within the wreathing arms

Of that fair Saxon, in loose dalliance soft
 To steep the inebriate sense, on Samor's state
 Look, and be pale with envy; he dare stand
 Lofty beneath yon starry throne of God,
 And bless him, that his fate is scant and poor
 In joys like yours, by all your pomp, your bliss,
 Made lovesick of his misery; still he feels
 The haughty solace of disdain; still soothes
 The madness of his grief by pitying you.
 Nor yet, oh impotent of cruelty!
 I am not utterly from this dark world
 Estranged and outcast: gone, for ever gone,
 Those exquisite mild luxuries of the heart,
 That summer sunshine of the soul, sweet love,
 That makes life what we deem of heaven; remain
 Hardier delights, severer joys. Oh reft
 Of all thy brave, thy princely, of my faith,
 Thou hast a deeper need—he thou my bride,
 O Britain! to thy wreck I proudly wed
 The sadness of my widowhood, and bid
 Pale bridesmaids to our nuptials, holy Wrath
 And iron-handed Vengeance; and invoke
 Death, that dark minstrel, from fast-slaughter'd mounds
 Of Saxons, to awake our bridal hymn,
 And spread for torchlight on our spousal eve
 Wild gratulation of their funeral fires.

• And thou, O stainless denizen of heaven!
 Soft soul of my lost Emeric, endure
 Though jealous my new bride from thee bereave
 The rude tumultuous day, the midnight hour
 I consecrate to thee; then slide thou down,
 Like moonlight on the darkness' raven wing,
 And oh! if human passion, human love,
 Stain the pure essence of immortal spirits,
 Leave heaven in heaven, earth's frailer loveliness
 Resuming, chaste mild fondness, timorous warmth
 Visit my desert fancy. Him by day,
 Savage and merciless, with soul of steel,
 And pale brow cloudy with a nation's cares,
 Shall midnight find an amorous dreamer fond,
 A dotard on a dim unreal shade.

Now o'er what ■ the rosy, playful, warm,
 Now pale, now changeless, icy cold the maid
 Whose blue eyes danced with rapture, whose light step
 Was consort to the air-roving winds (half seal'd
 That lustreless wan azure; stiff and damp
 Those sprightly limbs), oft pausing ■ yet loath
 To part from what he shudder'd to behold,
 Heaps Samor the light earth; ■ o'er her face
 He placed the primrose knot, once stoop'd his lips,
 And started to find cold what he knew dead.

Now closed that mournful office, nearing fast
 Is heard ■ dash of oars, and at his side
 Forth leap'd an armed Saxon, with raised arm
 Menacing; but Samor down with scornful strength
 The grim intruder dash'd to earth, and fix'd
 His stern heel on his neck, and stood in act
 The life ■ trample from the gasping trunk.
 Sudden withdrawn his angry tread, he spake,
 «Thou first of Saxon race, thou last, this arm
 Spares, not of milky mercy, but as meet
 To minister my purpose; go unscathed,
 And tell to Hengist, tell thy Lord, who robes
 The Lion's den, should chain the Lion first,
 Add, Samor is abroad.—Then to the boat
 He sprang, and pass'd ■ Severn's western shore.

BOOK VI.

A voice, o'er all the waste and prostrate isle
 Wandereth a valiant voice; the hill, the dale,
 Forest and mountain, heath and ocean shore
 Treasure its mystic murmurs; all the winds
 From the bleak moody East to that soft gale
 That wantons with the summer's dewy flowers,
 Familiar its dark burthen waft abroad.

Is it an utterance of the earth? a sound
 From the green barrows of the ancient dead?
 Doth fierce Cassivelaun's cold sleep disdain
 That less than Cæsar with a master's step
 Walk his free Britain? Doth thy restless grave,
 Bonduca, to the slavish air burst ope,
 And thou, amid the laggard cars of war,
 Cry, «Harness and away!» But far and wide,
 As when from marshy dank, or quaking fen,
 Venomous and vast the clouds uproll, and spread
 Pale pestilence along the withering land,
 So sweeps o'er all the isle his wasting bands
 The conqueror Saxon; he, far worse, far worse
 His drear contagion, that the body's strength
 Wastes, and with feverish pallor overlays
 The heaven-shaped features; this the nobler soul,
 With slavery's base sickliness attaints,
 Making man's life more hideous than his death.
 Thames rolls a Saxon tide; in vain delays
 Deep Severn on Plinlimmon's summits rude
 His narrow freedom, tame anon endures
 Saxon dominion: high with arms uplift,
 As he had march'd o'er necks of prostrate kings,
 Caswallon ■ the southern shore of Trent
 Drives onward, he nought deeming won, while aught
 Remains unwon. But still that wonderous voice,
 Like vulture in the grisly wake of war,
 Hovers, and flings on air his descant strange,
 «Vengeance and Vigilance!»—in van, in rear,
 Around, above, beneath, the clouds of Heaven
 Enshroud it in their misty folds; earth speaks
 From all her caves, «Vengeance and Vigilance!»
 Aye, at that sound the Briton crest assumes
 High courage and heroic shame; he wears
 With such bold mien his slavery, he might seem
 Lord over fortune, and with calm disdain
 He locks his fetters, like proud battle arms,
 Without a foe o'er this wide land of foes
 Marcheth the Saxon. City, tower, and fort
 On their harsh hinge roll back their summon'd gates,
 With such a sullen and reluctant jar,
 Submission seems defiance. Though to fear
 Impassive, scarce the Victor dare unfurl
 Banner of conquest on the jealous air.
 Less perilous ■ frantic strife, were wrath
 Desperate of life, and blind to death, wild hate
 Of being struck all heedless so it strike,
 Than this high haughty misery, that fierce ■
 Baffles by brave endurance, and confronts
 With cold and stern contentedness all ill,
 Outrage, and insult, ravage, rape, and wreck,
 That dog barbaric Conquerors' march of war.
 'T is like the sultry silence, ushering forth
 The thunder's cloudy chariot, rather like
 The murky smothering of volcanic fire

Within its rocky prison; forth anon
Bursts the red captive, to the lurid heaven
Upleaps, and with its surging dome of smoke
Shuts from the pale world the meridian Sun.
But in their camp, in fierce divan and full,
The lordly robbers sate, assemblage proud,
Ethling, and Erle, and King, for council met,
For council and carousal; '— they deem'd
The drunken sense would hardier daring grasp,
And the bold revel of the blood, the soul
Flush to noble valiance, strong desire
In fierce embrace to meet that mistress dark,
Danger: Hoarse din of riment, the air
Smote with meet music blending loud and deep.

But Horsa lighting with disdainful mirth
His broad bright eye, 'gan scoff with rugged jest.
'Ill have we done, though for one sumptuous feast
Be this spacious isle, ill have we done;—
That in our prodigal and heedless waste
Of those tall high-born Britons spared
To tilt at with thirsty spears, and scare
The frost and slumber from our sluggish hearts.
Now hang we forth our banners to disport
In the smooth breeze, our armour's steeled clasps
To soft of Lady's tender hands
Surrender; or go joust the hardy oaks
For pastime. Oh! along these velvet plains
To prance 'mid timorous hinds with their pale souls
In their white faces, heralds crouching low,
With looks beseeching, voices meek, clasp'd hands;
'T is tame and wearisome as at dead noon
To rock upon the flat and hazy sea.

'This too,' cried hoary Cerdic; 'this bright sword
Loathes its long Christian fast, yet not despairs
Erewhile to glat with banquet rich and full
Its ravening blade; for trust me, fiery Erle,
Many a fierce steed hath brook'd the brazen curb,
That chafed anon, from his high seat dust
Hath shaken his pale rider: Erle, I read
In yon bow'd forehead sterner characters
Than abject, tame allegiance, homage base:
There the firm purpose, meditation deep,
And study of revenge; the wand of peace
Is in their hands, but in their souls they grasp
The battle-axe and spear.—A bitter laugh
Came with the fierce reply, 'Shall Horsa watch
The shiftings in the visage of a slave?
I issue forth my mandate, and 't is done,
Whether with cloudy or with sunshine brow
I know not and regard not.'—Cerdic's voice,
Ruffled to somewhat of prophetic tone:

'Not, Horsa, to the stones, the deaf dull stones,
Nor the cold current of the senseless winds
Speaks that wild orator, the Man, whose paths
Are hidden as the ways of fate, unknown
Who knoweth all, who seeth all unseen,
Nor like the lightning shaft his presence dread
Divulgeth, but to shatter, but to slay.
Whose breath beneath the soft dove's snowy down
A soul might breathe of valour to outsoar
The falcon's pitch of pride: I tell thee, Erle,
This soft effeminate Britain, to our sway
Gentle and pliant as a willow wand,

¹ De pace denique bello plerumque in convivio consultant;
tanquam nullo magis tempore aut ad simplices cogitationes patcat
animus, aut ad magnas inculescat. TAG. Germ.

that dark Man uprear a ponderous Mace
To crush that infant empire.—'Man! hath man
Curdled the blood of Offa, made his soul
Patient of that pale trembling motion, fear,
And Offa live, live shameless of his shame,
Amid his peers with unblench'd front to say,
These knees have quail'd, these stubborn joints have felt
The aspin's coward fluttering, and the Sun
That his flight, hath seen not his revenge?
Cerdic, the of perishable man
Thou dost belie, titling beings dim,
Viewless and formless denizens of air,
That sport and dally with the human shape,
Making of mortals to their mortal peers,
Dark things of doubt and danger. We had sworn,
Gurmund and Sigvart, Aella, Amlar,
And other six, than who no German
Sways heavier the long lance, nor German foot
Treads firmer battle's crimson paths, I speak,
Fiery-soul'd Horsa, to thy front; to thine,
High-sceptred Hengist! mortal steel we swore
Should choke that full-voiced Wanderer's clamorous
breath.

Sage oath! as to adjure our souls, and vow
Th' irregular mad ocean our word 'Peace'
Should hearken, and sleek smooth his cresting waves.
But gaily went we forth with brand and bow,
Like hunters to the chase, scoffing our prey.
'Now if he meet us in his mortal shape,
Let him melt back into his native air;
Then shall he 'scape.'—High o'er our path a rock
Hung beetling, from its summit came a voice,
'Behold him!'—with the voice a fragment vast,
An earthquake had been weak to hurl it forth;
Two stately necks to the low earth sank down,
And o'er them that huge mass lay stern and still,
Like an old giant's monument. But we
Leap'd onward, Aella met the dark unknown,
Heavy with ruin hung his arm in air,
But in his valiant heart a javelin stood,
Drinking the crimson life. Still on we swept,
Many a wild league o'er moor and marish swamp,
Forest and wold, and still our pathway lay
O'er the warm corpses of our foremost peers.
Sole, sad survivors of our host, we came,
Sigvart and Offa; on the giddy brink
Of precipice abrupt the conqueror paused,
As weary with his prowess, our defeat,
To mock with the calmness of his rest.
'Now what will,' cried Sigvart, 'what may,
Or thou, I, or both.'—Then on he sprung,
Yet not the more relax'd that shape of gloom
Its stern contemptuous quiet, waved his arm
With motion less of strife than proud command,
And then of Sigvart's fall the deep abyss
Sent up a hollow sound. I fled, proud Peers;
I say again, I fled, and, or disdain'd
That being dark a lone and single foe,
Or by the shielding of our mightier Gods,
I 'scaped.'—I (cried Hermingard), I too
Of that mysterious Wanderer have known
The might and savage mercy. I had stray'd
Into a fabric fair, of Christian Gods,
A fane it seem'd, rich-crested pillars ranged
On either side, above the hollow roof
Aye lessening, seem'd melt into the air

On which it floated.—High uprear'd there shone
 An altar, bright with chalice, lamp, and cup
 All of the flaming gold. I rush'd to seize;
 An arm was on my neck, that dash'd me down
 Like a soft infant; then a vengeful voice
 Struck on my dizzy hearing—'But thy blood
 Would dye this holy pavement with foul stain,
 Heathen, thy soul and mortal shape were rent
 Asunder.'—As I fled, I turn'd—reclined
 Low by that altar ■ his knees, all quench'd
 Fierce wrath and fiery menace, drooping all
 Stern pride of mastery, triumph, and high scorn,
 That wild Unknown, calm not with weariness,
 Gentle but not with sleep. Majestic light
 Beam'd on the quiet of his heavenward brow,
 Yet human tears stood glittering in his eyes.
 My thoughts were vengeance, but the cold clear air
 Went creeping up my veins, an awful frost
 Drank up the languid current of my blood,
 And unrevenged I fled that tranquil Man.*

Upsprang young Abisa, and beauteous scorn
 Curl'd his smooth cheek—'In tumult or in calm,
 But have he blood within his beating veins,
 Mine is a steel of such a searching thirst,
 'T will drain its crimson source.'—Thou! wanton Boy,
 The pale laugh wrinkling on his swelling lip.
 'Thou! thou! (cried Offa) with thy mother's milk
 Yet white within thy heedless cheek.'—Proud Jute,
 The stem of Woden is a mounting tree,
 Its saplings ■ to meet the golden Sun,
 While tamer shrubs creep with base trail on earth.
 Hengist, my King, my Brother! by our Sire
 I swear, that ne'er again metheglin cup
 Shall sparkle on these lips, till I have met
 This mystic delity of Offa's fear.*

Then ■ the Monarch turn'd all eyes; he sat
 In darkness, or, by chance or art, the lamps
 Stream'd bright and yellow down the festal board,
 But fell ■ ray within his folded robe.
 Yet wore not Hengist on his brow his soul,
 High spake he from its cold and stately calm,
 Law to the lawless, to the dauntless dread;
 But his were rarer qualities of power,
 Dominion o'er himself; deep, deep within
 Dwelt all the stormy passions; by no eye
 Pierced in its dark abiding lay the spirit
 With all its shames and grandeurs, loves and hates,
 And all its greedy family of lusts.
 Though now there seem'd beneath his royal crown
 A faint uncertain paleness, ■ of fear
 Not wholly quell'd, and on his cheek and lip
 Hover'd ■ quivering motion, ere he spake,
 But cool his speech.—'Presumptuous youth, thy oath
 Though wild, ■ holy—Woden guard thee well.
 Yet art thou sole in madness? time hath been
 When the brave frenzy of rash daring spread
 A broad contagious flame through all our camp,
 Till not ■ sword but shamed its sluggish sheath.
 Needed not Saxon king, as now, to gild
 Fair danger ere it pleased, ■ now proclaim
 Rich guerdon to the warrior, that aspires
 To rival Woden's blood, and be the peer
 Of Abisa in peril and renown.
 More, lofty duties fetter thee and me,
 High Horsa—(for the fiery warrior's hand
 Had not yet been made his family's shield)

Rob ■ not of their fame the valiant Erles.*

No seat was vacant, not a voice came forth,
 As he were single in his shame sate each,
 Nor dared ■ his compeers ■ look, in fear
 Soul might be there more dauntless than his own.
 Blank silence all! but loud that silence spake
 Not vainly, Samor, worn thy title proud,
 Avenger! by thy country's Conquerors thou
 Magnificently deified; so soar'd
 Thy mortal virtue o'er their tamer Gods.
 Not that the vassal elements thy sway
 Harken'd, nor beings of the middle air
 Stoop'd on their glistening wings to work thy will,
 Avenger! but for thee, the Almighty wrought
 Most mar'ulous, most mirac'lous; in thy soul,
 That nobler field, high wonders manifold
 Labour'd to light and lustre: for what thought
 Unwing'd by inbreathed Godhead e'er might dream
 Of glory to be born from this broad night
 Of desolation and deep darkness, strive
 For faint, impalpable, and airy good,
 Through the thick clouds of evil and of woe,
 Strong, stately, constant, like an eagle set
 To drink the last light of the parting sun?
 What heart of earthly clay, that ne'er imbibed
 Holier and purer ether, might endure
 Danger, dismay, despair, all ills that wring
 Within, and rack and rankle? not alone
 Fierce wrong and insult of triumphant foe,
 But worse, far worse, from those our friends misdeem'd,
 Pity of calm, cold cowards, or rude scorn
 From sleek and smiling slaves; or scoff and mock
 At our hard sufferings from those ingrate hearts
 For whom we suffer; these the woes that wait
 That nobly desperate, who with steadfast hand
 The statue of his country's fame, down dash'd
 And trampled by barbarian feet, ingrain'd
 With the coarse dust and black, before the world
 Would rear again ■ sovereignty and state.
 But thou didst strive and suffer, thou didst hope,
 And therefore in thy dark and silent deeds
 Beam'd manifest God's Spirit; till in thee
 Even the base body that e'er clogs and clouds
 The nobler energies, its state infirm
 Shook off, and by communion close assumed
 The soul's immortal essence, or the soul
 A climate and peculiar atmosphere
 Spread round its weaker instrument of power.
 Hence human accidents of heat and cold,
 Famine and thirst, wasting and weariness,
 Fell light and thin upon thy tranquil frame,
 Like flakes of snow upon th' unbroken lake;
 Thus didst thou pass most fearless, and most fear'd;
 By virtue, and thy foe's dread, array'd
 In attributes of strong divinity;
 Danger became thy safety, thy ■
 Grew from thy utter desperate wretchedness.

But ■ the more enjoy'd that Saxon youth
 His solitude of glory; forth he springs
 Hasty, lest valorous repentance fire
 Some rival Erle of half his peril yet
 To wrong him. In his tent, soft languid sounds
 Expiring on her falling lute, ■
 To welcome home her Lord his beauteous slave;
 His slave! is that her slavery, round his neck
 The enormous girdle of her arms to smother?

To catch a master's mandate doth she raise
 The bashful fringes of her eyes, and meet
 Those glances of no lordly scorn, that soothe
 Her gentle wayward angriness of love,
 Soothe, dare not chide, that coldness faint, and brief
 That would be wooed, but sweeter to be won?
 Nor dares not she withhold that arm upraised
 From their high stand the furniture of fight,
 Glaive, corslet, morion to displace; her touch
 Now clings with soft resistance, playful now
 Thwarts his stern purpose.—'Oh, remove not them;
 In hours of absence, thou too dearly lovest,
 They are my comfort, my companions they,
 My all but thou: the dusky shades of eve
 Brown o'er their glittering steal, and there array,
 A bright and armed man, th' officious air
 Gives motion, and with all thy graceful pride
 Shakes the light plumage; thou art there, in spite
 Of thy own tardy lingering, thou art there.
 Oh, I have woke at midnight, when my soul
 With thee hath been a wanderer through sad fields,
 'Mid death and battle, though my lightest touch
 Had proved thee by my side, yet my faint hand
 Lack'd courage with that dangerous proof to front
 My unsubstantial fears. Oh then, if light
 Of star or moon on their blue surface gleam'd,
 Or wind awoke them into sound, again
 Calm on my pillow droop'd my cheek to rest,
 Secure to find thee sweetly slumbering there.
 Yet, yet unwon, oh, lighten that cold brow,
 And I will sing the soft and sleepy song
 That makes a woman of thy angry eyes,
 Lulls the rude tumult in thy troubled breast,
 Leaving nought there but melody and me.'

Then started she to feel how hard and cold
 Between her and her bosom's resting-place
 The corslet lay, by stealth her fond embrace
 Supplanting; gently his one arm declined
 Over her neck, in careless fondness hangs;
 Busy the other, its rude office frames,
 Linking the breastplate's clasps; now holds he back
 From her approaching lips his cheek, to fix
 The weighty morion; but her garrulous grief
 Paused not—'At midnight! now! oh brave misdeem'd,
 Misdeem'd, who only th' open day would front
 With his bold armour; who but I would love,
 I, weak and brain-sick, ■■■ whose valour shrouds
 Its prowess in the cloudy gloom of night?
 Oh not, oh not to war, thou goest to win
 Some lovelier ■■■ ■■■ bride. Go, go;
 Though faithless, barbarous, cruel, cold to me,
 Yet make not her too wretched, make not her
 Heart-sick with sad expectance.—But her arms
 Belied her desperate language, closer clasp'd
 With more than maiden strength. 'Oh, stony heart,
 And I for thee forsook my infant home,
 Where all my steps were music, all my smiles
 Glad sunshine to my parents' wintry blood,
 That glanced like summer waters at my sight:
 For thee did violence to my virgin fame:
 By war's rude force might I have seem'd entralld,
 A luckless, pitied damsel; my fond heart
 Ill brook'd the coarse reproach of ravisher
 Should couple with a name so dear ■■■ thine.
 At night-fall fled I to thee; even ■■■ now
 The stars shone beauteous, and ■■■ kindly gloom

Curtain'd ■■■ meeting even ■■■ now; no change
 From soft and fond and gentle, but in thee.—
 'Peace, trembler, peace! to-morrow's dawn shall hail,
 Borne in the shield of honour, on the necks
 Of his tall peers, thy Abisa; no voice
 Silent, no quiet in the troubled air,
 Restless with his hymn'd triumph, Offa's heart
 Sick with ■■■ envy. Then Myfanwy, then
 My glory shall make rapture of thy tears,
 And thou shalt bless the grief that wrings thee now.'
 'Oh, glory hath a stern and savage mate,
 Danger, her lawless paramour, enfolds
 Her beauties in his churlish arms. Oh pause,
 And yet farewell, 't is exquisite to part,
 For oh, thou weep'st at parting, 't was past hope
 To see a tear on that stern face for me.'—

She hath her last cold kiss through the barr'd helm
 Won hardly; she is calm as though it dwelt
 Yet ■■■ her lips; she hears his parting steps,
 Yet lingers ■■■ her cheek that liquid glow,
 That brilliant harmony of smile and tear
 That at the presence of the one beloved
 Flits o'er the settled purple of the cheek.
 Oh, if soft woman hath her wilder fears,
 She hath her wilder hopes, for man's stern grasp
 Too thin, too airy! 'Never yet found false,
 Thou wilt return;' (so wanton'd her gay dreams)
 'So young, so lovely, fate would shame to snatch
 So early the choice glories of the earth.'
 Then sate she down triumphal coronets
 To weave, but ■■■ in modest quiet grief,
 And gentle resignation pale and mild,
 But with a dancing heart and bright blithe eye:
 And when her eyelids droop'd, soft o'er her came
 A sweet inconstant slumber, such ■■■ sleep
 Love-dreaming maidens ere their bridal morn.
 But through the clear calm night, the azure plain
 Of heaven, with all its glittering paths of light
 Distinct and dazzling, moved that fair-hair'd youth:
 So if old fable may be won to smile
 Its grace upon our darker tale, the boy,
 Smooth-cheek'd Endymion, his enamour'd Moon
 Wooed with no lawless witchcraft from her sphere:
 Nor she delay'd, her silver-sandal'd feet
 Gliding and glancing o'er the dews she came,
 And curtain'd in ■■■ cloud of snowy light,
 Mock'd mortal harps that hymn'd her cold and chaste.
 No amorous fancies o'er thy downless cheek
 Flushing their rosy heat, no love-lipp'd tones
 In sweet disturbance stealing on the air,
 Young Abisa! with ■■■ imperious charm
 Thou summon'st from wild wood ■■■ cavern'd heath,
 Nor vainly, their fierce habitant. Behold,
 A shadow by thine own, its stately length
 On the white dews advancing; ■■■ thy side
 The Avenger, as upsprung from nether earth.

Then fatal gladness leap'd in that young heart,
 He flung his vizor'd helmet proudly up,
 And dash'd defiance 'gainst fierce Offa's dread.
 But Samor, for when his pure heart was wean'd
 From all the faint and feeble of his kind,
 The mercies clung within, and gentleness
 So mingled with his nature, that it slaked
 Even the blood-thirsting frenzy of revenge;
 Samor that beauteous youth survey'd, the stars
 Glimmer'd a blue and hazy light, that show'd

His soft locks spreading their bright clusters wide,
 His vermeil cheek most lovely in its wrath,
 And brow that seem'd to wonder and delight
 At its own dauntlessness. So tall, ■ fair,
 Oft had he imaged his ■ perish'd boy
 In flower of youth, that flower which never bloom'd.
 Tender and mild his voice, as though he spake
 Even to that dead beloved—« Oh, brave and fair,
 Why thus abroad amid the silent night,
 With menace and fierce gesture wild and strange? »
 « Thou heardest my call, thou seest my arms, my aim
 Idly thou question'st. »—« 'T is not, gentle youth,
 Thy golden luxury of hair, nor cheek
 Warm in the rosy wantonness of youth,
 But thy brave bearing, gallant mien and proud,
 That winds long-banish'd mercy round my sword,
 To save from it one Saxon life. »—« Soft praise,
 And sweet from lady's lips, but not ■ hear
 Smooth Flattery's descant come I, but to win
 What, being won, is in its lofty self
 Imperishable beauty, garlands youth
 With honour passing the white hairs of age,
 Glory, the life of life. »—« And is there none
 Whose pillow dreams of thee are haunting now?
 No mother, whose last waking thought was hope,
 At morn, to meet thee in thy wonted glow
 Of loveliness and life? No gentle maid
 Whom the bare thought of paleness in thy cheek,
 Of death's wan chill upon thy brow, would waste
 And wither like the canker'd flower of spring?
 Return to her, oh fair, high-minded youth!
 Ere yet too late, return. »—But more delay
 The hot youth brook'd not; down he clasp'd his helm,
 And leaping to the frantic onset, cried,
 « Now, Offa, for thy shame, and for thy meed,
 My brother Hengist! »—As when lightning flame
 Dashes at midnight o'er his slumbering lids,
 Up starts the wild steed, all his tawny mane
 Bristling and blazing, he devours the earth
 In fury; even so sudden those rash words
 Set flames upon the Avenger's brow, set wrath
 On the impetuous motion of his spear.

Oh, holy Night! in thy injurious gloom
 How blank the proud distinctions of man's fame!
 Languor and loftiness, and shame and pride
 In one dead darkness, deep forgetfulness,
 Lie, ■ within ■ grave, till Virtue's self,
 But for her haughty consciousness within,
 Might weary of her mute and viewless deeds.
 Secret and still! that I might violate
 Thy mysteries, and redeem from envious gloom
 That Saxon boy's dead honours, dearly won,
 Most dearly, yet most nobly. Morn shall tell
 The issue of that conflict, but ■ morn
 Will dawn upon his silent, perish'd praise.

Two hours are past, alone the Avenger moves
 Under the stars of heaven; 't is midnight deep,
 Now comes his hour of softness; love-sick boy,
 Tuning soft frenzies to his wanton lute,
 ■ not more wild, fantastical, or fond,
 Than Britain's stately hope, high Hengist's dread.
 For ever ■ this hour, of parted joy
 Dim gleams revisit his forsaken soul,
 Like once-loved music o'er a maniac's ear;
 Faintly and feebly sweet, the dead put on
 Their earthly lustre; Emeric comes, ■ fair

As from the bridal altar, but less coy,
 In fervent full abandonment of love.
 The breezes are melodious with her voice,
 The dews are printed by her slender feet,
 She flows into his arms, her fond embrace
 ■ upon his soul. Thus aye she comes,
 Or when 't is wintry in the starless skies,
 Or when the moonlight bathes the earth, to her
 Heaven opes its crystal portals, beauteous light
 Ushers her presence, sleep can ne'er estrange
 That luxury from his heart; when consciousness
 Of all things earthly slumbereth and is dead,
 She haunts within, her sweet intrusion clings
 To the lull'd spirit, senseless but to her,
 All, all the living of the man is her's.

Oh, in their dreamings, their communions wild
 With airy, immaterial visitants,
 Most differ Guilt and Virtue; there ■ shapes
 Hideous and hateful, snaky Gorgon smiles,
 And all the fabled populace of hell,
 Brooding disquiet o'er the thorny couch;
 But Virtue's visions are almost as fair
 As angels' blest realities; to thee
 Lovely thy nightly visitant, sad Chief!
 As to man, sinless yet in Eden bowers,
 On beds of odorous amaranth asleep,
 Yet uncreated, came his virgin bride,
 Delicate phantom; then his fresh pure soul
 Amorous enchantment first entranced, first rose
 That our best feeling, of lost Paradise
 That sole surviving pleasure, holy love.

Beauteous thy blue uprising, mist-robed Morn!
 All thy bright glittering of fantastic dews
 With their thin tissue silkening the green meads,
 And all thy music of blithe leaves that dance
 In the caressing breeze, and matins gay
 From all the living woodland, Sleep ■ pleased
 To be ■ sweetly banish'd her soft reign.
 But dreary are thy sounds, and sad thy light
 On the lewd wassail, riot's orgies rude,
 Polluting day with sights that shame dark night.
 Now from the state pavilion forth are pour'd
 The synod of high banqueters, their eyes
 Hot with loose raptures and distemper'd joy,
 Voluptuously turbulent their souls.
 Right in their way stood fix'd a lofty spear,
 Not with gay garland crown'd, or streaming silk,
 But, with that beauteous head that yesternight
 Confronted them with graceful pride; the cheek
 Where wantonly youth's rosy banner gleam'd,
 Pale, dewy, stiffening, lifeless, lustreless;
 Part matted with red damp the golden locks
 Clung round the spear, part curling on the air,
 Sad-semblance show'd of life, in all the ■
 Making the stillness and fix'd cold ■ dread.

No cheek was there so bright, voluptuous heart
 So hot, but, like bleak snow, fear fell on it
 With ■ cold thrill and searching; if their sight
 Had yet perception, humbler chiefs might draw
 From high example comfort for their dread;
 Brow might they ■ with kingly crown beset,
 White, sad, and shrunken ■ their own. Alone,
 Fierce smiled the pride of Offa; he held up
 To those wan lips the sparkling shell of mead:
 « Drink, thou hast kept thy oath, drink, soft-lipp'd boy! »
 O'er all the camp spread loud and wide and far

The name of Abisa; Myfanwy heard
 Where lay she dreaming half, and fabling half
 Of garlands and of gay triumphal pomp.
 How nimble ■ the feet that bear light hearts!
 She is gone forth, and all for joy forgot
 The veil e'er wont to dim her dazzling cheek,
 Forgot the braiding of her hair, the maid
 So soft, ■ timorous, at the wanton breeze
 She oft hath trembled, 'neath day's eye retired
 Even from the fondness of her own loved youth.
 Through files of warriors, who uncasque their brows
 To fill their curious gaze, she hurries on,
 She knows not what she sees, and only knows,
 She ■ not what she seeks, that cheek, that eye
 Which fed on her with such excess of love
 As if 't were worse than blindness to lose sight
 Of its sole idol; only she is blithe,
 She only smiling 'mid those many sad.
 She meets even all she longs for; up from earth
 (For now from that sad eminence of scorn
 Had friendly hand removed it, now had cleansed
 Its damp defilement) that dear face on her
 Settled its fixed and inexpressive gaze.
 Her mien ■ strangely rational, her look
 Like one that calmly ponder'd what it saw,
 Her voice articulate and passionless.
 • Who hath done this? — The Avenger, the unknown, »
 Spake many voices. — Oh, my hands are weak;
 Ye ■ them soft and delicate and white,
 But thou, and thou, and thou, art bold and strong,
 And bear'st bright armour, ye will sure requite
 The slaughter ■ the slaughterer's head. — Ensued
 Brief moments of a stagnant grief, life paused,
 As 't would prolong unconsciousness; delay
 Yet, yet that state that wakes with waking ■
 Then kindled up her eye, but not with joy,
 Then flush'd her cheek ■ light and sanguine red,
 That its fair marble flitted o'er, but left
 Nor tinge nor warmth; she snatch'd up to her heart
 That lifeless thing and fled; as some fond bird
 With spread wings hovering o'er her nest, looks round
 At some black shape of fear, then turns to ■
 If yet her callow brood are slumbering safe:
 So wandering her dim eye on all around,
 Anon with full intensity of love,
 Settled on her cold care. She reach'd the tent,
 There miserly her treasure she o'erbroods;
 She lays it on her lap, and sings ■ it,
 Now gazes ■ she thought even yet those eyes
 Might open, those ■ lips, their wonted sounds
 Murmur, now almost sees ■ forming smile:
 Now gaily carols on her broken songs,
 Ever his favourite, most familiar tones,
 And now breaks off, ■ fearful to disturb
 His quiet slumbers, only speaks in smiles,
 Language by him e'er understood, and once,
 Once her rash lips approach'd: ■ pass'd the hours
 From earliest morning till the setting ■
 Then that wild spirit and playfulness of grief
 Sadden'd to drear sobriety, gave place
 Sweet-dreaming twilight to the bright clear day.
 Then first she thought of beasts and fowls obscene
 Battening ■ his fair limbs, ■ hand to heap
 The scanty pity of a little earth
 Upon the brave, the princely, and the fair:
 Envious of partner in her sacred toil,

Bearing her cold wan burthen in her arms,
 Alone upon the pious quest she speeds.
 She fears not, ah too wretched now to fear!
 Darkness is on her steps, but what to her
 Though nature's rich varieties are blank?
 Her guide the unblinded sympathies within;
 The love that link'd her ■ his living soul
 Will light her to him lifeless; yon wan stars,
 That struggle with the haze, are bright enough
 To beam upon the dead. But now more fast
 Their golden cressets multiply, more clear,
 And lo fierce Offa in her path: his eye
 Fix'd ■ her with ■ rude imperious lust,
 As the pollution of his bad desires
 ■ honour to their victim. But the maid,
 Unbelieving, unsuspecting aught impure,
 With sweet beseeching, almost with caress,
 Would win her onward passage; when her soul
 Was startled into fear, she would not think
 Such savage nature dwelt in human hearts.
 She wept, she sued, she drew the veil away,
 Upheld that lovely lifeless thing—in vain:
 The snowy dove is in the rude kite's grasp,
 Pale, fluttering, fainting; upon Heaven she call'd,
 Cruelly calm look'd on her the cool skies;
 She call'd on Abisa, but only felt
 More deeply that cold glassiness of face,
 That dull, indifferent witness of her shame;
 But in the stress and hurry of despair
 Strange energies were hers, with frantic voice
 She call'd on the Avenger—Lo, he comes,
 Terrible in the silence of his arms,
 And earth is dank with Offa's lustful blood.
 But her first motion was a frantic kiss
 On Abisa's cold lips, as though for him
 Proud of the untainted treasure of her love;
 Then turn'd to her preserver, but with looks
 Of loathing more than thankfulness; he stood
 In gentle majesty serene, yet proud
 Of that light victory, of prevented crime
 Severely joyful; bitter strife of heart
 Spake in her language—« Had it been but death,
 I yet had cursed thee! oh, look here, look here!
 (And she withdrew the clust'ring curls that veil'd
 The rigid deathfulness of that fair brow)
 Oh, ■ sole feeling to this dead heart seem'd
 A duty and delight, the hate of thee.
 Cruel, even that thou enviest me, even that.»—
 • That, British maiden! is a Saxon's face,
 Yet mourns thy amorous heart in guilty tears?»
 • Is there not beauty in ■ Saxon's cheek,
 Is there not music on a Saxon's tongue,
 Is there not tenderness in Saxon hearts?
 Oh, he is kind and true, his love ■ ■
 Almost as deep and fond, ■ mine to him:
 Wild that I am, he was—that fatal was
 Makes agony my sacred thought of him.— »
 • Maiden, by Wye's transparent stream abode
 An aged pair, and their declining day
 One beauteous child enlighten'd, and dispensed
 Soft moonlight o'er their darkening eve; they thought
 The only pang of death from her to part.
 But heavy ■ their sinking ■ the grave,
 For that fair beam in unchaste darkness quench'd
 Its virgin lustre, and its light withdrew,
 Of their old limbs the life: alone they dwelt,

In discontent and cold distaste of all,
 As her ingratitude had made them sick
 Of the world's hollowness, and if she fail'd
 All earthly things must needs be false and frail.
 They ne'er reproach'd her, for ■■■ the grave
 They could not hate; but for her sake they loathed
 Each old familiar face, that once they loved.
 Where she ■■■ went to wander, wander'd they;
 The garden flowers she tended, they bound up
 With woeful care; their chill and shaking hands
 Made tremulous music with her lute: I shrank
 In hoary age to see such childish joys.
 They felt one after pleasure; the ■■■ hour
 They glided from their woes, their parting breath,
 Blended in languid blessings ■■■ her head,
 For her went suppliant to the throne of God,
 Their lost Myfanwy.—Trembling stood she there,
 Like ■■■ that strives to weep, but the hard tears
 Are frozen in their source. — Oh thou and I,
 Sweet Abisa (to that cold head she spake),
 We will go weep upon their graves, and win
 Their spirits to forgiveness; when they hear
 How fervent and how fatal were our loves,
 Heaven will lend airs to waft their mercy down.—
 « Fond Maid, beware! repentance must be chaste
 And spotless as the unsunn'd snow: wilt thou
 Yet wanton with the memory of thy sin,
 Bad thoughts at revel in thy heart, with vows
 Lightly made up of guilty breath impure,
 Pollute and sicken the clear air that dwells
 About the holy dwellings of the dead;
 Waver from God to Pagan paramour
 With wandering loose affections? » « Hard and cold,
 Be thou content to have robb'd this widow'd heart
 Of that ■■■ lovely breathing thing earth bore,
 But spare, oh spare, the sinless, senseless dead!
 Cruel, by yon bright stars I oft have sworn
 Ne'er ■■■ forego him; shall I crown my sins
 With perjury? I will weep, and fast, and pray,
 And wear the rough stones with my tender knees,
 So thou wilt leave me my sad thoughts of him.
 Oh, God hath grace for all; my earliest prayer
 Shall be for mercy on his perish'd soul,
 The next for those who dying pray'd for me,
 And for my sad and sinful self the last. »

Most exquisite sorcery of womankind!
 Even to the fall'n ■■■ cherish'd loveliness
 Yet clings, with innocent hypocrisy
 Tricking their failures in such tender hugs,
 We blame with tears, enamour'd while we blame.
 Even thus her fervent constancy of love
 Brighten'd that guilty maiden.—« God will weigh
 With righteous hand thy sorrows and thy sins,
 Damsel; I nor absolve thee, ■■■ condemn.
 Come thou with me, and ■■■ will reunite
 That beauteous boy's remains: oh thou, ■■■ thou,
 Knew'st thou the studious cruelties, cold crimes
 By these barbarians wrought on this sad land,
 Wouldst pardon this dishonour to the corpse
 Of that brave youth. »—She leap'd up to his neck,
 « And who art thou, that doest such savage deeds,
 Yet forest us to love thee? »—On they past,
 They reach'd the place of death, he dug away
 The earth that fenced from wandering kite and wolf
 Young Abisa's fair limbs; he soothed her woes
 By soft participation, her consoled

By suffering, and the Christian's voice ■■■ up
 In prayers for mercy on ■ Saxon's soul.

BOOK VII.

How measureless to erring human sight
 Is glory! Glorious thy majestic state,
 Hengist! with captive cities for thy thrones,
 And captive nations thy pale satellites,
 Britain, with all her beauty, power, and wealth,
 Thy palace of dominion. Glorious thou,
 Caswallon, in Caer Ebranc's stately courts,
 By the slow waters of the wandering Ouse,
 Bright-acceptred Renegade! Even in your crimes
 Glitters a dazzling and meteorous pomp;
 Though your wild voyage hath lain through ■■■ of
 blood,
 Ye ride triumphant in your royal port.
 But he, sad Pilgrim, outcast and forlorn,
 How doth the midnight of his honour shame
 Your broad meridian, his wild freedom pass
 Your plenitude of sway, his nakedness
 Transcend your sweeping purples, ray'd with gold!
 Nor wanteth to his state its gorgeous pride,
 And high peculiar majesty; the pomp
 Of the conspiring elements sheds on him
 Tumultuous grandeurs; o'er his midnight couch,
 Amid the scathed baks of the mountain moor,
 On its broad wings of gloom the tempest stoops.
 Around his head in crystal coronets
 The lightning falls, ■■■ though thy fiery hand,
 Almighty! through the rolling clouds put forth,
 Did honour ■ the Freeman. Mighty winds
 And the careering thunders spread around
 Turbulent music; darkness rivals day,
 And day with darkness vies in stateliest pride
 The Avenger's lofty miseries to array.
 When from the East forth leaps the warrior Sun
 In panoply of golden light, dark cowers
 His ■■■ proud eagle, marvelling what strong form,
 Uprising to usurp his haughty right,
 Drinks in the intense magnificence with brow
 Undazzled and unshrinking; nor to him
 Fails homage from the living shapes of earth:
 On him the savage, fierce and monstrous, fawn
 Tame adoration; from his rugged sleep
 The wild boar, sleek his bristling wrath, aloof
 Shrinks, the grim wolf no more his rest disturbs,
 Than the calm motion of the moon she bays.
 Now, by her native sylvan Wye, that Maid
 Left to cold penitence and prayer, again
 Sets forth the high Avenger: now his path
 Through Towey's vale winds velvet soft and green.
 The year is in its waning autumn glow,
 But the ■■■ Sun, with all his summer love,
 Hangs o'er this gentle valley, loath to part
 From the blue stream that to his amorous beams
 Now her cool bosom spreads, now coyer slides
 Under her alder shade, whose umbrage green,
 Glancing and breaking the fantastic rays,
 The deep dark mirror frets with mazy light.
 A day that ■■■ in its rich noon to blend
 All seasons' choice deliciousness, high hung
 On Dinevaur and Carreg Cannon rude,

And on bold Drusslyn gleam'd the woods their hues,
Changeful and brilliant, as their leaves had drunk
The sun's empyreal fountains; not ■■■ bright
The groves of those Atlantic Isles, where rove
(Dream'd elder Poesy such fancies sweet)
The spirits of the brave, ■■■ Peleus' son,
And Diomedes, through bowers that the blue air
Arch'd with immortal spring of fragrant gold.
The merry birds, as though they had o'erdream'd
The churlish winter, spring-tide virelays
Carolling, pruned their all-forgotten plumes,
Upon the sunny shallow lay the trout
Kindling the soft gems of its skin; the snake,
As fresh and wanton in its green attire
Wound its gay rings along the flowery sward.

That overpowering beauty in wild bonds
Of sweet amazement and infatuate bliss,
Took prisoner Samor's spirit. On a rock,
'Neath a white canopy of glistening birch,
He lay surrender'd. The thin whispering leaves,
The welling waters flow, the lingering, long,
Love-dwelling descant of the joyous birds
Came mingling with the languor of his sense,
Most soothing each in turn, most slumb'ring soft.

'T is no harsh breaking in that train of sound
Delicious, but a low and measured dash
That blends and deepens all the mingling tones;
'T is nought to cloud or dim that slow intrudes
On the universal brilliance; crowning all
Moves the gay apparition, and fires up
The restless glittering to intenser blaze.

Slow up the tide the gaudy bark comes on,
Her oars ■■■ startling the unruffled air;
The waters ■ her swan-like prow give place,
Along the oar-blades leap up to the sun
In lucid flakes, and dance, as 't were their sport
To waft that beauteous freight. And exquisite
As that voluptuous Memphian on the stream
Of Cydnus, leading with bliss-breathing smiles
Her throngs of rash beholders, glided down
To welcome ■ his soft imprisonment
The Lord of half the world, so wondrous fair
Under ■ awning cool of fluttering silk
The Lady of that graceful galley sate.
But not in her instinct the melting form
With passion, the smooth limbs in dazzling glow
Translucent through the thin lascivious veil,
Skillful with careless blandishments to fire
The loose imaginations, she herein
Least like that Oriental harlot Queen.
Of all her shape, of all her soul was pride
The sustenance, the luxury, the life.
The innate scorn of her full eye repaid
With lofty thanklessness the homage fawn'd
By her fair handmaids, and her oarmen gay,
Who seem'd to wanton in their servile toil.
Around she gazed, ■ in her haughtiness
She thought that God had form'd this living pomp
Of woodland, stream, and rock, her height of soul
To pamper, that to welcome her the earth
Attired its breathing brightness, and the ■
Only ■ her look'd from his azure sphere.

Knows Samor that bright Lady? Who knows not
Amid her twinkling retinue of stars
The queenly summer moon? Ye too he knows,
The minion rowers of her royal state,

Entitled ■■■ by courteous falsehoods bland
Nobles of Britain, from the general wreck
Most despicably saved by Saxon scorn,
Meet vassalage for Vortigern, ■■■ shrunk
And dwindled from proud Britain's sov'reign lord
To petty Prince of Dyfed.¹ Ye yet cling
Even ■ the hollow semblance of a crown,
Ye gauzy ■■■ motes, that float and bask
■ the ■■■ noontide of a court, light things
Of noise and glittering, that to royal ears
Tinkle your poisonous flatteries, then most proud
When most obtrusive your gay nothingness.

Under a rock where Samor lay unseen
Beneath the sparkling birchen shade, the bark
Glided ■ near, the silver-twinkling leaves
Play'd like a wavering veil o'er the bright face
And marble neck of that reclining Queen.

Now, Samor, ■■■ 't is at thy thirsty lips
The cup of vengeance, now quaff deep, quaff deep!
Now, by the bones that bleach ■ Ambri plain,
By thy lost Emeric's silent chamber bowers,
By that soft cheek o'er which the primrose blooms,
Now launch the unerring javelin! lo she tempts,
The Saxon's daughter, and the false King's bride,
The tame and baffled lingering of revenge.

And up the Avenger stood; a ray of light
Quiver'd the brandish'd javelin; creeping awe
Froze up the rowers' hearts; down fell the oars,
And to the shore round swung the ungovern'd bark.

But 'mid those feminine and timorous ■■■
Intrepid that soft lady her fair front
Advanced, and, « Who art thou, whose impious arm
'Gainst royalty's anointed head dare sway
Irreverent menace? » — « One whom grinding wrong,
And injuries savage, black, and manifold
Have almost madden'd to the deep base shame
Of soiling his bright arms with woman's blood.»
(He cast the javelin from him, and went on)
« But tell thy sire, Kiowena, tell thy lord,
Britons have yet to learn their codes of war,
That yet fastidious vengeance will not slake
But ■ ■ worthy victim its deep thirst.»

Then was the mingling of their looks elate,
As when two falcons, far from this low earth,
Meet in the sun's broad blaze, they, glad and proud
Each of their kindred, flap their radiant wings.

« I know thee now, majestic Rebel! thee
The untraceable, untameable! I know
The chosen Man of Fate! of all ■■■ ■■■
The designated danger; merciful
Saxon ne'er coupled with thy ■■■ till ■■■
Yet think ■■■ thou from rivalry aloof
In proud and lonely excellence ■ stand,
For with requital royal and profuse
I will outsoar thee; this white woman's hand
Shall cast thee Hengist's pardon for thy deeds
Of guilty fame; this smooth ■■■ purple cheek
Smile thee fair honours in Caer Merddhyn's court.»

« Pardon, and honour, Lady! ■■■ alone
Jealous prerogative of pardon holds
O'er Samor's soul, the universal God!
Caer Merddhyn's honours! to fall'n Vortigern
To be ■■■ prime flatterer, meekly laud
The bounteous-hearted monarch, who ■■■ off

¹ Or, Dimetia, i. e. ■■■ Wales.

His throne, his people, and his fame, and thought
For bride so fair the dowry all too poor.*

No wrath, but brighter joy the Lady's cheek
Emblazon'd: « Why should slight and tinsel ties
Of blood and birthplace hold asunder hearts
Kindred in grandeur? thou art brave and free,
And brave and free is Hengist; why disdains
Valour to mate with valour, might with might? »
« Valour beneath the sun goes proudly forth;
And in the cloudy battle's van affronts
His hauberk'd foe, but folds not secret steel
Under the mild and festal robe of peace,
Nor creeps with midnight stealth on the weak sleep
Of women and soft infants. — Then appear'd
Tears in her haughty eyes, tears beautiful,
For drops of shame they were for those black crimes
That fleck'd and dimm'd her father's blaze of fame.
Still paused not the Avenger. — Did my God,
Did Britain claim the offering, I dare hope
Yet I could rend from this worn heart away
Its pleasant lust of vengeance: private wrongs
Are but thin drops in my full tide of hate;
But all my country's injuries, all my God's
Concentrate in the mighty passion flood,
My life, my soul, my being; we must be,
I and thy father, through all space of time,
Even to the end, Destroyer or Destroy'd. »

« Harsh and Implacable! yet be not thou
Discourteous: wilt thou to Caer Merddhyn come,
An honour'd guest, in freedom to depart
When, where thou wilt, thy pledge my royal faith? »

« A Saxon's faith! » burst bitter from his lips,
He check'd the upbraiding tone. « If fraud and sin
In such a lovely temple hold their shrine,
It were not strange did fiends of darkness dwell
Within yon beauteous sun! » But she with smile
Mild ■ May morning on a violet bank,
« Why stay'st thou? can the Unconquerable fear —? »
« Fear, Lady! fear and I are strangers now. »
« What wondrous spell, » pursued her playful mirth,
« So steals thee? » — « One most simple and most strong,
A calm proud conscience, and a faith in God. »

Then sate he by the Lady's side; set forth
Upon its dancing voyage down the tide
The bark obedient ■ its dashing oars.
But those gay rowers veering with the wind
Of soft court favour, 'gan with subtle joy
And cold factitious transport hail again
Their gentle peer, their old and honour'd friend.
But with a glance the imperial lady froze
To silence their smooth-lying lips, nor brook'd
Idle intrusion ■ her rapturous feast.
Deep drank she in the majesty and pomp,
Wherewith instinct the Avenger moved and spake,
And what high beauty from heroic soul
Emanates ■ the outward shape, nor pall'd
On her insatiate appetite the joy;
Till that commercing deep of stately thoughts,
Proud admiration, and intense delight
In what is heart-subliming, towering, grand,
Regenerate from the trance that bathed her sense,
Sprang up a fiery passion, o'er her flow'd
Secret the intoxicating ecstasy,
Love, dangerous, deep, intolerable love.

What beauteous seeming and magnificent,
Weareth that brilliant sin? now not o'er her

Came it in melting languor, soft and bland,
But like her own high nature, eminent,
Disdainful, and elate, allied to all
That beautified, that glorified, and seem'd
Mysterious union of upsoaring spirits,
Wedding of lofty thoughts with lofty thoughts,
And the fine joy of being to this earth
A thing of wonder: and as floats the air
Clear, white, and stainless in the highest heavens,
Seem'd from its exaltation fresh and pure,
Above all taint her amorous madness rose.
Had it seem'd love, her very pride had quell'd
The unplumed fantasy, her inbred scorn
Warr'd on the young infirmity, but now
Upon her soul's bold crest it planted high
Its banner of dominion, and she hail'd
Its coming ■ a guest of pomp and power.

But, though o'er all her features mantling spread
A vivid restlessness, a lustrous glow,
A deepening purple, though her eye indulg'd
Richer delirium, though her languid breath
Came with a throb and struggled from her heart,
Yet in that noble kindness that disdains
With greedy and suspicious gaze to search
The sin that may be, rather chastening all
With his own native purity, serene
The Warrior sate. The placid gliding bark,
With motion like to stillness, flowing on,
Where with green gladem of woods above,
Beneath the white breadth of the expanding stream,
Caer Merddhyn in the liquid noontide ■

Fair rose Caer Merddhyn, rose her towery height
The air enriching, nor mis-seem'd a King
Such stately dwelling; populous her streets,
And throng'd with human faces, but o'er all
A lassitude and heavy sadness hung,
Blankness of looks and weariness of hearts,
And listlessness of motion faltering on.
With all the pomps, the luxuries of life,
It seem'd a city of the dead. The shapes,
The steps of men were there, but soul and spirit,
And stirring energy, and vivid mind,
Passion and earnestness in torpor slept,
The cold blood stagnates in the drowsy veins.
Alike all feelings lazy languor seal'd;
To still them, not delight, the mothers held
Their infants, as the radiant Queen past on;
But even in them the laughing spring of joy
Was dead, and dry, and frozen. — Oh, high God!
(So spake the Wanderer in his secret soul)
Hath tyranny such bleak and withering power
Man's heavenly ■ to embrate, and thou,
Once princely Vortigern, the tyrant thou! —

Worse sight! worse shame! they reach the broad hill's
brow,

Where in its royalty the palace look'd
Awe on its vassal city; there, even there,
On that high threshold, armed Saxon files
From the weak people fenced the weaker King.
But through that legion hateful and accurst
Onward the Avenger that bright Lady's hand
Led, as the Sybil sage the Love-queen's son
Calm through the doleful regions of the dead.

Within the hall with royal banners hung,
And shields of royal blazon, royal arms,
Least royal he, sate Vortigern; deep thought

And miserable on his faded brow
 Traced its bleak lines; before him glittering lay
 The crown of Britain, which his eye perused
 With a sick sadness, ■ each gem were full
 Of woeful ruminations, blank remorse;
 And as bad Angels loathe, yet upward watch,
 Heaven's Sun, bright type of their once radiant state,
 Even ■ in bitterness that fallen King,
 Painfully banquetting on self-reproach,
 A drear remembrance of lost grandeurs drew
 From that fair ring, and cursed its blaze that flash'd
 Past splendours o'er the darkness of his soul,
 And memory from what height to what depth sunk,
 He welters in the abyss of shame profound.
 Beside him o'er his harp Aneurin bow'd,
 The white-hair'd Bard, sole faithful he, sole friend;
 For minds of poets from their ■ high sphere
 Look down on earth's distinctions, high and low,
 Sunken or soaring, ■ the equal sun
 Sheds light along the vale and mountain's brow.
 He in the hall of feasting who fast seal'd
 The treasures of his harmony, now pours
 Into the wounded heart his syrups sweet,
 And laps it in the silken folds of sound.
 But even along his strings the infectious grief
 Hath crept, and wither'd up their wantonness
 And lost in wayward wanderings of despair
 Stray the vague tones; anon bursts full and free
 A start, a swell of pride, then sinks away
 Involuntary to such doleful fall,
 Misery so musical, its languid breath
 Feeds, while it softens the deep-rooted woe.
 Such melodies ■ tragic midnight heard
 'Mid ■ deserted city, gliding o'er
 The deep green moss of tower and fane o'erthrown,
 Had seem'd immortal sorrows in the air,
 O'er man's inconstant grandeurs. Sad such wreck,
 More sad, more worthy Angels woe the waste
 And desolation of a noble mind,
 High fertile faculties run wild and rank,
 Bright fiery qualities in darkness staked.
 That liquid intercourse of grief broke off,
 Thus spake the King—'Who thus unbidden bursts
 On kingly solitude? why ask I thee?
 No brow between the Scot and Southern ■
 Bearer such gallant insolence abroad,
 But Samor, the wild Wanderer, the denounced,
 The desperate! Art thou here to stun mine ears
 With 'Vortigern is abject, lost, disgraced?'
 'T is well that with thee comes my bright excuse,
 My poverty's rich treasure, my night's star,
 Beauteous Rowena.—Joy seem'd his, but yet
 Was effort and ■ struggle in that joy,
 The clinging of a desperate soul to what
 It would delight in, but did not delight,
 The striving of a barren heart to force
 The perish'd bloom of pleasure.—'King, I ■
 To put a spell upon thee, conjure up
 Thy valour from its tomb within thy breast,
 To rend the adamant that trammels fast
 Thy strength of soul. By yon bright glaive that smote,
 By Esk's wild bank, beneath his father's shield,
 The royal Caledonian's son; yon flag,
 That, when by fated Arles rash Britain lost
 Her wild bright hazard for imperial state,
 Clouding the car of adverse victory shook

Untarnish'd in the sun its blazon broad,
 Nor stoop'd, though all was fallen; by yon rich crown,
 Whereon when flow'd the holy oil, this isle
 From all her seas her gratulant acclaim
 Sent up, and overcast heaven's vault with joy;
 By Vortigern, the great, the brave, the wise!—
 'Brave! wise! aye, that it is. The veriest wretch
 That from base birth-place ■ his baser grave,
 Creeps with his fellow reptiles, that ne'er knew
 What luxury 't is, what loftiness to soar,
 And with one soul to wield a host of souls
 In free subjection, oh that fireless dust,
 Clay uninform'd that only lives to die,
 That is to ■ a God: to me whose curse,
 And brand, and mock it is to have been great—
 And be—oh! Samor, Samor, I ■ King,
 King of this spacious, rich, and glorious isle,
 And thou, and such ■ thou, my regal ■
 Didst vassal; now, but ■ ■ eye may trace
 The circuit of my realm, a shepherd's boy
 Count my thin people, like his mountain flock.'

'Oh, Monarch, ill must be atoned by good,
 And ■ repentant deeds of mightiest fame
 Heaven can upraise the farthest sunken. Power
 Fails ■ the aspirant will. I knew thee once
 A being of those arduous energies,
 Strong aspirations, graspings undefined,
 Tumultuous thirsts and passions, that of man
 Make Fiend or Angel.—'True, too true, but thou
 Hast seized the Seraph's air-plumed wings, and I
 The Demon's vans of darkness. Had all fallen,
 All perish'd, one wide ignominy swept
 Princes and Lords and People, I had found
 A forlorn comfort in the general wreck;
 But in its curst sublimity thy fame
 Obtrudes its radiant presence, and makes groan
 This ruin of a Monarch.—'Rare it is,
 Oh King, in Fame's rich galaxy to shine
 With steadfast blaze unwithering, but to dawn
 From darkness, scatter off the black eclipse
 That veils the wither'd lustre, this most rare,
 Maketh man's soul an everlasting fire
 Worthy the God that hung the heavens with light;
 'T is hard for downcast spirit to o'erleap
 Ruin's sad barriers, but Heaven's angels drop
 Soft dews beneath his burning feet, his flight
 Imp with strong plumes; his coming doth adorn
 The earth he moves on; till Remorse abash'd
 Before the orient glories fades and flies.'

'Peace! peace! thou canst not ■ what cold within
 Lies like a palsy on the flagging powers,
 Makes ■ a thin and shrinking reed, the sport
 Of every lazy wind, the shape, the life,
 The woe, without the faculties of man.
 Shame, Shame.—Oh, turn thy lofty brow away,
 Heavy it hangs o'er ■ like loosen'd crag
 Over the mountain traveller—I endure,
 Of all this nation, the curse-wrinkled lips,
 Out-pointed fingers, ribald jests, ■ scorn.
 Men that have lick'd the dust beneath my feet,
 Worn their tame faces by the mould of mine,
 Them, to confront even them.—'Unkingly tears
 Choked the full utterance, met his eye the glance
 Of that proud Queen, who, all unmark'd, drank in
 That passionate discourse, from her contempt,
 Though far below his own, he shrunk, and wrought

To a brief pride his ■■■ dejected mien.

« Here is my throne, my kingdom in this breast,
My diadem the wealth of light that shines
From yon fair brow upon me. »—Stronger pain
Burst in upon the infant pride: forth fled
The Monarch, happy could he fly himself.
Him follow'd that old Bard. 'T is vain, all vain,
(Thus spake the high Avenger.) « Beauteous Queen,
I claim thy faith, and part. »—« So swift, so soon,
Our festal cheer untasted, welcome cup
Uncrown'd? »—« Fair Queen, in the pellucid stream
My beverage dances; the coarse mountain boor
Sharea his hard fare with me; the hand that feasts
The winged wanderers of the air, feasts me. »
With lips in act of speech apart, the Queen,
As to her will her tongue disdainful scorn'd
Allegiance, chain'd in silence stood again.
Twice she essay'd to speak, twice o'er her shame
Swept his petrific hand, and rosy fire
O'er face and neck and forehead flush'd, till shrunk
From that strong heat the eye, and down on earth
Settled its close-fringed orb; with pressure soft
Her blushing fingers his bronzed hand embraced.

« Here in this palace is my rule, this land
Is mine by my prevailing power: wouldst thou
Of this high seat, this realm be Lord?—Why starts
Unwonted colour to thy cheek? why shrinks
Into its sphere thine eye? Said I this soul,
And what soft beauty glitters in this shape,
Had it appall'd thee? »—Eagerly she grasp'd
The hand she held, ■■ though from thence ■■ wring
A swift reply, yet gazed upon the earth,
As wistful 'neath its darkness she might shrink
From her ■■ shame. Blank wonder Samor's brow
To living stone congeal'd—« This then the close
To all thy lavish love of Vortigern? »

« My love! he was ■ King, upon his brow
The beauty of a royal crown, his height
Dominion, like ■ precious mantle, dipt
In heaven's pure light array'd, and o'er him flung
Transcendant grandeur; above all he stood,
And I by such fond splendours woo'd and won,
Took seat upon his eminence; ■ plant
To spread, and mantle ■ imperial throne,
Not like tame ivy round ■ ruin creep,
Or wreath the tomb of royalty. His pride
I wedded, not his shame; bats may not build
With the light-loving lark. He, he himself
By self-abasement has divorced me, set
Distance between us wide and far as heaven
From the black pit of infamy. »—« High Queen,
What seest thou in this bleak and batter'd brow,
These rough scathed limbs, this ■■ and sunken face,
With misery's rugged furrows deeply plough'd,
To dazzle or delight? Lone outcast I,
Friendless, but daily, nightly by fierce foes
Beset and hunted like ■ loathsome brute;
Thy nation's mothers vent all hate on me,
Link with ■ scathing curse no name but mine.
Oh, what wouldst thou and softness with ■ life
Like mine so dreary, desperate, dark, and fierce? »

« Oh, 't is because all hate thee, that I love,
Because all dread thee, I would mate with thee;
Thy miseries, thy dangers deeper plunge
My soul in passion, that alone thou walk'st,

That mastery of thy single soul holds down
The Saxons' mounting empire, clips its wings
Rapacious and wide-shadowing, that thy fame
Like ■ rich rainbow cloud, sails on through air,
To mortal grasp impalpable, to sight
In lonely brilliance manifest; my soul
To that thy airy chariot would aspire,
And dazzle by thy side, and daunt the world. »—
« Loose and unrighteous to thy lawful Lord,
Yet wouldst thou poison with adulterous shame
Its spotless lustre, its pure white defile,
And clog with guilt its vaunted wheels. »—« Guilt!
Guilt!

Ah, now I know why mine eye shrunk from thine,
Why sought the base earth, why brook'd not my tongue
The motions of my will—but we—shrink we?
The lofty ■■ their ■■ high law; dull codes,
Cold customs, trammel but the base; our sins
Shall be the wanderings of the meteor fire,
More wonder'd than the regular calm stars:
Our acting shall enoble, what tame tongues
Falter at even in word; opinions, hues
Shall at our haughty bidding shift and change,
And what ■■ do, shall therefore be call'd great.
Yes, yes, I feel thy shrinking hand, I ■■
White-lipp'd abhorrence quivering in thy mien
As at some loathsome viper. Woe, oh woe
To him that tramples on the viper's wrath. »—
Then shook she back her golden hair, away
Cast his cold hand.—« Ho, Saxons at the gate,
Ho, Saxons, to your injured Queen! » The hall
Sudden was walled with fiery arms and spears
Bickering fierce menace; numerous, swift, and strong,
As when old Cadmus by clear Dirce spread
That dangerous seed uncouth, long, wide, and bright
Under the fatal ploughshare leap'd ■■ life,
To havoc the wild harvest, and shook up
Its bearded grim fertility of death.
But then his sword the Avenger grasp'd, and cried,
« Twice have I trusted Saxon faith, and twice
Beneath my feet the smooth fair ice hath burst
Its glassy treachery: once this arm redeem'd
The infatuate blindness. Saxons, I am he,
Who with his single strength ■■ Ambri plain
Scared your hot massacre, your proudest necks
Strew'd for his pavement of retreat, ye ■■
Mine arm unwither'd, my unbroken sword. »

But they sprung onward; that bright Lady's brow
Awful delight absorb'd the while, she moved
Before their wrath, her arm's high sway waved back
Their fury from her presence. Swift they came,
Swift they departed; silence down the walls
Crept o'er the banners broad, and pendant shields.

She look'd on Samor, all his pride was hers,
She look'd on Samor, all that pride was quench'd
In exquisite mild transport; at his feet
The Queen, the haughty, the disdainful fell.
Her fine fair hair lay floating ■■ the earth;
Her round arms clung beseeching to his knees.

« A curse upon me, that my wilful heart
'Gainst head ■■ brave, ■■ noble, dream'd of wrath,
Of danger and rude menace. What I did,
I know not; what I said, it pleased not thee;
Enough, 't was base, 't was criminal, 't was false.
Oh Chief! when we would compass wild desires,

Most strong persuasion; of all serpents, scorn
Stings to worse frenzy, worst a woman's soul.
Forget, all, all forget, but one soft word,
And that I charge thee, by thy rescued life,
Forget not.—« Lady, were I rich in love,
As yon full Sun in light, I could not spare
A beam upon a Saxon. Now, but now
The fountains of my heart are dry, the stock
Where fresh and rich my green affections bloom'd,
Is wither'd to the root; hard, doleful, dead,
My breast's impassive iron scatters off
All melting blandishments, all soft delights,
As the waved banner the thin morning dews.
With one harsh discord to consummate all;
Thou art thy Father's daughter.»—She arose
In miserable calmness resolute.

She took his hand, she led him forth, beneath
The murky scowling of those Saxons stern,
Whose angry wonder scarce herself controll'd:
Gave one fond lingering pressure, and but one,
Then watch'd him through the city, up the vale,
If gazing with such emptiness of eye
Were watching, which his distance seem'd to freeze
Gradual to hollower wanness; down her arms
Hung, only that she stood and faintly breathed,
Pulse, motion, sense, life, all seem'd fled with him.

Sudden above her, the mild air 'gan waft
Wild fiery sounds, like those of battle morn
Which champing war-steed's neigh, and lance's rush,
Impatient answers. On the pillion top
Aneurin in his bardic glory stood;
The sunlight on his old prophetic brow
Flash'd strong, yet dazzled not, his long white locks
Stream'd back upon his azure robe, like rack
O'er heaven's unclouded blue, his pale thin hand
With strength of mounting frenzy launch'd abroad
The war-song of Cassivolan: glad sounds
To that tranced queen, for Samor's hastier port
Deliberate grandeur slacken'd, he look'd back,
Proud gratitude for that wild flattery.—« All,
All in one wide conspiracy (so spake
Rowena's bitter joy), thee, only thee
To glorify. Oh, were man mute, this earth
Would leap to utterance of thy fame, the winds
Find voices eloquent, the streams, the stones,
To lofty music burst of thy renown.»

Slowly retired the Queen; she call'd around
Her slaves, her handmaids; arrogant their looks
Seem'd to confront her, eyes aye wont to shrink
Before her gaze, now seem'd to pry and pierce
Her deepest soul's recesses; and she blush'd
Even in her plenitude of scorn. They stood
Trembling before her wayward mood, yet seem'd
Mockeries their tremors; solitude she sought,
Yet solitude found none, things senseless took
Stern cognizance of all her acts, her thoughts:
Eyes hung the empty walls, weak laughing sounds
Of triumph o'er her shame, pervaded wide
The tranquil air, all with herself at league
Shook scorns upon herself. Dim evening falls,
O'er earth and sky, slow flits the shadowy night.
« Slaves there!» she cried, « my steed! alone I ride.»
She, wont to find her every look a law,
Now almost wonders all ■ swift obey.

The moon's white sickle tenderly array'd
With dubious lustre the grey heavens; scarce tinged

The dew-webs, whiten'd not the yellow crown
Of the unwavering forest; ignorant,
Or with feign'd ignorance 'guiling even herself,
Long upon Samor's track the Lady rides.

'T is ■ a stag that couches on the heath;
Hope ■ her dim cheek brightens, from her steed
Soft she dismounts, she ruffles not the fern,
The ■ springs printless up beneath her feet,
So light her gliding to that slumbering man.
She knows him, she starts back.—« Oh, came I here,
Lost and abased, him, only him to seek,
That ■ mine immodest heart with flight,
With scorn, perchance with hate! yet wonderful he,
Wonderous in rest ■ action! Sleep'st thou calm.
While numberless as these brown heath-spikes rise
Legions of spears around thee, for thy blood
Leagued in one furious thirst? Unwise and rash!
To-night thou slumber'st not unguarded, sleep;
And if Rowena mingle with thy dreams,
Sleep calmly, breathingly ■ now! He wakes—
Oh, hateful even in slumber that harsh name
Grates ■ his sense.»—His eyes unfold, nor start,
So soft the vision; wonder's self is calm,
And quaffs it in with mild unshrinking gaze.
Her long bright hair, like threads of silver streak
The moonlight, her fair forehead's marble arch
Wild joyous fearfulness, ecstatic doubt,
Bathe with the dewiness of melting snow,
Ere yet unblanch'd its stainless glitter pure.
Oh, soft and slow that melody of mien
Steals o'er the slumberer, ere the reason woke,
The sense was drunken, ■ hand folded hers
That answer'd not its pressure, nor withdrew,
Tremulous, yet motionless: his rising head
Found ■ her other ■ such pillowing soft,
As the fond ringdove on its mate's smooth down.
They spake not, moved not. 'T is the noon of night,
Hour known to Samor not by sign or sound
Of man's wise art to mark the fleeting time,
Nor changing of the starry heavens; but o'er
By motion of the secret soul, by calm
Habitual sliding into the soothed heart,
Distinct from turbulent day and weary eve,
Emeric's ■ hour, her consecrated spot
In his life's wilderness. She comes, she comes,
The clouds have dropt her from their silvery folds;
The mild air wafts her, the rank earth impure
Stainless she skims, distrust, doubt, fear, no place
Find in the sinless candour of her mien.
In languid soft security she melts
On Samor's fever'd soul, she fills his sense,
Her softness like the nightingale's first notes
After rude evening, o'er his passion steals:
He cast ■ off Rowena's hand, it fell
As from a dead man's grasp; slow ■ his head
From its fair zone, as from ■ bank of ■
The winter traveller, by its smoothness guiled
Almost to deathful sleep; he dares ■ now
Welcome that heavenly visitant, ■ could,
Nor would he her mild rescue ■ depart.
Nor dares he ■ with chill abhorrence shrink
From that impassion'd Lady; ■ his lips
Clung wretched, pale, beseechingness, that framed
Nor word ■ sound. But time for thought in her
Gave time for shame, for struggling pride gave time.
« Thou deem'st me loose, wild, wanton, deem'st me ■

To lure thee with light sweets of lawless love,
Hunting mine ■■■ shame through the midnight woods.
Oh false, all false.—How thee shall I persuade,
Aye me! that scarce persuade myself, 't was chance,
'T was fate, 't was ministration of bad spirits,
That led me thoughtless, hopeless—did I say
Hopeless? yet scorn not thou, the lightest won
Are oft best won. Oh why, ere now ■■ mild,
So gentle, why ■■ stern, ■■ ghastly still?—

• Thou lovest my pride, my honour, my renown;
Now, Queen Rowena, mayst thou do ■■ deed
Shall make my pride thine own, make thee my fount
Of honour, all my noontide of renown
On thee in all its golden brilliance shine;
And if henceforth man's voice cry out, High deeds
Hath Samor's arm achieved, thy heart shall bound
And thy lips answer, 'Mine! all mine!' and I
Will bless thee, thank thee, praise thee for that truth.»

O'er proud Rowena past his solemn voice
Tremendously delightful, ■■ the sound
Of thunder over Jove's bolt-minist'ring bird,
That sternly rocks on th' agitated air.

• Speak, speak; 't is hours, 't is years until 't is done.»
Return'd one brief, ■■ powerful word—« Depart.»

She struggled yet to wear the lofty light
That flush'd her brow; she struggled, and she fell
Her white arms round his neck. Light ■■ the breeze
Pass'd over his her cheek. Then back
She started, seized her courser's rein; far, far
The rocks gave ■■■ to its trampling hoofs.

To solitude, to peace, ah, not to peace!
Was Samor left; large dewy beads distil
From his full brow, ■■ from the forest leaves
The sunny icicle: fierce, merciless,
Relentless inquest o'er himself he holds,
In him a sin in thought is sin in deed.

• And I, that on the frantic waxen wings
Of mine own arrogance, have deem'd my soul
Kindred and heritor of that rich bliss
That bathes the Angels, radiant wings in strength;
That wander'd o'er this sublunary wild
As with ■■ charter'd scorn, that mix'd with ■■■
But in disdainful mastery to o'er-rule
Their dim and wavering destinies, that took
With noble violence admiring earth,
O'er me hath passion wound her silken nets;
And that soft Dalila, lascivious sin,
Shorn my full honours. Now, who clothed my steps
With darkness, dread, and danger, hung my ■■■
With light'ning, kept at bay the envious death
That feasts upon the famous of mankind;
God, God abandons me. So farewell pride,
And with pride farewell strength, the burning hope,
Glad agonies, brave bliss of holy war,
Transports of trampling on my country's foes,
And all the beauty, majesty, renown,
Vengeance, of thy triumphal state. Ye too,
Farewell, soft midnights, delicate regards
Fix'd on me from fond eyes yet bright from heaven,
Mild agitations of the purer sense,
Fresh bloomings of my faded joys, ye dreams
Lovelier than actual bliss, ■■ heaven than earth,
Emeric abandons ■■ For how ■■ ■■■
Drop ■■ this foul earth stainless? how canst thou
Visit unsullied thy sad shrine defiled,

■ never felt before, the fear to front
Mine own past life, the ignoble shame that burns
At human sight, and memory that ne'er sleeps;
Heart-sickening at its own deformities,
A miserable welcome bid I ye;
Come, dismal comforters, faint-footed guides,
Teach ■■ the hate of life, the dread of death.»

And Samor wander'd on, not ■■ with scope
Resolved, and steady purpose that absorb'd
And fix'd on ■■ stern centre all his soul,
True as the arrow to its mark. Now where,
Whither, is all indifferent; he pursues
The wildering of the forest track, the brook
Winding its lucid error: two sad days
And chance hath led him back to Wye's green bank.

Sudden before him swept in gallant pack,
Fleet hounds, whose keen scent quaff'd the morning dews.
Sole on their track a noble huntsman bow'd
O'er his steed's high-curved neck. But when he saw
Samor, that scarce his coming mark'd or heard,
He vaulted from his uncheck'd steed so fleet,
The courser seem'd ■■ feel it not, but on
Went stately bounding down the glen. But he
Unslung his bugle horn, his hunting-spear
Cast to the winds, and held his burnish'd sword
To heaven, ■■ though to paragon its light.

• Oh, thunderer Thor, but one bold prayer of mine
E'er scaled thy heavens, and that, munificent,
I thank thee for thy granting. Samor now,
Now Christian, now baptized in German blood,
Avenger, ■■ are met, and ere we part,
Earth must be ruddier with some blood of ours.»

• Noble Argantyr, deem not thou unknown
Thy name, thy presence, nor forgot, how thou,
When Murther quaff'd his glut on Ambri plain,
Didst hold thy jealous steel aloft, lest stain
From gore by treason shed, should dim its gleam;
And when I burst my iron toils, and won
My dangerous safety, how indignant joy
Stood bathing thy stern brow. Brave Anglian, thou,
But thou, of German race, to faint sloth chill'st
My sword's quick wrath.» — «What, Samor out of love
With strife, with music of conflicting steel?
Hath Abisa's pale blood so quench'd his fire?
Were 't not I now could force my glorious will,
Yea, I could ■■ thee, Briton, for the joy.
Thou wilt not credit, air hath been defiled
With creeping whispers cold, that I, ■■ shrunk
To second in his dangers that brave boy,
As though Argantyr would partake ■■ foe,
And with division spiritless and base,
Met out his province in ■■ ■■ to slay,
Hear; 'Well the famous Anglian ■■ his half
Of that great conquest!' But I have thee now
Whole, undivided, now, or man, ■■ more,
■■ aught be mortal in thee, guard that spot,
My steel will search it.» — «Samor is not ■■■
As Samor was, but knows not yet to scorn
Such brave allurements.» Forth his anlace flash'd,
But not ■■ wont, uplooks he to the sky;
■■ thinks not now, oh, if I fall, float near,
My Emeric, that ■■ Angel's voice but thine
Welcome thy Samor to his opening heaven:
And if I vanquish, Britain and the Lord
Take to your hecatomb one Saxon more.

To the cool health of summer streamlet pure :
 Around, above, beneath his winged sword
 Leaps in its fiery joy, red, fierce and far
 As from ■ midnight furnace start the sparks.
 As brazen statue ■ proud palace top,
 Shakes off the pelting tempest, ■ endured
 Samor, but not in patient hope austere
 Of victory; but habitual skill and power
 Protracting long the cold indifferent strife;
 Till twice that sword that in its downward sweep
 Flash'd the white sunlight, cloudy rose and dim
 With ominous purple: then his nature burst
 Its languid bonds, not front alone to front;
 But soul to soul the riot of the fight
 They mingle, like to giddy chariot wheels
 The whirling of their swords, ■ fierce the din
 Of buckler brast, helm riven, and breastplate cloven,
 As when the polar wind the ice-field rends.
 Such nobleness sublime of hideous fight
 From Ilion's towers her floating mantled dames
 Saw not; ■ Thebes, when Capaneus call'd down
 Jove's thunder, and disdain'd its fall; nor pride
 Of later Bards, when mad Orlando met
 On that frail bridge the giant Sarzan king,
 And with him in the boiling flood dash'd down,
 Till that fond eagerness, that brave delight
 O'erpower'd frail nature, breathless each, and each
 Careless, yet conscious of deep trenching wounds,
 For admiration paused, for hope, for power
 To satiate the unwearying strong desire.

Lo, the far hills Argantyr first descried
 Radiant with spearmen, and he cried, "Away,
 'T is Hengist with his bloody hands, I know
 The motion of his crest; brave Chief away."—
 "Away! and leave Argantyr here to boast
 Samor hath fled him!"— "Oh, we meet again;
 Thou art a quarry for the Gods, base lance
 Must ne'er vaunt blood of thine. Argantyr spares
 But for himself such noble game. Still here!
 Froward and furious, if thou needst must die,
 Why so must I; fell Hengist will not spare
 An inch of quivering life on all thy limbs.
 And I with such ■ jealous lust pursue
 A noble conquest o'er thee, I must shield
 Thy life with mine, for my peculiar fame;
 Freely mine own death ■ the hazard cast
 For such ■ precious stake as slaying thee."

As through dusk twilight stolen, love-breathless maid
 For interchange of gentle vows, by noise
 Startled of envious footstep, chides away
 Her lingering youth, yet for his lingering loves,
 Till her fond force hath driven him from her side;
 So earnest the brave Anglian sued to flight
 Reluctant Samor; o'er his sword hilt bow'd,
 Stood sorrowing for the wounds himself had made,
 That marr'd his speedier flight. Anon approach'd
 Hengist, encircled by his state of spears,
 And bright Rowena by his side. "But now
 Thy steed along ■ camp rush'd masterless,
 Therefore we seek thee, Anglian. How! thou bleedst!
 And strange! thy foeman bites not the red earth.
 What might hath scathless met Argantyr's steel?"

"He, gasp'd he here in death, thy soul would dance,
 The Wanderer!"—"He! he wars but on soft boys,
 He dares not front Argantyr."—"False, 't is false!"
 Burst from Rowena; "he dares deeds our Gods

shrank from (Hengist's cloudy brow she mark'd),
 Or whence his proud claim to my father's hate?"
 "Where hath the Recreant fled! Pursue, pursue!"
 Cried Hengist. "Hast thou wings to cleave the air?
 Or windest the deep bosom of the earth,
 Thou mayst o'ertake. Yet Samor is not now,"
 He said, "as Samor was; were Samor more,
 Earth and Argantyr had been wed crenow."

So spake the Anglian; leap'd Rowena's heart
 In hope, in shame, in anguish, in delight.
 "Oh, hath my softness sunk so deep to change
 Thy steadfast nature, yet thus changed, thy might
 Wrests honour from thy foeman's lips."—"Oh now,"
 Laughing in baffled bitterness, exclaim'd
 The Saxon King, "now weave ■ softer nets
 To toil this dangerous Wanderer. What say'st thou,
 Fair-eyed Rowena, now thou hast cast off
 Thy fond, thy lovesick Vortigern! perchance
 The sunshine of thy beauty might melt down
 This savage to ■ tame submissive slave."

Rowena, whose proud look with beauteous ■
 Smote her beholders, wore her loveliness
 As though she gloried in its power; now close
 Crowded o'er all her face her mantle's folds,
 That ill conceal'd the purple fire within.
 Then forward past they to the Saxon camp.

But far by Wye's green marge had Samor fled,
 Till now the ebbing blood with short quick throb
 Beat ■ his heart, his languid feet were clogg'd
 With the thick forest leaves, the keen air search'd
 With a cold thrill his wounds. He falls, scarce sobe;
 "Merciful God, on this in all my life
 The sole, the single day I would ■ die."
 Then faint, and sickly, an oppressive ■
 Seal'd sight and ■ When sleep fell on him, eve
 Was gathering fast, but when he woke, morn shot
 From the grey east her faint pellucid light
 His blood was staunch'd, a soothing coolness lay
 On his mild wounds, the rude arch of the boughs
 Seem'd woven with officious care to veil
 The bright Sun from his eyelids; the dry leaves
 Were gather'd round him, like a feathery couch.
 He lay and listen'd, a soft step approach'd
 Light as the wren along the unshaking spray,
 And o'er him lean'd a maiden pale, yet blithe
 With tinge of joy, that settled hue.—"Is 't thou,
 Gentle Myfanwy?" "Blessings ■ thy waking;
 I long'd ■ tell thee what sweet dreams have soothed
 My sorrows since we parted; in my sleep
 My parents came, and with them that fond youth,
 And they smiled on him kindly. Think'st thou God
 Can have such mercy on sins dark ■ mine!"
 "God's plenteous mercy on thee for thy ■
 Of me, sweet maiden."—"Pardon me, oh thou,
 Heaven pardon me, when first I saw thee cold,
 Helpless, and bleeding, evil thoughts ■
 Of my poor Abisa's untimely death."

But deeper meditation Samor's mind
 Beset. "Almighty, truly thou ordain'st
 Wisdom from baby lips; what moral high
 Breathes in this simple maid's light-hearted smiles!
 And I, for wisdom famed, for pride of mind,
 Insulted with weak doubts thy infinite,
 Illimitable goodness; she ■ soft,
 So delicate, so sinful and ■ sad,
 Springs ■ her airy plumes of hope ■ thee.

Oh, were mine guilt of act not thought, the stain
Thy fount of living mercy might efface.*
He prest ■ kiss upon her cheek so pure
Even Abisa had granted it. * Farewell,
My kind preserver, cherish thou thy hope,
As 't were an infant fondling ■ thy breast.*
And fresh with hope, like gay stag newly bathed,
Forth ■ his voyage lone the Avenger past.

BOOK VIII.

His path is 'mid the Cambrian mountains wild;
The many fountains that well wandering down
Plinlimmon's huge round side their ■ smooth
Float round him; Idris, that like warrior old
His batter'd and fantastic helmet rears,
Scattering the elements' wrath, frowns o'er his way
A broad irregular duskiness. Aloof
Snowdon, the triple-headed giants, soars,
Clouds rolling half way down his rugged sides.
Slow as he trod amid their dizzy heights,
Their silences and dimly mingling sounds,
Rushing of torrents, roar of prison'd winds;
O'er all his wounded soul flow'd strength, and pride,
And hardihood; again his front soar'd up
To commerce with the skies, and frank and bold
His majesty of step his rugged path
Imprinted. So in old poetic faith
Hyperion from his native Delian bowers,
'Mid the rich music of those sisters nine,
Walk'd the bright heights of Helicon, and shook
His forehead's clustering glories wide, and flush'd
The smoothness of his fair immortal face
With purple Godhead. Whence, ye mountains, whence
The spirit that within your secret caves
Holds kindred with man's soul? Is 't that your pomp
Of exaltation, your aerial crowns
In their heaven-scaling rivalry cast forth
Bold sympathies of loftiness, and scorn
Contagious? ■ in that your purer air,
Where fresh and virgin from its golden fount,
Lies the fine light at morning, or at eve
Melts upward and resolves itself from earth,
And with its last clear trembling round ye clings:
The soul, unwound its coarse material chains,
Basks in its own divinity, and feels
There in the verge and portal of the heavens,
The neighbourhood of brighter worlds unseen?
Where the blue Glassyn hurries her fleet course
To wanton on the yellow level sands,
On either side in sheer ascent abrupt
The rocks, like barriers that in elder time
Wall'd the huge cities of the Anakim,
Upblacken to the sky, whose tender blue
With mild relief salutes th' o'erlabour'd sight.
There on the scanty slippery way, that winds
With the stream's windings, Samor loiters on.
But who art thou, that in the Avenger's path
Standest in dark serenity? what joy
Instinct amid thy thick black locks reveals
The full voluptuous quietude within?
Oh, Prophet! in thy wanderings wide and far
Amid the pregnant hours of future time,
Haply the form of Samor, disarray'd

Calamity's sad vesture, hath appear'd
In plenitude of glory. Hence thine eye
With recognition glad and bright salutes
The Man of Fate. To earth that Prophet old
Bow'd down, then look'd he on the waters dark,
Then upward ■ the mountains. * Stony earth,
Within thy secret bosom feel'st not thou
A wondrous presence? dwells not, thou blue stream,
Under thy depth of ■ a silent awe?—
Yea, Snowdon. ■ thou up in sternest pride
Thy cloudy mantled brow; ye know him all,
Ye know the Avenger.*—* Merlin, mock not thou
Thy fellow creature of the dust, the child
Of sin and sorrow, with o'erlabour'd phrase,
Abasing the immortal elements
From their high calm indifference to ■
Of our light motions. Simple truth severe
Best seemeth aged lips; oh, holy famed
And sage, how ill strong Wisdom's voice melts down
To the faint chime of flattery. *—* Poor of pride!
Feeble of hope! thou seest thyself forlorn,
An hunted wanderer in thy native land.
I see thee clad in victory and revenge,
Thy glory sailing wide on all the winds,
Beautiful with thy blessings at thy feet
Thy own fair Britain, Fate so freely spreads,
Her mystic volume to my sight.*—* Oh, blind,
And ignorant ■ blind our insect race!
The mole would count the sunbeams, the blind worm
Search the hid jewels in the depths of earth,
And man, dim dreamer, would invade the heavens,
Self-seated in the Almighty's councils, read
The secrets of Omniscience, yea, with gaze
Familiar scrutinize the Inscrutable.
I tell thee, Merlin, that the soul of ■
Is destiny ■ earth! God gave us limbs
To execute, and intellect to will
Or good ■ evil, and his ■ Spirit
Our appetites of holiness, else faint
And wavering doth corroborate: hence man's prides,
Man's glories, and man's virtues all are God's.
If yet this heart unweary'd may bear on,
Nor from its holy purpose faintly swerve,
The Lord be praised, its fate is pride and joy.
■ if, and oh the peril! it play false
Its country's lofty hazard, shall it shift
On wayward destiny its sloth and sin?
Evil is not, where man ■ evil wills,
And good is not, where will not man and God.*
* Chief wise as brave, ■ to our feeble sight
Yon pebble's slight circumference, the Past,
The Present, and the future of this world
Are to the All-seeing vision; oft doth Heaven
In sign and symbol duskily reveal
The unborn future; oft Fate's chariot wheels
Are harbinger'd by voices that proclaim
The fashion of their coming; gifted Seers
Feel ■ their lips articulate the deeds
Of later days, and dim oracular sights
Crowd the weak eyes, till pall'd attention faint
To dizziness.*—* Oh, Merlin, time hath been
When in the guilty ■ the Lord's voice
Hath spoken by his Prophets, hath made quail
By apparitions ominous and dire
Strong empires ■ their unassailed height.
But oh, for us of this devoted isle,

Drench'd with the vials of Almighty wrath,
To gaze up, and beseech the clouds to rain
Bright miracles ■ this poor speck of earth. ■

■ Shame choke thy speech, despondent slanderer! thee
Avenger! this from thee! Away! my lips
Burn with the fire of heaven, my heart flows o'er
With gladness and with glory. Peerless Isle,
How dost thou sit amid thy blue domain
Of ocean like ■ sceptred Queen! The bonds
Like flax have wither'd from thy comely limbs.
Thou, the strong freedom of thy untamed locks
Shaking abroad, adornest God's fair world.
Thou noblest Eden of man's fallen state,
Apart and sever'd from the common earth,
Even like ■ precious jewel, deep and far
■ the abyss of time thy dawn of pride
Still with ■ fuller and ■ constant blaze
Grows to its broad meridian, and Time's rolls
Are silent of thy setting. Oh, how fair
The steps of freemen in thy vales of peace;
Thy broad towns teem with wealth, thy yellow fields
Laugh in their full fertility; thy bays
Whiten and glisten with thy myriad barks.
The Angels love thee, and the airs of heaven
Are gladden'd by thy holy hymns; while Faith
Sits on thy altars, like ■ nestling dove,
In unattainted snowiness of plume. ■

■ Now, by my soul, thou strange and solemn Man,
Mistrust thee more I dare not; be't ■ dream
Or revelation of immortal truth, ■
Of Britain's fame I cannot chuse but hear
With a child's transport. ■—Then the Prophet shook
The dark profusion of his swelling hair
With a stern triumph; then his aged eye
Grew restless with delight: his thin white hand
Closing around the Baron's arm, lay there
Like a hard glove of steel. He led him on,
Till ■ the black and shaggy pass spread out
To a green quiet valley, after named
The Bed of Gelert, that too-faithful hound
Slain fondly by his erring Lord: the stream
Here curl'd more wanton, lightly wafting down
The last thin golden leaves the alders dropt,
Like fairy barges skimming the blue waves.
That stream o'erpass'd, rightward their silent way
Lay to the foot of Snowdon. Pause was none,
They front the steep ascent, and upward wind
A long, sheer, toilsome path, their footfalls struck
Upon the black bare stillness, audible
As in thick forest the lone woodman's axe.
T ■ strange, yet slack'd not that old reverend Man
His upward step, ■ though the mountain air
Were his peculiar element, still his breath
Respired unlabouring, lively bounded ■
His limbs, late slow and tremulous. Three long hours,
Now front to front upon that topmost peak,
Erwydfa, sit they motionless, alone:
As when two vultures on some broken tower,
That beetles o'er ■ dismal battle field,
In dark and greedy patience ruminate
Their evening feast; ■ stillness ■ of sleep
Heaves in their ruffled plumes, their deep bright eyes
Half closed in languid rest; ■ undisturb'd,
So lofty, sate the Avenger and the Seer.
The atmosphere, that palls ■ restless world,
Lay coiling in its murky folds below:

So in some regal theatre, when droops
The unfolding curtain, and within it shrouds
The high disastrous passions, crimes, and woes
Erewhile that fretted on its pomp of scene;
Thus Earth, with all its solemn tragedies,
Heroic vauntings, sumptuous imagings,
Set in its veil of darkness from their sight.
The filmless, the pellucid heaven above
One broad pure sheet of sunlight.—■ Gifted Man,
(Cried Samor,) wherefore to this desolate
Untrodden!—■ Ha! untrodden! know ye not,
Where ■ humanity defiles not, there
The snowy-footed Angels lightly skim
The taintless soil, the fragrance of their plumes
Fans the pure air where chokes ■ breath of sin
The limpid current? Desolate! the notes
That flicker in the sun are few and ■
To the immortal faces that smile down
Exquisite transport on the ravish'd sense.
Here, from their kindred elements, emanate
The festive creatures of the heavenly fields,
Glories, and Mercies, and Beatitudes
Some dropping on the silent summer dews,
Some trembling on the rainbow's violet verge,
Some rarely chariotting on the wings
Of the mild winds, in moonlight some. Why shakes
The Man of Vengeance? wherefore of mine hand
This passionate wringing?—■ Tell me, truly tell;
The ■ of Emeric from some mild-lipp'd tone
Hath it e'er trembled on thine ear? Old Man,
Is't sin to say her presence might adorn
That gentle company?—■ To souls like thine,
Warrior, Heaven grants sweet intercourse and free
With its beatified. ■—■ Ah! now thou rakest
The ashes of ■ buried grief; gone all,
My gentle visitations broken off,
My delicate discoursings silent, ceased!
Oh, I talk idly, Prophet, speak thou on. ■

■ Aye, Warrior, and of mild and soft no more;
Grandeurs there are, to which the gates of heaven
Set wide their burnish'd portals: midnight feels
Cherubic splendours ranging her dun gloom,
The tempests are ennobled by the state
Of high seraphic motion. I have seen,
I, Merlin, have beheld. It stood in light,
It spake in sounds for earth's gross winds ■ pure.
Between the midnight and the ■ 't was here
I lay, I know not ■ I slept ■ woke,
Yet mine eyes saw. Long, long this heart had yearn'd,
Mid those rich passages and majestic shows
For shape distinct, and palpable clear sound.
■ burst at length, yea, front to front it stood,
The Immortal Presence. I clench'd up the dust
In the agony and rapture of my fear,
And my soul wept with terror and deep joy.
It stood upon the winds, ■ Angel plumed,
And mail'd and crown'd; his plumes ■ forth ■ tinge
Like blood on th' air around: ■ arms, in shape
Ethereal panoply complete, in hue
The moonlight on ■ dark Llanberis lake,
A bright blue rippling glitter; ■ crown,
Palm leaves of orient light his b ■ entwreathed,
That bloom'd in fair divinity of wrath,
And beautiful relentlessness ■
Knowledge was in my heart, and on my lips;
I felt him, who he was.—■ Archangel! hail,

Destroyer ! — not thou God's Delegate,
 To break the glassy glories of this world !
 The gem-knosp'd diadem, the ivory ball,
 Sceptre and sword, imperial mantle broad,
 The Lord of Nations, Thundershaft of war,
 Are glorious on the pale submissive earth :
 Thou comest, and lo, for throne, for sword, for king,
 Bare ashes and thin dust. Thou art, that aye
 The rich-tower'd cities smoulder'st to pale heaps
 Of lazy moss-stones, and aye after thee
 Hoots Desolation like a dank-wing'd owl
 Upon the marble palaces of Kings.
 Thou wert, when old Assyrian Nineveh
 Sank to a pool of waters, waste and foul ;
 Thou, when the Median's brow the massy tiar
 Let fall, and when the Grecian's brazen throne
 Sever'd and split to the four winds ; and now
 Consummatest thy work of wreck and scorn,
 Even on Rome's Cæsars, making the earth sick
 Of its own hollowness. Archangel ! Hail,
 Vicegerent of destruction ! Cupbearer,
 That pour'st the bitter liquor of Heaven's wrath,
 A lamentable homage pay I thee,
 And sue thee tell if Britain's days are full,
 Her lips for thy sad beverage ripe. Thereat
 Earthward his sunny spear its lurid point
 Declined, and lo, a White Horse, through the land
 Ranging in stately speed ; our city gates
 Shrunk open at his coming, our fair fields
 Wither'd before him, so his fiery breath
 Flared broad amazement through the gasping land.
 Triumph was in the trampling of his feet,
 And the strong joy of mockery, for he trod
 On broken principalities ; his mane
 Familiar Conquest, as a rushing wind,
 Fann'd in loose brilliant streamings. — False-lipp'd Seer,
 Thou spakest of gladness, and thy ominous tone
 Is darkness and dismay. — Hark, Warrior, hark :
 That wanton — was trail'd down in the dust,
 That fiery trampling falter'd in dull dread,
 That pale victorious steed Thee, Thee I saw,
 Visible as thou stand'st, with mastering —
 Drag down, and — his strong and baffled neck
 Full trod thy iron-sandal'd heel. The sight
 Was wine unto my soul, and I laugh'd out,
 And mock'd the ruinous Seraph in the clouds.

Yet stood he in the quiet of his wrath,
 Angelic Expectation, that awaits
 Calmly till God accomplish God's high will,
 Full on his brow. Then stoop'd the spear again,
 And lo, Seven Steeds, like that pale One, bestrode
 The patient Isle, and they that on them rode
 Wore diadem and regal pall ; then —
 To war against those royal riders fierce,
 From a round table, Knights in sunlike arms,
 Shields bossy with rich impress quaint, and fair
 Their coursers, as the fire-hoof'd steeds of Morn.
 To white-arm'd Ladies in a stately court
 Bards hymn'd the deeds of that fine chivalry,
 And their crown'd Captain's title mine ear,
 'Arthur of Bretagne.' — Years rolling on,
 Cloudy, discordant, and tempestuous years,
 For the sword reap'd the harvest of the land,
 And battle was the may-game of her sons,
 And lo, a Raven o'er the Eastern sea
 Swoop'd desolation on the Isle ; her wings

Blasted where'er they waved, the earth wept blood
 In her foul talons' gripe. But he that rode
 On the White Steed, the Sovereign of the Land
 (Patience, Avenger, patience !), fair was he
 That Sovereign, — the virgin's spring-tide dream,
 Holy — new-anointed Christian Priest,
 Valiant as warrior burnish'd for the fight,
 Fond and ecstatic — love-dreaming Bard,
 Solemn and wise as old Philosopher,
 Stately — king-born lion in the wood ;
 As he his fine face heavenward turn'd in prayer,
 The Angels bent down from their throning clouds,
 To wonder at that admirable King,
 Sky-wandering voices peal'd in transport out —
 'Alfred !' the baffled Raven cower'd aloof,
 The Isle look'd up to heaven in peace and joy.

Still stood he there, betwixt me and the sun,
 Th' Archangel ; not in sleep, — senselessness
 Absorb'd, but terrible inaction spread
 Over his innate menace. Oh, I strove,
 Yet dared not hope the dregs of wrath were drain'd,
 The mission of dismay fulfill'd and done ;
 Yet had those wings of fatal hue droop'd down
 In folded motionlessness, wreathy light
 Had crept and wound around that dusky spear,
 Silvering its perilous darkness. Dropt at —
 That tender light away ; at once those wings
 Started asunder, and spread wide and red
 The rain of desolation, thicker roll'd
 The pedestal of clouds whereon he stood,
 As to bear up the effort of his wrath.
 Again the Eastern Raven snuff'd our air,
 The frantic White Horse laved his hoofs in blood,
 Till from the Southern Continent sprung forth
 A Leopard, on the ocean shore he ramp'd.
 Woe to the White Horse, the Raven woe,
 Woe for the title of the Leopard Lord,
 The Conqueror ! and a Bell I heard, that sway'd
 Along the Isle, and froze it into peace
 With its majestic tyranny of sound.

But he, upon the air, th' Archangel, he,
 The — of whose eye from climes remote
 Beckon'd those grisly ministers of wrath,
 Northward he look'd, — northern ruin came.
 To th' East, there all — still. The South, nor shape
 Nor sound. The West, calm stretch'd th' unruffled —
 Ha ! thought I, earth hath now — ruin more,
 The — of havoc is extinct for us :
 Angel of wreck, away ! thy task is o'er ;
 Majestic Mischief, from our Isle away !
 He went not ; — an earthquake's second shock,
 With dreary longing watch'd I what might come ;
 Moments were years ; and lo, the Island's sons
 Nor Briton they, — Saxon, nor the stock
 Of those new-comers, but from each had flow'd
 — qualities of honour and renown,
 The foul dishonest dregs had fumed away,
 And the rich quintessence, unmix'd, unsoil'd,
 A harmony of energies sublime,
 Knit in that high-brow'd people. Courtesy,
 Death-scorning valour, Fame's immortal thirst,
 And honour inbreathed like the life of life.

Then rose that strong Archangel, and he smote
 The bosom of the land ; at once leap'd up
 That mighty people. Here a Snow-white Rose,
 And there a Red, with fatal blossoming,

And deadly fragrance, maddening all the land.
I heard, I saw—ah, impious sights and sounds!
Two war-cries in one tongue, two banner-rolls
Woven in one loom, two lances from one forge,
Two children from one womb in conflict met;
'Gainst brother brother's blood cried out to heaven,
And he that rent the vizor of his foe
Look'd through the shatter'd bars, and **■** his son.
Ha, Britain! in thine entrails dost thou flesh
Thy ravine! thy Baronial castles blaze
With firebrands from their hospitable hearths.

• Mercy, • I cried aloud, • thou Merciless!
Destroy **■** more, Destroyer! Prone I fell,
And hid mine aching eyes deep in the dust;
So from my rocking memory to shut out
Those **■** unnatural, Pass'd **■** sound at length
As of **■** Wild Boar hunted to his death:
I raised mine head, still there the Archangel stood;
Another pause, another gleam of hope;
But in that quiet interval me-seem'd
Trumpetings, as of victory from the sea,
Flow'd o'er the Isle, and glories beam'd abroad
From **■** triumphant throne, where sate elate
A Virgin: all around her Poets' harps
Strew'd flowers of amaranth blooming; and methought
Was joy and solemn welcoming in heaven
Of a pure incense, that from all the Isle
Soar'd to the unapproach'd throne of God.

• Then **■** I through the Isle **■** River broad
And full, and they that drank thereof look'd up
Like children dropt forth from **■** nobler world,
■ powerful that proud **■** work'd within,
Freshening the body and the soul: and each
Beauty array'd and **■** frank simple strength.
The river's name was Freedom: her fair tide
So pleasant thrall'd mine eye, I saw not rise
Th' Archangel's spear: th' earth's reeling woke me then,
For lo, upon a throne, **■** gallant Prince,
That with misguided sceptre strove to check
That powerful stream: whereat the rebel tide
Swell'd up with indignation, and aloof
Stood gathering its high-crested waves; down came
The deluge, that fair throne, and all its strong
Nobility of pillars, with **■** crash
Came to the earth, while they that drank rush'd out
Inebriate with **■** of that fierce stream,
And cast **■** bloody sacrifice, that head
Endiadem'd with royalty, to glut
The tide implacable. 'T is sad to hear,
Aye Samor, what was it to see! Brave Chief,
Cold winter leads the pleasant **■** on,
The night **■** darken **■** the morning dawn;
The **■** came, the morning dawn'd, I saw
The arch'd heavens open o'er the angelic shape,
And upward like **■** cloud he mingled in
To the sky's cloudiness. I cried aloud
'For ever!' the close settling in the heaven
Seem'd to reply 'For ever.' Not with him
Pass'd off my vision fair. Another throne
Stood by the venturous margin of that stream;
Then merriment, and loose-harp'd wantonness
Smoothed the late ruffled air; immodest tones,
To which fair forms in dancing motion swam:
They paused, then dark around that throne it seem'd,
Whereat those holy hymns that **■** had ceased
To float up in their airy-winged course,

■ faintness 'gan **■** tremble and break off;
That stream again upgather'd its waked wrath,
And foamy menace. When behold, **■** fleet
Came tilting o'er the ocean waves, and cast
A Lady and **■** Warrior on the shore,
And kingly crowns around their brows august
Out blossom'd; on the throne they took their seat,
Soar'd gladness on the wings of those pure hymns,
And the majestic stream in sunlight flow
And full rejoicing murmur, all its **■**
Wafted around the high and steady throne.

«Now listen with thy soul, not with thine ears:
Briton! beside that stream a Tree sprang out,
With ever-mounting height, and amplitude
Aye-spreading; deep in earth its gnarled **■**
Struck down, **■** though to strengthen this frail world:
Its crown amid the clouds seem'd soaring up
For calm above earth's tossing and rude stir,
And its broad branching spread **■** wide, its shade
Lay upon distant realms; one golden bright,
Close by the cradle of the infant sun,
And others in **■** western worlds remote;
And from that mystic river, Freedom, flow'd
A moisture like the sap of life, that fed
And fertilized the spacious Tree; the gales
Of **■** with **■** gorgeous freshness flush'd
The beauty of its foliage. Blossoms **■**
Were on it; holy deeds, that in the air
Of heaven delicious smelt, and fruits **■** earth
Shower'd from it, making its sad visage smile,
For life and hope and bliss **■** in their taste.
Amid the state of boughs twin Eagles hung
Their cyries, Victory and Renown, and swung
In rapturous sport with the tumultuous winds;
But birds obscene, Dishonour, Shame, Dismay,
Scared by the light of the bright leaves, aloof
Far wheel'd their sullen flight, nor dared to stoop.
I **■** the nations graft their wasted trunks
From those broad boughs of beauty and of strength,
And dip their drain'd urns in that sacred stream.
But in the deep peculiar shade there stood
■ Throne, an Altar, and a Senate-house.
Upon the throne a King sate, triple-crown'd
As by three kingdoms; voices eloquent
In harmony of discord fulmin'd forth
From that wise Senate: in swift intercourse
To and fro from heaven's crystal battlements
To that pure altar Angels stoop'd their flight.
And through the sunny boughs Philosophers
■ commerce with the skies, and drew from thence
The stars to suffer their **■** scrutiny;
And Poets **■** up through the bowery vault
Such lavish harmonies, the charm'd air seem'd
Forgetful of its twinkling motion dim.

• Oh, admirable Tree! thou shalt **■**
By foreign axe, **■** slow decay within!
The tempests strengthen thee, the **■** air
Corrupt not, but adorn. Until that tide,
Freedom, the Inexhaustible, exhaust,
Lives thy coeval Immortality.»

The Prophet ceased: still Samor on his face,
That in solemnity of firm appeal
Look'd heavenward, with **■** passionate belief
Gazed, and **■** glad abandonment. • Ha, Seer,
■ when thou beganst 't **■** noon of day,
And now deep night. Yea, Merlin, and by night

The Tamer of the White Steed ■ go forge
His iron curb.» Forth like a cataract
He burst, and bounded down the mountain side.
« Yet once again, tumultuous world, I plunge
Amid thy mad abyss; thou proud and fierce,
I come to break and tame thee! see ye not,
Wise Hengist! strong Caswallon! how the sand
■ under your high towering thrones, the worm
■ in your showy palms.»—And then ■ pause
Of tumult and proud trembling in his soul,
And, « False it ■ not, but ■ gleam vouchsafed
From the eternal orb of truth, the ■
That inbred and ingrain'd with my soul's life,
Hath made of Britain to this leaping heart
A sound not merely of deep love, but pride
Intense, and inborn majesty. I feel,
And from my earliest consciousness have felt,
That in the wide hereafter, where old Fate
Broods o'er the unravelling web of human things,
Woven by the Almighty, spreads thy tissue broad
In light, among the dark and mazy threads;
Vicissitude or mutability
Quench not its desolate lustre, on it winds
Unbroken, unattainted, unobscured.»—

So pass'd he: who had seen, him then had deem'd,
By the proud stood-like tossing of his crest,
His motion like the uncheck'd August sun
Travelling the cloudless vacancy of air,
A monarch for his summer pastime gone
Into the shady grove, with courtier train,
And plumed steed, and laden sumpter mule,
Cool canopy, and velvet carpeting.
But he beneath the sleety winter sky,
Even his hard arms bit into by the keen
And searching airs, houseless, by hazard found
His coarse irregular fare, his drink, the ice
Toilsomely broken from the stiff black pool.
The furr'd wolf in the mossy oaken trunk
Lapp'd himself from the beating snow, but ■
Went Samor with unshivering naked foot;
The tempest from the mountain side tore down
The pine, like a scathed trophy casting it
To moulder in the vale, but Samor's brow
Fronted the rude sky; the free torrent felt
The ice its rushing turbulence o'ergrow,
Translucent in its cold captivity
It hung, but Samor burst the invading frost
From the untamed waters of his soul, and flow'd
Fetterless on his deep unfathom'd course.

And thou, wild Deva, how hast thou foregone
Thy summer music, and thy sunny play
Of eddies whitening 'mid thy channel stones;
Bard-beloved river, on whose green-fringed brink
The fine imagining Grecian sure had feign'd
'Twixt thy smooth Naiads and the Sylvas rude
Of thy grey woods stolen amorous intercourse;
With such a slow reluctance thou delay'st
Under the dipping branches, that flap up
With every shifting motion of the wind
Thy limpid moisture, and with serpent coil
Dost seem as thou wouldst mingle with thyself
To wander o'er again the same loved course.
Now lies thy ice-bound bosom mute and flat
As marble pavement, thy o'ershadowing woods
One bare, brown leaflessness, that faintly drop

Like tears upon a monumental stone.
But though thy merry waters and brisk leaves
Are silent, with their close-couch'd birds of song,
Even in this blank dead ■ music loves
Thy banks, and sounds harmonious must be heard
Even o'er thy frozen waters. 'T ■ a hymn
From ■ low chapel by the river side,
Came struggling through the thick and hazy air,
And made ■ gushing as of tears flow o'er
The Wanderer's soul; the form winds could not bow,
Nor crazing tempests those soft sounds amate;
Those dewdrops of music melt into the frame
Of adamant, proof against the parching frost.

Under the porch he glided in, and knelt
Unnoticed in the throng: whose motion sway'd
The beasts of ravine, he before his God
Wore nought distinctive, ■ of those bruised reeds
Was he the ■ bruised, and deepest seem'd
The full devotion settling round his heart.
More musical than the music on that soul,
So long inured to things tumultuous, sights
Rugged and strange, and hurrying and distract,
Came the sensation of a face beloved.
The calm of that old reverend brow, the glow
Of its thin silver locks, was like a flash
Of sunlight in the pauses of a storm.
Now hath the white-stoled Bishop lifted up
His arms, his parting benison descends
Like summer rain upon his flock. Whose ear,
Oh, holy Germain, felt thy gentle tones
As Samor's? ah, when last thy saintly brow
For him look'd heavenward, and less tremulous then
Thy voice on him breathed blessing, 't was in times
Far brighter, at that jocund bridal hour
When Emeric, rosy between shame and joy,
Stood with him by the altar side:—« Thus live
In love till life's departure;—» Such thy prayer;
Ah, words how vain! sweet blessings unenjoy'd!

The throng hath parted; in the House of God
Still knelt the armed man; with pressure strong
He clasp'd old Germain's hand—« Good Bishop, thou
Art skill'd in balancing our earthly sins.
I ■ a man, whose high ambitious head
Was among God's bright stars; I deem'd of earth,
As of a place whose dust my feet shook off
With a heaven-gifted scorn, ■ far, ■ high
Seem'd I above its tainting elevate.
At midnight, on my slumber ■ the sin,
I will ■ say how exquisite and fair;
Mine eyelids sprung apart to drink it in,
My soul leap'd up to clasp it, and the folds
Of passion, like ■ fiery robe, wrapt in
My nature; I had fallen, but bounteous Heaven
Of its ■ blest permitted one t' extend
A snow-white ■ of rescue.»—« The hot tears
Corrode and fret the warrior's brazen helm;
I will ■ ask thee of thine outward eyes,
Hath thy soul wept?»—« Aye, bishop, tears of blood;
Sorrow and shame weigh'd down my nerveless arm,
And clipp'd th' aspiring plumage of my soul;
From out mine ■ heart scorn hiss'd at me.»—« Well,
Strong ■ of arms, hast fought the inward fight,
And God remit thy sins, as I remit.»—

« Then take thou ■ thine ■ thy ancient friend.»
So saying, uprose Samor, like a star

With the pure dew of penitence. But he,
The old man, fell upon his neck and wept,
As though th' endearing name, my Son, voiced
By nature, not by saintly use, a sound
Not of the lips, but th' overflowing heart.

Theirs a broken conference, drear thoughts
Of anguish, desolation, and despair,
So moulded up with recollections sweet,
They made the sunken visage smile through tears;
A few fair roses shed a brown heath,
A little honey in deep cups of gall:
Light bridal airs broke in upon by sounds
Funereal, shouts of triumph languishing
To the faint shriek of agony, direness forced
Into the fresh bowers of delight, and death,
Th' unjoyous, in the laughing feast of joy.

'T is th' poor luxury the wretched have,
To speak of wretchedness—yet brief their speech,
• Vengeance and vigilance, • the adieu
Even in that hoary Bishop's ear, he went.

But by the Bishop's side, just there where knelt
Th' Avenger, a new form: 't in garb,
But the thin fringing of the humid eye,
The delicate wanderings of the rosy veins,
The round full alabaster of the skin,
The briefness of the modest sliding step,
Something of womanly composure smooth,
Even in the close and girt habiliments,
 the stern appearance,—a Priest, with him
But now who parted, is my soul allied
 secret, close society; his faith
Must be my faith, God my God.—Fair youth,
I question not by what imperious tie
Of admiration or strong love thou 'rt led;
For as the Heavens with silent power intense
Draw upward the light mists and fogs of earth,
And steeping them in glory, hang them forth
Fresh, renovate, and radiant; virtue holds
The like attractive influence, her trains
Souls light and clayey-tinctured, till they catch
The fair contagion of her beauty, beam
With her imparted light. Hear, heathen youth,
Hear and believe.—As when beneath the nave
Tall arching, the Cathedral organ 'gins
Its prelude, lingeringly exquisite
Within retired the bashful sweetness dwells,
Anon like sunlight, or the floodgate rush
Of waters, bursts it forth, clear, solemn, full;
It breaks upon the mazy fretted roof,
It coils up round the clustering pillars tall,
It leaps into the cell-like chapels, strikes
Beneath the pavement sepulchres, once
The living temple is instinct, ablaze
With the uncontroll'd exuberance of sound.

Even with smoothing gentleness began
The mired Preacher, winning audience close:
Till rising up, the rapid argument
Soar'd to the Empyrean, linking earth
With heaven by golden chains of eloquence;
Till the mind, all its faculties and powers,
Lay floating, self-surrender'd in the deep
Of admiration. Wondrous 't see,
With the transitions of the Holy Creed,
The workings of that regular bright face:
Now ashy blank, glittering bright, now d

Now heavy with droop'd eyelids, open
With forehead arch'd in rapture; till at last
Ensued a gasping listening without breath.
But as the voice wound up the strain,
And from the heavenly history to enforce
The everlasting moral, 'gan extort
From the noviciate in the jealous faith
Passionless purity, and life sincere
From all the soft indulgences of sin;
Forbidden in the secret heart to shrine
A dear unlawful image, to reserve
A sad and sanctuary for desire:
Then stood in speechlessness, yet suppliant,
With snowy arms outstretch'd, and quivering loose,
The veiling mantle thrown in anguish back,
Confest the Woman: starting from their band,
Like golden o'er a marble bed,
Flow'd her long locks o'er her half-bare neck.

"To tell me that in such cold solemn tones,
All, all unwelcome, bitter as it is,
I must believe, for its oppressive truth
Loads on my soul, and he believes it all.
To tell it me here, here, where all around
Linger his vestiges, where the warm air
Yet hath the motion of his breath, the sound
Of his departing footsteps beating yet
Upon my heart. Long sought! and found in vain!
In sunshine have I sought thee and in shade,
O'er mountain have I track'd thee, and through vale,
The clouds have wrapp'd thee, but I lost thee not,
The torrents drown'd thy track, but not from me,
I dared thee, but I sought thee still;
To me forbid, alone to me, what all
The and things of nature may;
The airs of heaven may touch thee, I may not,
All human eyes behold thee—all but mine;
And thou, the senseless, enviable dust
Mayst cherish the round traces of his limbs,
His fresh fair image must away from me.
Oh, that I were the dust whereon thou treadst,
Even though I felt thee not!—And is this she,
The virgin of the festal hall, who
A kingdom for a smile, nor deign'd regard
Its winning, and who stoop'd to be a Queen?
And is this she, whose coming on the earth
Was like the Morn in her imperied car,
Loftiest or loveliest which, 't were bold to say?
She whose enamouring scorn fell luxury-like
On her beholders, who seem'd glad to shrink
Beneath the wreathed contempt of her full lip?
This she, the Lady of the summer bark,
To whom the sunshine and the airs, and all
Th' inconstant play'd the courtier smooth,
That a human feeling of delight
At her bewitching presence o'er the blind
Unconscious forms of nature? Is this she?
Those rich lips, for a monarch's banquet meet,
Visiting the dust with frantic kiss, thus low,
Thus desolate, thus fallen, of her fall
Careless, deep in shame, yet unashamed!

But thou, Heaven reconciled, on earth the seal'd,
The anointed by the prophet's gladdening oils,
God's instrument, hath midnight now resumed
Its spirit-wafting function? Emeric, she

As blood upon the pinion of a dove.
 In heaven hath she her heavenly qualities
 Unlearned? is she the angel now in all
 But its best part, forgiveness? Can it be
 Th' ungentle North, the bleak and snowy air
 Estrange her now? those elements of earth
 But tyrannize beneath the moon, the stars
 And spirits in their nature privileged
 From heat and cold, from fevering and from frost,
 Their pure and constant temperament maintain,
 Glide through the storm serene, and rosy
 Rove the frore winter air. Are sounds abroad,
 That Samor from his mossy pillow, stretch'd
 Under the oak, uplifts his head, and then
 Like one bliss-overcome, subsides again?
 Half sleep, half he lies, his nuptial hymn,
 Articulate each gay and dancing word,
 Distinct each delicate and dwelling fall,
 Is somewhere in the air about him; looks
 Are on him of a bashful eye, too fond
 To turn away, too timorous to fix
 And rest unwavering. All the marriage rite
 Is acting now anew; the sunlight falls
 Upon the gold-clasp'd book of prayer, as then
 It fell, and Germain speaks a Germain spake;
 And Emeric, her cheek the tear is there,
 Where then it hung in lucid trembling bright;
 The very fluttering of her yielded hand,
 When gliding up her finger small, the ring
 Made her his own for ever, throbs again
 Upon his sensitive touch. He dares not
 Lest he should break the lovely bubble frail;
 His tranced eyes stir not, lest they rove away
 From that delicious sight; his open hand
 Lies pulseless, lest the slightest change disturb
 That exquisite sensation: he lies,
 Knowing all false, yet feeling all true.

And it was false, yet why? that is indeed,
 Which is sense and sight. Ah, well becoms
 Us, the strong insects of an April morn,
 Steady and constant as the thistle's down
 When winds are on it, lasting as the flake
 Of spring on the warm and grassy ground,
 Well becoms us, ourselves, our forms, our lives,
 The earth we tread on, and the air we breathe,
 The light and glassy peopling of a dream,
 T' arraign our visions for their perishing,
 And on their unreality rail,
 Ungrateful to the illusion, that deceives
 To rapture, and unwise to cast away
 Sweet flowers because they are not amaranth.

Thou, Samor, nor ungrateful nor unwise,
 That, 'scaping from this cold and dark below,
 Dost spread thee out for thy peculiar joy
 A land of fair imaginings, with shapes,
 And sounds, and motions, and sweet stillnesses,
 Dost give up all the moon beholds to woe
 And tumult, but in some far quiet sphere
 Findest thyself a pure companionship
 With spirits thou didst love, and who loved thee
 While passionate and earthly sense was theirs.

BOOK IX.

Who tracks the ship along the sea of storms?
 Who through the dark haste of the wintry clouds
 Pierceth to where the planet in retired
 And constant motion the blue arch of heaven
 Traverseth? Sometimes on the mountain top
 Of a huge wave the reappearing bark
 Takes its high stand, with pennon fluttering far
 And cautious sail half furled, yet eminent
 As of th' assaulting element in disdain.
 Sometimes amid the darkness falling off,
 And scattering from its crystal sphere away,
 Bursts out the argent orb refresh'd, and shows
 Its lamp unquenchable. Thou voyager
 'Mid the rude waves of desolation, Star
 Of Britain's gloomy night, dost bafflest thou
 My swift poetic vision! now the waves
 Ride o'er thee, the clouds devour thee up,
 And thou art lost to sight, and dare I say
 Lost to thy immortality of song?
 Thee too anon I see emerging proud
 From the dusk billows of calamity,
 That swollen and haughty from the recent wreck
 Of thy compatriot navy, thee assail
 With their accumulated weight of surge.
 Thou topst some high-brow'd wave, and shaking off
 On either side their fury, brandishest
 Thy solitary banner. Thee I see,
 Within th' embosoming midnight of the land,
 On gliding with smooth motion undisturb'd,
 And through the glimpses of the breaking gloom,
 Sometimes a solemn beauty sheddest forth
 On the distemper'd face of human things.

Full in the centre of Caer Eborac¹ stood
 A temple, by the August Severus rear'd
 To Mavors the Implacable; what time
 That Cæsar stoop'd his eagles on the wreck
 Of British freedom, when the mountaineer,
 The King of Morven, if old songs be sooth,
 Fingal, from Carun's bloody flashing waves²
 Shook the fled Roman from his new-built wall;
 And Ossian woke up from his hill of dreams,
 And spread the glory of his song abroad,
 To halo round his sceptred Hero's head.

But not the less his work of pride pursued
 Th' imperial Roman; up the pillars rose,
 Slow lengthening out their long unbroken lines;
 In delicate solidity advanced,
 And stately grace toward the sky, till met
 By the light massiveness of roof, that sloped
 Down on their flowery capitals. Nor knew
 That man of purple and of diadem,
 The Universal Architect at work,
 Framing for him a narrow building dark,
 The grave's lone building. Th' emperor and his bones
 Into the blank of things forgot and past
 Had moulder'd, but this proud and 'during pile,
 By wild weeds overgrown, by yellow hues
 Of age deep tinted, still a triumph wrought
 O'er time, and Christian disregard, and stood
 As though to mock its Maker's perishing.

Upon the eastern pediment stood out

¹ York.

² Gibbon, ch. vi.

A fierce relief, where the tumultuous stone
 Was nobly touch'd into a fit device
 For th' immortal Homicide within: it show'd
 His coming ■ the earth; the God had burst
 The gates of Janus, that fell shattering back
 Behind him, from the wall the rearing steeds
 Sprung forth, and with their stony hoofs the air
 Insulted. Them Bellona urged, abroad
 Her snaky locks from her bare wrinkled brow
 Went scattering; forward the haggard charioteer
 Lean'd, following to the coursers' reeking flanks
 The furrowing scourge with all herself, and hung
 Over their backs half fury, and half joy,
 As though to listen ■ their bruising hoofs,
 That trampled the thick ■ Erect
 Behind, with shield drawn in and forward spear,
 The coned helm finely shaped ■ th' arching brow,
 The God stood up within the car, that seem'd
 To rush whenever the fleet wind swept by.
 His brow was glory, and his arm ■ power,
 And a smooth immortality of youth,
 Like freshness from Elysium newly left,
 Th' embalming of celestial airs inhaled,
 Touch'd with a beauty to be shudder'd ■
 His massy shape, ■ lightning-like fierce grace,
 That makes itself admired, whilst it destroys.

There on ■ throne, fronting the morning sun,
 Caswallon sat; his sceptre a bright sword
 Unsheathed; with savage art had he broke up
 His helmet to the likeness of a crown;
 Thereon uncouthly set and clustering bright
 Rich jewels glitter'd; ■ his people ranged
 Upon the steps of marble sloping down,
 Barbaric justice minist'ring he sat,
 Expounding the absolute law of his ■ will,
 And from the abject ■ his feet received
 Homage that seem'd like worship: not alone
 From his wild people, but from lips baptized,
 Came titles that might make the patient Heavens
 Burst to the utterance of a laughing scorn;
 Might wake up from the bosom of the grave,
 A bitter and compassionate contempt,
 To hear the inheritance of her dull worms,
 Named in his dauntless and unblushing style,
 ■ Unconquerable! Omnipotent! Supreme!—

But all along the rangid column files,
 And all abroad the turgid laudings spread,
 ■ Unconquerable! Omnipotent! Supreme!

Yet he, the Stranger, whom Prince Malwyn leads,
 ■ bows not, those hymn'd flatteries ■ jar
 Upon his sense, so high his head he bears
 Above them, like ■ constrain'd ■ walk
 Amid low tufts of poisonous herbs; he fronts
 The monarch, and thus 'gins his taunting strain:
 « Unconquerable! whose conquering is the wolf's
 That when the shifting battle rages yet,
 Steals to ■ desert corner of the field,
 And riots on the spoils. Omnipotent!
 Aye, as ■ passive weapon, wielded now,
 Now cast away contemptuous for the dust
 To canker and ■ rust around. Supreme!
 O'er whom is Ruin ■ its vulture wings,
 Scoffing the bubble whereupon thou ridest,
 And waiting Hengist's call to swoop and pierce
 And dissipate its swoln and airy pride.
 Whose diadem of glory, sword of power,

Yea, breath of life, at Hengist's wayward will,
 Cling ■ thee, ready at his beck to fade,
 And shiver and expire.»—« At Hengist's call!
 At Hengist's beck! ■ Hengist's!—the word choked.
 ■ eyes that dug into the Stranger's face,
 Yet so by wrath bewilder'd, they had lost
 Distinction, rose Caswallon. From the wall
 A lance he seized, huge as ■ pine-tree stem,
 That on Blencathara stands sheer 'gainst Heaven's
 storms:

Far o'er ■ heads ■ long and rapid flight
 ■ cut along the air, till almost fail'd
 The sight ■ track it to its ponderous fall.
 Then taking on his throne his quiet seat,
 « Back, back to Hengist, say my lance flies thus,
 Bid him o'ercast it, then come here again
 To ■ at Caswallon.»—« Soft and weak,
 (Pursued the unwondering Stranger) know'st thou not,
 There is a strength, that is not of the arm,
 Nor standeth in the muscles' sinewy play?
 It striketh, but its striking is unseen,
 ■ wieldeth, what it wieldeth seeming yet
 Sway'd by its own free motion. King, I say,
 Thou stepp'st not, speak'st not, but obedient still
 To Hengist's empire, thou 'rt ■ dog that hunts
 But ■ thy master slips thee on his game,
 A bridled steed that vaunteth ■ his own
 ■ rider's prowess.»—« Hah! I know thee now,
 Insolent outcast, Samor?»—« And I thee,
 Self-outcast, once ■ Briton—oh thou fall'n
 When most thou seem'st exalted, oh ■ base
 When ■ ennobled, a most pitiful slave
 When hearing thee most lordly! Briton once,
 Ay, every clod of earth that makes a part
 Of this isle's round, each leaf of every tree,
 And every wave of every streamlet brook,
 Should look upon thee with a mother's glance,
 And speak unto thee with a mother's voice.
 But thou, most impious and unnatural son,
 Hast sold thy mother to the shame and curse
 Of foreign lust, hast knit a league to rend
 And sever her, most proud if ■ torn limb
 Be cast thee for thy lot.»—Then ■ again
 Caswallon, from his brow the crown took off,
 And placing it in Samor's hand—« I read
 Thy purpose, and there's fire in 't, by my throne!
 Now, Samor, place that crown upon my head,
 Do me thy homage, kneeling, ■ thy king,
 And thou and I, we'll have ■ glorious tilt
 At these proud Saxons. Turn not off; may boys
 Gild their young javelins in Caswallon's blood,
 And women pluck ■ by the beard, ■ e'er
 On other terms I league with thee.»—The crown
 Samor received, and Samor look'd to heaven,
 And Samor bow'd his knee,—« Almighty God,
 If thine eternal thunderbolts are yet
 Unweary of their function dire, ■ earth
 Yet, yet have not exhausted and consumed
 Thy flame-wing'd armoury of wrath, ■
 Some signal and particular revenge
 For this man's head: so this ■ earth ■ learn,
 Ere doomsday, that the sin, whose ■ shape
 Doth ■ offend thy nice and sensitive sight,
 Is ■ bear arms against ■ native ■
 Make thou of him ■ monumental ruin,
 To publish in the ages long ■

That sometimes is thy red right hand uplift
Against the living guilty.—And to earth,
Upleaping, Samor dash'd the crown; the gems
Lay starry on the pavement white. On high
Caswallon the rear'd sword of justice swung,
Heavy with death, above th' Avenger's head.
But he—Caswallon, hold thine hand, here, here
Thy warrant for my safety, by thy
A poniard given, upon his heart to wreak
All evil done myself.—With bosom bare
Stood Malwyn by th' Avenger's side. But he
Viewing that downy skin empurpled o'er
With youth's light colouring, and his constant mien,
Cast down the dagger, and—Fall what fall may,
Excellent boy, my hand shall still be white
From blood of thine.—Like wild-boar in his rush
Baffled, or torrent-check'd, Caswallon paused—
«Now, Christian, where learnt thou the art to wrest
My vengeance from me? Go, go, I may strike
If the fit fire me.—By Andraate, boy,
Roy Malwyn, there's thy father in thy blood.
Ha! Samor, thou hast 'scaped now, erewhile
I'll make a footstool of thy neck, mount
On Britain's throne: alive dead, I'll have
A knee supple, and a front low
From thee, any of my milk-fed slaves:
Go, go.—And Malwyn led the Avenger forth
Along the dull and sleepy shore of Ouse,
Till all Caer Ebranc's sounds flagg'd on his ear,
And all its towers had dwindled from his sight.
Ere parting, Malwyn clasp'd his hand, and tears
Hung in his eyelids.—«Oh, thou know'st not yet
How Hengist sways my father's passive mind!
My sister, my sweet Lilian, she whose sight
Made mine eyes tremble, whom I've stolen to see,
Despite my father's stern command, asleep
With parted lips, and snowy breathing skin,
Scarcely knew she me, her brother; her knew I
So only that my spirit yearn'd mix
With hers in fondness, she, even she, the soft
The innocent, a wolf had loved her, she
Hath felt the drowning waters o'er her close,
Fair victim of a hellish sacrifice.»
After a troubled silence, spake the Chief:
«Malwyn, my Christian pupil, God will give
The loved on earth another meeting-place;
Adieu, remember, Vengeance, Vigilance.—
The spring had made an early effort faint,
T' encroach upon the Winter's ancient reign,
And she had lured forth from the glittering earth
The snowdrop and pale cowslip, th' elder tree
And hawthorn their green buds shot out, yet fear'd
T' entrust the rude air with their dainty folds,
A fresh green sparkled where the snow had been,
And here and there a bird on the bare spray
Warbled a timorous welcome, and the stream
Of Eamont, rejoicing be free,
Went laughing down its sunny silvering course.
The only wintry thing on Eamont's shore
Human; powerless the airs that touch
To breathing and to kindling the dead earth,
Powerless the dewy trembling of the sun,
To melt around the heart of Vortimer
The that flakes and curdles there—that bank,
That little bank of fair and cherish'd turf,
Whereon his head reclines, ah, doth not rest!

By its round swelling, likest a grave,
Save that 't were brief and narrow for all else
fairy, those slender watery shapes
That dance beneath the stream. Yet there the spring
Hath dropp'd her first, her tenderest bloom; the airs
Find the first flowery odours on that spot;
Cowslip is there and primrose faint and pale,
The daisy and the violet's blue eyes,
Peeping from out the shaking grass. The step
Samor wakens the pale slumberer there,
He lifts his lean hands up, and parts away
The matting hair from o'er his eyes, which look
As though the painful sunlight wilder'd them,
With stony stare that not. Save that lay
A shepherd's wallet by his side, had seem'd
That foot of man ne'er ventured here; all sounds
Were strange and foreign, the pendant
Swinging above with heavy knolling sound.
But Samor's presence made a sudden break
Upon his miserable flow of thought;
He motion'd first with bony arm, then spake.
«Away, away, thou 'rt fearful, thou 'lt disturb,
Away with thy arm'd head and iron heel,
She will not venture, while thy aspect fierce
Haunts hereabout, she cannot brook sound,
Nor any thing that's rude, and dark, and harsh,
Nor any voice, nor any look but mine;
She will come up, if thou linger'st here;
Hard and discourteous man, why seek to keep
My own, my buried from me! why prevent
The smiling intercourse of those that love!—
«Sad man, what mean'st thou?—Speak not, but be-
gone.
I tell thee, she's beneath, I laid her there,
And she'll come up to me, I know will,
Trembling and slender, soft and rosy le.
I know it, all things sound, all things smile,
As when she wout to meet me.—«Woeful youth,
The dead shall never rise but once.—«And why?
The primrose that was dead, I it shed
Its leaves, and now again 't is fresh and fair;
The swallow, fled gliding wing away,
Like a departing spirit, see it skims
The waters; the white dormouse, that went down
Into its cave, hath been abroad; the stream,
That silent, hark! its murmuring voice
Is round about Lilian too, the
The voices and the breathing things she loved,
Amid the sunshine and the springing joy
Will rise again.—«Kind Heaven, I should have known,
Though rust-embrown'd you breast-plate, and yon helm,
I should have known, though furrowy, sunk and wan
That face, though wreck'd and broken that tall form;
Prince Vortimer! in maiden or in child,
Fancies sick and wild had been sad,
But in a martial and renowned chief,
Might teach a trick of pity a fiend.
Oh, much abused! much injured, well, too well
that fell man the deed of evil wrought.—
«Man, man! then there is man, whose blood will flow,
Whose flesh will quiver under the keen steel,
Samor!—And up he leap'd, as though he flung
Like a dead load the dreamy madness off.
«Samor! thou tranquil soul! that walk'st abroad
With thy calm reason, and thy cloudless face
Unchangeable, as a cold midnight star:

Thou scarce wilt credit, I have found a joy
 In hurling down that glassy tide,
 And with an angry and quick-dashing foot,
 Breaking the senseless smoothness, that methought
 Smiled wickedly upon me, and rejoiced
 At its own guilt and my calamity.
 But oh, upon a thing that feels and bleeds,
 And shrieks and shudders, with avenging arm
 To spring! Where is 't and who? good Samor tell.—
 And Samor told the tale, and thus—« Brave youth,
 Not only from yon turf, up
 From Britain's every hill, and glen, and plain,
 Deep voices that invoke thee, Vortimer,
 To waken from thy woeful rest. Thy
 No selfish, close, and singular revenge
 Must nerve and freshen; in thy country's cause,
 Not in thy own, that fury must be wreak'd.»

His answer was the brandishing his sword,
 Which he had rent down from th' o'erhanging bough,
 And the infuriate riot of his eye.

« Oh, perilous your hazard, » still went
 Samor, « ye foes of freedom, ye take off
 Heaven's bonds from all fiercer part of man,
 Ye legalize forbidden thoughts, the thirst
 Of blood ye make a glory, give the hue
 Of honour and self-admiration proud
 To passions murky, dark, unreconciled:
 The and Pagan vengeance sanctify
 To a Christian virtue, and our prayers, that mount
 Unto the throne of God, though harshly toned
 With imprecations, take their flight uncheck'd.»

Vortimer upon the bank
 fallen: « Not long, spirit, oh long,
 Shall violets be wanting on thy grave! »—

Yet unaccompanied the Avenger past,—
 As though the wonted dark and solemn words,
 « Vengeance and Vigilance, » had fix'd him there,
 Prince Vortimer remains by Eamont side.

Samor! the cities hear thy lonely voice,
 Thy lonely tread is in the quiet vale,
 Thy lonely amid his deep trench'd camp,
 The Saxon hears upon crashing helm
 Breaking in thunder in death. But thee,
 Why see I thee by Severa side! what
 And indolent attraction wiles thee on,
 Even on this cold and gusty April day,
 To the sad desert of thy ancient home?
 Why mingle for thyself the wormwood cup?
 Why plunge into the fount of bitterness?
 Or why, with sad indulgence, pamper up,
 Wilful the moody sorrow, and relax
 Thy high-strung spirit? Oh, so near, no power,
 Hath he to pass from those old away,
 He must go visit every spot beloved,
 And think on joys, no more to be enjoy'd.

Ruin is there, but ruin slow and mild,
 The spider's wandering web is thin and grey
 On roof and wall, here clings the dusky bat,
 And, where his infants' voices used sound,
 The owl's sullen flutter and dull chirp
 Come o'er him; on his hospitable hearth
 The blind and slow beetle crawl their round.
 Yet is little, light, and trivial thing,
 Without its tender memory; first with kiss,
 Long and apparent sweet, the primrose bed

Then roves he every chamber; eye, and ear,
 And soul, all full of her, that is not there:
 Emeric haunts everywhere, there's not a door
 Her thin form hath not glided through, a stone
 Upon the chequer'd marble where her foot
 never glanced, a window whence her eyes
 Have gazed for him; the walls have heard
 Her voice; her touch, deathly cold, hath been
 Warm many things; there hangs, now,
 The lute, from whence those harmonies she drew,
 So sphere-like sweet, they seem'd to drop from heaven.
 There, where the fox starting out but now,
 There, circled with her infants, did she sit:
 And here the bridal couch, the couch of love,
 A little while, and then the bed of death.
 And lo that holy scroll of parchment, stamp'd
 With many a sentence of the word of God,
 Still open, Samor could not chuse but read
 In large and brilliant characters emblaz'd,
 The Preacher's « Vanity of vanities.»

How like is grief to pleasure I here stay
 One day, one night, to the eve sink down
 Into the water, with its wonted fall,
 'T is strange temptation—and to gather up
 Sad relics. And the visionary night!
 How will its airy forms come sliding down,
 Here, where is old familiar footing all,
 'T is strange temptation.—But the White-horse flag
 Past waving o'er his sight, at once he thought
 Of that seal'd day of destiny, when his foot
 Should trample on its neck, and burst away.

Oh secret traveller o'er a ruin'd land,
 Yet once more must I seek thee 'mid the drear,
 The desolate, the dead. On Ambri plain,
 On Murder's blasted place of pride. Might seem
 At distance 't was a favour'd meadow, bright
 With richer herbage than the moorland brown
 Around it, the luxurious woods look'd boon,
 And glanced their many-colours fleck'd with dew.
 Seen nearer, scatter'd all around appear'd
 Few relics of that sumptuous feast, the wrecks
 Of lifeless things, that gaily glitter'd still,
 While all the living had been dark so long.
 Fragments of banners, and pavilion shreds,
 Or broken goblet here and there, or ring,
 Or collar that day how proudly worn!

A stolen and hurried burying had there been;
 Here had the pious workman, disturb'd
 At his imperfect toil, left struggling out
 a hand, whose bleach'd bones seem'd yet to grasp
 The earth, so early, so untimely left.
 And here the gray flix of the wolf, here black
 Lay feathers of the obscene raven's wing,
 Showing, where they had marr'd the fruitless toil.
 And uncouth stones bore here and there a name,
 Haply the vaunted heritage of kings.

was a sad and stricken place; though day
 Was in the heaven, and the fresh grass look'd green,
 The light was wither'd, nor was silence there
 A soothing quiet; busy 't was, and chill
 And piercing, rather absence of strong sound,
 Than stillness, like the shivering interval
 Between the pauses of a passing bell.

Oh Britain! what a place confines
 Thy powerful and thy princely! that grey earth

Whose beauty — the rapture of thy maids,
 The treasure of thy mothers: and the brave,
 Whose constant valour was thy wall of strength:
 The wealthy, whose air-gilding palace towers
 Made thee — a realm of glory to detain
 The noon-day — in his career; thy wise,
 Whose grave and solemn argument controll'd
 Thy councils, and thy mighty, whose command
 Was law in thy strong cities. Beauty, wealth,
 Might, valour, wisdom, mingled and absorb'd
 In one cold similarity of dust,
 One layer of white and silent ashes all.
 The air breathes of mortality; abroad
 A spirit seems to hover, pouring in
 Dim thoughts of Doomsday to the soul; steal up
 Voiceless sensations of eternity
 From the blank earth. Oh, is it there beneath
 Th' invisible everlasting? or dispersed
 Among its immaterial kindred free,
 The elements? Oh man! man! fit compeer
 Of worms and angels, trodden under foot,
 Yet boundless by the infinite expanse
 Of ether! mouldering and immutable!

But thou, Avenger, in that quiet glebe,
 How many things are hid, once link'd to thee
 By ties — gentle than the coupling silk,
 That pairs two snowy doves! hands used to meet
 In brotherly embrace with thine, and hearts
 Wherein thy image dwelt, clear, changeless, full
 As the Spring moon upon a crystal lake:
 Faces in feast, in council, and in fight,
 That took their colouring from thine. And thou
 Alone art breathing, moving, speaking here,
 Amid the cold, the motionless, the mute!

Among that solemn multitude of graves
 One woman hath her dwelling: round and round
 She wanders with a foot that seems to fear
 That it is treading over — beloved.
 She seems to seek what she despairs to find.
 There's in her eye a wild inquiring roll,
 Yet th' eye is stony. Oft she stops to hear,
 Then, — in bitter disappointment, shakes
 Her loose hair, and again goes wandering on.
 She shriek'd at Samor's presence, and flung up
 Her arms, and in her shriek was laughter, — "Thou!
 What dost thou with that face above the earth,
 Thou shouldst be with the rest!" — "My friend's soft bride
 The dainty Evelene!" — "That's it, the name
 Wherewith the winds have mock'd me every morn,
 And every dusky eve—or was it then?
 Aye then it was, when I was wont to sleep
 On a soft bed, and when no rough winds blew
 About me, when I ever saw myself
 Drest glitt'ringly, and there was something else
 Then, which there is not now." — "Thy Elidure
 Sad houseless widow!" — "Hah! thou cunning man,
 'T was that, 't — that! and thou canst tell me too
 Where they have laid him—well thou canst, I know
 There's deep connexion 'twixt my grief and thee.
 Thou, thou art he that wakest sleepers up,
 And send'st them forth along the cold bare heath,
 To seek the dark and disappearing. There
 Sound howlings at the midnight bleak, and blasts
 Shivering and fierce. And there come peasant boors
 That bring the — bread, and weave the roof
 Above her, of the brown and rustling fern;

But never sounds the voice, or comes the shape
 She sought for. Oh, my wakings and my sleeps
 How exquisite they were! upon his breast
 I slept, and when I woke there smiled his face."

Even — the female pigeon to her nest,
 All ruffled by rude winds and discomposed,
 Returning, with full breast sits brooding down,
 And all sinks smooth around her and beneath:
 So when the image of departed joy
 Revisited the heart of that sad wife,
 Settled to peace its wayward and distraught,
 Sweetly she spake, and unconfusedly heard,
 Of him the low, the undistinguish'd laid,
 Of Samor's friend, her bridegroom, Elidure.
 And somewhat of her pale and tender bloom
 With a faint flourishing enliven'd up
 The wither'd and the sunken in her cheek;
 But when again alone, o'er heart and brain
 Flash'd back the wandering, recommenced the search
 Ever with broken questionings, and mute
 Lip-parted listenings, pauses at each grave,
 As though it were her right, where lay her lord,
 That some inherent consciousness should start
 Within her; though 't is nature's law, that one
 Cold undistinguish'd silence pallis the dead,
 Yet, yet 't is hard and cruel not to grant
 One low sound, even the likeness of a sound,
 To tell her where to lay her down and die.
 Sure there are spirits round her, yet all leagu'd
 To abuse and lead astray, and his, even his,
 Pitiless — the rest, with jealous care
 Concealing its felt presence. Ghostly night
 Wafts her — dusk intelligence; the day
 Shows nothing with its broad and glaring rays.

BOOK X.

But thou from North to South hast ranged the isle,
 From Skiddaw to the Cornwall sea-beat rocks,
 One icy face of desolation cold,
 One level sheet of sorrow and dismay,
 Avenger! thou hast traversed, hast but held
 Companionship with mourners and with slaves.
 Upon the northern rocks of Cornwall meet
 Th' Avenger and the Warrior; thus spake he:—
 "How name ye yon strong castle — the rock?"
 "Tintagel, the prince Gorlois' towers." — "And whose
 Yon soldiers cresting with their camp the shore,
 And yon embattled navy on the sea,
 Rounding their moony circle?" — "Mine?" — "And thou?"
 "Methinks, most solemn questioner, the helm
 Might well proclaim Pendragon." — "No, the front,
 Whereon that scaly blazon used — glow,
 Had ne'er been girding with unnatural siege
 A British castle, while all Britain lay
 In chains beneath the Stranger." — "What art thou,
 That bearest in thy high and taunting vein
 The Princes of the land?" — "A Prince!" — "Thus arm'd
 And thus attired!" — "Misjudging! must thou learn
 The actions — the raiment of the man?
 Better — my country in worn weeds
 And dinted arms like mine, than 'gainst her sons
 To lace a golden panoply. This rust,
 'T is Saxon blood, for thine, its only praise

Is its bright stainlessness. Look not, fierce Prince,
As from my veins its earliest spots should fall,
'T is Britain barbs the arrows that I speak,
And makes thy heart its mark.—« What man or more
Thus fires and freezes, angers and controls
With the majestic valour of his tongue,
The never yet controll'd, and bears the
Of Britain, like a shield before him, broad
And firm against my ripe and bursting wrath ?
Samor ! come, honour'd warrior, to my arms ;
Oh shame to see, and seeing not to know
The noblest of our isle.—« No arms may fold
Samor within them, but a Briton's ; thou
By this apostate war disownst the name,
And leaguest dark alliance with her foes.»

« Ah, then thou knowst not, in yon rock is mew'd
The crafty kite that hath my dove in thrall.
My dove, my bride, my sweet Igerna ; her
That Gorlois with his privy talon swoop'd,
The gentle, the defenceless, and looks down
From his air-swinging cyrie ■ my wrath,
That like the sea against that rooted rock,
Lashes and ■ in vain.»—« Thy bride !—« My bride,
By holy words in saintly chapel spoke,
And all before, the twilight meetings stolen,
Upon the shelly beach, when came my bark
Sliding with smooth oar through the soundless spray
From the Armoric shore, and vows so fond
The unfelt waters crept up round our feet ;
All after, rapturous union undisturb'd,
Her father's blessing on our bridal couch,
Promise of infant pledges, all o'erthrown,
All wither'd by that Gorlois, that low worm
I were too proud to tread on heretofore ;
He with ■ cold and antiquated plea
Of broken compact by the sire, away
Reft with ■ villain stealth th' ill-guarded gem,
And hoards it in his lone and trackless cave.»

« A darker and more precious theft has been :
This Britain hath been stolen, this fair isle,
This land of free-born Christian men become
The rapine of fierce Heathens. Uther, hear,
Hear, ■ of Constantine ! most dear the ties
Of wedlock earthly woven, yet seal'd by God ;
But those that link ■ to our native land
Are wrought out from th' eternal adamant
By the Almighty. Oh ! thy country's call
Loud with a thousand voices drowns the tone
Of sweet complaining even from wife beloved—
Forego the weaker, Uther, and obey
The stronger duty.—« Bloodless man and cold,
Or wrong I thee ; perchance the Saxon holds
Thy Emeric, and my claims must cede to thine,
Even as all beauties to that peerless star.»—

« Spare, Uther, spare thy taunting, she is safe ;
Briton or Saxon harm not her.»—« 'T is well,
Fair tidings !—but thy shuddering brow looks white.»
« There's a cold safety, Uther, with the dead,
There is where foes disturb ■ more, the grave.»
« Pardon me, friend—oh pardon—but my wife,
She too will seek that undisturbed place,
Ere yield to that pale craven's love ; if false
She dare not live, and yet, oh yet she lives !»

Uprose the Avenger, and his way he took
To where the rock broke off abrupt and sheer.
Before him yawn'd the chasm, whose depth of gloom

Sever'd the island Castle from the shore :
The ■ waves, ■ though but newly rent
That ■ channel, tumbled to and fro,
Rush'd and recoil'd, and sullenly sent up
An everlasting roar, deep echoed out
From th' underworking caverns ; the white gulls
Were wandering in the dusk abyss, and shone
Faint sunlight here and there on the moist slate.
The Castle drawbridge hung aloof, arm'd men
Paced the stern ramparts, javelins look'd out,
From embrasure and loop-hole arbalist
And bowstring loaded lay with weight of shaft
Menacing. On the dizzy brink stood up
Th' Avenger, like a Seraph when absolved
His earthly mission, on some sunny peak
He ■ the gathering cloud, whereon he went
To charioteer along the azure space ;
In vain he waits not, under his plumed feet,
And round about his spreading wings it floats,
And sails off proudly with its heavenly freight.
Even thus at Samor's call down heavy fell
The drawbridge, o'er the abyss th' Avenger springs ;
Tintagel's huge portcullis groaning up
Its groves gives way ; then up the jeal ■ bridge
Behind him leaps, the gate falls clashing down.

Half wonder, and half fear, Pendragon shook
The terrors of his crest, and gasping stood,
As when a hunter is gone in to brave
The bear within his shaggy den, down peers
His fellow through the dusk, and fears to see
What his keen eyes strain after. But elate
Appear'd upon the rampart that tall Chief,
Seeming ■ th' outpour'd garrison to cast
Words potent as the fabled Wizard's oils,
With the terrific smoothness of their fire
Wide sheeting the hush'd ocean ; th' arbalist
Discharged its unaim'd bolt, the arrow fell
From the slack bowstring ; careless of his charge,
The watchman from his turret lean'd, o'er all
Bright'ning and stilling the high language spread,
Giving a cast of pride to vulgar brows,
Shedding o'er stupor and thick-breathing awe
A solemn hue of glory : far it spread
Beyond the sphere of sound, th' indignant brow,
The stately waving of the arm discoursed,
Flow'd argument from every comely limb,
And the whole man was eloquence. From cliff,
From bark gazed Uther's soldiery, one voice
Held in suspense the wild and busy war,
And on the motion of his lips the fate
Of two strong armies hung. Anon the gate
Flew up, the bridge lay shuddering o'er the chasm.

Forth Samor comes, a Lady by his side,
And Gorlois in the garb of peace behind.
Tremblingly she came gliding on, and smooth,
As the west wind o'er beds of flowers, a child
Was with her : the cool freshness of the air
Seem'd o'er her marble cheek a flush unused
To breathe, and human faces o'er her threw
A modest, faint disturbance. Uther rush'd
To meet her, ■ he came her failing frame
Seem'd ■ it sought some breast to sink upon,
Though feebly resolute, that none but his
Should be the chosen resting-place. But he
Severe withheld her.—« Can the snowdrop bloom
Untainted ■ the hewnlock bank, near thee,

Igern, long hath trail'd a venomous plant,
 Hast thou the sullied influence 'scaped?—She
 To work displeasure to her brow, the joy,
 The fondness would not give it place: she held
 Her boy on high, she pointed from the lines
 Of his soft face to Uther's, with appeal
 Half rapture, half reproach, and cast herself
 With timid boldness on her rightful couch,
 Her husband's bosom, that received her in,
 Even as the opening clouds an angel home
 Returning. But the joyous boy relax'd
 His features to a beautiful delight;
 To the fierce Dragon on his father's helm
 Lifting his sportive hand, and smoothing down
 The horrent scales, and looking with glad eye
 Into the fiery hollow of his jaws.

Mute lay the armies, the pale Gorlois wrought
 His features to a politic joy, alone
 Stood Samor and aloof, he stood in tears.
 Samor, amid the plain of buried men
 Tearless, and in his deserted home,
 In tears unveil'd before the assembled camp;
 It was like a meeting after death,
 That union of the husband and the wife,
 So ghostly, so unearthly. Thus shall meet
 The disembodied, Emeric and himself,
 Not with rude rocks their footing, the cold air
 And cloudy sunshine of this world around.
 But all of life must intervene, and all
 The long dark grave mysterious: yet even here
 It was a sweet impossibility,
 Wherewith at times his soul mad dalliance held,
 An earthly, bodily, sensible caress,
 Even long and rapturous, as that hanging now
 On Uther's neck from soft Igerna's arms.

Upon the silence burst a voice that cried
 « Arthur, » whereat the child his sport broke off
 With that embossed serpent, and stretch'd out
 His arms, where, on the fragment of a rock,
 Stood Merlin. « Arthur, hail! hail, fatal Boy,
 Bright arrow from the bow of Destiny,
 Go forth upon thy fiery course! the steeds
 Are in the meadows that shall bear thee forth,
 Thee and thy barded chivalry! the spears
 Are forged wherewith in tourney and in fight
 Ye shall o'erbear the vaunting Saxon! shields
 Are stamping with your bright devices bold;
 And Bards are leaning on their high-strung harps,
 Awaiting thee, to flower out in their boon
 And ripe fertility of song. Go forth,
 Strong reaper in the harvest of renown,
 Arthur! the everlasting Lord of Fate
 Hath summon'd thee to thy immortal race!»

The infant clapp'd his hands, Pendragon flung
 Aloft his scaly bickering crest, her child
 Igerna folded to her heart, and wept.
 And forward leap'd the Avenger to salute
 Snowdon's dark Prophet, Merlin was not there.

Good fortune on good fortune followeth fast;
 Tidings come rapid of a Breton fleet
 Seen on the southern shore; the chiefs are past
 To where the Archangel's Mount o'erlooks the sea.

Oh go not to thy couch, thou bright hair'd Sun!
 Though Ocean spread its welcoming breast, yet pause
 'Mid that ethereal architecture wrought
 Around thee by thine own creative light.

How broad the over-vaulting palace arch
 Spreads up the heavens with amethyst ceil'd, and hung
 With an enwoven tapestry of flame,
 Waved over by long banner, and emblazed,
 Like hall of old barbaric Potentate,
 With scutcheon and with shield, that now unfold,
 Now in their cloudy texture shift; and paved
 With watery mosaic rich, the waves
 Quick glancing, like a floating surface, laid
 With porphyry and crystal interwrought.
 There's yet a sight, O Sun! to check awhile
 Thy setting; lo, the failing breezes lift
 The white wings of that fair Armoric fleet
 To catch the level lines of light; the oars
 Flash up the spray, that purples as it falls:
 While, wearing one by one, their armed freight
 They cast out on the surfy beach. The Kings,
 King Emrys and Armoric Hoel meet
 Pendragon, Samor, and their band of chiefs.

There meet they on the land's extremest verge
 To conquer, to deliver, few, but strong,
 Strong in the sinews of the soul; as rose
 The giant wrestler from his mother's breast,
 Earth-born Anteus, his huge limbs refresh'd
 For the Herculean combat, so shall ye,
 Kings, Chiefs, and Warriors, from your native soil
 Draw to the immortal faculties of mind
 A springtide everlasting and unchanged.
 The armour of a holy cause outshines
 The iron or the knop'd brass, and hopes
 And memories in the home-returning brave
 Crowding from every speck of sacred earth,
 Outplead the trumpet's wakening blast, till leaps
 Vengeance to Glory's vanguard post, and leads
 The onset, and looks proudly down to
 The red blood deepening round her laying feet.

Alas, that in your harvest of high thoughts,
 Thick set with golden promise of renown,
 The poppy seeds of envy and distrust
 Should take their baleful root. Slow winds along
 Gorlois, the sower of that noxious crop,
 Scattering it in with careless toil; now stands
 By royal Emrys' side, now mines beneath
 Pendragon's towery soul, now sadly warns
 With cautious words and dark speech broken off,
 Hoel, the crown'd Armorican; his looks
 Belying his feign'd confidence of speech,
 But half surmising fear, and killing hope
 By his cold care of keeping it alive.

Not that I love not, whom all love, admire
 On whom the admiration of all hearts
 Falls with such free profusion, 't is no shame
 For us mean lamps before great Samor's light
 To wane and glimmer in our faint eclipse.
 Yet whence this fettering of all eyes and hearts?
 This stern unsocial solitude of fame?
 True, from that fatal banquet 'scaped he, true,
 Undaunted hath he roved the isle, nor doubt
 For high purpose, that 't were rash for us
 To search out with our dim and misty sight;
 Nor think, King Emrys, I thy crown assert
 Unstably set upon thy royal brow,
 But there's a dazzling in its jewel'd round
 Might tempt a less self-mastering grasp. Who holds
 The souls of men in thralldom with his tongue,
 Makes bridges grow before him, stony walls

Break up to give him way,—I speak not now
In vengeance of Tintagel, 't was ■ deed
Most worth my richest praise, that made ■ friend
To brave Pendragon. But ambition wreck'd
The angels, and the climbing soul of man
Hath sinn'd for meaner gain than Britain's throne. —

So one by one he wound his serpent coil
Around the Chieftains' souls; and inly breathed
The creeping venom. But Pendragon's heart,
Too fiery or too noble to suspect,
In Samor's teeth flung fierce th' oppressive doubt,
Th' Avenger's tranquil smile was like the change
Of aspect in ■ green and lofty tree,
Touch'd by the wings of some faint breeze, nor shakes
The massy foliage, nor is quite at rest,
While languidly the undisturbing air
Falls away and expires. — Will Emrys hold
At midnight on St Michael's Mount his pomp
Of Coronation? Samor will be there. —
At midnight! — Aye, the fires will gaily blaze,
The silent air is meet for solemn oaths. —
The night is starless, soft and still, the heavens
O'erwoven with a thin and rayless mist;
A long low heavy sound of breaking surge
Roams down the shore, and ■ and then the woods
Flutter and bend with one short rush of wind.
The tide hath risen o'er the stony belt,
That to the mainland links the Mount: where meet
Even now the Chieftains, ocean all around,
On every side the white and moaning waves.
On the bare summit, 'neath the cope of heaven,
The conclave stands, bare, save a lofty pile
Of wood compacted like funeral pyre
Of a departed hero in old time
On ■ Aegean promontory rear'd,
Or by the Black inhospitable Sea.

The crown is on king Emrys's head, his hair
■ redolent with the anointing oil.
Hail, King of Britain! — Samor cried, and Hail!
Replied that band of heroes; Hail! the shores
Echoed, from bark and tent came pealing up
The universal Hail, the ocean waves
Broke in with their hoarse murmur of applause.

Air, earth, and waters, ye have play'd your part,
There 's yet another element, — cried aloud
Samor, and in the pyre he cast ■ brand.
A moment, and uprush'd the giant fire,
Piercing the dim heavens with its blazing brow,
And ■ the still air shaking its red locks.
There by its side the Vassals and their King,
Motionless ■ their shadows huge and dun,
Show'd like destroying Angels, round enwrap'd
In their careering pomp of flame; far flash'd
The yellow midnight day o'er shore and sea:
The waves now ruddy heaved, now darkly plunged,
Upon the rocks, within the wavering light
Strong featured faces fierce, and hard-lined forms
Broke out and disappear'd; the anchor'd fleet
Were laying their brown sides in rainbow spray.
No sound was heard, but the devouring flame,
And the thick plashing waters. — « Keep your faith,
(Cried Samor) ye eternal hills, and ye
Heaven-neighbouring mountains! — Eastward far ■
Another fire rose furious up, behind
Another and another: all the hills
Each behind each held up its crest of flame;

Along the heavens the bright and crimson hue
Widening and deepening travels on: the range
O'erleaps black Tamar, by whose ebon tide
Cornwall is bounded, and on Heytor rock,
Above the stony moorish source of Dart,
It waves a sanguine standard; Haldon burns,
And the red City ' glows a deeper hue;
And all the southern rocks, the moorland downs
In those portentous characters of flame
Discourse, and bear the glaring legend on,
Even to the graves on Ambri plain, where woke
That pallid ■, and rejoiced, and deem'd
'T was sent ■ guide her to the tomb she sought.
Fast flash they up, those altars of revenge,
As the snake-tress'd Sister torch-bearers,
Th' Eumenides, from the Tartarian depths
Were leaping ■ from hill to hill, on each
Leaving the tracks of their flame-dropping feet.
Or as the souls of the dead fathers, wrapt
In bright meteorous grave-clothes, had arisen,
And each sat crowning his accustom'd hill,
Silent and radiant: ■ as th' isle devote
Had wrought down by her bold and frequent guilt
Th' Almighty's lightning shafts, now numberless
Forth raining from the lurid reeking clouds,
And smiting all the heights. On spreads the train,
Northward it breaks upon the Quantock ridge,
It reddens on the Mendip forests dark,
It looks into the cavern'd Cheddar cliffs,
The boatman ■ the Severn mouth awakes
And sees the waters rippling round his keel
In spots and streaks of purple light, each shore
Ablaze with all its answering hills; the streams
Run glittering down Plinlimmon's side, though thick
And moonless the ■ night: and Idris stands
Like Stromboli or Ætna, where 't was feign'd
E'er at their flashing furnace wrought the Sons
Of Vulcan, forging with eternal toil
Jove's never idle thunderbolts. And thou,
Snowdon, the king of mountains, art not dark
Amid thy vassal brethren gleaming bright.
Is it to welcome thy returning Seer,
That thus above thy clouds, above thy snows
Thou wearst that wreathed diadem of fire,
As to outshine the pale and winking stars?
O'er Menai's waters blue the gleaming spreads,
The Bard in Mona's secret grove beholds
A glitter ■ his harp-strings, and looks out
Upon the kindling cliffs of Penmanmawr.
Is it a pile of martyrdom above
Clwyd's green vale? beside the embers bright
Stands holy Germain, as a Saint new come
From the pure mansions of beatitude,
The centre of a glory, that spreads round
Its film of thin pellucid gold. Nor there
Pauses the restless Messenger, still on
Vaults it from rock to rock, from peak to peak.
Far ■ it shimmer'd on Caer Ebranc wall,
And Malwyn blew a bugle blast for joy.
The ■ uprising sees the dusk night fled
Already from tall Pendle, and the height
Of Ingleborough, sees Helvellyn cast
A meteor splendour on the mountain lakes,
Like mirrors of the liquid molten brass.

Caer ruth, Exeter.

The brightest and the broadest and the last,
There flares the beacon glare, and in the midst
Dashing the ruddy sparkles to and fro
With the black remnant of a pine-tree stem,
Stands arm'd from head to foot Prince Vortimer.

BOOK XI.

MIGHTY in thy endurance, in revenge
Mightier! thou shakest thy dusky patience off,
O Britain! as a snake its wither'd skin,
That boastful to the sunshine coils and spreads
In bright and cruel beauty. Not in vain
Have those wild beacons rear'd their fires, thou wakest,
The slumber falls from thee, as dewdrops shed
From the morn-kindling falcon's wing. On hill,
In vale, in forest and in moor, in field
And city, like the free and common air,
Like the wide-spreading golden hue of dawn,
Ranges the boundless passion uncontroll'd.
The « Vigilance, » hath drop'd absorb'd away
From the fierce war-cry, one portending word
« Vengeance, » rides lonely upon all the winds.

Alas, delicious Spring! God sends thee down
To breathe upon his cold and perish'd works
Beauteous revival; earth should welcome thee,
Thee and the West wind, thy smooth paramour,
With the soft laughter of her flowery meads,
Her joys, her melodies. The prancing stag
Flutters the shivering fern, the steel shakes out
■s mane, the dewy herbage silver-webb'd
With frank step trampling; the wild goat looks down
From his empurpling bed of heath, where break
The waters deep and blue with crystal gleams
Of their quick-leaping people: the fresh lark
Is in the morning sky, the nightingale
Tunes evensong ■ the dropping waterfall.
Création lives with loveliness, all melts
And trembles into ■ mild harmony.
Man, only harsh and inharmonious Man,
Strews for thy delicate feet the battle field,
Makes all thy smooth and flowing airs to jar
With his hoarse trumpetings, scares thy sweet light
With gleams of violent and angry brass.

Away! it is ■ yearly common joy,
A rapture that ne'er fails the solemn Sun
In his eternal round, the blossoming
And fragrance of the green resolving earth.
But a fresh springtide in the human soul,
A nation from its wintry trance set loose,
The hursting ice of servitude, the bloom
Of freedom in the wither'd mind obscure,
The bleakness of the heart discomfited,
And over the bow'd shape and darkling brow
The flowering out of faded glories, sounds
Of cheering and of comfort to the rent
And broken by the tyrannous northern blast,
These are earth's rich adornings, these the choice
Of nature's bounteous and inspiring shows.
Therefore the young Sun with his prime of light
Shall beam on ensigns; the blithe airs shall waft
Jocund the lofty pealing battle words;
And not unwelcome, fierce crests intercept
The spring-dews from the thirsty soil; the brass

For vestment the admiring earth shall wear
More proud than all her flowery robe of green.

In all the isle was flat subjection tame,
In all the isle, hath Freedom rear'd her, plumed
With terror, sandal'd with relentlessness:
Her march like brazen chariots, or the tramp
Of horsemen in a rocky glen; and clouds
Of javelins in her front, and in her rear
Dead men in grisly heaps, dead Saxons strown
Upon ■ their trampled White Horse banners: then
Her fury bath no time to scorn, no pause
To look back on her deathful deeds achieved,
While aught remains before her ■ achieve.
Distract amid the wide spread feast of blood,
The wandering raven knows not where to feed,
And the gorged vulture droops his wing and sleeps.

War hath the garb of holiness, bear proof,
Thou vale of Clwyd, ■ our cold late days,
By the embalming of tradition named,
Maes Garmon, of that saintly Bishop. He
His grey thin locks unshaken, his slow port
Calm as he trod a chapel's rush-strewn floor,
Comes foremost of his Christian mountaineers,
Against th' embattled Pagans' fierce array.
By the green margin of the stream, the band
Of Arnggrim glitter in the morning light.
Their shadowy lances line the marble stream
With long and level rules of trembling shade;
The sunshine falling in between in streaks
Of brightness. They th' unwonted show of war
Behold slow winding down the wooded hill.

« Now by our Gods, » cried Arnggrim, « discontent
To scare our midnight with their insolent fires,
They break upon our calm and peaceful day. »
But silent ■ the travel of the clouds
At breathless twilight, or a flock that winds,
Dappling the brown cliff with its snowy specks,
Foldward along the evening dews, ■ bell
Now and then tinkling, faintly shrill, come on
Outspreading on the meadow the stern band
Of Britons with their mitred Captain; front
Opposed to front they stand, and spear to spear.
Then Germain clasp'd his hands and look'd to heaven,
Then Germain in a deep and solemn tone
Cried « Alleluia! » answer was flung back:
From cliff and cavern, « Alleluia, » burst;
■ seem'd strong voices broke the bosom'd earth,
Dropt voices from the clouds, and in the rush
Of waters was a human clamour, far
Swept over all things in its boundless range
The scattering and discomfiting appeal:
'T was shaken from the shivering forest leaves,
Ceaseless and countless, lifeless living things
Multiplied, « Alleluia, » all the air;
Was that ■ word, all sounds became that sound,
As the broad lightning swallows up all lights,
All quench'd in ■ blue universal glare.

On rush'd the Britons, but 'gainst flying foes,
Quick smote the Britons, but no breast-plate clove
Before them, then the ignominious death
First through the back found way to Saxon hearts.

Oh, Suevian forests! Clwyd's vale beholds
What ye have never witness'd, Arnggrim's flight—
Fleet huntsman, thou art ■ the deer, the herd,

Whereof thou wert the prime and lofty horn'd,
 Are falling fast around thee, th' unleash'd dogs
 Of havoc on their reeking flanks and thee,
 The herdsman of the meek and peaceful goats,
 Thee, the soft tuner of the reedy flute
 Beside Nantfrangon's stony cataract,
 Mordrin pursues. So strong that battle word
 Its holy transmutation and austere
 Works in the soul of man, the spirit sheathes
 In the thrice folding brass of valour, swells
 The thin and lazy blood t' a current fierce
 And torrent like, and in the breast crewhile
 But open to the tremulous melting airs
 Of passions gentle and affections smooth,
 Plants armed hopes and eagle-wing'd desires.
 Therefore that youth his downy hand hath wreathed
 In the strong Suevian's knotted locks, drawn up
 Like a wrought helm of chon; therefore fix
 His eyes, more used to swim in languid light,
 With an implacable and constant stare
 Down on the face of Arngrim, backward drawn,
 As he its writhing agony enjoy'd;
 And therefore he, whose wont it was to bear
 The many sparkling crystal, or the cup
 Of dripping water lily from the spring
 To the blithe maiden of his love, now shakes
 A gory and dis sever'd head aloft,
 And bounds in wild ovation down the vale.

But in that dire and beacon-haunted night
 King Vortigern his wonted seat had ta'en
 Upon Caermerddhyn's topmost palace tower.
 There, the best privilege of greatness fall'n,
 He saw not, nor was seen: there wrapt in gloom,
 'T was his soul's treasured luxury and choice joy
 To frame out of himself and his drear state,
 Dark comfortable likenesses, and full
 And frequent throng'd they this wild midnight.
 All cloudy and indistinct lay round; the sole
 Dull glimmering like to light was what remain'd
 Of day, just not so utterly extinct
 And quench'd ■ yet to show splendour had been,
 And ■ not; the dusk simile of himself
 Delighted, royal once, now with a mock
 And mimic of his lustre haunted. Why,
 Why should not human glory wane, since clouds
 Put out the immortal planets in the sky?
 Why should not crowns have seasons, since the ■
 Hath but her hour to queen it in the heavens?
 Why should not high and climbing souls be lost
 In the benighting shroud of the world's gloom?
 Lo, one inglorious, undistinguish'd night
 Gathers the ancient mountains in its train,
 While e'er the dunest and most turbulent clouds
 Thicken upon the stateliest; but beneath
 The lowly and contented waters lie
 Asleep upon their weedy banks, yet they
 Have all the faint blue brightness that remains.
 Then moodier the fantastic humour grown,
 Stoop'd upon mean and trivial things, them too
 Wrought to his wayward misanthropic scope.
 Amid the swaying and disturbed air
 The rooks hung murmuring on the oak-tree tops,
 As plaining their uneasy loftiness.
 While, solitary as himself, the owl
 Sate calling on its deaf and wandering mate.
 Him at that sound seized merriment, that made

The lip drop, the brow writhe, "Howl on," he cried,
 "Howl for thy dusky paramour,"—and turn'd
 To where Rowena's chamber casements stood,
 Void, silent, dark of their once-brilliant lights.

Sudden around 'gan spire the mountain tops
 Each with its interwisted sheaf of flame,
 South, North and East and West, fire everywhere,
 Everywhere flashing and tumultuous light.
 Then gazed the unking'd, then cried out the fallen,
 "Now, by my soul, when comets gaze on kings
 Even from the far and vaulting heavens, 't is faith
 There's hollowness beneath their tottering thrones;
 But when they flash upon our earth, and stare
 Close in our faces, 't is ripe time and full
 For palaces to quake and royal tombs
 To ope their wide and all-receiving jaws.
 What is 't to me? ye menace at the Great!
 Ye stoop not to be dangerous and dread,
 Oh haughty and mysterious lights! to thrones
 Low and despised like mine; in earlier days
 Vortigern would have quail'd, he mocks you now.
 Ye are not of the heavens, I know, I see,
 Discomfitures of darkness, Conquerors
 Of midnight, ye are of the earth. Why stands
 Caermerddhyn and the realm of Dyfed black
 Amid this restless multitude of flame?
 'T is not for idle or for fruitless show
 That with such splendid violation Man
 Infringeth on stern nature's laws, and rends
 From night her consecrate and ancient pall!
 Samor, thy hand is there! and Vortigern
 Hath not yet learnt the patience cold and tame
 To be outblazed and stifled thus."—Down past
 The Monarch from his seat; few minutes fled,
 And lo, within that Palace all look'd red,
 And hurried with a deep confusing glare:
 And over it a vaulting dome of smoke
 Surging arose and vast, till roaring out
 Columns of mounting fire sprung up, and all
 Whelm'd in one broad envelopment of flame,
 Stood; as when in heroic Pagan song
 Apollo to his Clarian temple came;
 At once the present Godhead kindled all
 Th' elaborate architecture, glory-wreathed
 The pillars rose, the sculptured architrave
 Swam in the liquid gold, the worshipper
 Within the vestibule of marble pure,
 Held up his hand before his blinded eyes,
 And so adored: but th' unconsuming fire
 Innocuous ranged th' unparching edifice.
 But ne'er was Palace or was Monarch seen
 More in that City, one a smouldering heap
 Lay in its ashes white; how went the King
 And whither, no one knew, but He who knows
 All things. 'T was frequent in the vulgar tale,
 None saw it, yet all knew them well that saw,
 At midnight manifest a huge arm came
 Forth from the welkin; once it waved and twice,
 And then it ■ not: but a bolt thrice fork'd,
 Each fork a spike of flame, hurst on the roof,
 And all became a fire, and all fell down
 And smoulder'd, even as now the shapeless walls
 Lie in scorch'd heaps and black. At that ■ hour
 A dark steed and a darker rider past.

With speed bemocking mortal steed, or man,
Down the steep hill precipitous: 't was like
In shape and hue black Favorin, on whose back
King Vortigern was wont ■ ride abroad;
Like, surely not the same, for fire came out
From under his quick hoofs, and in his breath,
And sulphurous the blasted foot-tracks smelt,
Some dinted deep in the hard rock, some sear'd
On meadow grass, where never since have dew
Lain glittering, never the fresh verdure sprung.

Now is the whole Isle war. But I must crave
Pardon from those in meaner conflict slain,
Or conquerors; Poësy's fair treasure-house
Contains not all the bright and rich, that gem
The course of humankind; in heaven alone
Preserves enroll'd th' imperishable brass,
In letters deep of amaranthine light,
All martyrs to their country and their God.

Oh that my spirit, holding the broad glass
Of its invention, might at once condense
All rays of glory from the kindling Isle
Full emanating, ■ of old 't is famed
The philosophic Syracusan caught
The wide diverging sunbeams, by the force
Of mind creating to himself a right
And property in nature's common gifts,
And domineering the free elements.
He that heaven-seized artillery pour'd forth
To sear the high beaks of the 'sieging fleet,
That burnt, unknowing whence, 'mid the wet waves.
So I the fine immortal light would pour
Abroad, in the long after-time to beam
A consecrate and vestal fire, to guide
Through danger's precipices wild, the slopes
Sleepy and smooth of luxury and false bliss,
All lovers of their country. They my song
Embosoming within their heart of heart,
Like mine own Samor should bear on, too strong
To perish, and too haughty to despair.
They happier, he uprearing on the sand
A Pharos, steady for ■ while to stem
The fierce assaulting waves, in after times
To fall; they building for eternity
Britain's rock-founded temple of renown.

In the Isle's centre is a champain broad,
Now broken into corn-field and smooth mead,
Near which a hill, now with the ruin'd towers
Of Coningsborough (from that fight of Kings
Named in old Saxon phrase), soars crested, Dune
Skirts with her azure belt the level plain.

Morn dawn'd with all her attributes, the slow
Impearling of the heavens, the sparkling white
On the webb'd grass, the fragrant mistiness,
The fresh airs with the twinkling leaves at sport,
And all the gradual and emerging light,
The crystalline distinctness settling clear,
And all the wakening and the strengthening sound.

There dawn'd she ■ a battle-field superb.
The beauty that is war's embellishment,
The splendour under whose quick-glancing pall
Man proudly moves ■ slay and ■ be slain,
How wonderful! In semicircle huge,
Round that hill foot, the Saxon camps his strength,
A many-colour'd dazzling cirque, more rich
Than the autumnal woods, when the quick winds
Shake on them broken sunlight, than the skies

When thunder clouds are bursting into light,
And rainbow-skirted hangs each fold, or fringed
With liquid gold, so waved that crescent broad
With moving fire, bloom'd all the field with brass:
Making of dread voluptuousness, the ■
Of danger in deep admiration lost—
Oh beauteous ■ that morning had ■ eve!

The Eastern horn, his tall steeds to his car
Harness'd, whose scythes shone newly burnish'd, held
Caswallon; he his painted soldiery,
Their naked breasts blue-gleaming with uncouth
And savage portraiture of hideous things,
Human and monstrous terribly combined,
Array'd; himself ■ of defence
Cumber'd, as he were ■ Death dare ■ slay,
A being from man's vulgar lot exempt,
Commission'd to destroy, yet dangerless
Amid destruction, against whom war shower'd
All its stored terrors, but still baffled back.
Recoil'd from his unwounded front serene.

The centre were the blue-eyed Germans, loose
Their fierce hair, various each strong nation's arms,
A wild and terrible diversity
In the fell skill of slaughter, in the art
Of doing sacrifice to death. Some helm'd,
Whose visors like distended jaws appear'd
Of sylvan monster, some in brinded furs
Wrapt shaggy, on whose shoulders seem'd to ramp
Yet living the fix'd claws; with cross-bows some,
Some with long lances, some with falchions curved.
The Arian, wont to make the sable night
A pander to his terrors, ' in swarth arms
He bursting from the forest, when the shades
Were deepest, like embodied gloom advanced,
Shaped for some dreadful purpose, now he moved
Unnatural 'mid the clear and golden day.
Here Hengist, Horsa there amid the troop
Wound their war-horses; he his weapon fell
Shook, a round ball of iron spikes chain'd loose
To a huge pike-stave, like a baleful star,
Aye gleaming devastation in its sweep;
Hengist begirt with that famed falchion call'd
The 'Widower of Women;' over all
The fatal White Horse in the banner shone.
Round to the left Argantyr with the Jutes
And Anglians; these for Offa's slaughter wild
T' exact the usurious payment of revenge;
He sternly mindful of that broken fight
By Wye's clear stream, and his defrauded sword
Of its hope-promised banquet, Samor's blood.
Above the multitude of brass the heights
Were crowded with the wives and mothers,² they
With their known presence working shame of flight,
And the high fear of being thought to fear.
With them the spoils of Britain, vessels carved,
Statues, and vestments of the Tyrian dye,

¹ Ceterum Arit super vires, quibus enumeratos paullo ante populos
antecedunt, truces, insite: feritati arte ac tempore lenocinantur;
nigra acuta. tincta corpora: ■ ad prelia noctes legunt: ipsaque
formidine atque umbra feralis exercitus terrorum inferna nullo
hostium sustinente novam ac velut infernum aspectum: nam primi
■ omnibus preliis oculi vincuntur.—TACIT. Germ. c. 43.

²—et in proximo pignora: unde feminarum ululatus audiri, unde
vagus infestum: hi cuique sanctissimi testes, hi maximi lauda-
tores. Ad matres, ad conjuges vulnera ferant: nec ille numerare,
aut exigere plagas parent. Cibosque et hortamina pugnantibus ge-
rant.—TACIT. Germ.

Standards with antique legend scroll'd of deeds
Done in old times, and gorgeous arms, and cups
And lamps, and plate, or by fantastic art
Minister'd ■ fond luxury's wayward choice,
Or consecrate to th' altar ■ of God.

And there the Saxon Gods, the wood and stone
Where to that people knelt and deified
Their own hands' work; the Father of the race,
Woden, all arm'd and crown'd; the tempest Lord,
The thunder-shaking Thor,¹ twelve radiant stars
His coronet, and sceptred his right hand;
He on his stately couch reclining: fierce
In his mysterious multitude of signs,
Arminul; and th' Unnameable,² he fix'd
On his flint pedestal, his skeleton shape
Garmented scantily in a winding-sheet,
And in his hand ■ torch-blaze, meet ■ search
Earth's utmost, while in act to spring, one hand
Upon his head, upon his shoulder one,
His faithful Lion ramp'd in sculptured ire.
Southward, with crescent its out-stretching horns
Circling the foe, lay stretch'd the British camp;
The centre held King Emrys, ■ the right
Pendragon, on the left th' Armoric King,
With all his tall steeds and brave riders; they
The fathers of that famed chivalric race
Of knights and ladies, glorious in old song,
White-handed Isult, Lancelot of the Lake,
Chaste Percival, that won the Sangreal quest.
But every where and in all parts alike
The Avenger held his post; all heard his voice,
All felt his presence, all obey'd his sway.
As western hurricane whirls up from earth,
And bears where'er it will, the loose-sheaf'd corn,
The fluttering leaves, the shatter'd forest boughs,
Even so his spirit seized and bore along,
And swept with it those proud brigades. Nor there
Was not young Malwyn, he his helmet wore
Light shadow'd by an eagle plume, so sued
His sire, lest in the wildering battle met
Their cars should clash in impious strife, nor sought
The father ■ obedience from the son,
For Britain and with Samor fix'd ■ war.
And in his brown and weather-beaten ■
Came Vortimer, a pine-tree stem his ■
That clove the air with desultory sweep.
But by the river browsed ■ single steed,
Sable as one of that poetic pair,
On the fair plain of Euna, in the yoke
Of Pluto, when Proserpina let fall
From her soft lap her flowers, and mourn'd their loss
Lavish, ■ for herself reserved her tears.
The horseman, not unlike that ravisher,
Wore kingly aspect, and his step and mien
Were ■ his realm were in ■ gloomier clime,
Amid ■ drearier atmosphere, 'mid things
Sluggish and melancholy, slow and dead.
As though disclaim'd by each, and claiming none,
He lay with cold impartial apathy
Eying both armies, ■ their fates to him
Were equal, and not worth the toil of hope.

But over either army silence hung,
Silence long, heavy, deep, as every heart
Were busied with eternity; all thoughts

Were bidding farewell ■ the Sun, whose rise
They saw, whose setting they might never see,
And all the heavens were thinly overdrawn
With light and golden clouds, as though to couch
The angels and the spirits floating there,
While heaven the lucid hierarchy pour'd forth
To view that solemn spectacle beneath,
A Battle waged for freedom and for faith.

First ■ a clamour and a crowding rush
On the hill side, and a half-stifled cry,
■ The Prophetess! the Prophetess! was heard.
Upon a waggon, 'mid her idol Gods,
She of the scald lip and the haunted heart,
The aged Virgin ■ sate; her thin gray hair
And hollow eyes in ■ strange sparkling steep'd:
Twice in the memory of the oldest spake
Her voice, when Gothic Alaric had set
His northern ensign on Rome's shatter'd walls,
That day along the linden-shadow'd Elbe
She went, with bitter smile and broken song
That mock'd at grandeur fall'n and pride in dust.
Once more, when Vortigern in that famed feast
Crown'd the fierce Hengist; in the German woods
She roam'd with lofty and triumphal tone,
Shrieking of sceptres dancing in her sight,
And Woden's sons endiadem'd that rose
And swept and glitter'd past her. Now with eye
Restless, and churning lip she sate, and thrice
She mutter'd—« Flight! Flight! Flight!» Then look'd
she out

Upon the orient Sun, and cried, «Down! down!»—
Then westward turn'd she, and withdrew her hand,
From dallying with her loose and hanging chin,
And beckon'd to the faint remaining haze
Of twilight. «Back, fair darkness, beautiful gloom,
Back!» Still the Sun came on, the shades dispell'd.
Then rose she up, then on the vacant space
Between both armies fix'd her eye; half laugh,
Half agony her cheek relax'd.—«I see,
I see ye, ye Invisible! I hear,
Soundless, I hear ye! Chasers of the slain!
Ye of the white forms horsed on thunder clouds!
Ye of Valhalla! colourless ■ air,
As air impalpable! wind on and urge
Your sable and self-govern'd steeds; They come,
They whom your mantling hydromel awaits,
Whose cups are crown'd, the guests of this night's feast.
They come, they come, for whom the Gods shall leap
From their cloud thrones, and ask ye whom ye bring
In stern troops crowding to their secret joy.»
She shook her low dropt lip, and thus went on:
«The bow is broken, and the shafts are snapt;
The lance is shiver'd, and the buckler rent;
The helm is cloven, and the plumes are shal;
The horse hath founder'd, and the rider fallen;
The Crown'd ■ crownless, kingdomless the Kings;
The Conquerors conquer'd, and the Slayers slain;
One falls not, but he shall not stand, the axe
Shall glean th' imperfect harvest of the sword;
The scaffold drinks the lees of battle's cup;
And ■ is woundless amid myriad wounds,
And one is wounded where there is but one.
Ho, for the broad-horn'd Elk that leads the herd!

¹ Verstegan.² Verstegan.³ Vetere apud Germanos more, quo plerisque feminarum fatidicas, ■ suggestente superstitione, arbitratur deas.—TACIT. Hist. 4—51.

Ho, for the Pine that tops the shattering wood!
Ho, for the Bark that admiral all the fleet!
The herd ■ scatter'd, and the Elk unscathed,
The wood is levell'd, upright is the Pine,
The fleet is wreck'd, the Admiral ■ the waves.
That Elk is in himself a sacrifice,
That Pine shall have a storm its own, that Bark
Shall perish in a solitary wreck,
A sacrifice of shame! ■ of dread!
A bitter ignominious solitude!—

She had not ended, when ■ single steed
Burst furious from the British line, with flight
That had ■ tread of air, and not of earth.
Fierce and direct he whirl'd to the hot charge
■ youthful Rider. Upright ■ the Boy
Arthur, at first with half reverted look,
As ■ his mother to impart his joy,
His transport. Early, oh fame-destined Child,
Putst thou thy sickle in the field of fame.
Over his head a dome of fiery darts
And cross-bow bolts vault o'er th' encumber'd air.
Yet forward swept the child his rapid charge,
And all at once ■ rescue all the Chiefs
Rush'd onward: Uther's dragon-keen'd to sear
The winds with its hot waving, Emrys struck
His courser's reeking flanks, his weapon huge
Rear'd Vortimer, and Malwyn's wheels 'gan whirl.
And ■ the other side Argantyr tall,
Hengist and Horsa, all the tilled brave,
Burst from their tardy lines, that vast behind
Came rolling in tumultuous order on;
As when at spring-time under the cold pole
Two islands high of ice warp heavy and huge
Upon the contrary currents, first th' assault
The promontories break, till meet the whole
With one long crash, that wakes the silence, there
Seated since time ■ born, far off and wide
Rock'd by the conflict fierce old ■ boils.

Still th' upright Child seem'd only to rejoice
In the curvetings of his ■ steed,
And in the mingled-dazzling of bright ■
But ■ him a shield is spread, before
A sword is waved, ■ every side the shield
Dashes rude death aside, whirls every where
The rapid and unwearied sword; the rein
Of the fleet steed hath Samor grasp'd, and guides
Amid the turmoil. As when the eagle sire
Up in the sunshine leads his daring young,
Sometimes the dusk shade of his wing spreads o'er,
And soft and broken in through the thick plumes
Gleams the unblinding splendour. So secure
Waged that fair Child his early ■ But wild
The wavering fray rock'd ■ and fro, and burnt
Like ■ huge furnace the quick-flashing plain.
Ever ■ 't were the ■ the Apostle ■
In the Apocalypse, Death's own pale steed,
Over the broad fight shook the White Horse, spread
Where'er its gleaming lighten'd the dun gloom,
Steamy and vast the curdling slaughter pools.
And such confusion burst around of lines
Mingling and interchanging, Valour found
No space for proud selection, forced to strike
What cumber'd and obstructed its free path,
To hew out through a ■ of vulgar life
A passage ■ some princely foe; twice met
Horsa ■ Vortimer, Argantyr twice

Smote ■ Pendragon, but the whirlpool fierce
Asunder swept them, and the deep of ■
Swallow'd them; many a broad and shapeless chasm
Was rent in either battle, but ■ fronts
Rush'd in, and made the shiver'd surface whole.
The sun ■ shut out by ■ sphere of dust
That wrapt the tumult, 't ■ sight for Heaven
That rending and defacing its prime work,
That ■ of man, its masterpiece. But far
Th' Avenger had borne off the Child, his steed
First drew his breath before Igerna's tent.
With her soft face upon the dust she lay,
Struggling to hush her ■ lament, in hope
From the fierce din of war might happily come
Some sound of cheer ■ comfort; but when full
■ rush'd upon her hearing, loud ■ shriek'd
To drown the very noise she ■ hear.
But when her Child's voice sounded, she look'd up
With a cold glance which said, 'That sound I've heard
Every sad moment since he went, my soul
Is sick of self-deception, will not trust
Again, to be again beguiled.' She saw,
And forced ■ sportive look ■ her sad face
To lure him ■ her snowy arms. While he
Back to the battle, as ■ scene of joy,
Look'd waywardly, she clasp'd him to her breast
With ■ fond anger, and both smiled and wept.
A ■ Samor gazed on her, and—'All,
All have their hopes, and all those hopes fulfill'd,
But I, this side the grave, no hope for me
And ■ fulfilment.—Fast ■ sight could track
The battle felt him in its thousand folds.

But the undistinguish'd and chance-mingled fight
Brook'd ■ young Malwyn; he his virgin shield
Disdain'd mean blood should stain: where Hengist
fought

■ swept, the Saxon ■ the eagle plume
And turn'd aloof, and ■ other ■
Discharged the blow for him uprear'd. But he
Next plunged where Horsa's star-like weapon shone,
Disastrous, shaking ruin, yet even that
Glanced aside from the eagle plume. The Boy
Utter'd a wrathful disappointed cry,
And 'gainst Argantyr drove his car. He paused,
And cried aloud, 'Th' eagle plume,' and plunged
Elsewhere for victims. That Pendragon heard,
Even as he toil'd the third time to make way
Amid the circling slain ■ the Anglian crest,
And taunting thus,—'Methinks the eagle plume
Hath some few feathers of the dove, so soft
Spreads its peace-breathing influence.' But the Youth,
'Ha, Father! thus, thus guilest thou to a faint
And infamous security thy son?
Thus enviest thou ■ noble foe? thus guardst
With a base privilege from peril? Off,
Coward distinction! off, faint-hearted sign!
And helm and plume away he rent, his hair
Cur'd down his shoulders, radiant ■ his brow
The beauty of his anger shone, the pride
Of winning thus a right to glorious death.
Then ■ he forth ■ his bold quest again
Impatient. Him Prince Vortimer beheld
Sweeping between himself and Horsa, met
Their sea-shore fight by Thanet ■ renew;
But something of his sister in his face,
Something of Lilian harden'd and grown fierce,

As that ungodly creed true, and she
Familiar ■ rude deeds of blood, had ■
One of Valhalla's airy sisters hence
To summon him she loved. That gleam of her,
That though ungentle and unfeminine touch,
Exquisite, in mid-air his rugged ■
Suspended; but fierce Horsa on the Boy,
Just on his neck let fall ■ spikes,
And him ■ affrighted ■ bore off. ■ then
Began a combat ■ which ■
To hover, ■ of ■ assured, in hope
Of both for victims ■ godless shrine.

Then wounded and bareheaded Malwyn urged
On Hengist his remaster'd steeds the scythe,
Rased his majestic ■ horse. But aside
■ sprung, and flank'd the chariot; long the strife,
Long though unequal, like a serpent's tongue
Vibrated Malwyn's battle axe, twice bow'd
The Monarch ■ his saddle-bow.—'T ■ fame
■ splendid, thus with Hengist ■ have fought
Than to have conquer'd hosts of meaner men.
Heavy at length ■ fatal glided in
The wily Chief's cluding falchion stroke;
■ flew ■ steeds, the ■ lay behind,
Dragging with his face downward, still the reins
Cling ■ his cold and failing fingers, trail
His neck ■ spread locks in the humid dust,
His sharp arms character ■ yielding sand.
On fly they, him ■ length deserting ■
And gasping ■ the bank, their hoofs plunge
Into the limpid Dune, and to the wood
Rove on. It chanced erewhile that thither came
To freshen with the water his spent steeds,
And lave the clogging carnage from his wheels,
Caswallon, he his huge and weary length
Cast for brief rest upon the bank; a groan
Came from a helmless head that in the grass
Lay undistinguish'd. 'T is a Briton,' cried
Caswallon, ■ the carrion off ■ feed
The dogs and kites, that thus irreverent break
Upon its monarch's rest. Even ■ a flower,
Poppy ■ hyacinth, on its broken stem,
Languidly raises its encumber'd head,
And turns it to the gentle evening sun,
So feebly rose, so turn'd ■ Boy his face
Unto the well-known voice; twice raised his head,
Twice it fell back in powerless heaviness;
Even ■ that moment from the dark wood came,
Lured by their partners in the stall and field,
His chariot coursers, heavily behind
Dragging the vacant car, loose hung the reins,
And mournfulness and dull disorder slack'd
The spirit of their tread. Caswallon knew,
And he leap'd up; the Boy his bloodless lips
With ■ long effort opened. 'Was it well,
Father, ■ this my first, my earliest fight
To mock me with a baffled hope of fame?
Well was it ■ defraud ■ of my right
To noble death?'—and speaking thus he died.

Above him his convulsed unconscious hands
Horribly with his rough black beard at play,
Wrenching and twisting off the rooted locks,
Yet senseless of the pain, the Father lean'd.
Then leap'd he up, with cool and jealous ■
Within his chariot placed the lifeless corpee,
And with ■ lash fierce ■ the half-unyoked

Half-harness'd steeds; disorderly and swift
As with their master's ire instinct they flew,
Making ■ wide road through the hurtling fray.
Briton ■ Saxon, friend or foe alike,
Kinsman ■ stranger, one wide enmity
'Gainst general humankind, one infinite
And undistinguishing lust of carnage ■
The Master and the Horses; so wild groans
Follow'd where'er he moved, 't ■ to him,
So slaughter dripp'd and reek'd from the choked scythes.
The low lay mow'd like the spring grass, down swept
On th' eminent, like lightning on the oaks,
■ battle-axe, each time ■ fell, each time
A life ■ gone, each time a hideous laugh
Shone on the Slayer's cheek and writhing lip;
As in the Oriental ■ where ■
Sultan and Omrah, under his broad ■
Moves stately the huge Elephant, a shaft
Haply casts down his friendly rider, ■
To lead him to the tank, whose children shared
With him their feast of fruits: awhile he droops
Affectionate his loose and moaning trunk;
Then in his grief and vengeance bursts, and bears
In his feet's trampling rout and disarray
To either army, ranks give way, and troops
Scatter, while, swaying on his heaving back
His tottering tower, he shakes the sandy plain.
Meanwhile had risen a conflict high and fierce
For Britain's royal banner; Hengist here,
Argantyr, the Viking, Hormingard,
And other Chiefs. But there th' Armoric King,
Emrys and Uther, with the Avenger stood,
An iron wall against their inroad; turn'd
Samor 'gainst him at distance heard and seen,
The car-borne Mountaineer, then Uther ■
Argantyr, Hengist and King Emrys fought,
The rest o'erbore King Hoel; one had slain
The standard-bearer, and ■ ■
Seized as it fell, all foreign and ■ foes.
When lo, that sable Warrior, that retired
And careless had look'd on, upon his steed
And in the battle, like ■ thundercloud
He came, and like a thundercloud he burst,
Black, cold and sullen, conquering without pride
And slaying without triumph; three that grasp'd
The standard ■ ■ to earth, while he
Over his head with kingly motion sway'd
The bright redeemed ensign, and as ■
The shaken sunlight radiant o'er his brow,
Pride ■ about him, and with voice like joy
He cried aloud, 'Arles! Arles!'—and shook his sword,
'Thou 'st ■ ■ royal crown, and now
Shalt win ■ royal sepulchre.—The sword
Perform'd its fatal duty, down they ■
Before him, Jute and Saxon, nameless men
And Chieftains; what though wounds he scorn'd to
ward,

Nor seem'd to feel, shower'd ■ him, and his blood
Oozed manifest, still he slew, still cried, 'Arles! Arles!'
Still in the splendour the waved standard spread
Stood glorying the arm'd darkness of his form;
Stood from his wounded steed dismounted, stood
Amid ■ of dead men, himself
About to die, none daring an assault,
He powerless of assailing. ■ the ■
That on the flag-staff gleam'd, he wrench'd away,

And on his crest with calm solicitude
Placed it, then planting 'mid the high-heap'd slain
The standard, ■ o'er canopy his sleep,
As ■ upon his nightly couch of down
Composes quietly his weary head,
■ royally he laid him down to die.—

But now was every fight broke off, a pause
Seized all the battle, ■ ■ silence quench'd
All tumult; slain and slayer, life and death
Possess'd ■ swoon of torpor, droop'd and fail'd
All passions, pride, wrath, vengeance, hate, dismay,
All ■ one wide astonishment: alone
Two undistracted on each other gazed,
Where helpless in their death-blood they lay steep'd,
The ebbing of each other's life, the stiff
Damp growing on of death; till in a groan
Horsa exhausted his fierce soul: then ■
A momentary tinge, soft and subdued
As of affections busy ■ his heart,
On Vortimer's expiring brow, his lip
Wor. something of the curl men's use, when names
Beloved ■ floating o'er the thought, the flowers
On that lone grave made fragrant his sick sense,
And Eamont murmur'd on his closing ear.

But he, whose coming ■ this silence ■
Before it, as ■ night its widening shade,
Curtaining nature in its soundless pall,
An atmosphere of dying breath where'er
He moved, his drear envelopment, his path
An element of blood: so fleet, so fast
The power ■ fly seem'd wither'd, ere he came,
Men laid them down and said their prayers and look'd
For the quick plunging hoofs and rushing scythes:
As when the palsied Universe aghast
Lay, all its tenants, ■ Man, restless Man,
In all his busy workings mute and still,
When drove, ■ poets sing, the Sun-born youth
Devious through heaven's affrighted signs, his Sire's
Ill-granted chariot, him the Thunderer hurl'd
From th' empyrean headlong ■ the gulf
Of the half-parch'd Eridanus, where weep
Even now the Sister Trees their amber ■
O'er Phaëton untimely dead. And now
Had the Avenger reach'd the path of death,
And stood in arms before the steeds, they ■
Rearing their ireful hoofs ■ dash him down;
■ with both hands he seized their foaming curbs,
Holding them in their spring with outstretch'd arm
Aloft, and made their lifted ■ ■ shield
Against their driver. ■ with baffled lash
Goaded their quivering flanks, but that strong arm
■ them above avoiding, their fore-hoofs
Beat th' unhurt air, and overspread his breast,
Like ■ thick snow-shower, the fast falling foam,
Then leap'd Caswallon down, back Samor hurl'd
Coursers and chariot, and, « Now, » cried aloud,
« Now, King of Britain, in the ■ of God
I tender thee a throne, two yards of earth
To rot on, and a diadem, ■ wreath
Of death-drops for thy haught aspiring brow. »

« There, there, look there, » Caswallon cried, his hand
Stretch'd tow'rd his son, and in ■ frantic laugh
Broke out, and echoed,—« Diadems and thrones! »
With rigid finger pointing ■ the dead.

■ moment, and the fury burst again;
Down ■ the ponderous battle-axe, from edge

To edge it rived the temper'd brass, ■ swift
As shot-stars the thin ether; but the glaive
Of Samor right into his bosom smote.
Like ■ old turret, under whose broad shade
At summer noon the shepherd oft his flock
■ driven, and in the friendly cool rejoiced,
Suddenly, violently, from its base
Push'd by the winter floods, he fell; his look
Yet had its savage blasphemy: he felt
More than the blow, the deadly blow, the cries
Of joy and triumph from each army sent,
Vaunting and loud; ■ him ■ die ■ nought,
He could not brook the shame of being slain.
But other thoughts arose; hardly he crept
To where dead Malwyn from the ■ hung down,
Felt on his face the cold depending hand,
And with ■ smile, half joy half anguish, died.

Th' Avenger knelt, his heart too full for prayer,
Knelt, and held up his conquering sword to heaven,
Yet spake not. But the battle, ■ set free,
Its rugged game renew'd, ■ equal now
Nor now unbroken, Flight and shameful Rout
Here scatter'd, Victory there and Pride array'd,
And mass'd in comely files and full square troops
Bore onward. Mountaineer and German break
Around the hill foot, and like ebbing ■
Disperse away. Argantyr, Hengist move
In the recoiling flood reluctant. Them
Nought more resembled, than two mountain bulls
Driven by the horse and flog and hunter spear,
Still turning with huge brow and tearing up
The deep earth with their wrathful stooping horns.

But as the hill ■ opened, from the top
Even to the base arose a shriek and scream,
As when ■ populous Capital besieged,
Sees yawning her wide-breach'd wall, and ■
Her shatter'd bulwarks ■ the earth, so wild,
So dissonant the female rout appear'd
Hanging with fierce disturbance the hill side.
Some with rent hair ■ ■ and fro, ■ stood
With silent mocking lip, ■ softly prest
Their infants to their heart, ■ held them forth
As to invite the foe, and for them sued
The mercy of immediate slaughter. Some
Spake fiercely of past deeds of fame, ■ sang
In taunting tone old songs of victory. Wives,
With eye imploring and quick-heaving breast,
Look'd sad allusions ■ endearments past;
Mothers, all bashfulness cast down, rent down
Their garments, ■ their ■ displaying bare
The fountains of their infant nourishment,
Now ready to be plough'd with murderous swords.
Some knelt before their cold deaf Gods, some scoff'd
With imprecation blasphemous and shrill
Their stony and unawakening thunders. Noise
Not fiercer on Cithæron side, th' affright
Not drearier, when the Theban Bacchic rout,
Their dashing cymbals white with moonshine, loose
Their tresses bursting from their ivy crowns,
And purple with entwined vine-leaves, led
Their orgies dangerous. In the midst the Queen
Agavè shook the misdeem'd Lion's head
Aloft, and laugh'd and danced and sung, nor knew
That lion suckled at her own white breast.

But Elfelin the Prophetess her ■
Changed not, nor the near horror could recall

Her eye from its strange [] with th' unseen;
There had she been, there had she been in smiles
All the long battle; just before the spear
Or falchion drank a warrior's life-blood, she
Audible, [] a high-tribunal'd judge,
Spake out his name, and aye her speech [] doom.

Nor long the o'erbearing flight enwrapt thy strength,
Argantyr! thou amid the shattering wreck
Didst rise [] in [] ruinous city old,
Babylon [] Palmyra, magic built,
A single pillar yet with upright shaft
Stands, 'mid the wide prostration mossy and flat,
Showing more eminent. Past the Saxon by,
And look'd and wonder'd, [] that he delay'd;
Cried his own Anglians—'King, away, away!'
First came King Hoel on, whose falchion clove
His buckler, with a wrest he burst in twain
The shivering steel; [] Emrys next, aside
His misaim'd blow he shook; last Uther, him
His war-horse, by Argantyr's beam-like spear
Then first appall'd, bore in vain anger past.

From his late victory in proud breathlessness
Slow came the Avenger, but Argantyr raised
A cry of furious joy: 'Long sought, late found,
I charge thee, by our last impeded fight,
I charge thee, give me back mine own, my sword
Is weary of its bathes of vulgar blood,
And longs in nobler streams [] plunge; with thine
I'll gild and hang it [] my Father's grave,
And his helm'd ghost in Wodfa's hall shall vaunt
The glories of his son.' Generous and brave,
When last we met, I shrunk [] my sword
Bright with God's sunlight, now with dauntless hand
I lift it, and cry On, in the [] of God.'

They met, they strove, [] with a cloud enwrapt
In their [] majesty; their motions gave
Terror [] to their shadows; round them spread
Attention like a sleep. Flight paused, Pursuit
Caught up its loose rein, Death his furious work
Ceased, and a dreary respite gave to souls
Half parted; on their elbows rear'd them up
The dying, with faint effort holding ope
Their dropping eyelids, homage of delight
War from its victims thus exacting. Mind
And body engross'd [] conflict. [] []
At distance, for in their peculiar sphere,
Within the wind and rush of their quick []
None ventured, following with unconscious limbs
Their blows, and shrinking [] themselves [] struck.
Like scatter'd shiverings of a scathed oak lay
Fragments of [] round them, the hard brass
Gave way, and broke the fiery temper'd steel,
The stronger metal of the human soul,
Valour, endured, and power thrice purified
In Danger's furnace fail'd not. Victory, tired
Of wavering, to those passive instruments,
Look'd to decide her long suspense. Behold
Argantyr's falchion, magic-wrought, his sires
So fabled, by the Asgard dwarfs, nor hewn
From earthly mines, [] dipp'd in earthly fires,
Broke short. Th' ancestral steel the Anglians saw,
Sign of their Kings, and worship of their race,
Give way, and wail'd and shriek'd aloud. The King
Collected all his glory as a pall
To perish in, and scorn'd his sworded foe
To mock with vain defence of unarm'd hand.

The exultation and fierce throb of hope
Yet had [] pass'd away, but look'd [] death
As it had look'd to conquest, death [] well,
So bravely earn'd to warrior fair [] life:
Stern welcoming, bold invitation lured
To its last work the Conqueror's sword. Him flush'd
The pride of Conquest, vengeance long delay'd,
Th' exalted shame of victory [] so slow,
So toilsomely; all fiery passions, all
Tumultuous sense-intoxicating powers
Conspired with their wild anarchy beset
His despot soul. But he—'Ah, faithless sword,
To me as [] thy master faithless, him
Naked at his extreme [] leave, and []
To guile of this occasion fair to win
Honour or death from great Argantyr's arm.'

'Christian, thy God is mightiest, scorn not thou
[] bounty, nor with dalliance mock thy hour—
Strike and consummate!'—'Anglian, yes; my God,
Th' Almighty, is the mightiest now and ever,
Because I [] him not, I will not strike.'—
So saying, he his sword cast down. 'Thus, thus
Warr'st thou?' the Anglian cried, 'then thou hast won.
I, I Argantyr yield me, other hand
Had tempted [] in vain with that base boon
Which peasants prize and women weep for, life:
To lord o'er dead Argantyr fate might grant,
He only grants to vanquish him alive,
Only to thee, well named Avenger!' Then
The Captive and the Conqueror th' armies saw
Gazing upon each other with the brow
Of high arch'd admiration; o'er the field
From that example flow'd a noble scorn
Of slaughtering the defenceless, mercy slaked
The ardour of the fight. As the speck'd birch
After a shower, with th' odour of its bark
Freshens the circuit of the rain-bright grove;
Or as the tender argent of Love's star
Smiles to a lucid quiet the wild sky:
So those illustrious rivals with the light
Of their high language and heroic act
Cast a nobility o'er all the war.

That capture took a host, [] scorn'd [] yield,
So loftily Argantyr wore the garb
Of stern surrender, [] inclined to slay,
When Samor held the signal up to spare.

But where the Lord of that dire falchion named
The Widower of Women? He, the Chief
Whose [] were squadrons, whose assault the shock
Of hosts advancing? Hath the cream-blanch'd steed,
Whom the outstripp'd winds pant after, borne away
His master, yet with hope uncheck'd, and craft
Unbaffled, th' equal conflict to renew?
Fast flew the horse, and fierce the rider spurr'd,
That horse that all the day remorseless went
O'er dead and dying, all that Hengist slew
All he cast down before him. Lo, he checks
Suddenly, startingly, with [] erect,
Thick tremor oozing out from every pore,
[] broad chest palpitating, the thick foam
Lazily gathering [] his dropping lip:
The pawing of his uplift forefoot chill'd
To a loose hanging quiver. Nor his Lord
Less horror seized; slack trembled in his left
The bridle, with his right hand dropt his sword,
Dripp'd slowly from its point the flaking blood

Of hundreds, this day fall'n beneath its edge.

For lo, descended the hill side, stood up
Right in his path the Prophetess, and held
With a severe compassion both her
Over her head, and thus— "I cannot be,
I've cried unto the eagle, air hath none;
I've sued unto the fleet and bounding deer,
I've sought unto the sly and mining snake;
There's above the earth, beneath the earth,
No flight, no way, narrow obscure way.
I've call'd unto the lightning, it leap'd
Along heaven's verge, it guide thee forth;
I've beckon'd to the dun and pitchy gloom,
It cannot shroud thee; to the caves of earth
I've wail'd and shriek'd, they cannot chamber thee."

spoke not, moved not, strove not: and steel,
Like equestrian marble in the courts
Of Emperors; that fierce eye whose wisdom keen
Pierced the dark depths of counsel, hawk-like roved,
Seizing the unutter'd thoughts from out men's souls,
—light order in the battle's turbulent fray
By its command, on the aged Woman's face
Fix'd like a moonstruck idiot. She upright
With strength beyond her bow'd and shrivell'd limbs
Still stood, and murmur'd low, "Why comest thou not,
Thou of the Vale? thou fated, come! come! come!"

The foes o'ertook, he look'd not round, their tramp
Was round him, still he moved not; violent hands
Seized on him, still the enchanted falchion hung
Innocent as a feather by his side.
They tore him from his stood, still clung his eyes
On her disastrous face; she fiercely shriek'd
Half pride at her accomplish'd prophecy,
Half sorrow at Erle Hengist's fall, then down
Upon the stone that bore her, she fell dead.

BOOK XII.

On Freedom, of our social Universe
The Sun, that feedest from thy urn of light
The starry commonwealth, from those lamps
Modestly glimmering in their sphere retired,
Even the plenar and patrician orbs,
That in their rich nobility of light,
Or golden royalty endiadem'd,
Their mystic circle undisturb'd round thee
Move musical; but thou thy central state
Preserving, equably the fair-rank'd whole
 dutiful magnificence maintain'st,
And stately splendour of obedience. Earth
Wonders, th' approval of th' Almighty beams
Manifest in the glory of the work.
Though sometimes drown'd within the red eclipse
Of tyranny, or brief while by the base
And marshy exhalations of low vice
And popular license madden'd thou hast flash'd
Disastrous and intolerable fire;
Yet ever mounting hast thou still march'd on
To thy meridian throne. My waxen wing
Oh, quenchless luminary! may not soar
To that thy dazzling and o'erpowering noon;
Rather the broken glimpses of thy dawn
Visiteth, when thy orient overcast
A promise and faint foretaste of its light

Beam'd forth, then plunged its cloud-slaked front in
gloom.

Even with such promise dost thou now adorn
Thy chosen city by the Thames, where holds
Victorious Emrys his high Judgment court.
Thither the long ovation hath he led,
Amid the solemn music of rent chains,
The rapture of deliverance; where he past
Earth brightening, and the face of but
Brow-scar'd with the deep brand of servitude,
To its old upright privilege restored
Of gazing its kindred heaven. The towns
Gladden'd amid their ruins, churches shook
With throngs of thankful votaries,¹ till 't was fear
Transport might finish Desolation's work,
And bliss precipitate the half moulder'd walls.
'T is famed, men died for joy, untimely births
Were frequent, as the eager mothers prest
To show their infants to the brightening world.
They that but now beheld the bier-borne dead
With miserable envy, past them by
Contemptuously pitying, as too soon
Departed from this highly gifted earth.
So they the Trinobantine City reach'd.
Without the walls, close by the marge of Thames,²
The synod of the Conquerors met; place.
Solemn and to the soul discoursing high.
Here broad the bridgeless Thames, even like themselves
Thus at their flush and high tide of renown,
Swell'd his exulting waters. There all waste
The royal cemetery of Britain lay,
The monuments, like their cold tenantry,
Mouldering, above all ruin as beneath,
A wide profound, drear of decay.
Upon the Church of Christ had heavily fallen
The Pagan desolation, hung the doors
Loose their broken and disused hinges,
And grass amid the chequer'd pavement squares
Was springing, and along the vacant choir
The shrill wind was God's only worshipper.

Even where they met, through the long years have
sate

In Parliament our nation's high and wise,
There have deep thoughts been ponder'd, strong designs
On which the fate of the round world hath hung.
Thence have the emanating rays of truth,
Freedom, and constancy, and holiness
Flow'd their broad beneficence, no bound
Owning but that which limits this brief earth,
Brightening this misty state of man; the winds
That thence bear mandates to th' inconstant thrones
Of Europe, to the realms of th' orient Sun,
Or the new and ocean-sever'd earth,
Or to the Southern cocoa-feather'd isles,
Are welcome, as pure gales of health and joy.
Still that deep dwelling underneath the earth
Its high and ancient privilege maintains,
Dark palace of our island's parted Kings,
Earth-ceil'd pavilion of our brave and wise,
Whose glory ere it swept them off, hath cast
A radiance on the scythe of Death. Disused
For two long heathen ages, it became

¹ Then Aurelius Ambrosius put the Saxons out of all other parts of the land, and repaired such cities, towns, and also churches, by them had been destroyed or defaced, etc. *Roll. Book 6, Chap. 8.*

The pavement of our sumptuous minster fair,
That ■■■ and anon yet gathers in
King, Conqueror, Poet, Orator, or Sage
To her stone chambers, there ■ sleep the sleep
That wakens only ■ the Archangel's trump.

First in the synod ■ King Emrys; he
The royal sword of justice from his side
Ungirding, placed it in the Avenger's hand,
And led him ■ the judgment-seat. ■ shrunk,
And offer'd back the solemn steel—' Oh! King,
Judge and Avenger! who shall reconcile
The discord of those titles, private wrongs
Will load my partial arm, and drag to earth
The unsteady balance. Only God ■ join
And blend in one the Injured and the Judge.'

But ■ a ■ lifts up and bears along
A stately bark, ■ the acclamation swell
Floated into the high Tribunal throne
Reluctant Samor: on his right the King
Sate sceptred, royal Uther ■ the left,
While ■ around the assembled Nation bask'd
In his effulgent presence. 'T ■ a boast
In after ages this day ■ have ■
Him whom all throng'd to see; memory of him,
Every brief notice of his mien and height
Become an heirloom; mothers ■ the font
Gave ■ their babes his name, and e'er that child
Was held the ■ and honour of the race.

So ■ the Nation in their judgment Hall,
Its pavement ■ the sacred mōthenearth,
Its roof the crystal and immortal heavens.

Then forth the captives came, Argantyr first,
Even with his wonted loftiness of tread:
Nature's rich heraldry upon ■ brow
Emblazing him of those whose scorn the world
Bears unashamed, by whom to be despised
Is no abasement. Men's eyes ranged from him
To Samor, back to him—in wonder now
Of conquest o'er such mighty foe, now lost
The wonder in their kindred Conqueror's pride.
Then said the Anglian—' Wherefore lead ye here? '
The ■ of his questioning appall'd
All ■ the Judge.—' What Briton,' he replied,
' Witnesseth aught against the Anglian Chief? '
Thereto was proclamation, East and West
And North and South: the silent winds came back
With wings unloaded; so that noble mien
Wrought conquest o'er man's darkest passions, hate,
And doubt, and terror, ■ the Captive cast
His yoke on every soul, and harness'd it
Unto his valiant spirit's chariot wheels.

Then spake the stately and tribunal'd Judge—
' Anglian Argantyr! Britain ■ not wont
T' inflict upon a fair and open foe
Aught penal but defeat; her warfare bows
Beneath her feet but tramples not; her throne
Hath borne the stormy brunt of thy assault,
And dash'd it off, and thus she saith, ' Return,
Return ■ thy German woods, nor more,
Once baffled, vex ■ coasts with fruitless ■
And thy return shall be ■ years remote
Our bond and charter of security;
A shudder and cold trembling ■ our ■
Shall pass with thee, the land that hath spurn'd back
Argantyr's march of victory, shall be known
T' eternal freedom consecrate. Your ships

■ plough our seas, but turn their timorous prows
Aloof, while on the deck the Sea King points
To ■ white cliffs, and saith—' The Anglian thence
Retreated, shun the unconquerable shore.'—
' ■ shall my hot war-horse bathe
In British waters, ■ my falchion meet
The bold resistance of a British steel,
■ wills the Conqueror, thus the Conquer'd swears.'

Thus spake Argantyr; sudden then and swift
Loftier shot up his brow, prophetic hues
Swam o'er his agitated features, words
Came with a rush and instantaneous flow.—

' I tell thee, Briton, that thy sons and mine
Shall be ■ meeting and conflicting tides,
Whose fierce relentless enmity shall lash
This land into ■ whirlpool deep and wide,
To swallow in its vast insatiate gulf
Her peace and smooth felicity, till flow
Their waters reconciled in ■ broad bed,
Briton and Anglian ■ in ■ and name.
'T is written in the ancient solemn Runes,
'T is spoken by prophetic virgin lips.
Avenger, thou and I ■ earthly wars
Have ended, but my spirit yet shall hold
Noble, inexorable strife with thine.
It shall heave off its barrow, burst its tomb,
And ■ my ■ discourse of glorious foes
In this rich Island to be met: my shade
Shall cross them in their huntings, it shall walk
The ocean paths, and on the winds, and seize
Their prows, and fill their sails, and all its voice
And ■ its secret influences urge
To the White Isle; ■ their slumbers shall not rest,
Their quiet shall be weariness, till lull'd
Upon the pillow of ■ repose
The high, the long hereditary feud.'
So saying, he the bark that lay prepared
With sail unfurl'd, ascended. She went forth
Momently with quick shadow the blue Thames
Darkening, then leaving ■ its breast a light
Like silver. The fix'd eyes of wondering men
Track'd his departure, while with farewell gleam
The bright Sun shone upon his brow, and seem'd
A triumph in the motion of the stream;
So loftily upon its long slow ebb
■ bore that honour-laden bark.—Nor pause,
Lo in the presence of the Judgment Court
The second criminal; pride had not pass'd
Nor majesty from his hoar brow; he stood
With all except the terror of despair,
Consciously in fatality's strong bonds
Manacled, of the coming death assured,
Yet fronting the black future with a look
Obdurate even to scornfulness. He seem'd
As he heard nought, ■ though his occupied ears
Were pervious to no sound, since that dim voice
Of her who speaking died, the silver hair'd,
The Prophetess, that ■ spake untrue:
As ■ with ■ long unbroken flow
Her song was ranging through his brain, and struck
■ death-knoll ■ his soul. Nor change had come
Since that drear hour to eye or cheek; the craft,
The wisdom that was wont ■ make him lord

* The ■ called it Inis Wen, the White Island. Speed, ■ 5.
c. 2. Some derive Britain from Pryd Cain—Beauty and White. Ibid.

Over the shifting pageant of events,
Had given its [] up [] o'er-ruling fate,
And that stern Paramount, Necessity,
Had seal'd him for her [] Amid them all
[] tower'd, as when the [] thunderbolt
'Mid a rich fleet some storm-accustom'd bark
Hath stricken, round her the glad waters dance,
Her sails are full, her strong prow fronts the waves;
But works within the irrevocable doom,
Wells up her [] hold th' inundant surge,
And the heavy [] weigh her slowly down.

For the arraignment made the Judge a sign,
And the first witness [] a mighty cry,
As 't were the voice of the whole Isle, hills
And plains and waters their abhorrence spake;
Hoarse harmony of imprecation seem'd
To break the ashy sleep of ruin'd towns,
And th' untomb'd slumbers of far battle vales.
As if the crowd about the Judgment Court
[] only with articulate voice repeat
What indistinct came down [] every wind.

Then all the near, the distant, sank away,
Only a low and melancholy tone,
Like a far music down [] stream
Remain'd; upon the lull'd, [] panting air
Fell that smooth [] sound, till nearer now
It swell'd, [] clearer water-falls [] heard
When midnight grows more still. A funeral hymn,
It pour'd the rapture of its sadness out,
Even like a sparkling soporific wine.
But [] and then broke from its low long fall,
Something of martial and majestic swell,
That spake its mourning o'er [] vulgar dead.

Lo to the royal burying-place, chance borne
Even [] this solemn time, or [] ordain'd
From their bright-scutcheon'd biers their part to bear
In this arraignment, came King Vortigern,
And th' honour'd ashes of his Son. But still
And voiceless these cold witnesses past on,
Unto the place of tombs. Along the Thames
Far floated into silence the spent hymn:
And [] accusing sound [] from them,
The heavy falling of their earth to earth.

One female [] behind the King,
Half of her face the veil conceal'd, her eyes
Were visible, and though [] deadly haze
Film'd their sunk balls, she sent into the grave,
Following the heavy and descending corpse,
A look of such imploring loveliness,
A glance so sad, [] self-condemning, all
(So softly, tremulously it appeal'd)
Might wonder that the spirit [] not back
To animate for the utterance that she wish'd
Those bloodless lips; forgiveness it [] plain
She sought, and one [] beautiful [] forgive,
The dead might almost wake. And she sat down,
Leaning her cheek upon [] broken []
(Once [] King's monument) [] listening yet
Th' acceptance of her prayers: nor cloister'd Nun
Hath [] since mourning her broken vows,
And his neglect for whom those vows she broke,
Come to the image of her Virgin Saint
With such [] cheek and contrite mien,
As her who by those royal ashes sate.

But lo, [] witnesses: a matron train
In flowing robes of grief came forth, the wives

And mothers of those nobles foully slain
At the Peace banquet, them the memory yet
Seem'd haunting of delicious days broke off.
On Hengist, even a captive, dared not they
Look firmly, [] their helpless loneliness
Spake for them, they their solitary breasts
Beat, wrung their destitute cold hands, and pass'd.

Arose the mitred Germain, glanced his hand
From that majestic criminal, where lay
The ruins of God's church, and so sat down.

But Samor look'd upon the [] train,
As though he sought a face that [] not there,
That could [] be, soft Emeric's.—'I have none,
I only [] to witness of my wrongs.'—
So said he, but he shook the softness off,
On the tribunal rose severe, and stood
Erect before the multitude. 'Thou King,
And ye, assembled People of the Isle,
If that I speak your sentence right, give in
Your sanction of Amen. Here stands the man,
Who two long years laid [] with fire and sword
Your native [] and your altar shrines:
Here stands the man, who by slow fraud and guile
Discrown'd your stately Monarch, Vortigern:
Here stands the man, bath water'd with your blood
The red and sickening herbage of your land:
Here stands the man, that [] your peaceful feast
Brought Murther, that grim seneschal, and drugg'd
With your [] noble blood your friendly cups.'

And at each charge came in the deep Amen,
Even like the sounds men hear on stormy nights,
When many thunders [] abroad. Nought moved
Stood Hengist, if emotion o'er him pass'd,
'T was likest an elate contemptuous joy
And glorying in those lofty worded crimes.

Then, 'Saxon Hengist, as thy sword bath []
Our children fatherless, so fatherless
Must be thy children!' And Amen knoll'd back,
As a plague-visited Metropolis
Mourning the wide and general funeral, tolls
From all her [] and spires the bell of death.

'Thy children fatherless! not so—not so—
Rose with a shriek that Woman by the grave,
And she sprang forth, [] from beneath the earth,
As a partaker of, [] near
That kingly coffin. Veil [] off, and hand
Started, through her bright [] her pale face
Glitter'd, like purest ivory chased in gold.
Between the Criminal and Judge her stand
Rowena took; him as she [] and knew
Flush'd [] sick rapture o'er her face and neck,
A fading rose-hue, like eve's parting light
On [] bank; but from her marble brow
She the bright-clustering hair wiped back, and thus:
'Samor, the last time thou [] brow beheld'st
The moonlight was upon it, since that hour
The water hath flow'd [] it, holy sign
Hath there been left by Christian hand, and I
Thy creed have learnt, and one word breathes it all,
Mercy.'—'But Justice is God's attribute,
Lady, as well [] mercy, [] on earth
Must be Vicegerent of both [] and mild,
Lest over-ramping Evil [] its foot

* The words used to Agag were applied [] this occasion, according
to the Welsh tradition. Robert's Translation of the Brut of Tyssilio.

Upon the prostrate world. The doom is said,
 The doom ■■■ be.—« Ha! ■■■ with heart of clay,
 To answer with that cold and steadfast mien;
 Oh, I'll go back and ■■■ the dead again,
 There's more forgiveness in the cold dead corpse
 Than the ■■■ keen-ear'd living. From that vault
 I felt ■■■ reconciliation stealing up,
 That turn'd my tears to honey dew, here all,
 All sullen and relentless on ■■■ glares.
 I ask not for myself, not for myself,
 The ice of death is round my heart, there long
 I've felt the slow consuming prey, I feel
 The trembling ebb of my departing life.
 That hoary head, though granted to my prayers,
 Shall never rest upon my failing knee,
 The father that ye give me back (I feel
 Ye give him, thou that hear'st the Avenger's name,
 I know thee by a milder character),
 That father cannot long be mine; his hands
 May lay me in the grave, his eyes may weep,
 For they ■■■ weep, although ye think it not;
 Those hands ye deem for ■■■ blood-embued,
 I've felt them fondling with my golden hair,
 When with gay childish foot I danced ■■■ meet
 His far-resounding horn. That horn shall sound,
 But ■■■ my deaf and earth-closed ■■■ no more,
 No more.—« Rowena, when a Nation speaks,
 The irrevocable sentence cannot change.»

Then up her fair round ■■■ she raised, and wrapt
 Like a rich mantle round her, her old pride
 As the poetic Juno in the clouds
 Walking in her majestic ire, while slow
 Before her th' azure-breasted peacocks draw
 Her chariot.—« Tell me, thou that sitt'st elate,
 And ye, who call yourself this British realm,
 By what now right ye judge a German King?
 Where are your charters, where your scrolls of law
 Whose bright and blazon'd titles give ye power
 To pass a doom on crowned head? Down, down,
 Ye bold Usurpers of the Judgment seat,
 Insolent doomers of a sacred life,
 Beyond your sphere to touch, your grasp to seize.»

« Lady, ■■■ judge by ■■■ adamant law,
 That lives within ■■■ eternal soul ■■■ man,
 That God-enacted charter, ■■■ blood.»

Exhausted she sank down upon her knees,
 Her knees that fainted under her.—« Ye can,
 Ye will ■■■ show unto a woman's eyes
 That bloody consummation, not ■■■ mine.
 Oh, thou that speakest in that brazen tone
 Implacable, the last time thou and I
 Discours'd, thy voice ■■■ broken, tender, soft,
 Remember'st thou? 't ■■■ then as it had caught
 The trembling of the moonlight, that lay round
 With rapturous disquiet bathing ■■■
 Remember'st thou?—« Almost the Judgment sword
 ■■■ from the Avenger's failing hand, but firm
 He grasp'd it, and with eyes to heaven upturn'd,
 « Oh, duty, duty, why art thou ■■■ stern?»
 Then, « Lady, lo, the headsman with his steel;
 To that dark Priest 't is given to sacrifice
 The victim of to-day—depart! depart!
 Colours may flow too deep for woman's sight,
 And sounds may burst too drear for woman's ear.»

Stately as lily on ■■■ sunshine bank,
 Shaken from its curl'd leaves the o'ercharging dew,
 Freshens and strengthens its bow'd stem, ■■■ white
 So brightening to ■■■ pale cold pride, ■■■ faint
 And trembling majesty, Rowena sate.
 On Hengist's dropping lip and knitted brow
 Was mockery at her fate-opposing prayer,
 And that was all. But she—« Proud-hearted Men,
 Ye vainly deem your privilege, your right,
 Prerogative of your high-minded race,
 The glory of endurance, and the state
 Of strong resolving fortitude. Here I,
 A woman born to melt and faint and fail,
 A frail, a delicate, dying woman, sit
 To shame ye.» She endured the flashing stroke
 Of th' ■■■ athwart her eyesight, and the blood
 That sprung around her she endured: still kept
 The lily its unbroken stateliness,
 And its pellucid beauty sparkled, still,
 But all its odours were exhaled—the breath
 Of life, the tremulous motion was at rest;
 A flower of marble on a temple wall,
 'T ■■■ fair but lived not, glitter'd but was cold.
 While from the headless corpse t' its great account
 Went fiercely forth the Pagan's haughty soul.

Anne Boleyn; A DRAMATIC POEM.

INTRODUCTION.

THE subject of the following Drama had long appeared to me peculiarly adapted ■■■ the purposes of Poetry. I had, some time ago, imagined a sketch, in a great degree similar to that which I have ■■■ filled up. The ■■■ of professional Study, which led ■■■ to the early Annals of our Church, recalled it to my remembrance, and, as it were, forced it on my attention. In the outline of the Plot, and the development of the characters, especially that of Anne Boleyn, I have endeavoured to preserve

historical truth: where History is silent, I have given free scope ■■■ poetic licence, and introduced ■■■ character entirely imaginary. ■■■ endeavouring ■■■ embody that awful spirit of fanaticism—the more awful, because strictly conscientious—which ■■■ arrayed against our early Reformers, I hope ■■■ be considered ■■■ writing of those times alone. The representation of the ■■■ in which bigotry hardens into intolerance, intolerance into cruelty and an infringement ■■■ the great eternal principles of morality, ■■■ ■■■ be an unprofitable lesson. The Annals of all Nations, in which Reformation was begun ■■■ completed; those of the League in France, of

the Low Countries and Spain, as well as of England, will fully bear out the picture which I have drawn; but I have hesitation in asserting that even in those times the wise and good among the Roman Catholics reprobated, as strongly as ourselves, the sanguinary and unprincipled means by which the Power of the Papacy was maintained. I should observe, that I have, I trust with no unpardonable anachronism, anticipated the perfect organization of that Society, from which, as Robertson has with justice stated, "mankind have derived many advantages, and received greater injuries, than from any other of the religious fraternities." Though its Founder had already made many proselytes, the Society was not formally incorporated till about five years after the death of Anne Boleyn.

It may appear almost superfluous to add, that the manner in which the Poem is written, as well as the religious nature of the interest, for it preclude it from public representation.

The Author of a Tragedy, recently published under the name, having pointed out coincidences of expression between his Drama and mine, I beg to state, most explicitly, that previous to the publication of Anne Boleyn, I had not seen, either in MS. or print, any cotemporary Poem on the same subject.

CHARACTERS.

MEN.

KING HENRY VIII.

ARCHBISHOP CREAMER.

STEPHEN GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*

LORD ROCHEFORD, *Brother of Queen Anne.*

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

SIR HENRY NORREYS,

SIR FRANCIS WESTON,

SIR WILLIAM BREKETON,

Attendants on Queen Anne.

SIR WILLIAM KINGSTON, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

ANGELO CARAFFA, *a follower of Ignatius Loyola.*

MARK SMEATON.

WOMEN.

QUEEN ANNE.

COUNTESS OF ROCHEFORD.

COUNTESS OF WILTSHIRE, *Mother of Queen Anne.*

MAGDALENE SMEATON.

ANNE BOLEYN.

SCENE.

A small Garden Westminister.

MARK SMEATON, MAGDALENE SMEATON.

MAGDALENE.

On welcome, welcome—though I scarcely hoped
That who long hath dwelt in foreign climes,
And now comes wearing the proud garb of Courts,
Would waste the precious treasure of a thought
On poor forgotten sister Magdalene.

MARK.

Still the same humble tender Magdalene,

Who deems, none can rate her modest worth
More high than her retiring self. Sweet sister,
I would not wound thy heaven-devoted ears
With the unwonted sounds of worldly flattery;
But in far distant climes, 'mid strangers' faces,
That night sweetest when I dream'd of thee,
Our native garden here, our little world
Of common joys and sorrows.

Dearest Mark,

The heart deems truth what'er it wishes true.
And wilt thou and then steal hither to me,
When thou'rt not call'd for the Court? wilt bring
Thy music, such as in the royal Chapel
Thou'rt wont to sing? Rude though mine ear, it loves
Thy music, brother.

Dearest, yes, I'll bring

All these, and hymns forbidden there; there's one
Was taught me by a simple fisher-boy,
That sail'd the azure tide of that bright bay
That laves the walls of Naples: as he sung—
What time the midnight were starr'd with barks,
Each with its single glow-worm lamp, that tip
The waters round with rippling lines of light—
You would have thought Heaven's queen had strew'd
around

Silence, like that among the stars, when pause
The Angels in ecstatic adoration.

MAGDALENE.

Speak on, speak on!—Were it a stranger's voice
That thus discoursed, I could lose days in listening;
But thine—

MARK.

O! Magdalene, thou know'st not here
In our chill, damp, heavy atmosphere,
The power, might, magic, mystery of sweet sounds!
Oh! on some rock to sit, the twilight winds
Breathing all odour by—at intervals
To hear the hymnings of a virgin choir,
With pauses musical as music's self,
Come swelling up from deep and distant distance:
Or under some dome, like Heaven's blue cope,
All and living with the liquid deluge
Of harmony, till pillars, walls, and aisles,
The altar paintings and cold images,
Catch life and motion, and the weight of feeling
Lies like a load upon the breathless bosom!
But speaking thus, hours will minutes, sister,
And—

MAGDALENE.

Thou wouldst say farewell. Yet ere I part
I long to speak one word—I dare say
Of counsel—but the love, whose only study
Is one heart's book, gains deeper knowledge, Mark,
Of its dark leaves, than schools teach, or
Learn from his fellow

MARK.

Sage mistress!

MAGDALENE.

Oh! Mark, Mark—in one cradle laid,
Our souls were born together, bred together;
In all thy thoughts, emotions, my fond love
Anticipated thine own consciousness;
I felt them, ere thyself knew thine feelings:
And never yet impetuous wish born

In that warm heart, but, till fulfilment crown'd it,
Thou wert its slave—its bounden, fetter'd slave.
Oh! watch thyself, mistrust, fear—

MARK.

What?

MAGDALENE.

Why all things.—

In that loose Court, they say, each hard observance,
Fast, penance, all the rites of holy Church,
Are scoff'd; the dainty limbs are all too proud
To endure the chastening sackcloth. Sin is still
Contagious: like herself—those that wait
On that heretical and wicked Queen.

MARK.

The wicked Queen!—oh! sister, dearest sister,
For the first time I'd—thy pure cheek burn
With penitent tears; go kneel, and ask Heaven's pardon—
Scourge thy misjudging heart—the wicked Queen!
Heaven's living miracle of all its graces!
There's not a breathing being in her presence
But watches the least motion of a look,
Th' unutter'd intimation of desire,
And lives upon the hope of doing service,
That done, is like the joy blest Angels feel
In minist'ring—prayers of holiest Saints.
Authority she—'t—her birthright;
And when—rooted knees would grow to earth
In adoration, reassuring gaiety
Makes the soul smile at its own fears.

MAGDALENE.

But, Mark,

Believes she as the Church believes?

MARK.

I know not

What she believes—I—but what she does.
Loose Court, and shameless Queen!—her audience
—of the wretched, destitute, forlorn:
The usher to that Court is Beggary,
And Want the chamberlain; her flatterers, those
Whose eloquence is full and bursting hearts;
Her parasites, wan troops of starving men
Round the full furnish'd board—pale dowerless maids—
Nuns, like thyself, cast forth from their chaste cloisters
To meet the bitter usage of the world;
While holiest men—ever in her presence:
Nor can their lavish charity exhaust
The treasures of her goodness.

MAGDALENE.

Oh! Mark, Mark—

My only joy on earth—that, if my soul
E'er dream'd of Heaven, wert evermore a part,
Th' intelligible part of its full bliss,
Thou art—warp'd by pride of—opinion?

MARK.

Is't—'t—adore the mingled consummation
Of beauty, gentleness, and goodness?

MAGDALENE.

Cease!

For this, for hearing this, I—do penance—
Fast, weep, and pray; and, oh! beware, beware—
The holy Father comes, whose keen eye reads
The inmost soul; I've felt him pluck the thought,
—dared not speak, from its dark sanctuary
I the heart, and—down before mine eyes
Till my—shudder'd—own corruption.
He sees—not—stand back—'t were ill 't intrude

Upon his saintly privacy, whose soul
Haply is prostrate—Our Lady's feet,
In—behalf, his poor unworthy flock.
—of his life, our lady Abbess says,
Is spent in Heaven, while the pale body here
Pines in the absence of its nobler guest.

MARK.

How, Angelo!

MAGDALENE.

Peace, peace; seal lips and—

[They retire.]

ANGELO CARAFFA.

ANGELO CARAFFA.

They cross'd me, and I needs must follow—to th' Abbey;
To insult their fathers' graves; to mock the Saints
That from the high empurpled windows glare
On the proud worshippers, whose secret hearts
Disdain their intercession;—a lamp
Burnt—the prayerless shrines, and here and there
Some—sad vot'ress, in Our Lady's chapel,
Listening in vain for the full anthem, told
Her beads, and shrunk from her own lonely voice.
But when I—the Arch-heretic enrobed
In the cope and pall of mitred Canterbury,
Lift the dread Host with misbelieving hands,
And heard another's voice profane read out,
In their own dissonant and barbarous tongue,
The living word of God, the choking wrath
Convulsed my throat, and hurrying forth I sought
A secret and unechoing place, 't—unload
My burthen'd heart!

'T—the first time—the last
That holy indignation hath o'erleap'd
Wisdom's strong barriers—the ill-govern'd features
Play'd traitor—the close-wrapt heart.

But thou

That art a part of God's dread majesty,
In whose dusk robe his own disastrous purposes
Th' Almighty veils, twin-born with Destiny,
Inexorable Secrecy! come, cowl
This soul in deep impervious blackness!—Grant
I may deny myself the pride and fame
—bringing back this loose apostate land
To the true Faith. Be all mine agency
Secret—are the springs of living fire
In the world's centre; bury deep my name,
That mortal eye ne'er read it, till emblaz'd
Amid the roll of Christ's great Saints and Martyrs
It shake away the oblivious gloom of ages.

ANGELO, MARK, MAGDALENE.

ANGELO.

Ye may approach—the youth, or I mistake,
Of whom Saavedra wrote, whose dulcet voice
And skilful handling the sweet lute—famed
Through Italy—most fair report, young man,
Hath been thy harbinger.

MARK.

Good reverend father,
That men so wise, whose words are treasured counsels
To mightiest Kings, should deign—note—name
Like mine, moves wonder.

ANGELO.

Youth, thou hast—soul,
For which thy spiritual guide—answer,

As for a Monarch's; in her care, the Church
That guards the loftiest, ne'er o'erlooks the meanest.
Thou'rt new about the Court, and our good Queen,
With gracious affability, will sit
Listening to thy sweet languaged lute; thou'rt there
In high

MARK.

Her Highness hath been pleased
To hear than once; but word of praise
From her had been a treasure, that my memory
Laid in store, for my whole life to brood on.

ANGELO (*aside*).

Warm!—I had forgot thy station, youth;
But with the great we rank far less by birth
Than estimation; and the power of ministering
To their delight becomes nobility.

MARK.

What?—says your wisdom so?

ANGELO.

Good youth, I charge thee,
 cherish that modesty that well becomes thee;
 But yet if Fame belie thee not, thy powers
 May bind high-scooped Advancement to thy service—
 Thou mayst compete ere long with—which affects
 Her Majesty of her servants?

Each

Partakes alike of that all-winning ease—
 Not the proud condescension, which disdains
 Most manifestly when it stoops the lowest—
 All are her slaves, seeming almost her equals:
 She's loved—

ANGELO.

Enough!—Report speaks bounteously
 Of Henry Norreys: he and William Brereton
 And Francis Weston, are about her still—

MARK.

Not one, I do believe, would deem his life
 Ill barter'd for her service—

ANGELO.

And Lord Rochford,

Her noble brother—as a Poet, youth,
 His art is kindred to thine own, its rival
 In making the mute air breathe an element
 Of purest intellectual joy—the Queen
 To her close privacy admits.

MARK.

I've heard

She takes delight beyond all words to hear
 Our harsher English tongue, by his smooth skill;
 And noble Surrey's, learn'd Wyatt's, flow
 Melodious, the honey-lipp'd Italian.

ANGELO.

'Tis well. Thy orphan'd youth, I learn, Mark Smeaton,
 Wants that imperious curb Heaven delegates
 To parents' hands; mine order, rank, and station
 Give my councils th' impress of command:
 I charge thee then, by thine soul—beware—
 Should golden honours, belike they may,
 Shower thee, wear them still with humbleness.
 Serve that bewitching but too easy Queen
 Assiduously, but still honourably.
 Aspire not, by whatever voice thou'rt summon'd,
 To perilous distinction; youth, again
 I say, take heed—one single day omit not,

On forfeiture of my paternal care,
 To pour thy confessing soul before me.

MARK.

What can your Wisdom mean?

MAGDALENE.

means, dear brother,

To merit his poor servants' prayers for this—
 Prayers that shall mount before the earliest lark,
 Earth's first thanksgiving voice, t' indulgent Heaven.
 Withdraw, withdraw, he heeds no more—away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ANGELO.

That warning was a master-stroke: it brings
 The impossible within the scope of thought;
 We do forbid but what may pass;
 And he will brood it, because forbidden,
 Till his whole soul is madness. All the
 Are full of their proud honour, and disdain
 To torture with vain villanous misconstruction
 Each innocent phrase to looseness. Cursed woman!
 'Gainst whom remorselessness is loftiest duty,
 And mercy sin beyond Heaven's grace—thinkst thou
 To be a Queen, and dare to be a woman!
 Play fool upon thy dizzy precipice,
 Nor smile, nor word, nor look, nor thought but's noted
 In our dark registers; each playful jest
 Is chronicled, and we are rich in all
 That's ocular proof and circumstance of guilt
 To jealousy's distemper'd ear.

And thou,

Proud King! the Church's head!—each lustful thought,
 Each murderous deed, is a new link of the chain
 By which our slaves are trammell'd: 'll let slip
 Thy fierce passions, ruthless the dogs
 Of war, prey thy obdurate heart;
 And they shall drag thee down, base, suppliant,
 Beneath feet—or drive thee maddening on,
 A hideous monster of all guilt, to fright
 The world from its apostasy, and brand
 The Heretic cause with thy eternal shame.

Whitehall.

QUEEN ANNE, ATTENDANTS, her ALMONER.

ALMONER.

So please your Majesty, your pensioners
 Flock in such hungry and still gathering troops,
 The table's full.

QUEEN.

Then, Sir, spread more; the Queen
 Commands it.

ALMONER.

But the cost, your Grace!

QUEEN.

Weigh that

When thou dost ourself, our poor neighbours.
 Why I down but yesterday, 'mid pomps
 And luxuries that might have fed a village?
 Go coin those wines, barter for homelier
 Those candied superfluities.

ALMONER.

stands not

With the King's honour thus mulct and limit
 Your Highness' state.

QUEEN.

Still less, Sir, to contract

And weigh with base frugality the alms
His Grace bestows through me, his humble agent.
The Bounty of the King, Heaven's delegate,
Should be as Heaven's: the Sun, that through the grate
Of some barr'd dungeon lights the pallid cheek
Of the poor prisoner, is a gracious gift;
But that which argues the great God of Nature
Is the rich prodigality of light,
That kindles the wide universal sky
And gladdens worlds. But ■ descend ■ truths
Of homelier prudence. 'T is not well to feast
A lazy herd of sleek unlabouring drones.
Most true, Sir; but his Majesty hath pleased
To take some certain Convents and rich Abbays
Into his royal hands; they, that ■ bred
To sun themselves in careless indolence,
Are cast abroad to buffet the hard world
For bare subsistence; even the ■ mitred Lords
Of manors, benefices, lands, and palaces,
Ill husbanding their limited maintenance,
Are brought to beggary and painful want:
Therefore ■ bounty ■ outrun awhile
Our better wisdom.

ALMONER.

I obey your Highness.

QUEEN.

And have our best thanks for your prudent caution
As for your prompt compliance.—

Gracious Heaven!

I thought ■ throne would give the power of blessing
Illimitable—to speak, were ■ make glad
All hearts. Alas! the higher ■ aspire,
The wider spreads beneath ■ the dark scene
Of human wretchedness, which even to lighten
Wants not Heaven's goodness only, but Heaven's wisdom,
While easy mischief waits on meanest minds.
The idiot with a wanton brand may fire
Th' imperial city, a base beggar's brood
Infect a paradise with pestilence,
While deep-laid schemes of princeliest goodness end
In wider evil, and thrice heavier ruin.
Ye smile ■ hear these solemn arguments
Upon these laughter-loving lips.

LADY ■

Your Highness

Is ever thus, ■ gladdening with your mirth
Or teaching with your wisdom.

QUEEN.

Lady Rochford,

Might I ■ add that thou art ever flattering?
A brother's wife should too sincerely love
To pamper ■ vain heart with praise.

LADY ROCHFORD (aside).

Still shamed

And still rebuked—curse on her proud humility!

QUEEN.

Enough of this—in truth the board that led
To this grave reasoning forces oft ■ smile
Even ■ Compassion's tearful face: the strange,
The motley groups! the doubts, the awe, the fears,
The pride of beggary! There are, who patch,
As though in honour of the royal feast,
With scarlet and rich hues their loose-hung tatters;
And some will creep, as they ■ led to justice,
Along the hall, and the next instant pledge,
Like jovial courtiers, the Queen's health. But those

Of the old religion ■ me most. They steal
Reluctant with suspicious steps, each instant
Crossing themselves, to exorcise, ■ doubt,
The fiends beneath the board: each time they touch
Or dish ■ flagon, they renew the charm,
As though the viands flavour'd of rank heresy,
And 't ■ a deadly sin to taste the dole
Of wicked Gospeller. Last noon came in
Two maids, whose tatter'd veils but ill conceal'd
Their ■ and famine-sunken cheeks, not ■
With holy fast, but bitter withering want;
Desperate they ate, ■ conscious of their sin:
Anon a pattering sound of beads I heard,
A voice half breathless muttering broken Aves;
Lo, the good lady Abbess, come to ■
Her soul-endanger'd charge; but, sad to tell,
The tempting fumes o'erpower'd her holy rigour,
And the grave mother ■ the flesh-pots fell.

ATTENDANT.

Madam, the Countess Wiltshire.

LADY WILTSHIRE.

LADY WILTSHIRE.

Dearest Anne!

My child!—Your Highness' pardon; my old lips
Will ■ learn th' unwonted reverence;
■ clings the old familiar fondness round me.

QUEEN.

Dear mother, have I ceased to be your child
Being ■ Queen? for your attendance, Ladies,
We thank you, and ere long may task your service;
But now—in truth I play the Queen but ill
Beside the cradle of my child—and thus
Within my mother's arms—

[The Ladies retire.]

LADY WILTSHIRE.

Oh! who had thought

Our little playful Anne, all mirth and frolic,
The veriest madcap that ere made a mother
Tremble, rejoice, and smile, and weep at once,
Should sit on England's throne? Nay, if thou bribe not
My garrulous age, I may betray strange tales
Not all becoming the high sceptred state
Of the Queen's majesty.

QUEEN.

I much mistrust you—

In truth I do.

LADY WILTSHIRE.

Well, Heaven be praised for all,
Chiefly that I and thy good Father, Anne,
Have lived with ■ eyes to witness it.
And now, come when it will, thou 'lt have me buried
In royal state; my funeral pomp shall have
Sceptres and royal scutcheons in its train:
I'll not endure that my base epitaph
Write ■ plain wife of good Sir Thomas Boleyn;
I'll be emblazed in characters of gold,
The mother of Queen Anne.

QUEEN.

Ay, in good time,

Some twenty years ■ we 'll think of this:
But, by my faith, best mother, there 's ■ joy
Of ■ that wait like chain'd and harness'd slaves
Around the thrones of kings—the pomp, the splendour,
The hearty voice of popular acclaim,
The grave esteem of godly men, the power

Boundless of succouring the distress'd, the grace
And favour ■ ■ royal Husband, worthiest,
Were he ■ peasant, of our fondest dotage;
The consciousness of being a humble ■■■■
To build anew Christ's desolated Church—
There 's nought more full, sincere, and rapturous—
nought—

Than thus repaying all the pains, the prayers
Of her that bore me, nursed me, train'd me up
To this high doom, making ■ like herself.
Mother, all other joys make my cheek smile;
But thy affectionate and blameless pride
Makes gladness speak her truer language—tears:
And here ■■■■ will not rebuke our weeping,
My noble Rochford.

Lord Rochford.

ROCHFORD.

Does your Highness pardon

This bold intrusion?

QUEEN.

I will pardon all

But this cold courteous ceremony:
I would not, Brother, for my throne, forego
My station in thy heart. Wert thou a stranger,
Thy letter'd fame had given thee entrance here.
'T is such as thou adorn ■ court, less honour'd
Than honouring; for you Poets hold a court
Which whose visits not hath lost all title
To that nobility which lives for ages,
Where Kings are proud to enter. There's no clime
Nor ■ not even the Heaven of Heavens, but sends,
Summon'd by your plumed herald Fantaisie,
Its embassy of noblest images
To do you service; and ye entertain them
Right royally, do make them move ■ music
That they forget the sounds of their own spheres.

ROCHFORD.

Your Highness!

QUEEN.

Nay, your Sister!

ROCHFORD.

Sweet rebuke:

Dear Sister, I've been toiling in your service,
Or rather turning toil ■ ■■ delight;
I've been enriching my rude ■■■■ with thoughts
I stole from thee in that religious ■■■■
We held some days ago, when ■■ discuss'd
The vain idolatries of Rome, adoring
With disproportionate and erring ■■■■
The Holy Virgin. I've ■ hymn, methinks
Will not offend.—Will 't please your Highness hear it?

QUEEN.

Most willingly, it suits the hour—for eve,
That steals ■ softly ■ the quiet world,
Seems made for solemn music, ■■ ■ nature
Breathed silence ■■ all in earth and Heaven,
Vocal alone with grateful man's thanksgiving.

ROCHFORD.

Here—call Mark Smeaton, bid him bring his lute.

The above, SMEATON.

ROCHFORD.

Now, boy, that ■■ I told thee of within;
And look thou touch it masterly: her Grace
Hath that nice ■■ that vibrates to the touch

■ harmony, ■■ tremblingly alive
The slightest discord jars on it like anguish.
Not with that shaking hand—

Look, the Queen smiles:

Right, boy, thou own'st that inspiration.

The Protestant's Hymn to the Virgin.

1.

Oh! Virgin Mother! not with choral hymn
Around the lamp-deck'd altar high and dim,
Where silver bells are faintly ringing,
And odorous ■■■■ lightly swinging;
Till blazing forth above, beneath, around,
Rolls the ■■ organ's never-ceasing sound:
Not with the costly gift of gold and gem,
Where thy enshrined image stands,
Loveliest, though framed by daring human hands,
And halo'd with thy sun-like diadem:
Not with the deep devotion of the heart,
Close folded ■■■■ across the heaving breast,
And words that find no breath, and sighs suppress—
Mary, ■■ seek not thee
With suppliant agony
Of burning tears, that all unbidden start;
To mortal name our jealous souls deny
The incommunicable meed of Deity.

2.

And thou, where'er thy everlasting seat—
If ever human prayer, with noise unmeet,
Up ■ thy radiant throne ■ high,
Ascend through the reluctant sky;
Or earthly music its fond notes intrude
Upon the silence of beatitude:
Lowliest as loveliest among mortal maids!
With all the grief that may arise
The changeless bliss of thy empyreal state,
Ever thy sad dejected look upbraids
The misdirected homage, vain and blind;
Aside thou turnest thy offended ears
Where ■■ Hosanna fills th' acclaiming spheres;
Oh! conscious child of Eve,
Mary, thy soul doth grieve
At godhead's sacred rite to thee assign'd;
Mourning the rash unholy injury done
To the redeeming ■■ of thy Almighty Son!

3.

Yet ne'er Incarnate Godhead might reside,
Save where his conscious presence glorified;
Thee, therefore, lovelier far we deem
Than eye may see or soul may dream.
Unchanged—unwasted by the pains of earth,
Thou didst bring forth the fair immortal birth:
And Hope and Faith, and deep maternal Joy,
And Love, and not unholy Pride,
With soft unevanescent glory dyed
Thy cheeks, while gazing on the peerless boy;
And ■■ than prophetic consciousness,
That he ■■ born all human-kind ■■ bless!
The musical and peopled air was dim,
Mary, where'er thy haunt,
With angels visitant,
Nor always ■■ the viewless Seraphim
Stand with their plumed glories unconceal'd,
To see the Eternal Child while cradled on thy breast.

4.

And what, though in the winter, bleak and wild,
Thou didst bring forth the unregarded child,
The summon'd star made haste to shine
Upon that new-born face divine,
And the low dwelling of the stabled beast
Shone with the homage of the gorgeous East.
Though driven far off to Nilus' reedy shore,
As thou didst slake thy burning feet,
Where o'er the desert fount the arching palm-trees
meet:

Still its soft pillow'd charge thy bosom bore;
And thou didst watch in rapture his sweet sleep;
Or gaze, while sportive he thy locks caress,
Or drank the living fountain of thy breast.

Yet, Mary, o'er thy soul
A silent sadness stole,
Nor could thy swelling eyes refuse to weep,
For Rachel, desolate, in agony,
And Bethlehem's mothers childless all but thee.

5.

Nor fail'd thy watchful spirit to behold
The secret inborn Deity unfold:
Nor e'er without a painless awe,
The wondrous youth the mother saw;
For in the Baptist's playful love appear'd
The homage of a heart that almost fear'd:
And though in meek subjection still he dwelt
Beneath thy husband's lowly home,
Oft from his lips would words mysterious come;
The soul untaught the present Saviour felt.
As ~~than~~ prophet raptures o'er him broke,
And fuller still the inspiration pour'd,
Half-bow'd to earth unconscious knees adored:
Mary, before thy sight,
The wonder-working might,
Prerogative of highest Godhead woke;
Unfearful yet!—when instant at his sign,
The water vessels blush'd with generous wine.

6.

~~o'er~~ all women, ~~thy~~ heart repress,
~~chaste~~, ~~each~~ thought of loftiness,
When wonder ~~burst~~
Around the ~~thy~~ ~~leap~~;
The dumb began to sing, the lame a leap;
Unwet footsteps trod the unyielding deep;
Still at his word disease and anguish ceased,
And healthful blood began to flow,
Ruddy, beneath the leper's skin of snow;
And shuddering fiends the tortured soul released;
And from the grave ~~the~~ summon'd dead?
Yet, ah! did ne'er thy mother's heart repine,
When he ~~forth~~ upon his dread design?
Mary, did ne'er thy love
Piteous fate reprove,
When on the rock reposed his houseless head?
Seem'd it ~~strange~~ ~~thy~~ officious zeal—
All pains, all sorrows, ~~his~~ own, to heal?

7.

Yet, oh! how awful, Desolate! to thee,
Thus to have shrined the living Deity!
When underneath the loaded Rood,
Forlorn ~~childless~~ mother stood:

Then when that voice, whose first articulate breath
Thrill'd her enraptured ear, had ~~in~~ death
Bequeath'd her ~~his~~ care whom best he loved;
When the cold death-dew bathed his brow,
And faint the drooping head began to bow,
Wert thou not, saddest, too severely proved?
As in thy sight each rigid limb grew cold,
And the lip whiten'd with the burning thirst,
And the last cry of o'erwrought anguish burst,
Where then the Shiloh's crown,
Mary, the Christ's renown,
By Prophets and Angelic harps foretold?
Was strength to thy undoubting spirit given?
Or did not human love o'erpower thy trust in Heaven?

8.

But when Death's conqueror from the tomb return'd,
Was thine the heart that at his voice ne'er burn'd?
Follow'd him not thy ~~sight~~,
Slow melting in Heaven's purest white,
To take his ancient endless seat on high,
On the right hand of Parent Deity?
And when thine earthly pilgrimage ~~ended~~,
We deem not, but that circled round,
With ringing harps of Heaven's most glorious sound,
Thy spirit, redeem'd through thy Son's blood, ascended:
There evermore in lowliest loftiness,
Meek thou admirest, how that living God,
That fills the Heavens and Earth, in thee abode.
Mary, we yield to thee
All but idolatry;
We gaze, admire, and wonder—love and bless:
Pure, blameless, holy, every praise be thine,
All honour ~~thy~~ Son's, all glory but divine.

SCENE.

The Palace of the Bishop of Winchester.

ANGELO.

More blood! more blood!—three noble brethren more,
From the Carthusian's decimated house (1),
Doom'd to the block—ay, pour it forth like water!
Make your Thames red, till your proud galleys plough
Their way, and leave a sanguine wake behind them:
Set wide the gates of Hell, and ~~thence~~
Murder, enthroned on your high judgment-seat;
Arm her dark sister, lawless Massacre,
With the dread axe of public Execution;
Can Hell, ~~Earth's~~ confederate Kings prevail
'Gainst the true Church?—But, oh! ye martyr'd souls!
Spirits, with whose saintly blood their robes are wet—
Oh! all-accomplish'd More, and sainted Fisher,
Rejoice ye not that with your death ye ~~will~~
The fire-wing'd ministers of Heaven's just wrath,
That welcoming your souls to th' abode of bliss,
Stand with spread wings, and ready girt for vengeance!
But ye, the pulpit Captains of the Schism,
Worse than the worst—soul murderers, Hell's Apostles—
Ye would pour oil into the Church's wounds
That your own parricide hands have rent, and think
They will ~~plead~~ against you.—Oh! ye blind
To earthly wisdom ~~Heaven's~~ light, that dare not
Greatly ~~sin~~, or, politically severe,
Crush where ye conquer—ye will stand aloof
From the black scaffold, preach, protest, forswear
~~deeds~~ of blood; yet your infected ~~deeds~~

Shall smell of it ■ latest generations!
 Oh fools! ■ plunge in internecine strife,
 Yet pause, and fear ■ slay:—deserving none,
 And by Heaven's throne receiving none, ■ dream
 Of showing mercy; either way ye perish,
 Or shed the martyrs' blood, whose dying voices
 Arm Earth, Hell, Heaven, 'gainst your ungodly cause;
 Abstain, the uncheck'd recoil of our fierce vengeance
 Shall sweep you to the appointed pit of Hell!

ANGELO, GARDINER.

ANGELO.

My Lord of Winchester, thou hast received
 Our full credentials from St Peter's chair?

GARDINER.

Brother in Christ, thou know'st this land rejects
 Rome's Bishop and his tyrannous usurpation.

ANGELO.

That Stephen Gardiner ■ ■ power in Rome
 I know, nor yet in England. What cares he
 For King ■ Pontiff, ■ he may maintain
 The proud supremacy of Stephen Gardiner.
 A second, but a greater Wolsey, thou,
 With thine unbounded soul, wouldst rule o'er all—
 Church, State, ■ world——

GARDINER.

Italian, thou 'rt too bold——

ANGELO.

Too true, good Islander! but think not, Gardiner,
 I or lament or deprecate thy greatness.
 What qualities that make ■ fit ■ rule
 ■ in Winchester's capacious soul?
 The statesman's large and comprehensive mind;
 The politician's keen prophetic eye;
 The scholar's mastery o'er the realm of knowledge;
 Smooth manners, that with courtly art persuade;
 The eloquent pen, pregnant with thought profound;
 Quickness ■ penetrate each dark design;
 Sagacity to wind the unwilling soul
 To his ■ purpose: wisest in the council;
 Deep read in books—in man's dark heart still deeper;
 ■ knowing in all Europe's courts. Blest England,
 If she but prize his worth; himself most blest,
 If but ■ his own interests blind, he err not
 On his ascendant path——

GARDINER.

Your meaning, brother?

ANGELO.

A Churchman, and abase the Church's rule!
 To wrest the thunder from his awful grasp,
 Whose delegates are we, ■ he is Heaven's,
 And place it in the temporal tyrant's hands,
 That hath ■ scope nor end but his ■ pride
 And carnal lust of sway! Rome covets power,
 ■ for her sons, with wholesome tyranny,
 To their own weal, ■ govern kings and nations.
 Oh! traitor ■ thy people, King, and God,
 As to thyself! to cast away the sceptre
 That sways man's soul ■ his immortal vantage!
 Son of the Holy Church, I exorcise
 The fiend of disobedience from thine heart;
 By all thou lovest—pomp, majesty, dominion,
 By all thou hatest—th' apostate ■ and crew,
 Th' all powerful Cranmer!—ay, I ■ thy check

Blanch, thy low quivering lip—by all thou fear'st,
 By all thou hopest, thou 'rt ours, thou 'rt Rome's, thou 'rt
 Heaven's!

GARDINER.

Good Father, walls have ears—the treacherous air,
 With terrible delation, wanders round
 The thrones of Kings.

ANGELO.

Thou think'st not, ■ Rome
 Would urge a rashness, which might wreck ■ cause:
 Would have thee cast this wise dissembling off,
 By which thou hast won the easy confidence
 Of foolish heretics: be supple still,
 And seeming true, thou 'rt worthier of our trust.
 We know thy heart ■ own, and lend awhile
 Thy tongue, thy pen, ■ the proud King, 't abase him
 To ■ ■ abject slave of thee and Rome.
 Now hear me, Prelate, glut thine ■ with tidings,
 For there are dark and deep-delved plots, that 'scape
 Even Gardiner's lynx-eyed sight—thy soul shall laugh.
 The Queen—the Boleyn—the false harlot heretic—
 She 's in ■ toils—lost, doom'd——

GARDINER.

I know the King

Is fallen away to a new lust, and hates
 Where ■ he doted.—But her death!—

ANGELO.

What! versed

■ courts like Gardiner, and not know how close
 Death waits upon the blasting hate of Kings?
 I tell thee, she shall die—die on ■ scaffold!
 Die branded like a base adulteress!—
 Die like ■ heretic—the Church's foe!—
 Die unabsolved, unhousel'd—die for ever!

GARDINER.

Ay, but her blameless life; the love she ■
 By subtle sorcery from every rank.

Blameless!—a heretic avow'd, proclaim'd,
 The nursing mother of Apostacy!
 Heap crime on crime, load all her soul with blackness,
 Make her ■ hideous to the end of time;
 Yet is she not, to a true son of the Church,
 More odious, more abominable—all sins
 Are in that one! Adultery, murder, nought
 Is wanting but desire or meet occasion,
 And the loose heart gives way.

GARDINER.

But this Jane Seymour

■ of no better brood.

ANGELO.

What reck we who
 Or what she is? she shall give place 't another,
 Another still, till the fierce flame burns out,
 And shame, remorse, and horror, all the furies
 That howl and madden round the guilty bed,
 Seize on the abject Monarch! ■ shall lick
 The dust beneath our feet, and pay what price
 The Church ordain, for tardy reconciliation.

GARDINER.

Brother, draw near! thy speech hath bodied forth
 What hath come floating o'er my secret thought.

ANGELO.

And own'st thou not Heaven's manifest inspiration?

GARDINER.

So thou wilt bring ■ pass what Gardiner left

In unaccomplish'd vision! Man of men,
What fame shall wait, what canonizing glory
On sainted Angelo!

ANGELO.

While Stephen Gardiner
Must sink into the baser rank. Oh! fear not,
Nor jealously mistrust me, lest I
Thy upward path: I have forsworn the world,
Not with the formal oaths that burst like flax,
But those that chain the soul with triple iron.
Earth hath no guerdon I may covet, I
I may enjoy.—Thou, Stephen Gardiner,
Shalt rule submissive Prelates, Peers and Kings,
Loftiest in station, as I mind the mightiest;
And a perpetual noon of golden power
Shall blaze around thy lordly mitred state.
I'm girt for other journeys: at that hour,
When all but crown'd the righteous work, this Isle
Half bow'd again to the Holy See, I
Far in some savage land unknown, far
From civilized or reasonable life,
From letters, arts—where wild I howl around
Their blood-stain'd altars—to uplift th' unknown,
Unawful Crucifix: I go to pine
With famine; waste with slow disease; the loathing
And scorn of men. And when thy race is run,
Thou, Winchester, in marble cemetery,
Where thy cathedral roof, like some rich grove,
Spreads o'er, and all the walls with 'scutcheons blaze,
Shalt lie. While anthem'd choruses and pealing organs,
And incense clouds, and a bright heaven of lamps,
Shall solemnize thy gorgeous obsequies;
O'er my unsepulchred and houseless bones,
Cast I the barren beach of the salt sea,
Or arid desert, where the vulture flaps
Her dreary wings, shall never wandering Priest
Or bid his beads or say one passing pray'r.
Thy memory shall live in this land's records
While the sea girds the Isle; but mine shall perish
As utterly as some base beggar's child
That unbaptized drops like abortive fruit
Into unhallow'd grave.

Impossible!

Rome cannot on such wild service minds
Like thine, nor they endure the obedience.

Man of this world, thou know'st not those who tread
The steps of great Ignatius, those that bear
The name of Jesus and his Cross. I've sunk
For ever title, rank, wealth—even my being;
And self-annihilated, boast myself
A limb, a nameless limb, of that vast body
That shall bespread the world, uncheck'd, untraced—
Like God's own presence, every where, yet where—
Th' invisible control, by which Rome rules
The universal mind of man. On me
My Father's palace-gates shall open,
I own no more my proud ancestral name,
I have no property even in these weeds,
These coarse and simple weeds I wear; I will,
Nor passion, nor affection, nor the love
Of kindred touch this earth-estranged heart;
My personal being is absorb'd and dead.
Thou think'st it much with cilice, scourge, and fast
To macerate thy all-too pamper'd body,

That thy sere heart is seal'd to woman's love,
That child shall climb thy knees, call thee
His father:—on the altar of my God
I've laid a nobler sacrifice, a soul
Conscious it might have compass'd empire.—This
I've done; and in a brief and frantic fit
Of youthful lust ungratified—in the hour
Of disappointed pride. A noble, born
Of Rome's patrician blood, rich, letter'd, versed
In the affairs of men; a monkish dreamer
Hearing Heaven's summons in ecstatic vision.
God spoke within this heart but with the voice
A stern deliberate duty, and I rose
Resolved to sail the flood, to tread the fire—
That's nought—to quench all natural compunction,
To know nor right nor wrong, nor crime nor virtue,
But as subservient to Rome's cause and Heaven's.
I've school'd my haughty soul to subtlest craft,
I've strung my tender heart to bloodiest havoc,
And stand prepared to wear the martyr's flames
Like nuptial robes;—far worse, to drag to the stake
My friend, the brother of my soul—if thus
I the hydra's heads of heresy.

GARDINER.

Think not thine order, brother, nor thy tenets
Sublime that unquestioning devotion
With which God's Seraphim perform his mandates,
Unknown, unnoticed, unobserved. I lay
The volume of this heart, that man ne'er read,
Before thee. Here is hate of heresy,
Deep, desperate as thine own. In the dead night,
And in the secret prayers of my dark chamber,
Like thee I cry, Holy and True, how long—
Oh! when will they blaze up and gladden heaven,
The glorious purifying fires, and purge
The land of its pollutions; when the Church
Its pure and virgin whiteness re-array,
And its true Sons shake off dissembling darkness!

ANGELO.

Oh! Gardiner, beware! No lust of vengeance,
No carnal hate, nor hope of worldly triumph,
Must leaven our heroic zeal: God's will
Its sole commission, its sole end God's glory,
We must gird up our souls to this high service,
Alike subdue and bend pride and passions
To great scope; with nought too stern I dread
But that we'll on relentless, nought too base
But I will stoop—much is already done—

GARDINER.

Enough, I ask no more, would know no more.
I'll stand aloof, and wait in holy hope
Th' appointed hour.

ANGELO.

In safety reap the harvest
Sown in the sweat of others' brows. 'T is well,
Thus shall it be, thus best the cause will prosper;
And, prosper but the cause, my work is done.

Whitehall.

QUEEN (dismissing her Ladies).

Away—we are not used to order twice;
Away—depart.—

I am alone—alone—
Nor that cold hateful pomp of fawning faces
Me, the true officious love

Of those whose hearts I would ■ wring, by seeming
The wretch I am : so pour thee forth, mine heart,
Pour thy full tide of bitterness ; for Queens
Must weep in secret when they weep. I saw it—
'T ■ no foul vision—with unblinded eyes
I ■ it ; his fond hands, ■ ■ in mine,
Were wreathed in hers ; he gazed upon her face
Even with those fatal eyes, no woman looks at—
I know it, ah ! too well—nor madly dote.
That eloquence, the self-same burning words
That seize the awe-struck soul, when weakest, thrill'd
Her vainly-deaf averted ears.—Oh, Heaven !
I thank thee that I curs'd her not, nor him.
Jane Seymour, like ■ sister did I deem thee ;
But what of that ? Thou 'rt heaven-ordain'd to visit
Her sins upon the head of her that dared
To love, to wed another's lord. Mayst thou
Ne'er know the racking anguish of this hour,
The desolation of this heart ! But thou,
Oh ! thou, my crime, my madness ! thou on whom
The loftiest woman had been proud to dote,
Had he been master of ■ straw roof'd cottage !
Was 't just to awe, ■ dazzle the young mind,
That deem'd its transport loyal admiration,
Submissive duty all, till it awoke
And found it thrilling, deepest woman's love !
Too late, too early disabused—would Heaven
That I were still abused ! Long, long I've felt
Love's bonds fall ■ by one from thy pall'd heart.
Oh ! the fond falsehoods of my credulous soul !
War, policy, religion, all the cares
Of kingdoms, Europe's fate within thy hands,
I pleaded to myself ■ justify
Thy cold estrangement.

Well, 't is o'er, and I

Must sit alone ■ my cold eminence,
All women's envy, mine own scorn and pity.
And all the sweetness of these virgin lips,
And all the pureness of this virgin bosom,
And all the fondness of this virgin heart,
Forgotten, turn'd to scorn—perchance to loathing.
Heaven ! ■ way but this, and none but He
To scourge this guilty heart ? Thy will be done.
I've still a noble Father, and ■ Brother,
And, Powers of grace ! my Mother—kill her not,
Break not her heart,—for ■ it will break to hear it.
My child, my child, thou only wilt not feel it :
Thy parent o'er thy face may weep, nor thou
Be sadder for her misery ; thou wilt love me
Though thy false father scorn and loathe. My Mother—
Oh ! ne'er before would I have fled thy presence :
Betray me not, my tear-swoln eyes.

QUEEN, LADY WILTSHIRE.

LADY WILTSHIRE.

Dear Anne,

I come ■ task thy goodness : thou must use
That witching influence none e'er resists ;
That, with a sweet and pardonable treason,
Makes the King's Grace thy slave, nor leaves him power
To think or speak but ■ thy pleasure—

QUEEN (*aside*).

Heaven !

Each word wrings blood from my torn heart.

In truth,

There ■ lived who could refuse thee ought ;
For thou were ■ known ■ ask amiss.
But, thou 'rt all tears.

QUEEN.

Nought—nought—thy story, Mother.

LADY WILTSHIRE.

Ay, nothing sure will chase away thy weakness,
Be 't of the body or the mind, ■ soon
As that ■ consciousness that thou art using
The power Heaven gave thee in Heaven's ■ His
Grace

The Primate waits without t' implore your Highness,
That the old high-born Prior of the Carthusians,
And two right noble brethren of that house,
That, obstinate and self-will'd, still subscribe not
The King's supreme dominion, may find mercy,
Nor perish ■ the ignominious scaffold.

QUEEN.

My Lord of Canterbury at our door !
The presence of that righteous man, dear Mother,
Breathes sanctity as though from Heaven ; our hearts
O'erflow ■ once with prayer and holiest thoughts.
Admit his Grace.

The above. CRANMER.

QUEEN.

Your blessing, holy Father.

CRANMER.

Heaven save your Highness ! But, remember, Lady,
Prayers of anointed Priests or mitred Prelates
Are poor and valueless ■ such as come
From those that wear Christ's truest livery,
The wretched and the broken-hearted.

QUEEN (*aside*).

Heaven,

I ■ thy voice—then mine ■ surely heard.

CRANMER.

I'll teach your Grace to do Heaven violence,
By shricing your blest ■ in vows of men,
From death released, from cruel public death.
The Countess Wiltshire hath made known our suit ;
And though my soul abhors the wilful hardness
Of these proud men, yet they were nursed in error—
In error, but for all-enlightening grace,
That still had darken'd our own souls. Were Heaven
Extreme t' avenge its outraged majesty,
Would the red roaring thunder ever cease ?
And shall the ■ earth's injured Monarchs wield
Be ■ satiate with the offending blood ?

QUEEN.

■ I the power !

CRANMER.

The power ! thou 'st ever been
The rainbow o'er the awful throne. The King,
That lives but in thy presence, ne'er disdain'd
Thy righteous supplication. Oh ! great Queen,
Our cause, the Gospel cause, the cause of Christ,
■ spotted o'er with shame. Rude sacrilege
Usurps the name of godly Reformation,
And revels in the spoil of shrine and altar.
■ have cast down the incensed heathenish image
To worship with more foul idolatry
The gold of which 't ■ wrought ; and all the blood
The ■ relentless Law for Treason sheds,
Attaints our blameless faith of direst cruelty.

QUEEN (*aside*).

More woe, more woe—to know these holy hopes,
This noble trust, misplaced and frustrate all!
Your Grace o'ervalues our poor influence,
Such ■ it is.

LADY WILTSHIRE.

The King!

QUEEN.

I'll know the worst.

Dear Mother, leave us. Come contempt or shame,
She must not witness it: but he the rather
Will seek to compensate the heart's deep wrongs
By outward graciousness. Wretch, wretch myself,
I may relieve the wretchedness of others:—
■ 't as it may, the world shall never know
Through me the secret of his sin, his falsehood,
But deem him by my love the gentlest husband
As the ■ noble Monarch upon Earth.

KING HENRY.

KING.

Refuse ■ mandate—shut their Abbey gates
Against our Poursuivants—refuse our oaths—
Now, by St Paul, not ■ of them shall wear
His shaven crown on his audacious shoulders!

GRANMER.

Your Majesty will hear your faithful servant.

KING.

I'll none of it—their heads or their allegiance.
God's death! have all our Parliament and Peers,
Our Rev'rend Bishops, given their hands and seals,
And shall we thus be mock'd and ■ at nought
By beggarly and barefoot monks? Archbishop,
Out of our love to thine own reverend person,
We do refuse thy most unwise petition.
Good foolish man, not one of them but urged
By that old Priest of the Seven Hills would burn us,
Body and soul. We'll have no Kings but one,
None but ourself.—Tut, not a word. How now?
What, Nan? what blank? what all a mort? Thy jests,
And thy quaint sayings, and thy smiles—

QUEEN.

My Liege,

I have been sued ■ be ■ suppliant
For those who, fall'n beneath thine high displeasure—

KING.

'Sdeath! ye've your answer—as I pass'd but ■
Jane Seymour ■ set on t' entreat our mercy;
We yielded not, nor thought of being wearied
At every step with the old tedious tale—
Art answer'd?

QUEEN.

What I am, I owe your Grace,
And in ■ deep humility confess it;
But being ■ I am, your Grace's wife,
I knew not that my maid's rejected prayer
Precluded further speech—

KING.

Why, how now, wayward!

Your maid! good truth, Sir Thomas Boleyn's daughter's
Right nobly served. I'd have you know, proud woman,
What the King gives, the King may take away—
Who raised up one from dust, may raise another.
Look to thyself, I say—thou mayst have cause;
Look, and be wise—be humble. For your Grace

We've business in ■ Council—not ■ word—
Our Queen's ■ subject still.

QUEEN (*alone*).

And this is he,

The flower of the world's chivalry, most courtly
Where met the splendor of all courts! When Europe
Sent its three Sov'reigns to that Golden field,
Who ■ all eyes with liberal noble bearing?
Who charm'd all ears with high and gracious speech?
Who made all hearts his slaves by inbred worth
But English Henry? by his pattern all
Moved, spoke, rode, tilted, shaped their dress, their lan-
guage,

And he that most resembled England's King
Was kingliest in the esteem of all. This he
That lay whole hours before my worshipp'd feet,
Making the air melodious with his words?
So fearful to offend, having offended
So fearful of his pardon, not myself
More jealous of my maiden modesty;
The bridegroom of my youth, my infant's Father!
Ah! me, my rash and inconsiderate speech,
My pride, hath wrought from his too hasty nature
This shame upon mine head: he'll turn, he'll come
My prodigal back to mine heart—if not,
I'm born his subject, sworn before high Heaven
His faithful wife; then let him cast me from him,
Spurn, trample me to dust—the foe, the stranger
That ■ no law of kindred, blood, or duty
Is taught, where every word is Heaven's own truth,
To love where most he's hated. I will live
On the delicious memory of the past,
And bless him so for my few years of bliss,
My lips shall find no time for harsh reproach;
I'll be ■ one of those sweet flowers that, crush'd
By the contemptuous foot, winds closer round it,
And breathes in every step its richest odours.

An Apartment in Westminster.

ANGELO, LADY ROCHFORD.

ANGELO.

In that proud Prelate's heart a noble chord(2)
I touch'd, now harp we ■ a baser string.
The Lady Rochford! thou art here to tell ■
That thou fulfill'st the terms on which the Church,
In its high plenitude of power, absolves
The guilty soul.

LADY ROCHFORD.

I come, Sir, to advise

With your wise sanctity.

ANGELO.

We've judged already,
And look but for obedience—hast thou scatter'd
Those hints and seeds of hate in the King's path,
That he behold this Queen in her true colours?

LADY ROCHFORD.

I have; with zeal ■ fatal, with success
So manifest, mine inmost soul recoils
At the base service.

ANGELO.

Hast obtain'd that paper
In Lady Wingfield's hand!

LADY ROCHFORD.

'T is here.

ANGELO.

Good! good!—

LADY ROCHFORD.

Inexorable!—must I show no mercy?
Must crime be still atoned by crime? Oh! think,
She is my husband's sister—his, the bridegroom
Of my fond youth—

ANGELO.

To whom thou art so

And faithful!

LADY ROCHFORD.

Ha! what need of words to thee,
That readst the inmost depths of this dark heart
More clearly than myself—I hate that husband,
For that I've injured him deeply; hate
Her virtue that reproaches mine shame:
But yet to slander her pure fame—

ANGELO.

You said

Erewhile you doubted her yourself.

LADY ROCHFORD.

The sinful

Have a base interest to drag down the holy
To their own level. Set me some strange penance,
To grind the flesh, and wring the heart's-blood forth;
Oh! any thing but this base wicked service!

ANGELO.

Thou wilt do all but what the Church commands.
What is it for a life like thine—a life
That doth confess, bewail, forswear its sins,
But with new t' indulge—that comest so oft
With the foul tale, that I do fear to breathe
The tainted air of my confessional?
For such a life is not that place ordain'd
Where air is fire, life pain, and language howling?

LADY ROCHFORD.

Oh! horror!

ANGELO.

Look that thou perform our bidding

To the strict letter, the extremest point,
Wary and secret, as becomes a servant
Would merit grace and favour.

LADY ROCHFORD.

I'm no servant—

A slave—a lash'd, crouching, abject slave,
In the iron bondage of my sins!

ANGELO.

Ungrateful!

When I might hurl thee, black with malediction,
Where all thy direst visions of remorse,
The racking moments of remember'd crime,
The fangs of Conscience tearing at thy heart,
Thy tossing, feverish, spectre-staring midnights,
Would seem remission, peace, delight years
Interminable—

LADY ROCHFORD.

Oh! my soul! my soul!

ANGELO.

And I have taught thee how to merit favour
From those to whom the eternal keys are given—
Tinged your black desperation with the hue
Of hope—Away! back to thy duty—watch!
And those who weigh in the everlasting scales
Service against rebellion, and obedience
Against transgression, may at length strike down
The balance, and pronounce thee what thou dar'st not—
Thou dost not—hope may be thy lot.—Away!

The Garden, — before.

MARK SREATON, MAGDALENE SREATON.

MAGDALENE.

My brother!

MARK.

Oh! her voice—it will not cease—
Sounds within my ears, within my heart.
And thou, my harp once loved, but now a treasure
Which kingdoms will not buy; of her sweet tones
Thou'lt keep the perfume, as the Arabian air
The smell of spices.

MAGDALENE.

Mark, thou'rt strangely moved!

Speak to me—keep from her no jealous secret,
From her who loves thee with whole heart:
Nor thy unkindness, were't in thy soft nature—
Nor sorrows, they would but endear thee more—
Nor thy sins, if that way I could fear thee—
Could e'er estrange—

MARK.

The Queen! the Queen! my sister:

She sent for me—she made sit before her.
As my hand trembled on my lute, she smiled
With gracious playfulness—oh! what store
Of precious memories I've treasured up—
Look, motion, word, like relics, have I shrined them
In the heart's sanctuary, where all my thoughts
Shall come in daily pilgrimage devout
Till I am dust and clay. I miserable,
With such a refuge! sinful, with the power
Of her controlling holiness about me!

MAGDALENE.

Oh! brother, brother, my misgiving heart
Recoils, it knows not why, from words that sound
Like dangerous profanation: I have forsworn
All love but that of holiest cloister'd maids
Before the bleeding crucifix; but yet
I feel that there is sin in thy wild language,
Sin, not less deep in thought because in deed
Impossible.—Lo! Father Angelo.

MARK.

This awful man again!—must we ne'er meet
But his appalling look, inscrutable
Yet scrutinizing all, must cite to judgment
Each passing thought, each word, each wish—

MAGDALENE.

Mark, Mark,

Do any but the guilty dread the presence
Of holiest men? He comes to visit here
The mother of my youth, whose outcast age
Hath but me, of all our scatter'd convent,
To smooth her dying pillow, watch her wants;
And but Father Angelo t' attend her,
So constantly as though soul but hers
Neded his zealous function.

ANGELO. *The above.*

ANGELO.

So, fair youth,

Our prophecies fall true—thou'rt i' the sunshine.
Last eve, I ask not, if the dangerous song
Besem'd a son of Holy Church—that sin
Be theirs, not thine.

MARK.
How knew he this?
ANGELO.

Had those
That take in charge th' eternal souls of —
No ways of knowledge to the vulgar eye
Inscrutable, our task were ill fulfill'd.
So tell me, youth, and look that thou speak truth,
Truth to the word, the letter, — the tone—
Fell no peculiar private passages,
Nor word, — sign, nay, — familiar motion,
Emphatic tone, nor more expressive pause,
Between thyself and the Queen's Grace?

Good Sir,
Think on my baseness and her state—
ANGELO.

So young
And — dishonest! Boy, look to 't! Thy soul,
Thy soul that lives in bliss or dies for ever,
Is on the hazard (but I speak in love,
And not in anger) spake she not more gently?
Glanced not her eye — kindly than 't — wont?
Drank not her ears thy songs with longer rapture?
Awes not her presence less, and charms the more?—
Boy, boy, take heed—be warn'd, be wise.

MARK.
Sir, Sir,
Is 't possible, in human nature! where,
In History or Legend, wild and marvellous,
Is 't written, that a Queen—a Queen like her—
The Queen of Queens in beauty and in goodness,
Stoop'd to consider one like me?

ANGELO.
This life
Hath strange vicissitudes. This Queen, this partner
Of England's throne, I can remember well
The Duchess of Alençon once esteem'd
Of note scarce higher in her royal court
Than thou in England's—so, once more beware.
There is — price man's enemy will not pay
For — immortal soul. Now, the good Abbess—
Daughter, advance—how fares it with your charge!

MAGDALENE.
Sir, longing for your presence, — the blind
For light: your holy words breathe deeper calmness
O'er all her frame, than medicine's opiate drugs;
Her only fear of death is lest she want
Your parting benediction.

ANGELO.
In—I 'll follow.
MARK.

Will he not warn me not — wing the air,
Lest I should fly too — the parching Sun,
And shrivel into dust?—To doubt his wisdom
Were to impeach man's general estimate;
T' arraign his charity would give the lie
To a whole life of painful sanctity,
And slur th' anointed Priesthood with contempt.
Yet her—of her to speak, to think, t' imagine
Less than the purest, chastest, holiest, best—
An Angel, but without an Angel's wings,
Lest, weary of this tainting world, she fly
Untimely to her native skies; and I,
A poor, unknown, — homeless, friendless boy—
The more I think the wilder grow my thoughts,

And every thought is stamp'd with her bright image;
She — my world of fantasy, each sound
Is as her voice, each gleam of light her look,
And midnight hath no vision but of her.

Whitchall.

QUEEN and Ladies.

SIR HENRY NORREYS, SIR FRANCIS WESTON, SIR WILLIAM
BRECKTON, MARK SMEATON.

NORREYS.
Your Majesty will grace the tilt to-day?

QUEEN.
The King so wills it: mine obedience rather
Than mine own humour sways my choice.

NORREYS.
I had dared
To hope that he, your Grace has deign'd to name
Your Knight, being Champion of the ring, your Highness
Had given him victory by your presence.

QUEEN.
Norreys,
Trust me, I wish thee all that proud —
Thy valour and thy truth deserve.

NORREYS.
That wish
Is triumph—and my vaunting adversaries
Are strewn already — my feet.

QUEEN.
Sir Henry,
Such language breathes of the blithe air of France;
It brings back recollections of my youth,
When all my life was like a jocund dream,
Or air of gayest music:—but, time presses—
So, Gentlemen, in the old Knightly phrase,
Go bear you bravely for your Mistress' sake.

WESTON.
Our Mistress thus commanding, what true Knight
Can fail or falter?

QUEEN.
Courteous words, Sir Francis;
But I mistake me or that name calls up
Another—and, in truth, a fairer lady.

WESTON.
Not—as I live.

QUEEN.
Take heed! false oath, false Knight:
Enough of this—

NORREYS.
We kiss your Highness' hands,
And with this talisman of strength set forth.

QUEEN.
Heaven prosper you!

[MARK SMEATON kneels also.
How now? thou 'rt over-bold:
Thou dost forget thy rank and station, youth;
Thou 'rt not, I deem, of gentle blood.

—
No, no,
A look suffices me.

QUEEN.
Truth, noble Sirs,
Y — gallantry's infections; this poor youth
— needs admire and imitate your courtesies:
Take heed that thou offend no more—be modest,

As thou wert wont. And now to horse, Sir Knights—
Go forward, and Heaven speed the brave and noble!

So now ■ Greenwich, to look gay and light
As this May morning, with ■ heart as heavy
As dull November; ■ be thought the happiest,
Be the ■ wretched of all womankind.

[Exeunt.

Near Whitehall.

GARDINER and ANGELO.

ANGELO.

My Lord of Winchester—thou 'st ■ the King?

GARDINER.

I've ■ a raging madman loose; he came
From Greenwich at full speed; their horses seem'd
Like those who ride for life from ■ lost battle:
What hath befallen?

ANGELO.

The game is ■ played!

■ fires beyond our hopes, the sulphurous train
Flames up, they're hurl'd aloft, but ■ to Heaven.
Wake, Hell! and lift thy gates; and ye, that tenant
The deepest, darkest, ■ infuriate pit,
Th' abyss of all abysses, blackest blackness,
Where that most damning sin, the damning others,
With direst, most remorseless expiation,
Howls out its drear eternity, arouse
The myriad voices of your wailing; loud
As when the fleshly Luther, ■ the chief
Of his cursed crew have one by one gone down
To tread your furnace chambers!—Rise! prepare
The throne of fire, the crown of eating flames!
She comes—the Queen, the fatal Queen, whose beauty
Hath been to England worse, more full of peril,
Than Helen's ■ to Troy, hath seal'd for death,
For death eternal, irremediable,
Whole generations of her godless sons,
And made her stately church a heap of ruin!

GARDINER.

I am no heretic: why keep me thus
Upon the rack?

ANGELO.

When slightest accidents
Lead to effects that change the doom of nations,
Dost thou not read the visible hand of Heaven?

GARDINER.

Who questions it?

ANGELO.

Why then behold—adore it!

My Lord, ■ 're wise and politic, but yet
A foolish kerchief falling to the ground
Shall more advance our high and righteous ■
Than months of subtlest craft.

Explain.

ANGELO.

I stood

Within the tilt-yard, not to take delight
Carnal, unpriestly, in the worldly pageant:
Though, Heaven forgive me! when the trumpets blew,
And the lists fell, and Knights ■ brave, and ■
Of valour ■ their steeds of fire, wheel'd forth,
And moved in troops or single, orderly
As youths and maidens in a village dance,

Or shot, ■ swooping hawks, in straight career;
The old Caraffa rose within my breast—
Struggled my soul with haughty recollections
Of when I rode through the outpour'd ■ of Rome,
Enamouring all the youth of Italy
With envy of my noble horsemanship.
But I rebuked myself, and thought how Heaven
■ taught me loftier mastery, ■ rein
And curb with salutary governance
Th' unmanaged souls of ■ But to our purpose;
Even ■ the instant, when all spears were levell'd,
And rapid as the arblast bolt, the Knights
Spurr'd one by ■ to the ring, when breathless leant
The Ladies from their galleries—from the Queen's
A handkerchief ■ ■ fall; but while
Floating it dallied on the air, ■ Knight,
Sir Henry Norreys, as I learnt, stoop'd down,
Caught, wreath'd it in his plume, regain'd his spear,
And smote right home the quivering ring: th' acclaim
Burst forth like roaring waters, but the King
Sprang up, and call'd to horse, while tumult wild
Broke up the marr'd and frighted ceremony.

GARDINER.

Something of this I augur'd: ■ the King
Swept furious by, he heekon'd me; yet seem'd
Too busied with his wrathful thoughts to heed
Whom thus he summon'd; and I heard him mutter
• The saucy groom! • and terms, which to repeat
Were not o'erfitting priestly lips, but coupled
With the Queen's ■ most strangely. Seeing this,
I thought it in mine office ■ administer
Grave ghostly admonition, mingled well
With certain homily and pulpit phrases
Of man's ingratitude, and gracious Kings
Whose bounties are abused; the general looseness
Of the age. The ■ I spake, the more he madden'd,
As though my words were oil on fire.

ANGELO.

'T ■ well,

But must be better; I have further tidings.
I pass'd the Tower, and saw Sir William Kingston,
Summon'd 't was said, with special haste, come forth
Among his archers.

GARDINER.

Ha! there's more in this.

ANGELO.

Prelate, there shall be—where 's the King?

GARDINER.

I left him

Near the apartment of Jane Seymour.

ANGELO.

Good!

The field of battle where ■ have them all
At vantage.—Lead me ■ him.

GARDINER.

Thee?

ANGELO.

What! jealous still? Then go thyself—be speedy.
Thou lovest the King, my Lord of Winchester:
Suits it thy reverence, then, and holy station,
Nearest his heart, and in his closet counsels,
That he retain ■ wanton in his bosom,
When there is ■ hath damning evidence
At peril of his life?

GARDINER.

Where? who?

ANGELO.

The Man

Am I.—Thou seest, my Lord, thine all the glory,
The gratitude for this great service—mine
The peril. Strike, strike now, strike home, my Lord.

GARDINER.

I see it: ■ we pass, thou shalt unfold
All that remains behind; and, trust me, Brother,
Thou shalt have thy reward.

ANGELO.

I shall—in Heaven.

Whitehall.

QUEEN.

What can it mean? Each face ■ I pass'd by
Was gathering blackness; and ■ silent pity
Sate upon brows that turn'd aside to avoid me.
The menials ■ infected: not a groom,
As I descended from my litter, lent
His hand to aid me; and my ante-rooms
Are mute and empty, even as though the plague
Had tainted all the air. Well, what of this?
Oh, God of Grace! thou 'rt bounteous still! Fall off
The cumbrous trappings and appendages
Of mine uneasy state, thou leavest me yet
One far too old and one too young to change:
My child, my Mother, and my Innocence,
Shall make me up ■ blest society
An Empress girl about with handmaid-queens
Might envy.—At her charge I left my Mother,
Her charge, whose joy renews her youth, and makes her
Like some fond ■ o'er her first-born—

LADY WILTSHIRE.

LADY WILTSHIRE.

Come, come,

She sleeps—thyself, dear Anne, not half ■ lovely:
Come sit by her, and gaze ■ her, for hours,
For days: a violet on a bed of snow,
A pearl in ivory set, the brightest star
Where all ■ bright in the soft milky way—
There 's ■ similitude she doth not shame.
Her forehead arch'd by Heaven to fit a crown!
I 've almost wish'd thou ne'er shouldst bear a boy.
Dear Anne, to bar her from the throne she 's born to.

QUEEN.

Mother, I follow thee.

The above. KINGSTON and GUARD.

QUEEN.

Ha! in my chamber

Arm'd men! Sir William Kingston, thou 'rt o'erbold
To press unbidden on our privacy.

KINGSTON.

By the King's special mandate, I attach
Your Highness.

QUEEN.

Stay, Sir, as you hope for mercy.

My mother! she is old and fond—her heart
Will break. Dear Mother—back—go back—the King,
Willing to do your daughter honour, sends
Good Kingston and his guard. God pardon me!
The first untruth that e'er defiled my lips.
Now, Sir, your message: the King's Grace, I heard,
In his displeasure for some weighty cause,
Commands his Queen to prison; I obey, Sir.

KINGSTON.

Your Majesty ■ hold yourself in readiness
To embark on the instant for the Tower.

QUEEN.

The Tower!

Oh, mother! mother! that the time should come
When I should wish thee in thy quiet grave.
My child—that I should wish thee yet unborn;—
■ I find justice, Sir? (3)

KINGSTON.

The meanest subject

In ■ the realm would not impeach the equity
Of the King's Grace with such ■ dangerous doubt.
Your Highness!

QUEEN.

Start ye thus to see me laugh?

There 's laughter that is grief's most bitter language,
Laughter that hath ■ mirth—and such is mine.
Lieutenant of the Tower, I tell thee this:
I 've done, Sir, in my days, ■ good, through Christ;
■ they misjudge my cause, yea, but a jot,
The fiery indignation from above
Shall blast the bosom of this land, the skies
Shall be ■ brass, nor rain nor drop of dew
Shall moisten the adust and gaping earth.

KINGSTON.

I would beseech your Highness to compose
Your too distemper'd mind.

QUEEN.

Where are the Bishops,

The holy Bishops? They will plead my cause,
And make my enemies kneel at my footstool.
I needs ■ laugh, Sir, but I 'll weep anon,
Weep floods, weep life-blood, weep till every heart
Shall ache and burst to ■ me. Now I 'll kneel—
Behold me kneel!—and imprecate Heaven's vengeance
If I 'm not guiltless. Come—away—away—
■ your harge ready? Sooner to my judgment,
Sooner to my deliverance.—So, back
To those I dare not name, I dare not think of.

The Garden as before.

ANGELO, MARK SMEATON.

ANGELO.

Good youth, I know not if it grieve ■ more,
Thy fair preferment thus is nipp'd i' the bud,
Or give ■ joy that thou hast 'scaped the snares
That might have limed thy soul.

MARK.

Is it then true, Sir?

Is 't possible? Thou art all truth, thou wilt not
Torture my heart with such ■ hideous falsehood.
There was ■ rude tall fellow with ■ halberd,
Who spake of it, and with his villanous jests
And fiendish laughter tainted the Queen's name,
Her snowy, spotless, air-embalming name!
I told him to his teeth he lied; and if
■ scoffing fellows had not troop'd around him,
I 'd struck him to the earth.

ANGELO.

Rash boy, beware!

This sounds like treason.

MARK.

If the King himself

Set such example to high heaven, cast off
Its richest bounties with such insolent scorn,
What wonder ■ ingratitude become
The fashion of his court, and the most favour'd
Change ■ the blackest traitors?

ANGELO.

Mark, 't is true

The Queen is order'd prisoner to the Tower—
Most true; yet know'st thou not the worst: the King
Has changed to such a deadly hate against her,
That she must die——

MARK.

Die! die!—No, Sir, no soul

Will load itself with such ■ deep damnation:
Earth would break out in execration, Heaven
With unexampled thunders interdict
The horrible sentence!

ANGELO.

Youth, I'll trust thee farther.

Come hither, close—thy love to thy lost mistress
Warrants my somewhat dangerous confidence:
She stands between the King and ■ new lust—
He must be widow'd, e'er his guilty heart
Glut its foul appetite.

MARK.

Oh! reverend Father,

Does not thy flesh grow cold, thy holy heart
Sicken still more and more at this bad world?
For me, for me, she will so hallow death—
She will ■ darken and make void this earth
At her departure—I and all true servants
Will seek out our untimely graves, to attend,
Adore her, in a better world; at least,
Not live in this, when sunless of her presence.

ANGELO.

Now, as a heretic I love her not,
But yet my charity would not she were cast,
Where she must perish body and soul in hell;
I'd have her live—live on, in shame and sorrow;
For sorrow is the mother of true penitence.

MARK.

■ there ■ way ■ ■ her?

ANGELO.

None.

MARK.

Then, farewell

All hope, all joy in this world's wilderness,
A barren waste of sand, the fountain dried
That was its life and gladness.—

ANGELO.

None, but that

■ which our nature shudders, which would damn
The ■ to blackest branded infamy,
Would peril the eternal soul, would give
The fiends such awful vantage, by a crime,
A wilful crime, ■ like th' accursed Judas,
That good men would not stay to seek the cause,
But heap the head with merciless execration.
Whom shall we find, in these degenerate days,
Devotion more than Roman?—Who will risk
■ fame, his soul, to save ■ woman's life,
And give a heretic time to pluck the brand
■ her lost soul out of hell fire?

MARK.

Good Father,

Wear not thy speech in darkness.

ANGELO.

If the King,

On ■ just plea (and these new Gospellers
Do admit ■ but foul adultery)
Were but divorced—how long, how honourably
Lived the Imperial Catherine!—which were best—
Her spotless name be tainted, or her body
Writhe ■ a scaffold, and her soul in flames?

MARK.

Horrible! horrible!—to live with name
Spotted with shame, or die for aye!——

ANGELO.

E'en so—

To bear ■ branded life, nor maid, nor widow,
Nor wife; for who would wed ■ tainted outcast?
She were beneath the lowest groom.

MARK.

True, true.

On, I beseech you, Sir.

ANGELO.

Do we not force

The deadliest poison down the best-loved lips,
If, by its wholesome intervention, life
Be prison'd in the mortal frame? We hate
At first the stern physician, but erewhile
The wiser heart o'erflows with grateful love.

MARK.

Good reverend Sir, tell me at once—directly,
With ■ prudential riddling in thy phrase,
What ■ he do would save the Queen?

ANGELO.

Avouch,

And with a solemn oath, in the face of Heaven,
That they have done together that foul sin
That taints the lips to speak, the heart ■ ■ on.

MARK.

Oh! but 't ■ be a nobler perjury.
Who would believe th' impossible falsity
Averr'd by baser lips?

ANGELO.

Those that would fain

Believe, are ne'er o'er-nice or scrupulous.

MARK.

Too much at once, with falsehood to blaspheme
Such goodness, on this side of Heaven unknown,
And be a base and perjured wretch!

ANGELO.

The Church,

On meet occasions—and what cause ■ noble
Than possible redemption of ■ soul
Like hers, sold captive to the heretic crew?—
Hath power to absolve the guilt of falsest oaths.

MARK.

Dost say so?

ANGELO.

Oh! that soft luxurious neck
Bare on the cold dark block to lie, the ■
Come gleaming down with horrid expedition—

MARK.

I'll do 't——

ANGELO.

Thou! soft and timorous boy!

MARK.

I'll do 't,

■ fiends stand plucking at my soul, and Hell

Yawn at my feet! Thou, Father, thou wilt ease
My soul in adamant resolution.
I'll save her, if I die, on earth—for ever!
Do with me as thou wilt—I'll speak, I'll swear,
I'll pull down good men's imprecations, Heaven's—
No, Heaven will pardon if I save the heavenly!
Upon my head rain curses, contumelies,
She will erewhile be taught to bless me; ways
Will sure be found to teach her why I've dared
Thus 'gainst my nature, bold and false—she'll know it,
She'll know it all—my pains, my hopes, my truth!—

ANNE BOLEYN landing at the Tower.

SIR WILLIAM KINGSTON, Guards.

QUEEN.

Here—here, then, all is o'er!—Oh! awful walls,
Oh! sullen towers, relentless gates, that open
Like those of Hell, but to receive the doom'd,
The desperate—Oh! ye black and massy barriers,
But broken by yon barr'd and narrow loop-holes,
How do ye coop from this God's sunshine world
Of freedom and delight, your world of woe,
Your midnight world, where all that live, live on
In hourly agony of death! Vast dungeon,
Populous as vast, of your devoted tenants!
Long ere our bark had touch'd the fatal strand,
I felt your ominous shadows dark—o'er me,
And close me round; your thick and clammy air,
As though 't were loaded with dire imprecations,
Wailings of dying and of tortured men,
Tainted afar the wholesome atmosphere.

KINGSTON (to the Guard).

Advance your halberds.

QUEEN.

Oh! Sir, pause—one look,

One last long look, to satiate all my senses.
Oh! thou blue cloudless canopy, just tinged
With the faint amber of the setting sun,
Where one by one steal forth the modest stars
To diadem the sky;—thou noble river,
Whose quiet ebb, not like my fortune, sinks
With gentle downfall, and around the keels
Of those thy myriad barks makest passing music:—
Oh! thou great silent city, with thy spires
And palaces, where I was once the greatest,
The happiest—I, whose presence made a tumult
In all your wondering streets and jocund marts:—
But most of all, thou cool and twilight air,
That art a rapture to the breath! The slave,
The beggar, the most base down-trodden outcast,
The plague-struck livid wretch, there's none so vile,
So abject, in your streets, that swarm with life—
They may inhale the liquid joy Heaven breathes—
They may behold the rosy evening sky—
They may go rest their free limbs where they will:
But I—but I, to whom this summer world
Was all bright sunshine; I, whose time was noted
But by succession of delights—Oh! Kingston,
Thou dost remember, thou wert then Lieutenant,
'T is now—how many years?—my memory wanders—
Since I set forth from yon dark low-brow'd porch,

A bride—a monarch's bride—King Henry's bride?
Oh! the glad pomp, that burn'd upon the waters—
Oh! the rich streams of music that kept time
With oars as musical—the people's shouts,
That call'd Heaven's blessings on my head, in sounds
That might have drown'd the thunders—I've more
need

Of blessing now, and not a voice would say it.

KINGSTON.

Your Grace, no doubt, will long survive this trial.

QUEEN.

Sir, Sir, it is too late to flatter me:
Time was I trusted each fond possibility,
For hope sate queen of all my golden fortunes;
But now—

KINGSTON.

Day wears, and our imperious mandate
Brooks no delay—advance.

QUEEN.

Back, back, I say!—

I will not enter! Whither will ye plunge me?
Into what chamber, but the sickly air
Smells all of blood—the black and cobweb'd walls
Are all o'ertraced by dying hands, who've noted
In the damp dews indelible their tale
Of torture—not a bed nor straw-laid pallet
But bears th' impression of a wretch call'd forth
To execution. Will ye place me there,
Where those poor babes, their crook-back'd uncle mur-
der'd,
Still haunt?—Inhuman hospitality!
Look there! look there! fear mantles o'er my soul
As with a prophet's robe, the ghostly walls
Are sentinel'd with mute and headless spectres,
Whose lank and grief-attenuated fingers
Point to their gory and discever'd necks,
The least a lordly noble, some like princes:
Through the dim loop-holes gleam the haggard faces
Of those, whose dark unutterable fate
Lies buried in your dungeons' depths; some wan
With famine, some with writhing features fix'd
In the agony of torture.—Back! I say:
They beckon me across the fatal threshold,
Which none may pass and live.

KINGSTON.

The deaths of traitors,
If such have died within these gloomy towers,
Should not appal your Grace with such vain terrors;
The chamber is prepared where slept your Highness
When last within the Tower.

QUEEN.

Oh! 't is too good

For such a wretch—a death-doom'd wretch, as me.
My Lord, my Henry—he that call'd me forth
Even from that chamber, with a voice more gentle
Than flutes o'er calmest waters—will not wrong
Th' eternal Justice—the great law of Kings!
Let him arraign me—bribe as witnesses
The angels that behold our inmost thoughts,
He'll find no crime but loving him too fondly;
And let him visit that with his worst vengeance.
Come, Sir, your wearied patience well may fail:
On to that chamber, where I slept so sweetly,
When guiltier far than now. On—on, good Kingston.

Whitehall.

KING HENRY and Attendants.

KING.

'Sdeath! ye 're all traitors: the King's bed defiled,
And by his grooms, and ye must pause and parley
For proof and witness! Find me demonstration,
Or I'll be law, witness, and judge. A King
Not to cast off a wanton from his bed,
But must be trammel'd, thwarted, check'd, control'd
By quirks of law, old formal statutes, rolls
Of parchment scribbled o'er with musty phrases!
I'll let you know our will 's this kingdom's law.
Where 's Norreys?

ATTENDANT.

He awaits your Highness' pleasure.

KING.

Come hither, Norreys: we have loved, have trusted you—
Could you find out no nobler way than this
Of being a traitor? could your daring lust
Stoop to no humbler paramour than our Queen?

NORREYS.

Your pardon, Sire, but save your Highness' presence,
Show me the man dare taint my name with treason,
I'd dash my gauntlet in his face, and choke
Th' audacious lie within his venomous throat.
And more, excepting still my Liege's person,
Whoe'er hath slander'd the Queen's honour, be it
With me, or Knight far worthier of her favour,
I do defy that man to mortal battle,
Body to body, as a Knight—I'll prove him
The most convicted, recreant, foulest slanderer,
Whose breath e'er soil'd a Lady's spotless name!

KING.

Thou hast done us service, Norreys; for that reason,
Though we impeach our honour by our mercy,
Confess, if treacherous opportunity
Or her too easy virtue did allure thee,
Or in the heat and wild distemperature
Of passion, noblest souls forget themselves).
Be bold, be dauntless, but be true: we pledge
The honour of a king, to give thee back
Thy forfeit life; for look ye, she shall die—
She and her minions!—Stand thou forth our witness,
Perchance, beside thy life, our grace may find
Some meet return.

NORREYS.

I do beseech your Highness,

What act of mine in all my life avouches
The slanderous hope, to buy or life, or what
I value more, my Sov'reign's gracious favour,
I'd perjure mine own soul, accuse the blameless?
My Liege, you are abused—foully abused!
Some devil hath beset your easy ear.
If you strike off this unoffending head,
Your Majesty will lose a faithful servant—
That 's soon replaced; but for the Queen, I say,
And will maintain it with my life, the best,
The chastest Queen, the closest nun in Europe,
Is Messalina to a Vestal—

KING.

Off!

Away with him to the Tower.—What! have we stoop'd
Thus to be gracious, to be scorn'd and rated,
And by our slaves?

The above. WINCHESTER.

KING.

Why how now, Winchester?

Another Churchman come to impeach his King,
And with mock charitable incredulity
Arraign his justice? I'd but now a missive
From Cranmer;—he, forsooth, good blameless man,
Knowing no sin himself, believes there 's none
In others.—'Sdeath! I'll hear no more excuses;
The fact 's as clear, or shall be, as yon Sun.
Thou think'st her guiltless?

GARDINER.

Till this hour, my Liege,
I could have pledged my life, sworn strongest oaths
That such a monstrous sin—a sin that darkens
The annals of mankind, makes us suspect
Some moral plague broke out in human nature—
Had been impossible. Oh! best and greatest,
That best and greatest to ungrateful men
Should be a licence thus to wrong the bounties
By which they lived!—And that the Queen—raised up
From a Knight's daughter to the throne of England—
A partner of King Henry's bed—the strange,
Th' unnatural act doth give itself the lie!
It doth outargue closest demonstration,
And make us rather deem our senses traitors
Than trust the assurance of most damning proofs.

KING.

Ha! proofs?

GARDINER.

Would there were none, my Liege, who bears
Tidings of shame to an abused husband,
That husband was a King, a glorious King—
Sire, my ungracious presence still will seem
A base remembrancer of these foul deeds,
Odious as they—

KING.

Your proofs, good Prelate, proofs.

GARDINER.

Is the confession of the guilty, forced
By no stern tension of the searching rack,
Nor laceration of the bleeding flesh,
But free, unbribed, unsought—

KING.

Ha! which!

GARDINER.

My Liege,

'T is that outdoes all record of old crime,
Makes true all tales of fabulous wantonness;
It is the boy—the beardless boy!—Oh! lust,
Blind as unbridled, frantic as impure,
That no discrimination knows, nor choice
Of base from noble, foul from fair—to fall
From the allow'd embrace of such a King—

KING.

Now, by St Paul! thou wear'st our patience.—Speak,
How got ye this? look ye confirm it.

GARDINER.

Sire,

May 't please your Highness, that a holy Friar,
Albeit I know your Grace for weightiest reasons—
Mistrusts their order, hath perpetual access
Unto the prisoner Smeaton.

KING.

Ha! a priest

If the plot—why then 't is ripe and pregnant. Gardiner,
We are bound to thee. My Lord of Winchester,
Look thou make good this charge against our Queen,
Or, by ■ Paul! thou shalt have ■■■ to rue it.
So, back to Greenwich; ■ 'll go hunt the deer!
Blow horns—yell dogs—we 'll have a gorgeous day!
The Sun is in the Heavens, and our high heart
Is mounting with him. Off—to horse—to horse.

The Tower.

QUEEN.

• Blessed are those that weep.—Oh! truth of truths,
Not understood till felt—thou grace of Heaven,
Spirit of Christ, thou didst not all forsake me,
When my whole life was like ■ banquet—served
By Pride and Luxury—dangerous cup-bearers.
Prayers, all unwonted on the dainty couch,
Where Queens are lapt in purple, fail'd not me;
Mine heart, ■ place forbid ■ pain or sorrow,
Thou didst incline ■ other's grief: I read
In the deep lines of woe-worn cheeks, the bliss
Of resignation ■ the Eternal will;
And felt, admired, adored the Christian beauty
Of graces that I had ■ scope to practise.
But now, oh Christ! that thou vouchsafest ■
The mercy of affliction—oh! the warmth
Of prayer that burns upon my lips, the deep,
The full religion that o'erflows my heart.
My cited thoughts stand ready at my call,
And undistracted memory ranges o'er
My map of life—where it is wilderness
Or weed-o'ergrown, pours ■■■ of penitence;
But where the sunshine of Heaven's grace, though cross'd
By hasty clouds of earthly passion, gleams
Upon the golden harvest of good deeds,
It glorifies that Sun in humblest thankfulness.
Thee, therefore, amiable prison, thee—
Oh! Solitude—dreadful in apprehension;
When present, to the friendless, the best friend!
Henceforth will I esteem, ■ much beyond
The pride and press of courts, ■ I feel nearer
To Heaven within you.

QUEEN, CRANMER.

QUEEN.

Good my Lord Archbishop,

I will ■ wrong thee by the idle question
Why here? 'T is sorrow's dwelling, and thou art here
But in obedience to thy heart and function.

CRANMER.

I come not, Lady, to erect anew
The much misused Confessional, where Sins
Best hid in shameful silence, or wrung forth
In voiceless anguish, to Heaven's midnight ear,
Are acted o'er again in foul recital:—
But oh, if thou art fallen, the saintliest pupil
In our young school of Christian graces, thou
That to the living fountain of the Gospel
Camest duly, to draw forth the eternal waters,
What infamy will blacken o'er our cause!
A horror of deep darkness hath oppress'd
The Church, that waits in awful hope th' event.

QUEEN.

Cranmer, behold this book, my sole companion,
Yet whose sweet converse makes my prison day
So short, I 'm fain t' encroach upon the night.

Sir, were I guilty (and in truth I know
My crime but vaguely), there's a passage here
Of ■ detected in such nameless sin,
That had been blotted with my scalding tears:
'T is stainless, and in truth unread; nor ask I
■ my ■■■ less deep in Sin.
■ I am guilty, let who will cast first
The avenging stone, and heap the death upon me.

CRANMER.

Heaven's Grace be praised! but oh! the obdurate King.

QUEEN.

There's death in thy sad looks: speak, I'll endure it.
He that has placed this cross upon my shoulders
Will give ■ strength to bear it. I defy not,
With boastfulness unfeminine, the shame,
The agony; nor yet ungrateful speak
As weary of a world only too full
Of joyance. Thou, my child, wouldst well rebuke
Thy mother's selfish soul if she could leave thee
Without a rending of her heart-strings: thou
Not less, my mother! most of all, my husband!
■ unreluctant I could load thy soul
With the foul crime of my judicial murder;
Even our afflicted Church may ill sustain
The loss of my unworthy aid.

CRANMER.

Oh! rate not

Thus low your faithful service: farewell now
Vain hope, that the whole land should hear the Word
Of God go forth on all the winds; no more
Fatigue the deaf cold Saint with fruitless pray'r,
Or kiss with pilgrim lips the unheeding shrine:
That ■ a village, not a silent hamlet
In mountain solitude, or glen, of traveller
Untrod, should want its sabbath bell to knoll
To purest worship: that a holy priesthood,
Chaste, simple, to themselves alone severe,
Poor below luxury, rich beyond contempt,
Environ'd with their heaven-led families,
Should with their lives most saintly eloquence
Preach Christ—Christ only:—while all reverend

Learning

In arch'd cathedral cloister, or the grove
That bosoms deep the calm and thoughtful college,
Should heavenward meditate, and bring to earth
The knowledge learnt amid the golden stars.
But ■ shall irreligious Avarice
Pluck from his lips the Scholar's dole—the Temples
Lie desecrate in ruin—or the night
Of ancient ignorance and error sink
On the dark land for ever and for ever.

QUEEN.

Alas! Sir, why ■■■ me with life,
Making me deem myself of value here,
Here in this world, which I must leave!—So young
To be cut off, and so untimely! cast
A blooming branch to the cold grave! Yet Heaven,
Whose ■■■ it is, will raise defenders up.
My child! my daughter! oh prophetic soul!
I dare not trust, yet will not disbelieve
Thy glorious omens. Good my Lord Archbishop,
Thou 'lt not endure these knees should grow to earth,
To less than Heaven; but I adjure thee, watch
Her ripening spirit, sow the seed, ne'er lost
Though ■■■ the waste waters.

CRANMER.

Heaven but grant

The life and power!

QUEEN.

T' another subject now,

My sins, my sins!

CRANMER.

Of them to Christ alone;—

That heart bleeds freeliest that inly bleeds.

QUEEN.

Bear with me yet, my Lord, for I must tax
Your kindness further. There is one, but one
In all this world, my memory names, hath cause
To think of me as of her enemy,
The Lady Mary; for a dying woman
Entreat her pardon. I've a letter here,
Writt'n to the King with such poor eloquence
As I am mistress of; beseech thee hear it;
Then, if thou wilt, be thou the bearer of it.

The Letter. (4)

«Sire, your displeasure and imprisonment
Are all a strange to me, that what to write
I know not, what t' excuse: you sent erewhile
Mine enemy to urge me to confess,
And a secure your favour;—willingly,
To confess a truth might purchase me
My ne'er-despised safety—but imagine not
Your wife will a sin ne'er soil'd her thoughts.
Never had Prince a wife so loyal—duteous,
To affection true, as your Anne Boleyn.
That name and place had been my life's content,
God and your Grace so willing it; yet ne'er
Forgot I, that the fancy which had raised a
Might wander to another fairer object.
You chose me, nor deserving, nor desiring,
Your Queen and Partner:—having so honour'd me,
Good, your Grace, let no light unworthy motive,
Nor my malicious enemies' false counsel,
Withdraw your favour from me, lest the stain,
Th' indelible stain of a disloyal heart,
Attaint your duteous wife and royal daughter.
Try me, good King, but with a lawful trial,
Not with my foes my judges—try me openly;
So shall my innocence shine forth a day,
Your nice and jealous honour be absolved,
Th' opprobrious voice of the world's slander silenced:—
Or by the undoubted plainness of my guilt,
Your Grace escape all censure of rash harshness,
And God and man approve th' extremest rigour
Vengeance on a lawless wife:—then freely
Your Grace may follow that your heart's affection,
Fix'd where I know, but where I may not name.
But my death, worse than my death, my shame,
Your high councils is already doom'd,
I make my prayer to God to pardon you.
To blot this most unprincipled usage of
From your account, when thou and I shall meet
Before his judgment throne, where I shall stand,
Judge howsoever the world, in saintly whiteness.
I've but one request; on me alone,
If it fall, fall all thy wrath—Oh! touch
The innocent lives of those poor gentlemen
In prison for my sake. If e'er thy wife
Found favour in thy sight—if e'er thine ear
Found music in Anne Boleyn's name—deny not

This last, this dying prayer. No more I trouble thee.
The Holy Trinity keep your good Grace
In health, life, happiness, and holiness.

Written from my doleful prison in the Tower,
Your loyal and most faithful wife, Anne Boleyn.»

CRANMER.

God, that can make the marble heart like wax,
Make this his instrument of grace!

QUEEN.

Amen.

A Prison in the Tower.

ANGELO.

Down, impotent remorse! temptation, down!
My soul abjures thee! and thou, carnal pride,
That wilt not use the means this world calls base
For that great end, t' advance the faith of Christ!
What if the span of some few mortal lives
Be somewhat shrunk, some eyes untimely closed
On this world's Sun, will not ten thousand souls
Live through eternity's unfathom'd years,
And a whole nation walk in moral light?
'T is but the wise relentlessness of Heaven.
Doth the dread earthquake feel remorse, that makes
A populous city one vast tomb, where Guilt
And Innocence lie side by side? Does Pity
Pale the blue cheek of pestilence, that blasts
Whole nations? Doth the sweeping deluge pause,
And hold suspended its vast weight of waters,
To give the righteous time to fly the ruin?
The best, the wisest, holiest Saints and Pontiffs
Have sent fierce war with undiscerning vengeance
To waste the heretic's land; for though just Heaven
Turn from the field of carnage—from the city
Made desolate, far rather it beholds them,
Than the fierce tossings of the infernal pit,
And Hell made rich with everlasting souls.—
Here are but two: one guiltless, and one guilty.
On—and be fearless—on, my soul!

He sleeps;

Poor wretch, thou'lt sleep ere long deep—he dreams.

MARK (in his sleep).

Her voice—her voice—ye heard her lute-like voice,
Who loosed these bonds, who led me forth from death?
T am I, your servant, I—

Where am I?—who

And what art thou?—The Father Angelo!
Oh! sleep, sweet sleep, art thou a prophetess,
Or but a gracious and most kind deceiver?
Oh! palace-builder—oh! thou Queen of bridals,
That in the silent prison makest the bells
Sound for the jocund marriage—oh! magician,
With realm of witchcraft wide a thought—time, place,
And circumstance, combine, and shift, and change,
Like spirits on thy sorcerous wand that wait,
And all things are that are not—night is day,
Grief joy, death life, th' impossible becomes
Breathing reality; thou dost take up
Th' unpillow'd beggar, and dost proudly seat him
Upon a throne—dost bring the Queen of queens
Down to the level of a boy like me.

ANGELO.

Mark Smeaton, I am here to know thy purpose,

Thy calm deliberate purpose: yet 't is time
To disavow thy dangerous evidence—
Yet, but not long: I saw the Judges pass
Across the court, and ■■■ that bare an axe
Went first, as to denote they sat in judgment
Upon ■ capital crime.

MARK.

Then she must die—
If by mine oath she is found guilty, who
Shall intercept that bloody instrument?—

ANGELO.

There has been stir and parleying to and fro
Concerning ■ pre-contract, said to exist
Between the Queen, when young, and the Lord Piercy;
And wherefore this, but the relenting King
Would be content to break the chain asunder
That galls him.

MARK.

Yet to swear—before high Heaven—
All-seeing Heaven!—Heaven, that in thunder spake
The stern command, 'Thou shalt not bear false wit-
ness!'

ANGELO.

'T is well:—what is 't to thee if the fierce King
Add to his ruthless soul the crime of murder;
And one unhousel'd heretic more bear down,
Her soul all leprous with its gangrene taint,
To burn for endless ages? I had brought
The deposition, that but wants thy signet
And oath before some witnesses that wait
I' the court without—but to flames with it,
And to the block with her—not worth the jeoparding
The immortal spirit—

MARK.

Not worth!—if 't were but death,
To go to sleep in the cold grave, and know
That she walk'd harmless in the living world.
Oh! Sir, but Hell has some thrice darkest chamber,
Some outcast dwelling, where the perjured hear
The hissing and the execration of the damn'd.

ANGELO.

Crime is not crime but in its motive:—thou
Art false but ■ be true—false to her fame,
True to her better interests.—But I came not
To argue. Yet when thou go'st hence, take heed
Thou pass not o'er the hill where Traitors die;
Lest, trammel'd in the press, thou 'rt forced to see,
From first to last, the hideous deed—the stroke,
The agony, the despair, the writhing hands,
The sever'd neck, the cry to Heaven, that Heaven
Shall turn away from, and—

MARK.

Give ■ the paper;
Let me not read it, lest its hideous falsehood
Shake my faint resolution. There—'t is done!

ANGELO.

What, ho! within,—ye see this youth deliver
This instrument ■ his own deed.

WITNESSES.

We do.

ANGELO.

Now in and sleep again.

MARK.

Sleep!—never more;
The perjured do not sleep; the slanderers, those
That bear false witness—yet Heaven knows, and Heaven

Will pardon—and she too, like Heaven, will know,
Like Heaven will pardon! Sir, I cannot think
Thou hast deceived me; if thou hast, the tortures
Of all eternity will be too short
T' avenge this wicked subornation!

ANGELO.

Peace!

■ ■ ■

Oh! pardon, Sir, my thoughts do swim so strangely;
Things all so monstrous and incredible
Have ■ to pass, there's nought that seems too strange
And nothing is but what could never be.
That thou, a man of such strict saintliness,
Shouldst be ■ false, finds credit with me only
Because it is impossible, and far
Beyond the reach and scope of ■ belief.

A Hall in the Tower.

DUKE OF NORFOLK, DUKE ■ SUFFOLK, MARQUIS EXETER
and others ■ Judges. The QUEEN and OFFICERS.

NORFOLK.

Read our commission.

OFFICER.

Thomas Duke of Norfolk,
The Duke of Suffolk, Marquis Exeter,
Earl Arundel, and certain other peers
Here present; ye are met in the Tower of London,
By special mandate from the King, t' arraign
Of certain dangerous and capital treasons
Against the peace and person of the King
Anne, Queen of England.

CRIER.

Come into the Court
Anne, Queen of England.

QUEEN.

Here.

OFFICER.

Anne, Queen of England
(Be seated, it becoms your Grace's station),
Look on this Court, these peers of England, met,
By the King's high commission, to pass sentence
Between thyself and the King's Grace—hast ought
T' object ere thou 'rt arraign'd?

QUEEN.

I'd thought, my Lords,
■ had stood more with the King's justice, more
With the usage of the land, a poor weak woman
Had ■ been forced t' abide your awful ordeal
Alone and unadvised; that Counsel, learned
In forms of law, and versed by subtle practice
In forcing from the bribed or partial witnesses
Th' unwilling truth, had been assigned me.—Well,
Be 't as it is—I have ■ advocate
Gold cannot fee, nor circumstance appal:
An advocate, whose voiceless eloquence,
■ it should fail before your earthly court,
Shall in ■ higher gain me that acquittal
Mine enemies' malice may deny ■ here—
Mine Innocence. Proceed.

OFFICER.

Anne, Queen of England,
Thou stand'st arraign'd, that treasonously and foully,
To the dishonour of his Highness' person
And slander of his issue, thou hast conspired

With certain Traitors, ■■■ convict and sentenced—
George, Viscount Rochford, Henry Norreys, Knight,
Sir William Brereton, Francis Weston, Knights,
And one Mark Smeaton,——

QUEEN.

Pause, Sir; heard I rightly
My Brother's name, Lord Rochford's? I beseech you,
My Lords, what part bears he in this Indictment?

OFFICER.

The ■■■ with all the rest.

QUEEN.

Great God of Thunder,
Refrain thy bolt!—my Lords, there are among ye
Have noble Sisters, if ye deem this possible,
I do consent ye deem it true. Go on, Sir.

OFFICER.

And ■■■ Mark Smeaton.

QUEEN.

Would they make ■■■ smile
With iteration of that name—a meet
And likely lover for King Henry's Queen!

NORFOLK.

Read, now, the Depositions. Each and all,
My Lords, ye have perused that dangerous paper
Written by the Lady Wingfield, now deceased—
Heard sundry evidence of words unseemly
And most unroyal spoken by her Grace.

QUEEN.

The Depositions! good, my Lord—I'd thought
T have ■■■ my accusers face to face: is this
The far renown'd and ancient English Justice?

OFFICER.

The Deposition of Lord Viscount Rochford:—
That for th' impossible and hideous charge,
His soul abhors it with such sickly loathing,
Words cannot utter it: to stab the babe
I' the mother's arms, to beat the brains from out
A father's hoary head, had been to nature
Less odious, less accurst.

QUEEN.

There spake my brother.

OFFICER.

The Deposition of Sir Henry Norreys:
That the Queen's Grace is ■■■ the new-born babe
For him—for others, he will prove her so
In mortal combat 'gainst all England.
Sir Francis Weston—doth deny all guilt,
With an asseveration, if in thought
Or word he hath demean'd her Grace's honour,
■■■ imprecates Heaven's instant thunder-bolt.
Sir William Brereton—if all women here
In England were ■■■ blameless as her Grace,
The Angels would mistake this land for Heaven.
■■■ Smeaton doth confess——

QUEEN.

Confess!

OFFICER.

That twice

In guilty commerce with the Queen——

QUEEN.

My Lords,

Who is it hath suborn'd this wretched boy!
I do arraign that man, in the dread court
Whose sentence is eternity! My soul
■■■ rise in judgment, when the Heavens ■■■ fire
Around Christ's burning throne, against that man;

And say ■■■ earth he murder'd my poor body,
And that false swearing boy's lost soul in Hell.

OFFICER.

This full confession—sign'd and in the sight
Of witnesses deliver'd, in due form
Of law, in every part clear and authentic.

NORFOLK.

Anne, Queen of England, ere this high commission
Pass to their final sentence, hast thou aught
To urge upon their Lordships in defence
Or palliation of these fearful charges?

QUEEN.

My Lords! th' unwonted rigour of the King
And mine imprisonment have something shaken
My constant state of mind: I do beseech you,
If I speak not ■■■ reverently or wisely
Of the King's justice as I ought, bear with ■■■
I will not say, that some of you, my Lords,
For my religion and less weighty motives,
Are my sworn enemies—'t were to disparage
The unattainted whiteness of my cause,
That had defied the malice of the basest,
Nor deigns mistrust the high-soul'd enmity
Of English Nobles. When that I have forced you
To be the vouchers for my honesty,
My fame's pure gold shall only blaze the brighter,
Tried in the furnace of your deadly hate!
My Lords, the King, whose bounties, numberless
And priceless, neither time nor harsher usage
Shall ever raze from my heart's faithful tablets—
The King, I say, took me an humble maid,
With not a jewel but my maiden fame:
That I'm his wife, seeing the infinite distance
Between my Father's daughter and a throne,
Argues no base or lowly estimate.
Think ye a crown ■■■ galling to the brows,
And a Queen's name ■■■ valueless, that false
And recreant to the virtue which advanced me,
I should fall off thus basely?—I ■■■ a mother,
My Lords, and hoped that my right royal issue
Should rule this realm: had I been worse than worst,
Looser than loosest—think ye I'd have perild
The pride of giving birth to a line of Kings,
And robb'd my children of their sceptred heritage?
Your proofs, my Lords!—some idle words, that spoken
By less than me, had been forgotten air:
The force of words dwells not on their mere letters,
But in the air, time, place, and circumstance
In which they're utter'd—the poor laughing child
Will call himself ■■■ King, will ye indite him
Of treason? If less solemnly I've spoken
Or gravely than beseem'd my queenly state,
'T was partly that his Grace would take delight
In hearing my light laughing words glance off;
As is the wont in gay and courtly France:—
Partly, that raised from such a lowly state
Haply to fall again, I watch'd my spirit,
Lest with an upstart pride I might offend
The noble Knights whose service honour'd me.
If thus I've err'd through humbleness familiar,
Heaven will forgive the fault, though ■■■ be merciless!
To the rest, my Lords! knowing nought living dared
Attaint my fame, my enemies have ransack'd
The grave; the Lady Wingfield hath been summon'd
To speak against ■■■ from her tomb—and what?—
Vague rumours! that I will not say base Envy

(I'll have more charity to the dead than they
To me), but pardonable error, zeal
For the King's honour, may have swollen to charges,
Which if ye trust, not the shrined Vestal's pure.
My Lords, my Lords, ye better know than I
What subtle arts, what gilded promises
Have been employ'd to make the noble Knights
My fellow criminals, my Accusers! which
Might not have purchased life by this base service,
And crept into a late and natural grave?
But let me ask, my Lords, who, base enough,
And so disloyal, 't' abuse thus grossly
The bounties of a good a King, had risen
To this wild prodigality of honour,
For a loose woman to lay down his head
And taint his name, his blood with infamy?
For this besotted boy!—my Lords, I know not
If to rebut this charge with serious speech;
Such as it is, my Lords, this modest beauty
Made me a Queen, and other Kings disdain'd not
To lay their flattering incense a shrine.
My Lords, there's none amongst your noblest sons,
Rich in ancestral titles, none so moulded
By nature's cunning symmetry, a high
In station, but my favour had endangered
His truth t' his King:—and I, I that disdain'd
Less than a crown, with wayward wantonness
Demean me to a half form'd, base-born slave!—
I do demand—if that ye will not damn
Your names to everlasting infamy—
Here, in this court, this instant, ye bring forth
This boy: if with one word I force you not
To do a justice on this monstrous slander—
Do with me a ye will. I've done, and a
Renew an old petition:—if the King,
Abused and cheated of his wonted mercies,
Hath sworn my death;—so order it, I pray you
That on my head alone fall all his wrath:
Let these untainted gentlemen go free,
And mine all honour'd Brother. Spare the King
The anger of unnecessary crime,
And with less blood defile your own fair names.

NORFOLK.

Anne, Queen of England, first this Court commands
You lay aside the state and a
Of England's Queen.

QUEEN.

As cheerfully, my Lords,
As a young bride her crown of virgin flowers.

NORFOLK.

Prisoner, give ear! I, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk,
In the name of all th' assembled Peers, declare
The verdict of this court:—all circumstance,
All proof, all depositions duly weigh'd,
We do pronounce thee guilty of High Treason.—
And, further, at the pleasure of the King,
Adjudge thy body to be burnt with fire,
Or thine head sever'd from thy guilty shoulders.

QUEEN.

Lord God of Hosts!—the way! the truth! the life!
Thou know'st me guiltless; yet, oh! visit not
On these misjudging men their wrongful sentence—
Show them that mercy they deny to me.
My Lords, my Lords, your sentence I impeach not!
Ye have, no doubt, most wise and cogent reasons,
Best heard perhaps in th' open court, to shame

The wretched evidence adduced. My Lords,
I ask no pardon of my God, for this
Of which ye've found me guilty—to the King
In person and in heart I've been most true.
Haply I've been unwise, irreverent,
And with unseemly jealousies arraign'd
His unexampled goodness. This I say not
To lengthen out my too protracted life,
For God hath given, will give me strength to die.
I am not a proudly honest, but the grief
a my suspected chastity is gall
And wormwood to me; were't not my sole treasure,
It less had pain'd me thus to see it blacken'd.
My Lords, I take my leave:—upon your heads,
Upon your families, on all this kingdom,
On him who is its head and chiefest grace,
The palm of Europe's sovereignty, may Heaven
Rain blessings to the end of time—that most,
And most abundant, his redeeming grace!

A Prison.

MAGDALENE, MARK SMEATON.

MAGDALENE.

Oh! Mark, Mark, Mark, to find thee here, and thus!
Brother, that I should come to shame through thee!
Through thee, my heart's one pride! I pray'd my way
Through mocking men to find thee. Some did spurn me,
Did almost void their rheum on me; and some
Pitied a with more barbarous charity
That I'm thy Sister; thou whom I had chosen
Before the proudest Knight of all the Court.
And thou a die—all croak'd that in mine ear,
The Ravens! All in drear accord.—

MARK.

Die! die!

Oh! yes—the solemn forms must be gone through,
And the stern sentence read and register'd.
And then!—oh then! what pride of rank, what distance
Shall keep two branded criminals asunder?
Oh! pardon me, that thus my selfish soul
Rejoice in thy debasement: thou wilt know
What I have risk'd, have suffer'd, all for thee.
Oh! what's the world—its infamy—its pride—
To those that love? they're their own world.

MAGDALENE.

Oh! Mark,

Dear Mark, this dreadful prison, and the awe
Of death—the guilt—oh! would I dared deny it;
The guilt hath made thee frantic: not a word
Hath meaning to mine ears—thou look'st on me,
Not as a man condemn'd to die, with eyes
a gleaming with a horrid joy.

MARK.

Thou, too,

Thou only, Magdalene, shalt find free entrance
To the retired garden of our joy.

The above. ANGELO.

MARK.

Oh! Father Angelo! is she set free?
Where is she gone? may I yet follow her,
And tell her with what violence to my soul
I've forced and bow'd myself to crime to save her?

ANGELO.

a will be free anon; thou first.

MARK.

Dost say so?

Now will I wait, and linger all unseen;
And when the massy doors roll back, and slow
The huge portcullis groans along its grooves,
And down the drawbridge falls—I shall behold her,
Along the frowning files of gloomy archers,
Come gliding like a swan on turbid waters.

ANGELO.

Deceive thyself no more—I spake of freedom,
For death it is that frees th' encumber'd spirit
From the dark prison of this world; nor she
Nor thou shall ever pass these iron gates,
But to th' appointed stroke of death.

MAGDALENE.

Look, look!

He cannot speak! he chokes, he shivers!—look,
He's dying. Oh! already you have kill'd him.
My Brother, awake!

ANGELO.

Oh! youth, whom Heaven hath chosen

For its blind instrument to work the ruin
Of its most deadly enemy, I'm come
To fit thee for thy sacrifice—arise
A Martyr ■ the glorious cause. I open
The gates of Heaven before thy mounting soul.

MARK.

Devil! no man of God! unmeasured liar!
My soul is sick at thee. Thou hold the keys
Of Heaven, thou bloody wretch forsworn? thou worse,
■ worse can be than mine own perjured self,
I spurn thee, curse thee, execrate thy faith
And thee!

ANGELO.

Die, then! die lost, accurst for ever!
Go with thy leprous soul unwash'd to Hell,
To see what hideous torments wait on perjury.

MARK.

Avaunt!

ANGELO.

Weak boy and thankless, whom I've wrought
To be ■ sharer in this great design;
Were thine head crown'd, thy body rough with scars
Won in the service of the Church, the joy
And pride of nations waiting on thy footsteps,
I'd trample ■ thy corpse with merciless heel,
If o'er it lay my way ■ lift the throne
Of Peter o'er the carnal Lords of earth.

Oh! save him—save him! I have heard thee speak
■ language that might melt the stoniest hearts;
I've heard thee pray with such soul-kindling warmth
Beside the bed of our departed Mother,
That iron bonds had burst like flax before thee.

ANGELO.

■ stands not in my power; but oh! rash youth,
Go ■ rebel to the Church, to meet
The Church's Lord:—kneel, I entreat thee, kneel;
Let ■ not say I've slain thy soul; confess,
Repent, and ■ absolved.

MARK.

Avaunt!—away!—

Wash thine own soul from thine own sins: kneel thou,
Howl for thy crimes, thy treasons, and thy murders!
And, if Christ give me power to pardon thee,
'T will ■ avail thee in thy hour of need

Than all thy formal conjuring absolutions.

With her—with her—the gracious, good, and chaste,
I'll take my everlasting portion; trust
Even where she trusts; go where she goes—Oh! no,
My perjuries! my murders! when my soul
Would rise ■ track the starlight path of hers,
They'll hiss me, howl me down, down, down to black-
ness,

To horror, ■ the element of my soul.

ANGELO.

The bell! It sounds for thee, it ■ thee,
I hear the trampling feet down the long galleries;
The grating bolts fall back: kneel, kneel—the Church
Will pardon thy wild words—be reconciled.

MARK.

Off!—I will have no share ■ portion with you.
Think you your crimes and murders, ye, ■ Priests
Of the great God of Truth and Holiness,
Will not out-preach you from the face of earth:
This air at length shall purify itself
From your curst doctrines.

ANGELO.

Saints and holy Angels,
Hear ■ his blasphemies! but thee, my daughter,
Will I bestow among some holy Sisters.

MAGDALENE.

With thee, my Brother's Murderer? thee, whose guile
Has tainted his immortal soul with sin?
Sir, I'm a weak and foolish maid; I know not
The nice distinction of your rival creeds;
But this I know—'t is not the faith of Christ,
Of Christ the merciful, the sinless Christ,
To guile an innocent youth to such a sin,
And make ■ murderer of a heart had paused
To take the meanest insect's life. Oh! Brother,
Dear Brother, I will die with thee; they'll leave
A ■ in thy narrow bed where I
May creep and hide my weary head.

ANGELO.

Be wisc.

MAGDALENE.

No—if I may not die, I'll starve—I'll beg—
I'll serve the basest and most loathsome office,
Ere owe my pittance to my Brother's murderer.

ANGELO.

They're here—they are at the door.

MAGDALENE.

Ah!—

MARK.

Peace, my Sister!

Look you, I'm calm. I've hope—but not of life.
I'll tell thee—hark! I will go forth—I'll stand
Before the public eye—and then and there
I will undo the deadly crime I've done;
Unswear what I have sworn, with such strange oaths
That they perforce shall cancel their rash doom,
And she shall live, and not quite curse my memory.
Though their drums roll, and trumpets blare, I'll
shriek

The audible truth—and then I'll lay ■ down
And take my quiet death—my quivering tongue
■ murmuring of her slander'd innocence.
And God shall give ■ grace not to denounce thee;
Thou shalt live on, and eat thy heart to see
Thy frustrate malice. Live, and still behold
Man after man, and kingdom after kingdom,

Fall from the faith that perjures—murders! Hark!
They're here—oh, Magdalene!—Farewell.

MAGDALENE.

Not yet,
I'll not part yet; there's **■** to pray for thee
But I; there's none to wind thy corpse—to weep,
To die upon it.

MARK.

Call on Christ, my Sister,
On Christ alone; cry loudly, fervently.
They're here—come, come.

MAGDALENE.

Go on, I'll follow thee,
Even to the brink, into the grave: go **■**;
Till I am pluck'd perforce from thee, I'll follow.

ANGELO (*alone*).

Oh! thou that thrice deniedst the Lord of Life,
Yet wert the Rock on which th' Eternal Church
Was built, thou knowst, O Peter! that in zeal
For thy soul-saving throne, against my nature,
I've cast away this life. Oh! if thy servant
Have ought deserved by this self-sacrifice,
Thou with thy powerful intercession stand
Between his soul and endless burnings. Grant
The Masses I will pay, while life is mine,
May stake full soon the Purgatorial fires,
And gales of Paradise come breathing o'er
His rescued spirit!

So on to death, poor youth,
Not unabandon'd, not unwept by him
Whose aid thou scornest now; but thou shalt **■**
There, where all motives and all hearts are known.

A Chamber in the Tower.

QUEEN.

O Heaven! will they keep up this heavy din
For ever, mocking me with hope, that now
For **■** they're knolling—roll on roll, and clash
On clash!—Oh! music most unmusical!
That never soundest but when graves are open,
And widows' hearts are breaking, and pale orphans
Wringing their hands above a silent bier.—
Four knells have rung, four now are dust—thou only
Remain'st, my Brother! thou art kneeling now,
Bare thy majestic neck—A pause—more long
Than wonted; hath the mercy of the King—
The justice rather?—shalt thou rush again
To our poor Mother's **■**, and tell her yet
She's not all childless?—Still no sound!—alas!
It may be that the rapture of deep pity,
And admiration of his noble bearing,
Suspends all hands at their blood-reeking work,
And casts a spell of silence o'er all sounds.—
Ha! thou low-rolling doubling drum—I hear thee!
Stern bell, that summon'st to no earthly temple!
Thou'rt now **■** worshipper in Heaven, my brother,
And thy poetic spirit ranges free
Worlds after worlds, confest th' immortal kindred
Of the blest angels—for thy heaven-caught fire,
Still like that fire sprang upward, and made pure
Th' infected air of this world **■** it pass'd.
My child—my mother—they've forbidden **■**
To see once **■** on earth your dear loved faces;
There's mercy in their harshness—here's no place
To entertain the future Queen of England,

And God hath given me courage to keep down
The mother in my heart; thou too, my parent,
What hadst thou done but torn my heart asunder,
And all distracted my calm thoughts of Heaven?

Enter SIR WILLIAM KINGSTON.

QUEEN.

Now all is o'er with those brave gentlemen—
They died, I know, Sir, as they lived, right nobly.

KINGSTON.

They gave their souls to their Redeemer, Lady,
With protestations of your Highness' innocence,
'T was their sole care and thought in death; they dared
Heaven's utmost vengeance if they falsely swore.

QUEEN.

And that false youth, clear'd he our honour?

KINGSTON.

Loud

He shriek'd and struggled, not with fear of death,
But with the burthen of **■** painful secret
He would unfold—the rapid executioner
Cut short his wailing.

QUEEN.

Most unrighteous speed!

KINGSTON.

Your Majesty's prepared?

QUEEN.

Oh! pomp of phrase.

To tell **■** sinner to prepare for judgment;
And yet, I think, Christ Jesus, through thy blood,
I'm but about to change an earthly crown
For one that's amaranth.

There is **■** end

Of the unexhausted bounties of the King:
He made me first the Marchioness of Pembroke,
Duchess of Dorset, then his sceptred Queen;
And now a new advancement he prepares me,
One of Heaven's angels.—

Is it true, Sir William,

You've brought from Calais a most dextrous craftsman
■ th' art of death?—here's much ado, good truth,
To smite asunder such a neck **■** this,
My own slight hands grasp easily.

Ye weep

To see **■** smile—I smile to see you weep.
I have no tears: I have been reading o'er
His agony that suffer'd **■** the cross
For such poor sinners as myself, and there
Mine eyes spent all their moisture.

KINGSTON.

We rejoice

To **■** your Highness meet your doom thus calmly.

QUEEN.

I am to die—what's that?—why, thou and I
And all of us die every night; and duly
Morn to our spirits' resurrection comes
With rosy light, fresh flowers, and birds' sweet anthems;
But when our grave's **■** bed, that instant comes
A morning, not of this world's treacherous light,
But fresh with palms, and musical with angels.
Oh! but a cruel, shameful, public death—
There's no disease will let the spirit loose
With less keen anguish than the sudden axe;
And for the shame—the **■** of that's within!
I've thoughts brook **■** communion or with that
Or fear. My death the Lord may make a way

T' advance his gracious purpose to this land:
 There 'll be, will see ■ delicate timid ■■■■■
 Lay down her cheerful head upon the block
 As on a silken pillow; when they know
 'T ■■■ Christ that even at that dread hour rebuked
 Weak Nature's fears, returning home, they 'll kneel
 And seek that power that turns ■■■ death to triumph.—
 Sir, are you ready?—they 'll allow ■■ time
 To pray even there.—Go forward, Sir, we 'll follow.

The Scaffold.

QUEEN.

My fellow subjects, I am here to die!
 The law hath judged me—to the law I bow.
 He that doth know all hearts, before whose throne,
 Ere ye have reach'd your homes, I shall stand trembling—
 God knows—I've lived as pure and chaste ■■ snow
 New fallen from Heaven; yet do not ye, my friends,
 Presumptuous judge anew my dangerous cause,
 Lest ye blaspheme against the wonted goodness
 Of the King's Grace—most merciful and gentle
 I've ever known him, and if e'er betray'd
 From his kind nature, by most cogent reasons.
 Adore the hidden secrets of his justice
 As ye would Heaven's. Beseech you, my good friends,
 If in my plenitude of power I've done
 Not all the good I might, ye pardon me:—
 If there be here to whom I've spoken harshly
 Or proudly, humbly I entreat forgiveness.
 —No, Sir, I 'll wear no bandage o'er mine eyes,
 For they ■■■ look on death, and will not shrink.
 Beseech you, Sirs, with modesty unrobe me,
 And let my women have the decent charge
 Of my poor body.

Now, God bless the King,
 And make his Gospel shine throughout the land!

NOTES.

Note 1, page 86, col. 1.

From the Carthusian's decimated house.

THE execution of the Prior and several of the Brethren of the Carthusian Monastery for denying the King's Supremacy, ■■■ amongst the most barbarous transactions of this period, the chief guilt of which must be attributed ■■ the unrelenting disposition of the King.

Note 2, page 90, col. 2.

■ that proud Prelate's heart a noble chord
 I touch'd, ■■■ harp we on a baser string.

All writers agree in the unprincipled and unnatural character of the Countess of Rochford, who suffered at ■■ subsequent period for being accessory to the criminal conduct of Queen Catharine Howard.

Note 3, page 94, col. 2.

Shall I find justice, Sir?

The singular conduct and language of Anne when she was arrested is strictly historical. See BUNNEN'S *History of the Reformation*.

Note 4, page 99, col. 1.

The Letter.

This is little more than a versification of the celebrated letter; the authenticity of which ■■■ appears to have established.

The Martyr of Antioch; A DRAMATIC POEM.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS poem is founded ■■ the following part of the History of Saint Margaret. She ■■■ the daughter of a heathen priest, and beloved by Olybius, the Prefect of the East, who wished to marry her. The rest of the legend I have thought myself at liberty to discard, and ■■■ up the outline as my ■■■ imagination suggested. Gibbon has so well condensed all the information which remains ■■ us from Strabo, Chrysostom, Sozomen, and ■■■ writings of Julian the Apostate, relative to Antioch, the Temple and sacred grove of Daphne, that the reader will be able ■■ comprehend from his florid, and ■■■ glowing description, most of the allusions to these subjects contained in the poem. The passage occurs in his twenty-third chapter.

The martyrologists have dwelt almost exclusively ■■ the outward and bodily sufferings of the early Christians. They have described with almost anatomical precision ■■■ various methods of torture. The ■■■

sequence has been, the neglect of their writings; in perusing which ■■ mind of the least sensibility shrinks with such loathing and abhorrence from the tedious detail of suffering, ■■ to become insensible to the calm resignation, the simple devotion, the exulting hope of the sufferer. But these writers have rarely and briefly noticed the internal and mental agonies ■■ which the ■■■ circumstances inevitably exposed the converts. The surrender of life, when it appeared most highly gifted with the blessings of Providence; the literal abandonment of this world, when all its pleasures, its riches, and its glories were in their ■■■; the violent severing of those ties, which the gentle ■■■ of Christianity had the more endeared; the self-denial, not of the ungodly lusts, but of the most innocent affections; that last and most awful conflict, when ■■ brother delivered brother unto death, and the father the child, ■■ when ■■ a man's foes were those of his own household, ■■ —it ■■■ from such trials, not those of the fire and the stake alone, that the meek religion of Christ came forth triumphant. In such a situation it has been my object

to represent the mind of a young and tender female; and I have opposed to Christianity the beautiful and the most natural of Heathen superstitions—the worship of the Sun. The reader, it is to be hoped, will recollect that although the following poem is in most part a work of imagination, there were multitudes who really laid down their lives for the faith of Christ, under circumstances equally appalling and afflictive; for that faith, to the truth or falsehood of which they had demonstrative evidence in their power and in their possession.

CHARACTERS.

OLYBIUS, *Prefect of the East.*

VOPISCUS.

MACER, *Governor of the City.*

CALLIAS, *Priest of Apollo.*

FABIUS, *Bishop of Antioch.*

DIODOTUS,

CHARINUS,

GALANTHIAS,

} *Christians.*

Officers.

Citizens.

Christians.

A Shepherd.

MARGARITA, *daughter of Callias.*

Maidens of Antioch.

SCENE—*Antioch in the reign of the Emperor Probus.*

THE MARTYR OF ANTIOCH.

SCENE.

The Front of the Temple of Apollo, in the Daphne near Antioch.

OLYBIUS, MACER, *Romans, Citizens of Antioch, CALLIAS, Priests.*

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Lord of the golden day!

That hold'st thy fiery way,

Out-dazzling from the heavens each waning star;

What time Aurora fair

With loose dew-dropping hair,

And the swift Hours have yoked thy radiant car,

Thou mountest Heaven's blue steep,

And the universal sleep

From the wide world withdraws its misty veil;

The silent cities wake,

Th' encamped armies shake

Their unfurl'd banners in the freshening gale.

The basking earth displays

Her green breast in the blaze;

And all the Gods upon Olympus' head,

Haughty joy behold

Thy trampling hold

Obey thy sovereign reign with stately tread.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Lord of the speaking lyre!

That with a touch of fire

Strikest music, which delays the charmed spheres;

And with a soft control

Dost steal away the soul,

And draw from melting eyes delicious tears—

Thou the dead hero's name

Dost sanctify to fame,

Embalm'd in rich and ever-fragrant verse;

In every sunlit clime,

Through all eternal time

Assenting lands his deathless deeds rehearse.

The lovesick damsel, laid

Beneath the myrtle shade,

Drinks from thy cup of song with raptured ear,

And, dead to all around,

Save the sweet bliss of sound,

Sits heedless that her soul's beloved is near.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Lord of the unerring bow,

Whose fateful arrows go

Like shafts of lightning from the quivering string:

Pierced through each scaly fold,

Enormous Python roll'd,

While thou triumphant to the sky didst spring;

And scorn and beauteous ire

Steep'd with ennobling fire

Thy quivering lip and all thy beardless face;

Loose flew thy clustering hair,

While thou the trackless air

Didst walk in all thine own celestial grace.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Lord of the holy spring,

Where the Nine Sisters sing,

Their dearest haunt, our Syrian Castaly,

There oft the entranced maid,

By the cool waters laid,

Feels all her labouring bosom full of thee:

The kings of earth stand

In pale religious fear;

The purple Sovereign of imperial Rome

In solemn awe hath heard

The wild prophetic word,

That spake the cloud-wrapt mystery of his doom.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Lord of the gorgeous shrine,

Where to thy form divine

The snow-white line of lessening pillars leads:

And all the frontispiece,

And every sculptured frieze,

Is rich and breathing with thy godlike deeds.

Here by the lulling deep

Thy mother seems to sleep

On the wild margin of the floating isle;

Her new-born infants, thou,

And she the wood-Nymph now,

Lie slumbering on her breast, and slumbering smile.

Here in her pride we ■
 The impious Niobe,
 'Mid all her boasted race in slaughter piled,
 Folding in vain her vest,
 And cowering with fond breast
 Over her last, her youngest, loveliest child.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Lord of the cypress grove,
 That here in baffled love
 The soft Thessalian maid didst still pursue;
 Until her snowy foot
 In the green earth took root,
 And in thine arms ■ verdant laurel grew.

And still thy tenderest beams
 Over our falling streams
 At shadowy eve delight to hover long;
 They to Orontes' tide
 In liquid music glide
 Through banks that blossom their sweet course along.

And still in Daphne's bower
 Thou wanderest many ■ hour,
 Kissing the turf by her light footsteps trod;
 And Nymphs at noontide deep
 Start from their dreaming sleep,
 And in his glory see the bright-hair'd God.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND MAIDENS.

Phœbus Apollo, hear!
 Great Lycian king, appear,
 Come from thy Cynthian steep, or Xanthus' shore;
 Here to thy Syrian home
 In visible godhead come,
 And o'er our land thy choicest influence pour.

CALLIAS.

Break off the hymn. And now the solemn rites
 Are duly paid; the hundred steers have bled;
 O'er all the Temple the rich incense curls
 In clouds of fragrance; and the golden cups
 In generous libation have pour'd forth
 The honied wine; and all along the shade
 Of sacred Daphne hath your pomp been led,
 Waking the slumbering echoes from their caves,
 To multiply the adoring Io Pœan
 To great Apollo.

SECOND PRIEST.

Callias! our God,
 That yesterday on our Elean games
 Shone with ■ splendour, even ■ though a veil,
 Which ■ that day had dimm'd his full divinity,
 Had been rent off; our God hath centred now
 As 't were the gather'd light of many noons
 Within his orb to honour this our festival.

MACER.

Nor wonder! for did ever elder Greece,
 ■ all her cities and her kings were met
 ■ the Olympic plain, or where the priestess
 Sate, speaking fate, upon her Delphic tripod,
 With richer rite, or statelier ceremony,
 With nobler or more spotless hecatombs,
 Propitiate the immortal Gods?

CLYBIUS.

Great Rome

■ not costlier.

MACER.

What, then, is wanting?

SECOND PRIEST.

What, but the ■ and palm-like grace of all,
 The sacred virgin, on whose footsteps Beauty
 Waits like a handmaid; whose most peerless form,
 Light as embodied air, and pure as ivory
 Thrice polish'd by the skilful statuary,
 Moves in the priestess' long and flowing robes,
 While our scarce-erring worship doth adore
 The servant rather than the God.

THIRD PRIEST.

The maid
 Whose living lyre so eloquently speaks,
 From the deserted grove the silent birds
 Hang hovering o'er her; and we human hearers
 Stand breathless ■ the marbles ■ the walls,
 That even themselves ■ touch'd to listening life
 All animate with the inspiring ecstasy.

FIRST ROMAN.

Thou mean'st the daughter of the holy Callias;
 I once beheld her, when the thronging people
 Press'd round, yet parted still to give her way,
 Even as the blue enamour'd waves, when first
 The sea-born Goddess in her rosy shell
 Sail'd the calm ocean.

SECOND PRIEST.

Margarita, come,
 Come in thy zoneless grace, thy flowing locks
 Crown'd with the laurel of the God; the lyre
 Accordant to thy slow and musical steps,
 As grateful 't would return the harmony
 That from thy touch it wins.

THIRD PRIEST.

Come, Margarita.
 This long, this bashful, timorous delay
 Becomes thee well, and thou wilt ■ the lovelier,
 Even like a late long-look'd for flower in spring.

SECOND PRIEST.

Still silent! some one of the sacred priests
 Enter, and in Apollo's name call forth
 The tardy maiden.

CALLIAS.

Shame upon the child,
 That thus will make th' assembled lords of Antioch,
 And sovereign Rome's imperial Prefect, wait
 Her wayward pleasure.

FOURTH PRIEST (returning from within).

Callias!

CALLIAS.

■! what now?—

FOURTH PRIEST.

Callias!

CALLIAS.

Hath lightning smitten thee ■ silence?
 Or hath ■ ■ sinister and angry sign,
 The bleeding statue of the god, or birds
 Obscene within the secret sanctuary,
 Appall'd thee?

FOURTH PRIEST.

In the holy place we sought her;
 Trampled in dust we found the laurel crown,
 The lyre unstrung cast down upon the pavement,
 And the dishonour'd robes of prophecy
 Scatter'd unseemly here and there—and—

CALLIAS.

What?

FOURTH PRIEST.

And Margarita was not there.

CALLIAS.

Not there!

My child not there! Prefect Olybius,
This is thy deed—I knew that thou didst love her,
And mine old heart proud to thee stand
Before her presence, awed; the sovereign lord
Of Asia, Rome's renown'd and consular captain,
Awed by my timid, blushing child; whom
His Roman soul hath nobly dared to rend
From her afflicted father.

OLYBIUS.

Holy Callias,

By Mars, my god, thou wrong'st me!

CALLIAS.

Oh, my lord!

Tyrant, not lord! inhuman ravisher!
Dissembling Tarquin!—but it is no fable,
That great Apollo once avenged his priest,
When broke the wasting plague o'er Agamemnon,
And all the myriad ships of Greece.

OLYBIUS.

Old man,

But that thy daughter's unforgotten loveliness
Hallows thy wrath——

CALLIAS.

By Heaven! yet I'll have justice,

If I do travel to the emperor's throne,
I'll raise a cry loud, that all the palace
In which great Caesar dwells, the Capitol,
And every stone within the Eternal City,
Shall with my wrongs resound. Ah, fond old man!
My trembling limbs have lost their only stay,
And that sweet voice that utter'd all my wishes,
Reading them in my secret heart within,
Shall never thrill again upon mine ears!
I may go wandering forth another OEdipus,
But with fond Antigone——

CITIZENS.

Hark! hark!

A trumpet sound! a messenger from Rome.

CALLIAS.

From Rome! from Rome! it is thy doom, destroyer!
The sunbeams have beheld thy deed of shame,
And have proclaim'd it; the arraigning winds
Have blown my injuries and thy disgrace
Over the wide face of the listening earth;
And Caesar's arm of justice is outstretch'd
To strike and punish!

The above, VOPISCUS.

VOPISCUS.

Great Olybius,

I am the bearer of the emperor's mandate,
Would I might add of wonted thanks and praise.
'T is said that here in Antioch, the high place
And chosen sanctuary of those Galileans,
Who with their godless and incestuous rites
Offend the thousand deities of Rome,
Making them waste our mildew'd lands with dearth,
Attaint our wholesome airs with pestilence,
And shake th' indignant earth, till our cities,
With all their unwarn'd multitudes, sink down

Into the sudden yawning chasms beneath them;—

'T is said, here Olybius hath let sleep

The thunders of the law, which should have smitten

With the stern frequency of angry Jove,

When with fierce storms he darkens half the world!

Wherefore, instead of flying in close haunts

And caves, and woods, the stern extermination,

They climb palaces, they crowd our camps,

They all wide and boundless realms;

While the sad Priests of all our Gods do sit

Round their cold altars and ungifted shrines,

Waiting in vain for victim or oblation.

OLYBIUS.

It is wonder that Vopiscus

To taunt with negligence Olybius' rule,

Not ignorant that Vopiscus well pleased

If that this Eastern Prefecture should pass

To abler hands, perchance his own.—To the charge.

It is most true that I have sought to stay

This frenzy, not with angry fire and sword,

But with a lofty and contemptuous mercy,

That scorn'd too much to punish. For my heart

Was sick of seeing beardless youth and age

Wearying the pall'd and glutt'd executioner;

Exhausting all the subtlest arts of torture

With cheerful patience: even soft maidens moving,

With flower-crown'd locks, and pale but smiling cheeks,

To the consuming fire as to their bridal.

I in this wild scorn of death a grandeur

Worthy a nobler cause; 't was Roman virtue,

Though not for Roman glory. But, Vopiscus,

I am one that wears a subject's duty

Loose and cast off whene'er the changeful will

Would clothe itself in sole authority.

The edict of the Emperor is to me

As the unrepealed word of fate. To death

It doth devote these Christians, and to death

My voice shall doom them. Not Vopiscus self,

Whom I invite share my stern tribunal,

But shall confess th' obedience of Olybius.

THE PEOPLE.

Long live the Christians' scourge!—long live Olybius!

Haste, drag them forth, the accursed of our gods.

SECOND PRIEST.

She comes—she is here—the beautiful Margarita.

CALLIAS.

My child! and thou art breathing still!—Come back

Unto my desolate heart—thy father, child——

These choking tears! they would not flow but now.

MARGARITA.

Dear father!

CALLIAS.

But, sweet daughter, how is this,

Upon solemn day of festival,

Thus darkly clad, and thy close-bound locks

Ashes, and sackcloth on thy tender limbs!

MARGARITA.

I thought the rites had been o'erpass'd ere now,

Or——

CALLIAS.

the god afflicted thee, my child!

MARGARITA.

My God, indeed, afflicts me, father.

OLYBIUS.

We mourn, that must leave th' imperfect rites,

Deeply ■■ mourn it, when bright Margarita
Vouchsafes her late and much-desired presence.
So on to-morrow for our Judgment Hall.
Let all the fires be kindled, and bring forth
The long disused racks, and fatal engines.
Their rust must be wash'd off in blood. Proclaim
That every guilty worshipper of Christ
Be dragg'd before us.—Ha!—

MACER.

What frantic cry
With insolent interruption breaks upon
Rome's Prefect?

MANY VOICES.

Lo the priestess! Lo the priestess!

SECOND PRIEST.

She hath fall'n down upon her knees; her hair
Is scatter'd like a cloud of gold; her hands
Are clasp'd ■■■ her swelling breast; her eyes
Do hold ■ sad communion with the heavens,
And her lips move, yet make no sound.

■■■■ PRIEST.

Haste—haste—

The laurel crown—the laurel of the God—
She's wrapt—possess'd!

MARGARITA.

The crown—the crown of glory—
God give ■■ grace upon my bleeding brows
To wear it.

SECOND PRIEST.

She is distracted by our gaze—
She shrinks and trembles. Lead her in: the trance
Will pass anon, and her unsealed lips
Pour forth the mystic numbers, that men hear,
And feel the inspiring deity.

OLYBIUS.

On—away!

THE PEOPLE.

Long live the Christians' saviour!—long live Olybius!

CHORUS AROUND THE TEMPLE.

Phœbus Apollo, hear!
Great Lycian king appear,
Come from thy Cynthian steep, or Xanthus' shore;
Here to thy Syrian home,
In visible godhead come,
And o'er ■■ land thy choicest influence pour.

CHORUS AROUND OLYBIUS.

Go ■■ thy flow'r-strewn road,
The champion of our god,
By Phœbus' self his chosen chief confess'd;
■■■ brightest splendours bask
Upon thy glowing casque,
And gild the waving glories of thy crest.

*The Grove of Daphne.**Evening.*

MARGARITA.

My way is through the dim licentious Daphne,
And evening darkens round my stealthful steps;
Yet I must pause to rest my weary limbs.

Oh, thou polluted, yet most lovely grove!

■■■ the Almighty breathed o'er all thy bowers
An ever-springing spring, and paved thy walks
With amaranthine flowers—are but the winds,

Whose breath ■■ gentle, suffer'd to entangle
Their light wings, not unwilling prisoners,
In thy thick branches, there ■■ make sweet murmurs
With the bees' hum, and melodies of birds,
And all the voices of the hundred fountains,
That drop translucent from the mountain's side,
And ■■ themselves along their level course
To slumber with their own soft-sliding sounds;
And all for foul idolatry, or worse,
To make itself a home and sanctuary?

Oh, second Eden, like the first, defiled
With sin! ■■ like thy human habitants,
Thy winds and flowers and waters have forgot
The gracious hand that made them, ministers
Voluptuous ■■ man's transgressions—all,
Save thou, sweet nightingale! that, like myself,
Pourest alone thy melancholy song
To silence and to God—not undisturb'd—
The velvet turf gives up a quickening sound
Of coming steps:—oh, thou that lovest the holy,
Protect me from the sinful—from myself!
'T ■■ what I fear'd—Olybius!

OLYBIUS, MARGARITA.

OLYBIUS.

Margarita,

I heard but now that thou hadst wander'd hither,
And follow'd thee, my love.

MARGARITA.

My lord, mine haste

Brooks ■■ delay.

OLYBIUS.

What sudden speed is this?

Behold the Sun, our God—

MARGARITA.

Not so, my lord.

OLYBIUS.

What! thou 'rt become a tender worshipper
Of yon pale crescent, that alone in heaven
Breathes o'er the world her cold serenity.
Trust me, my sweet, it is a barren service.

MARGARITA.

My lord, I do beseech you let me pass,
I have ■■ time nor wish—

OLYBIUS.

Ha, Margarita!

At this luxurious hour, when all is mute
But the fond lover at his mistress' ear,
Through the dusk grove, where every conscious tree
Bears in its bark the record of fond vows
And amorous service—

MARGARITA.

Hath the Prefect seen

Ought loose in Callias' daughter, ought unholy,
That he would breathe suspicion's tainting blight
On the pure lily of her fame?

OLYBIUS.

Ungrateful!

I have endured this day for thee the taunts
Of thy distracted sire; but will not bear
The thought, that thou art hurrying hence to hear
Some favour'd lover pour into thy soul—

MARGARITA.

Olybius, thou dost not truly think it—
I had forgot—Lord Prefect, thou art tyrannous,

That thus with harsh and most untimely violence
Impedest my way.

OLYBIUS.

Fond maiden, know'st thou not
That I am clothed with power? my word, my sign
May drag to death, whoe'er presumes to love
Th' admired of great Olybius.

MARGARITA (*apart*).

My full heart!

And hath it not ■ guilty pleasure still
In being so fondly, though so sternly chided?

OLYBIUS.

Hear me, I say, but weep not, Margarita,
Though thy bright tears might diadem the brow
Of Juno, when she walks th' Olympian clouds.
My pearl! my pride! thou know'st my soul is thine—
Thine only! On the Parthians' fiery sands
I look'd upon the blazing noontide sun,
And thought how lovely thou before his shrine
Wast standing with thy laurel-crowned locks.
And when my high triumphal chariot toil'd
Through Antioch's crowded streets, when every hand
Rain'd garlands, every voice dwelt on my name,
My discontented spirit panted still
For thy long-silent lyre.

MARGARITA.

Oh! let me onward,
Nor hold me thus, nor speak thus fondly to me.

OLYBIUS.

Thou strivest still to leave me; go then, go,
My soul disdains to force what it would win
With the soft violence of favour'd love.
But ah! to-day—to-day—what meant thine absence
From the proud worship of thy God? what mean
Thy wild and mournful looks, thy bursting eyes
So full of tears, that weep not?—Margarita,
Thou wilt not speak—farewell, then, and forgive
That I have dared mistrust thee:—No, even now,
Even thus I'll not believe but thou art pure,
■ the first dew that Dian's early foot
Treads in her deepest, holiest shade.—Farewell!

MARGARITA.

I should have told him all, yet dared not tell him—
I could not deeper wound his generous heart
Than it endures already. My Redeemer,
If weakly thus before the face of man
I have trembled to confess thee, yet, O Lord,
Before thine angels do not thou deny me!
And yet, he is not guilty yet, O Saviour,
Of Christian blood! Preserve him in thy mercy,
Preserve him from that sin.—Ah, lingering still,
While lives of thousands hang upon my speed,—
Away!

The Burial Place of the Christians.

Night.

FABIUS, DIODOTUS, CRABINUS, CALANTHIAS, etc.

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

Brother, thou hast gone before us, and thy saintly soul
is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is
unknown;

From the burthen of the flesh, and from care and fear
released,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
■ at rest.

The toilsome way thou 'st travell'd o'er, and borne the
heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach his
blest abode.

Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus upon his father's
breast,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.

Sin ■ never taint thee now, nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit
fail.

And there thou 'rt sure to meet the good, whom ■
earth thou lovedst best,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.

« Earth to earth, » and « dust ■ dust, » the solemn priest
hath said,

So we lay the turf above thee now, and we seal thy nar-
row bed :

But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the faithful
blest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast
left behind,

May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome
find ;

May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious
guest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.

FABIUS.

So by the side of martyr'd Babylas,
Brother, thou slumberest; silent ■ yon stars,
And silent as the falling dews around thee,
We leave thy verdant grave. But oh! shall we,
When we put off the load of mortal life,
Depart like thee ■ in a deeper sleep,
With the sweet smile of life on the closed lips,
Or in ■ agony of mortal pain,
By the pitch'd stake, or den of raging lions?

The above, MARGARITA.

MARGARITA.

I'm here at last before them, and ye live.

FABIUS.

What means the gentle Neophite?

MARGARITA.

Good sir,

Thou hast ■ heard——Hark—hark! they are be-
hind me.

FABIUS.

Who, maiden, who?

MARGARITA.

The Prefect's ruthless soldiers;
They ■ ■ drag ■ to their Judgment Hall.
Already is the scourge prepared; the dungeons

Ope their expecting gates; the outpour'd city
Pants for the spectacle.

FABIUS.

Is it so, my child?
Makes the fierce Heathen bloody preparation
For slaughter?—then must I for death. His zeal
Doth furbish up his armoury of murder;
We, ours of patience. We must gird around us
Heaven's panoply of faith and constancy,
And so go forth to war.

MARGARITA.

Alas! alas!

If they should take thee—thee, upon whose lips
The living fire of inspiration burns,
Severing by gentle force the willing spirit
From this low earth, and pluming it for heaven;
That makes the conscious immortality
Stir in our souls, and pant for that pure life
With Christ beyond the grave. Oh, thou that teachest
Our charities to flow in heaven's own light,
Like some bright river in the desert sands,
Round which the gladdening pilgrims sing for joy;
That send'st us forth to pour sweet oil and wine
Into the bleeding wounds; to take our seat
By the sick couch; to shed a tender health
On the pale prisoner's cheek—Oh, who shall lead
The foldless sheep to life's eternal pastures
When their good shepherd's gone?

FABIUS.

Hast thou forgot

The Master of the flock?

MARGARITA.

Oh, no—no—no—

But how shall I endure to see thy head,
Thy venerable head, bow'd down to scorn?
I have call'd thee father, and have fondly pray'd
That mine own parent were like thee; and now
I must behold thy blood flow drop by drop
Beneath the knotted scourge, or hungry fires
Preying upon thy shuddering flesh.

FABIUS.

My child,

Think thou each lash that rends my bleeding skin
A beautiful sign of brotherhood with Christ;
That the pale fire which wastes my perishing flesh
Heaven's own lambent glory gathering round me.

CHARINUS.

Why now, most holy Fabius, I had look'd
For joy and triumph on thy brow, to hear
That I may mount the everlasting heavens
In those angelic chariots, wont to wrap
The Martyr's spirit. Lo! the eternal gates
Lift up their heads to greet us! Shall we then
Waver and pause? or shall we not go forth
Through all the city to the Roman's throne
Hymning our Christ, and calling on our heads
The glorifying axe?

CALANTHIAS.

Away! I

The waving of the purple robe. The Lord
Tread even the wine-press in his wrath;
The signs labouring forth, the latter days
Run to their dregs. He comes to avenge his own.
No more, no more, your vain and baffled songs,
Holy and True, how long! ascend to heaven—

The day of vintage, and the day of dread,
The day of desolation is at hand,
The day of vengeance!

Cease, Calanthias, cease;

And thou, Charinus. Oh, my brethren, God
Will those whom he hath chosen, to sit
In garments dyed with their blood around
The Lamb in Heaven; but it becomes not man
To affect with haughty and aspiring violence
The loftiest thrones, ambitious for his own,
And not his Master's glory. Every star
Is not a sun, every Christian soul
Rapt to a seraph. But for thee, Calanthias,
Thou know'st not whether even this night shall burst
The impatient vengeance of the Lord, or rest
Myriads of human years. For what are they,
What our ages, but a few brief
From the vast ocean of eternity,
That break upon the shore of this our world,
And so ebb back into the immense profound,
Which He on high, even at one instant, sweeps
With his omniscient sight?

Beloved brethren,

And ye, our sisters, hold all prepared,
Like him beside whose hallow'd grave we stand,
To give the last and awful testimony
To Christ our Lord. Yet tempt not to our murder
The yet unbloody hands of men.

They come:

Pale lights are gleaming through the dusky night,
And hurrying feet are trampling to and fro.
Disperse—disperse, my brethren, to your homes!—
Sweet Margarita, in the Hermitage
By clear Orontes, where so oft we've met,
Thou'lt find still. God's blessing wait all!
Farewell! we meet, if on earth, in heaven.

The Front of the Temple.

Day-break.

MARGARITA.

Yet once again I touch thy golden strings,
My silent and forgotten lyre, oh! erst
The joy of Antioch, when on festal days
At the proud idol's foot I sat; and all,
Even as thy raptures and fell, bow'd down
Or stood erect before the shrine. I, too,
Like thee, was hallow'd to an impious service,
Even till a touch from heaven waked my soul's music,
And pour'd it forth in ecstasy to him
Who died for me. And shalt not thou, my partner
In mine unholy worship, mingle
Thy sweetness with my purer vows. Oh! fountain
Of sounds delicious, shall I not unseal thee,
Thou that didst flow through Daphne's flowery grove,
Timing the dancing steps of youths and maids?
Dwell not within thy secret wreathed shell
Sounds, of chaste and holy melancholy,
As mourn'd in angels' moonlight chants
O'er the night-visited graves of buried saints—
Even sounds accordant to the weary steps
Of him, that, loaded with the ponderous cross,
Toil'd up the steep of Calvary?

CALLIAS, MARGARITA.

CALLIAS.

My child,

My own, my loved, my beautiful child! once
Thou art thyself; thy snowy hands are trembling
On thy loved lyre, and doubtless thou art hailing
Our God, who from his golden eastern chamber
Begins to dawn. I have commanded all
The ministering priests and sacred virgins
Their robes and verdant chaplets to prepare.
Thou too shalt come, with all thy richest songs
To hymn the triumph of our God around
The pile whereon these frantic Galileans
Writhe and expire.

MARGARITA.

My father!

CALLIAS.

What is this?

Wilt thou not go?

MARGARITA.

Alas! I shall be there

Too surely.

CALLIAS.

Ay, and when thy ivory brows
Are dimly shaded by the laurel crown;
And when thy snowy robes in folds of light
Enwrap thee, like the glittering ocean foam
Which the sea-nymph bowers her gliding form;
The God shall thy breast his shrine, and pour
Such all-enchancing harmony around thee,
Men's senses, spell-bound by their captive hearing,
Shall the manifest godhead, and bow down
In worship.

MARGARITA.

Ah, that thou and all might know
The God that hath possess'd me—would adore
The eternal words of light and life and truth
That I could utter!

CALLIAS.

O my child! my pride!

While the infected daughters of the land
Fall off to this new faith; while they are led
To expiate in the fire their sinful deeds,
How shall I gaze thee, through Daphne gliding
Amid thy white-robed choir of sacred maids,
Like the presiding swan smooth Cayster,
And bless Apollo, that hath stamp'd thy soul
His own.

MARGARITA (apart).

Ah me! and how t' unbarb the dart,
Which I must strike into his inmost soul!

CALLIAS.

Thrice-dearest of our god!

MARGARITA.

Beloved father!

Those tender maids led forth to sacrifice,
To bear upon their blushing, delicate limbs
Rude stripes and shameful insults, have they not
Fond parents, loving thyself, whose hearts
Weep blood, more fast than even their flowing wounds?
Oh think on her, thy Margarita, her—
The breathing image thou hast often call'd her
Of thy youth's bride—exposed to pain, to death!

CALLIAS.

When Margarita

Hath from her God revolted, I'll endure
Even that, —

MARGARITA.

No, father, no, thou couldst not,
Thou wilt not, when she her Christian brethren,
Patient bear their Master's mournful lot
Of suffering and of death—

CALLIAS.

How? what! mine ears

Ring with a wild confusion of strange sounds
That have no meaning. Thou'rt not wont to mock
Thine aged father, but I think that now
Thou dost, my child.

MARGARITA.

By Jesus Christ—by him

In whom my soul hath hope of immortality,
Father! I mock not.

CALLIAS.

Lightnings blast—not thee,

But those that by their subtle incantations
Have wrought upon thy innocent soul!

Look there!—

MARGARITA.

Father, I'll follow thee where'er thou wilt:
Thou dost not this cruel violence
With which thou dragg'st on.

CALLIAS.

Dost not behold him,

Thy God! thy father's God! the God of Antioch!
And feel'st thou not the cold and silent awe,
That emanates from his immortal presence
O'er all the breathless temple? Darest thou
The terrible brightness of the wrath that burns
On his arch'd brow? Lo, how the indignation
Swells in each strong dilated limb! his stature
Grows loftier; and the roof, the quaking pavement,
The shadowy pillars, all the temple feels
The offended God!—I dare not look again,
Darest thou?

MARGARITA.

I a silent shape of stone,
In which the majesty of human passion
Is to the life express'd. A noble image,
But wrought by mortal hands, upon a model
As mortal as themselves.

CALLIAS.

Ha! look again, then,

There in the East. Mark how the purple clouds
Throng to pavilion him: the officious winds
Pant forth to purify his path
From night's dun vapours and fast-scattering mists.
The glad earth wakes in adoration; all
The voices of all animate things lift up
Tumultuous orisons; spacious world
Lives but in him, that is its life. But he,
Disdainful of the universal homage,
Holds his calm way, and vindicates for his own
Th' illimitable heavens, in solitude
Of peerless glory unapproachable.
What means thy proud undazzled look, to adore
Or mock, ungracious?

MARGARITA.

That launch'd thee forth, a golden-crowned bridegroom,
To hang thy everlasting nuptial lamp
In the exulting heavens. In thee the light,
Creation's eldest born, ■■■ tabernacled.
To thee ■■■ given to quicken slumbering nature,
And lead the seasons' slow vicissitude
Over the fertile breast of mother earth;
Till men began ■■ stoop their groveling prayers
From the Almighty Sire of all to thee.
And I will add,—Thou universal emblem,
Hung in the forehead of the all-seen heavens,
Of him, that with the light of righteousness
Dawn'd on our latter days; the visitant day-spring
Of the benighted world. Enduring splendour!
Giant refresh'd! that evermore renew'd
Thy flaming strength; nor ever shalt thou cease
With time coeval, ■■■ till Time itself
Hath perish'd in eternity. Then thou
Shalt own, from thy apparent deity
Debased, thy mortal nature, from the sky
Withering before the all-enlightening lamb,
Whose radiant throne shall quench all other fires.

CALLIAS.

And yet she stands unblasted! In thy mercy
Thou dost remember all my faithful vows,
Hyperion! and suspend the fiery shaft
That quivers on thy string. Ah, ■■■ on her,
This innocent, wreak thy fury! I will search,
And thou wilt lend me light, although they shroud
In deepest Orcus. I will pluck them forth,
And set them up a mark for all thy wrath;
Those that beguiled ■■ this unholy madness
My pure and blameless child. Shine forth, shine forth,
Apollo, and we 'll have our full revenge!

MARGARITA.

'T ■■ over now—and oh, I bless thee, Lord,
For making me thus desolate below;
For severing one by one the ties that bind me
To this cold world, for whither can earth's outcasts
Fly but to heaven?

Yet is no way but this,
None but to steep my father's lingering days
In bitterness! Thou knowest, gracious Lord
Of mercy, how he loves me, how he loved ■■■
From the first moment that my eyes were open'd
Upon the light of day and him. At least,
If thou must smite him, smite him in thy mercy.
He loves ■■■ as the life-blood of his heart,
His love surpasses every love but thine.

HYMN.

For thou didst die for me, oh Son of God!
By thee the throbbing flesh of ■■■ was worn;
Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod,
And tempests beat thy houseless head forlorn.
Thou, that wert wont to stand
Alone, on God's right hand,
Before the Ages were, the Eternal, eldest born.

Thy birthright in the world was pain and grief,
Thy love's return ingratitude and hate;
The limbs thou healedest brought thee ■■ relief,
The eyes thou openest calmly view'd thy fate:
Thou, that wert wont to dwell
In peace, tongue cannot tell,
Nor heart conceive the bliss of thy celestial state.

They dragg'd thee to the Roman's solemn Hall,
Where the proud Judge in purple splendour sate;
Thou stoodst ■■ meek and patient criminal,
Thy doom of death from human lips to wait;
Whose throne shall be the world
In final ruin hurl'd,
With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.

Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude,
When "Crucify him!" yell'd the general shout;
No hand to guard thee mid those insults rude,
Nor lip to bless in all that frantic rout;
Whose lightest whisper'd word
The Seraphim had heard,
And adamantine arms from all the heavens broke out.

They bound thy temples with the twisted thorn,
Thy bruised feet went languid ■■ with pain;
The blood, from all thy flesh with scourges torn,
Deepen'd thy robe of mockery's crimson grain;
Whose native vesture bright
Was the unapproached light,
The sandal of whose foot the rapid hurricane.

They smote thy cheek with many a ruthless palm,
With the cold spear thy shuddering side they pierced;
The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm
They gave, to enhance thy unslaked, burning thirst:
Thou, at whose words of peace
Did pain and anguish cease,
And their long buried dead their bonds of slumber
burst.

Low bow'd thy head convulsed, and, droop'd in death,
Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry;
Slow struggled from thy breast the parting breath,
And every limb ■■ wrung with agony.
That head, whose veilless blaze
Fill'd angels with amaze,
When at that voice sprang forth the rolling ■■ on
high.

And thou wert laid within the narrow tomb,
Thy clay-cold limbs with shrouding grave-clothes
bound;
The sealed stone confirm'd thy mortal doom,
Lone watchmen walk'd thy desert burial ground,
Whom heaven could not contain,
Nor th' immeasurable plain
Of vast infinity inclose or circle round.

For us, for us, thou didst endure the pain,
And thy meek spirit bow'd itself to shame,
To wash our souls from sin's infecting stain,
To avert the Father's wrathful vengeance flame:
Thou, that couldst nothing win
By saving worlds from sin,
Nor aught of glory add to thy all-glorious name.

The Prefect's Hall of Justice.

OLYBIUS, VOPISCUS, MACER, PRIEST, Romans, etc.
CALLIAS.

DIODOTUS, CHARINUS, CALANTHIAS, and other Christians.

PRIEST.

The sacrifice hath pleased the immortal Gods.
With willing foot the golden-horned steer

Moved to the altar, and in proud delight
Shook the white fillet on his brow: the blood
Pour'd forth its purple stream profuse; the Aruspex
Gazed on the perfect entrails; and the smoke
Rose in a full unbroken cloud. Great Prefect,
Thy deeds ■■■ holy ■■■ our Gods.

OLYBIUS.

The Gods,
Whose honour we espouse, espouse our cause.
Hear me, ye Priests ■■■ earth, ye Gods in heaven!
By Vesta, and her virgin-guarded fires;
By Mars, the Sire and guardian God of Rome;
By Antioch's bright Apollo; by the throne
Of him whose thunder shakes the vaulted skies;
And that dread oath I add, that binds th' immortals,
The unblest waters of Tartarian Styx:
Last, by the avengers of despised vows,
Th' inevitable serpent-hair'd Eumenides,
Olybius swears, thus mounting ■■■ the throne
Of justice, to exhaust heaven's wrath on all
That have cast off their fathers' Gods for rites
New and unholy. From my heart I blot
Partial affection and the love of kindred;
Even if my father's blood flow'd in their veins,
I would obey the Emperor, and the Gods!

VOPISCUS.

So nobly said, as nobly he it done.

OLYBIUS.

Lead forth the prisoners!

Ye of nobler birth,
Diodotus, Charinus, and Calanthis,
And ye, the baser and misguided multitude,
Ye stand denounced before our solemn throne
As guilty of that Galilean faith,
Whose impious and blaspheming scorn disclaims
Our fathers' Gods; ye serve not in our temples;
Crown not our altars; kneel not at our shrines;
And in their stead, in loose and midnight feasts
Ye meet, obscuring with a deeper gloom
Of shame and horror night's chaste brow.

DIODOTUS.

Olybius!

Were these foul deeds as true ■■■ they are false,
We might return, that we but imitate
The Gods ye worship—ye, who deify
Adultery, and throne incest in the skies:
Who, not content with earth's vast scope defiled,
Advance the majesty of human sin
Even till it fills the empyreal heavens. Ye sit
Avengers of impure, unhallow'd licence.
'T is well:—why summon then your Gods to answer,
Wrest the idle thunderbolt from amorous Jove,
Dispeople all Olympus,—ay, draw down
The bright-hair'd Sun from his celestial height,
To give account of that most fond pursuit
Through yon dim grove of cypress.

OLYBIUS.

Do we wonder

That Heaven rains plagues upon the guilty earth;
That Pestilence is let loose, and Famine stalks
O'er kingdoms, withering them to barrenness;
That reeling cities shake, and the swollen seas
Engulf our navies, or with sudden inroad
Level our strong-wall'd ports! But, impious men,
We will no longer share your doom; nor suffer
Th' indiscriminate vengeance from on high

To wrap mankind in wide promiscuous ruin:
Impatient earth shall shake you from her bosom,
Even ■■■ a city spurns the plague-struck ■■■
From her barr'd gates, lest her attainted airs
Be loaded with his breath.

DIODOTUS.

Hath earth but ■■■

Begun to heave with fierce intestine fires,
Or the hot South from his unwholesome wings
Drop pestilence? Have changeless slumbers lock'd
Th' untempest and stagnant seas, and ■■■
Awake they first to whelm your fleets and shores?
But be it so, that angry nature rages
More frequent in her fierce distemperance.
Upon yourselves, ye unbelieving Heathen,
The crime recoils. The Lord of hosts hath walked
This world of man; the One Almighty sent
His everlasting Son to wear the flesh,
And glorify this mortal human shape.
And the blind eyes unclosed to ■■■ the Lord;
And the dumb tongues brake out in songs of praise;
And the deep grave cast forth its wondering dead;
And shuddering devils murmur'd sullen homage:
Yet him, the meek, the merciful, the just,
Upon the Cross his rebel people hung,
And mock'd his dying anguish. Since that hour,
Like flames of fire his messengers have pass'd
O'er the wide world, proclaiming him that died
Risen from the grave, and in omnipotence
Array'd on high; and ■■■ your lictors wait
Upon your earthly pomp, portentous signs
And miracles have strew'd the way before them.
But still the princes of the earth take counsel
Against the Eternal. Still the Heathen rage
In drunken fury. Therefore hath the earth
Espoused its Maker's cause; the heavens are full
Of red denouncing fires; the elements
Take up the eternal quarrel, and arise
To battle on God's side. The universe,
With one wide voice of indignation, heard
In every plague and desolating storm,
Proclaims her deep abhorrence at your sins.

OLYBIUS.

Diodotus, thou once didst share ■■■ love;
I knew thee as a soldier, valiant; wise,
I thought thee; therefore once again I stoop
To parley with thy madness. Noble warrior,
Wouldst thou that Rome, whose Gods have raised her up
To empire, boundless ■■■ the ocean-girt
And sun-enlighten'd earth; that by the side
Of her victorious chariot ■■■ have toil'd,
While there were hosts t' enslave, or realms to conquer;
That have attended on her ranging eagles
Till the winds fail'd them in their trackless flight;—
Wouldst thou, that now upon her power's meridian,
Ungrateful she should spurn the exhausted aid
Of her old guardian Deities, and disclaim
Her ancient worship? Did ■■■ willing Jove
His delegated sceptre o'er the world
Grant to our fathers? ■■■ arm'd Gradivus
His Thracian coursers urge before ■■■ van,
Strewing our foes, as the wild hurricane
The summer corn? Where shone the arms of Rome
That our great sire Quirinus look'd ■■■ down
Propitious from his high Olympian seat?
And shall we now forsake their hallow'd fanes,

Rich with our fathers' piety; refuse
The solemn hecatomb; dismiss the flamen
From his proud office; rend the purple robe
Pontifical, and leave each sumptuous shrine
■ nestling-place for foul unhallow'd birds?

DIDOTUS.

Olybius, thou wrong'st our Roman glory.
No fabled Thunderer, nor the fiery car
Of Mavors, ■ long-buried Romulus,
Set up great Rome to awe the subject world:
It ■ her children's valour, that dared all things,
And what it dared, accomplish'd. Rome herself,
■ Almighty willing her imperial sway,
Was her own fortune, fate, and guardian deity.
She built the all-shadowing fabric of her empire
On the strong pillars of her public virtues,
And reign'd because she was most fit to reign.
But ours, Olybius, is ■ earthly kingdom,
We offer not a sceptre, that proclaims
Man mightier than his brethren of the dust;
No ■ that with the lofty head that wears it
Must make its mouldering pillow in the grave.
This earth disowns our glories: but when Rome
Hath sepulchred the last of all her sons,
When Desolation walks her voiceless streets,
Ay, when this world, and all its lords and slaves,
Are swept into the ghastly gulf of ruin;
High in immortal grandeur, like the stars,
But brighter and more lasting, shall our souls
Sit in their empyrean thrones, enlaiden'd
With amaranthine light. Such gifts our God
Hath promised to his faithful.

OLYBIUS.

Bounteous God!

That, as an earnest of your glory, leaves you
For every spurning foot to trample on,
To feed unstruggling the fierce beast of rapine,
To stand with open and untented wounds
Beneath the scorching sun! Where sleep the bolts
Of your Almighty, when we hale you forth
To glut the fire, or make a spectacle
Of your dread sufferings to the applauding people?

DIDOTUS.

Our God and Saviour gives us what we pray for;
On earth a portion of his bitter cup
To purify the world from our gross souls,
And disencumber us for heaven.

CHARINUS.

Diodotus!

Why stand'st thou thus, and dalliest with this man?
Hear me, I say, proud Pilate! ■ thy throne
Of judgment we defy thee,—loose thy hell-hounds!

OLYBIUS.

I'll bear ■ more—Away with them!—we'll glut
Their mad desires with suffering!

Ha, what's here?

*The above. Shepherd, Guards, etc. with a veiled
Maiden.*

OLYBIUS.

Why drag ye forth that maid, who by her fillet
And flowing robes should seem ■ virgin, chosen
For Phœbus' service?

SHEPHERD.

Hear us, great Olybius.

There is ■ cave beside Orontes' stream
Roof'd with the dropping crystal, and the ivy
And woodbine trail their tendrils o'er its porch
As ■ conceal its secret chamber. There,
'T is said, the Naiads, after cool disport
In the fresh waters, carelessly recline
Their dripping limbs upon the fragrant moss;
And when the light winds lift the verdant veil,
Some have beheld the unearthly loveliness
That slept within; and some have heard at noon
Bewitching sounds, that made the sultry air
Delicious. We, with venturous foot profane,
At that nymph-hallow'd hour had wander'd thither,
When, horror-struck, we heard two murmuring voices;
One of ■ man, and of a maiden one,
Pouring upon the still and shudd'ring air
Their hymn to Christ—we seized and bore them hither.

OLYBIUS.

Ha! rend they then the dedicated maids
Even from our altars!—Haste, withdraw the veil
In which her guilty face is shrouded close—
—Their magic mocks my sight—I seem to see
What cannot be before me—Margarita!
Answer, if thou art she.

CALLIAS.

Great Judge! great Prefect!

It is my child—Apollo's gifted priestess!
Within that holy and oracular cave
Her spirit quaffs th' absorbing inspiration.
Lo, with what cold and wandering gaze she looks
On me, her sire—it chokes her voice—these men,
These wicked, false, blaspheming men, have leagued
To swear away her life.

OLYBIUS.

Callias, stand back.

Speak, virgin: wherefore wert thou there? with whom?

CALLIAS.

Seal, Phœbus, seal her lips in mercy.

OLYBIUS.

Peace!

MARGARITA.

I went to meet the minister of Christ,
And pray—

OLYBIUS.

Now where is he? by all the Gods
I'll rend asunder his white youthful limbs;
I'll set his head, with all its golden locks,
Upon the city gate, for each that passes
To shed his loathsome contumely upon it—
I'll—Now by heaven, she smiles!—Apostate!—still
I cannot hate her. (*Apart*).

Priestess of Apollo,

Advance, and lend thy private ear. Fond maid,
Is't for some loved and favour'd youth thou'rt changed?
Renounce thy frantic faith, and live for him;
For him, and not for ■

MARGARITA.

Oh, generous Prefect!

I do beseech thee, for thy soul's sake, shed not
The innocent blood; for him that I have loved—
Behold him here.

Guards, with FARIUS.

GUARD.

The second criminal!

FABIUS.

Thou'rt here before me, daughter:—may thy path
To heaven precede me thus.

MARGARITA.

Amen! Amen!

OLYBIUS.

He!—he! that man with thin and hoary hair,
Bow'd down, and feebly borne on tottering limbs!
Ye Gods—ye Gods, I thank you!

CALLIAS.

Wizard! Sorcerer!

What hast thou done ■ witch my child from me?
What potent herbs dug at the full of the moon,
What foul Thessalian charms dost bear about thee?
Hast thou made league with Hecate, or wrung
From the unwilling dead the accursed secret
That gives thee power o'er human souls!

FABIUS.

Thou'at err'd

Into a truth: the dead hath risen, and walk'd
The unconscious earth; and what he taught, I teach.

CALLIAS.

Away with him!—he doth confess—away!

OLYBIUS.

■ him to the torturers!

FABIUS.

Hear me, Prefect;

Hear me, I charge thee by the eternal God,
Him whom thou know'st not, yet whose name o'erawes
thee;

Nor think ye that I speak to ■ for mercy
Upon these children ■ myself: expend
Your subtlest tortures, nought can ye inflict
But what we are proud to suffer. For yourselves
I speak, in mercy to your forfeit souls.

God—at whose word the vast creation sprang,
Exulting in its light and harmony,
From the blank silence of the void abyss;
At whose command at once the unpeopled world
Broke out in life, and man, the lord of all,
Walk'd that pure Paradise, from which his sin
Expell'd him—God, that to the elder world
Spoke with the avenging voice of rolling waters,
When the wide deluge swept from all the earth
The giant-born—He that in thunder-peals
Held dreadful converse with his chosen people,
And made the potent-teeming elements,
And the rapt souls of Prophets, to proclaim
His will almighty—in ■ latter days
That God hath spoken by his Son. He came,
From the dark ages of the infant world
Foretold,—the Prophets' everlasting Burthen.
The Virgin bare the Son, the angelic hosts
Burst out in song—the Father from his clouds
Declared him. To his miracles of might
Consenting, Nature own'd her Lord. His power,
His sorrows, all his glory, all his shame,

His cross, his death, his broken tomb bare witness,
And the bright clouds that wrapt him to the Sire
Ascending. And again he comes, again;

But not as then, not clad in mortal flesh,
To live the life, or die the death of man:

Girt with his own omnipotence, his throne
The wreck of worlds; the glory of his presence

Olybius, and thy armed satellites,
And these my meek and lowly followers;
Thou, that art there enthroned in purple robes,
The thrice-triumphant Lord of all our Asia,
And I, a nameless, weak, unknown old man,
That stand a helpless criminal before thee,
Shall meet once more. The earth shall cast us up,
The winds shall waft our thin and scatter'd ashes,
The ocean yield us up our drowned bones;
There shall ■ meet before the cloudy throne—
Before the face of him, whose awful brightness
Shall be the sun of that dread day, in which
The thousand thousands of the angelic hosts,
And all the souls of all mankind shall bask,
Waiting their doom eternal. Thou and I
Shall there give in the accompt of this day's process,
And Christ shall render each his due reward.
Now, Sir, your sentence.

MARGARITA.

Merciful Jesus! melt

His spirit in its hardness.

MACER.

By ■ Gods,

The very soldiers lean their pallid cheeks
Upon their spears; and at his every pause
The panting of their long suppressed breath
Is audible.

VOPISCUS.

Methinks the stern Olybius

■ lost in mute admiring meditation.

OLYBIUS.

There needed not your taunt, Sir, ■ awake
Olybius to his duty.

CHARINUS.

They demur,

And will defraud us of our glorious crowns.
Must we not scoff them back into their rage?
What, Heathens, shake ye at an old man's voice?
What will ye when the archangel trumpet thrills
Upon your souls?

FABIUS.

Charinus, if thou lovest

Thy soul, be silent—pride must fall: the boastful
Denied his Lord, and thou—

CHARINUS.

I?—

OLYBIUS.

Drag them forth,

Some to the dungeons, to the torturers some,
As we give order;—and to-morrow morn,
Whoe'er adores not ■ Apollo's shrine
■ Daphne, him the headsman's gleaming steel,
Or the fierce lions, or the flaming pile,
Shall cut away, ■ ■ corrupted branch
From flourishing Antioch.—Off with them, I say!

CHRISTIANS.

Hallelujah! Lord ■ God!

Now our earthly path is trod;
Pass'd are now our cares and fears,
And we quit this vale of tears.

Hallelujah! King of Kings!

Now our spirits spread their wings.

Hallelujah! Lord of Lords!
Be ■■■ last and dying words,
Glory to our God above,
To ■■■ murderers, peace and love.

The Prison.

MARGARITA.

I'm safe ■■■ last: the wild and furious cries
That drove me on are dying into silence.
These cold and damp and gloomy prison walls
Are my protection. And few hours ago
My presence would have made ■■■ holiday
In Antioch. As I've moved along the streets,
I've heard the mother chide her sportive child
For breaking the admiring stillness round me.
There was no work ■■■ precious or so dear
But they deserted it to gaze on me.
And ■■■ they bay'd ■■■ me, like angry dogs:
And every brow was wrinkled, every hand
Clench'd in fierce menace: from their robes they shook
The dust upon me, ■■■ more loathsome ■■■
Was cast upon my path. And can it be,
Oh Christ! that I, whose tainted hands ■■■ late
Served at the idol's altar; on whose lips
And lyre still ring the idol's votive hymns,
Am chosen to bear thy cross, and wear on high
The martyr's robes enwoven of golden light?

CALLIAS, MARGARITA.

MARGARITA.

Alas! my father!

CALLIAS.

Oh my child! my child!

Once more I find thee. Even the savage men,
That stand with rods and axes round the gate,
Had reverence for grey hairs: they let me pass,
And with rude pity bless'd me—Thou alone
Art cold and tearless in your father's sorrows.

MARGARITA.

Oh say not so!

CALLIAS.

And wilt thou touch me, then,

Polluted, ■■■ thy jealous sect proclaims,
By idols? Oh, ye unrelenting Gods!
More unrelenting daughter, not content
To make me wretched by depriving ■■■
Of my soul's treasure, do ye envy ■■■
The miserable solace of her tears
Mingling with mine? She quits the world, and me,
Rejoicing——

MARGARITA.

No!

CALLIAS.

And I, whose blameless pride

Dwelt on her—even as all the lands, no ■■■
The sculptor wrought his Goddess by her form,
Her likeness ■■■ the stamp of its divinity.
And when I walk'd in Antioch, all men hail'd
The father of the beautiful Margarita,
And ■■■ they'll fret me with their cold compassion
Upon the childless, desolate——

MARGARITA.

My father,
I could have better borne thy wrath, thy curse.

CALLIAS.

Alas! I am too wretched to feel wrath:
There is no violence in ■■■ broken spirit.
Well, I've not long to live: it matters not
Whether the old man go henceforth alone.
And if his limbs should fail him, he may seize
On ■■■ cold pillar, or some lintel post,
For that support which human hands refuse him;
Or he must hire some slave, with face and voice
Dissonant and strange; or——

MARGARITA.

Gracious Lord, have mercy,

For what to this to-morrow's scourge or stake?

CALLIAS.

And he must sit the livelong day alone
In silence, in the Temple Porch. No lyre,
Or one by harsh and jarring fingers touch'd,
For that which all around distill'd a calm
More sweet than slumber. Unfamiliar hands
Must strew his pillow, and his weary eyes
By unfamiliar hands be closed at length
For their long sleep.

MARGARITA.

Alas! alas! my father,

Why do they rend me from thee, for what crime?
I am a Christian: will a Christian's hands
With tardier zeal perform a daughter's duty?
A Christian's heart with colder fondness tend
An aged father? What forbids me still
To lead thy feeble steps, where the warm ■■■
Quickens thy chill and languid blood; or where
Some shadow soothes the noontide's burning heat;
To watch thy wants, to steal about thy chamber
With foot ■■■ light, ■■■ to invite the sleep
To shed its balm upon thy lids? Dear sir,
Our faith commands us even ■■■ love our foes——
Can it forbid to love a father?

CALLIAS.

Prove it,

And for thy father's love forswear this faith.

MARGARITA.

Forswear it?

CALLIAS.

Or dissemble; any thing

But die and leave me.

MARGARITA.

Who disown their Lord

On earth, will he disown in heaven.

CALLIAS.

Hard heart!

Credulous of all but thy fond father's sorrows,
Thou wilt believe each wild and monstrous tale
Of this fond faith.

MARGARITA.

I dare not disbelieve

What the dark grave hath cast the buried forth
To utter: to whose visible form ■■■ earth
After the cross expiring ■■■ have written
Their witness in their blood.

CALLIAS.

Whence learnt thou this?

Tell me, my child; for sorrow's weariness
Is now so heavy ■■■ me, I can listen
Nor rave. Come, sit we down on this ■■■ straw,
Thy only couch—thine, that wert wont ■■■ lie

On the soft plumage of the swan, that shamed not
Thy spotless limbs—Come.

MARGARITA.

Dost thou not remember
When Decius was the Emperor, how he came
To Antioch, and when holy Babylas
Withstood his entrance to the Christian church,
Frantic with wrath, he bade them drag him forth
To cruel death? Scene the old man walk'd
The crowded streets; at every pause the yell
Of the mad people made, his voice was heard
Blessing God's bounty, or imploring pardon
Upon the barbarous hosts that smote him on.
Then didst thou hold me up, a laughing child,
To gaze on that sad spectacle. He pass'd,
And look'd on me with such a gentle sorrow;
The pallid patience of his brow toward me
Seem'd softening to a smile of deepest love.
When all around me mock'd, and howl'd, and laugh'd,
God gave me grace to weep. In after time,
That face would my nocturnal dreams return;
And in the silence of the night I heard
The murmur of that voice remote, and touch'd
To an aerial sweetness, like soft music
Over a tract of waters. My young soul
Lay rapt in wonder, how that meek old man
Could suffer with such unrepining calmness,
Till late I learnt the faith for which he suffer'd,
And wonder'd then no more. Thou 'rt weeping, too—
Oh Jesus, hast thou moved his heart?

CALLIAS.

Away!

Insatiate of thy father's misery,
Wouldst have the torturers wring the few chill drops
Of blood that linger in these wither'd veins?

MARGARITA.

I'd have thee with me in the changeless heavens,
Where we should part no more; reclined together
Far from the violence of this wretched world;
Emparadised in bliss, to which the Elysium
Dream'd by fond poets were a barren waste.

CALLIAS.

Would I were there, or any where but here,
Where the old damps are oozing from the walls,
And the thick darkness presses like a weight
Upon the eyelids. Daughter, when thou serv'd'st
Thy fathers' Gods, thou wert not thus: the sun
Was brightest where thou wert—beneath thy feet
Flowers grew. Thou sat'st like some unclouded star,
Insphered in thine own light and joy, and madest
The world around thee beautiful; now, cold earth
Must be thy couch to-night, to-morrow morn—
—What means that music?—Oh, I used to love
Those evening harpings once, my child!

MARGARITA.

I hear

The maids; beneath the twilight they are thronging
To Daphne, and they carol as they pass.

CALLIAS.

Thou canst not go.

MARGARITA.

Lament not that, my father.

CALLIAS.

Thou must breathe here the damp and stifling air.

MARGARITA.

Nay, listen not.

CALLIAS.

They call us hence.—Ah me,

My gentle child, in vain wouldst thou distract
My rapt attention from each well-known note,
Once hallow'd to mine ear by thine own voice,
Which erst made Antioch vacant, drawing after thee
The thronging youth, which cluster'd all around thee
Like bees around their queen, the happiest they
That were the nearest. Oh, my child! my child!
Thou shalt not yet be blotted from their memory,
And I 'll go forth, and kneel at every foot,
To the stern Prefect show my hoary hair
And sue for mercy on myself, not thee.

MARGARITA.

Go not, my father.

CALLIAS.

Cling not round me thus;

There, there, even there repose upon the straw.
Nay, let me go, or I 'll—but I've no power;
Thou heed'st not now my anger or my love;
So, so farewell, then, and our Gods or thine,
Or all that have the power to bless, be with thee!

[Departs.]

EVENING SONGS OF THE MAIDENS

(Heard at a distance).

I.

Come away, with willing feet
Quit the close and breathless street:
Sultry court and chamber leave,
Come and taste the balmy eve,
Where the grass is cool and green,
And the verdant laurels screen
All whose timid footsteps move
With the quickening stealth of love;
Where Orantes' waters hold
Mirrors to your locks of gold,
And the sacred Daphne weaves
Canopies of trembling leaves.

II.

Come away, the heavens above
Just have light enough for love;
And the crystal Hesperus
Lights his dew-fed lamp for us.
Come, the wider shades are falling,
And the amorous birds are calling
Each his wandering mate to rest
In the close and downy nest.
And the snowy orange flowers,
And the creeping jasmine bowers,
From their swinging boughs cast
Their richest odours, and their last.

III.

Come, the busy day is o'er,
Flying spindle gleams are more;
Wait not till the twilight gloom
Darken o'er th' embroider'd loom.
Leave the toilsome task undone,
Leave the golden web unspun.
Hark, along the humming air
Home the laden bees repair;
And the bright and dashing rill
From the side of every hill,
With a clearer, deeper sound,
Cools the freshening air around.

IV.

Come, for though our God the Sun
Now his fiery course hath run;
There the western waves among
Lingers not his glory long;
There the couch awaits him still,
Wrought by Jove-born Vulcan's skill
Of the thrice-refined gold,
With its wings that wide unfold,
O'er the surface of the deep
To waft the bright-hair'd God asleep
From the Hesperian islands blest,
From the rich and purple West,
To where the swarthy Indians lave
In the farthest Eastern wave.

V.

There the Morn on tiptoe stands,
Holding in her rosy hands
All the amber-studded reins
Of the steeds with fiery manes,
For the sky-borne charioteer
To start upon his new career.
Come, for when his glories break
Every sleeping maid must wake.
Brief be then our stolen hour
In the fragrant Daphne's bower;
Brief our twilight dance must be
Underneath the cypress tree.
Come away, and make no stay,
Youth and maiden, come away.

Night.

A splendid, illuminated Palace.

MARGARITA.

Am I brought here ■ die? My prison open'd
Softly as to an angel's touch, and hither
Was I led forth among the breathing lutes
Of our blithe maidens, ■ to lure me on.
And still where'er I move, ■ from the earth,
Or floating in the calm embosoming air,
Sweet sounds of music seem to follow me.
I breathe as 't were ■ atmosphere distill'd
From richest flowers; and, lest the unwonted light
Offend mine eyes, so late released from gloom,
'T is soothed and cool'd in alabaster lamps.
And is it thus ye would enamour me
Of this sad world? Your luxuries, your pomps,

■ and the following ■ ■ from a beautiful frag-
ment of Mimnermus. Poet. Min. Græci. Edit. Gaisford. Vol. i.
■ 423.

Ἡελίος μὲν γὰρ ἔλαχεν πόνον ἡμᾶτα πάντα·
οὐδὲ ποτ' ἀμπαυσις γίνεται οὐδεμία
ἱπποισὶν τε καὶ αὐτῷ, ἐπὶ γὰρ ῥοδόδοις τυλός· ἥως
ὠκεανὸν προλιποῦσ' οὐρανὸν εἰσαναβῆ.
τὸν μὲν γὰρ διὰ κύμα φέρει πολυήρατος εὐνὴ
κοίλῃ, Ἡφαίστου χερσὶν ἐληλαμένη
χρυσοῦ τιμηέντος, ὑπόπτειρος, ἄκρον ἐρ' ὕδωρ
εὐδανθ' ἀρπαλέως, χώρου ἄρ' ἑσπερίδων,
γαῖαν ἐς Αἰθιοπῶν· ἵνα οἱ θοὸν ἄρμα καὶ ἵπποι
ἔσταισ', ὅφρ' ἥως ἡριγένεια μολῇ·
ἐνθ' ἐπέβη ἑτέρων ὀχλῶν Ὑπερίωνος υἱός—

Your vaulted ceilings, that with fond delay
Prolong the harp's expiring sweetness; walls,
Where the bright paintings breathe and speak, and
chambers
Where all would soothe to sleep, but that to sleep
Were ■ suspend the sense of their soft pleasures;
They ■ wasted all on me: ■ though I trod
The parching desert, still my spirit longs
To spread its weary wings, and be at rest.
Oh, vainly thus would ye enhance my loss,
By gilding thus the transient life I lose!
Were mine affections dead to all things earthly
As to these idle flatteries of the sense,
My trial ■ but light.

There 's some one comes—

Is it the ruthless executioner?

OLYBIUS, MARGARITA.

OLYBIUS.

Fairest, it is——

MARGARITA.

Lord Prefect, it becomes

The dying Christian to be mock'd in death;
But it becomes not great Olybius
To play the mocker.

OLYBIUS.

Mock thee! I had rather

Fall down and worship at thy feet.

MARGARITA.

My Lord,

I said before thou dost not well to heap
Cold insult on the head thou tramplest on.
If that mine hour is come, command thy slaves
To lead ■ forth.

OLYBIUS.

I will—but they shall ■

The bridal saffron; all their locks shall bloom
With garlands; and their blazing nuptial torches,
And hymeneal songs, prepare the way
Before Love's blushing martyr.

MARGARITA.

Sir, go on;

I can endure even this.

OLYBIUS.

Sweet Margarita,

Give me thine hand—for once—Oh! snowy treasure,
That shall be mine thus fondly clasp'd for ever.
Now, Margarita, cast thine eyes below—
What seest thou?

MARGARITA.

Here Apollo's temple rests

Its weight upon its snow-white columns. There
The massy shades of Daphne, with its streams,
That with their babbling sounds allure the sight,
Where their long dim-seen tracts of silvery whiteness
Now gleam, and now are lost again. Beyond,
The star-lit city in its wide repose;
Each tall and silent tower in stately darkness
Distinct against the cloudless sky.

OLYBIUS.

Beneath thee,

Now, ■ the left?

MARGARITA.

A dim and narrow court

I see, where shadows ■ of hurrying men
Pass and repass; and now and then their lights

Wander ■ shapeless heaps, like funeral piles.
 And there are things of strange distorted shape,
 On which the torches cast ■ colder hue,
 As though on iron instruments of torture.
 A little farther, there are moving lamps
 In the black amphitheatre, that glance,
 And ■ they glance, each ■ aperture
 Is feebly gilded with their slanted light.
 It is the quick and busy preparation
 For the dark sacrifice of to-morrow.

OLYBIUS.

There,
 If thou canst add the scorn, and shame, and pain,
 The infuriate joy of the fierce multitude,
 The flowing blood, and limbs that writhe in flame,
 Thou seest what thou preparest for thyself.
 Now what Olybius' love prepares for thee,
 Fairest, behold!—This high irradiate roof
 Fretted with lamps; these gorgeous chambers, each
 As it recedes of costlier splendour, strew'd
 With all the barbarous Indian's loom hath wrought,
 Or all the enslaved ocean wafts to Tyre.
 Arabia's weeping groves ■ odourless,
 Her balmy wealth exhausted o'er our couches
 Of banquet, where the revelling Syria spreads
 Her fruits and wines in vases cool with snow
 From Libanus. Around are summer gardens
 Of sunny lawn and sweet secluded shade,
 Which waft into the gilded casement air
 Loaded with dewy fragrance, and send up
 The coolness of their silver-dashing fountains,
 As Nature's self strove in fond rivalry
 With Art to pamper every sense. Behold
 Yon throne, whereon the Asiarch holds his state,
 Circled with kings and more than kingly Romans;
 There by his side shall Margarita sit,
 Olybius' bride; with all the adoring city,
 And every province of the sumptuous East,
 Casting its lavish homage at her feet;
 Her life one luxury of love, her state
 One scene of peerless pomp and pride; her will
 The law of spacious kingdoms, and her lord
 More glorious for the beauty of his bride
 Than for three triumphs. Now, my soul's beloved!
 Make thou thy choice.

MARGARITA.

'T is made—the funeral pyre.

OLYBIUS.

Dearest, what say'st thou? Wouldst thou have me woo thee
 So that the burning blushes should——

MARGARITA.

Oh! hear me,

Olybius—Should we look to-morrow eve
 On that sad court of death, the winds that bore
 The groans of anguish will have died in silence;
 The untainted earth have drank the blood, ■ trace
 Remain of all those Christian multitudes,
 Save some small urns of dust. A few years past'd,
 Could we look round where stands this spacious palace,
 Yon throne of gold, these high and arching roofs,
 Even on thine own majestic shape, Olybius,
 Will the distinguish'd dust of these proud chambers,
 Or even thine own embalmed ashes, wear
 The stamp and impress of their kingly lord?
 With the same scorn will the ■ peasant's foot
 Tread all beneath it. But the soul—the soul,

What then will be its separate doom? What seats
 Of light and bliss will hold to-morrow's victims,
 On what dark beds shall those recline, who have shone
 A little longer in this cloudy sphere,
 And bask'd within the blaze of human glory,
 Ere yet the eternal night hath gather'd them
 ■ darkness!—Oh! were this world all, Olybius,
 With joy would I become thy cupbearer,
 And minister the richest wine of life,
 Long ■ thy mortal lips could quaff of bliss.
 But ■ a nobler service doth become me;
 I'll ■ thy fabling poets' phrase, and be
 Thy Hebe, with officious hand ■ reach thee
 The ambrosial cup of everlasting gladness.

OLYBIUS.

How doth the rapture of her speech enkindle
 The brightness of her beauty! never yet
 Look'd she so lovely, when her loosen'd locks
 Flow'd in the frantic grace of inspiration
 From the burst fillet down her snowy neck.

MARGARITA.

Roman, I know thy spirit pants for glory;
 There is ■ thirst within thine inmost soul,
 Which triumphs cannot satiate, nor the sway
 Of earth. I'll tell thee how to win a record
 That shall be register'd by flaming hands
 In the adamantine heavens.

OLYBIUS.

But canst thou win me

An immortality of thee?

MARGARITA.

I can.

OLYBIUS.

Name then the price, and be it the forfeit life
 Of the most hardy in yon Christian crew,
 'T is given.

MARGARITA.

I ask thine own eternal soul—

Believe in Jesus Christ, and I am thine.

—Thou smilest on me as with a scornful pity;
 I may ■ scorn, but from my inmost soul
 I pity thee. These tears, these bursting tears,
 Flow but for thee, Olybius! Little know'st thou
 What sacrifice it were to abandon ■
 The saintly quiet of the unwedded state;
 Where ■ the undistracted spirit dwells
 On heaven alone; nor love, nor hope, nor duty,
 Nor daily thought, nor nightly dream withdrawn
 From him, who is the sun to that pale flower
 The virgin's heart. Those silent stars above us
 Are not ■ pure, so calm, ■ far removed
 From earth, as maidens dedicate to Christ;
 And I would quit that cloudless course ■ high
 To wander in the darkling world with thee.

OLYBIUS.

There ■ a time, I will not say thy lips,
 But thy full sparkling eye spake softer language;
 Then——

MARGARITA.

Oh! reproach ■ my days of shame.

I will not say I loved thee not, Olybius,
 With ■ fond and earthly love. In truth,
 Or ■ I learnt this unimpassion'd faith,
 Thou wert my soul's idolatry—thy form
 Usurp'd Apollo's pedestal, diverting
 All ■ thyself, mine incense and my vows.

Thou wert mine all on earth, nor knew I ought
Beyond to rival thee. Olybius, gaze
In wonder thus; learn thou this faith, and then
Thy bride will bring thee a nobler dowry
Than her poor beauty. Thou wouldst bless me, then,
Nor chide me an alien to thy love.
Or should a darker destiny await us,
If, the twilight hour that gave to thee,
We were led forth to die; if funeral fires
Were all our bridal lights, our bridal couch
The rack, and hymeneal song,
Thou wouldst turn me in thine agony,
In full and unrepining fondness turn,
And bless me still, while thou hadst breath for blessing!
Nay, turn not from me.

OLYBIUS.

Curse upon this faith,
That thus hath wrung the love from thy pure soul!
Curse on thy—

MARGARITA.

Ha! thou shalt not curse the Saviour.
Alas! and there's no hope—he's lost—he's lost—
So farewell for ever, proud Olybius!
Henceforth our way along this world of
Must be far separate separate graves,
And separate everlasting dwellings—
Though my voice fail, I'll weep a last farewell!

OLYBIUS.

Now whither goest thou?

MARGARITA.

To my prison, sir.

OLYBIUS.

Ay, and thou shalt. But hast thou thought, fond maid,
To what my wrath may doom thee? Will those limbs,
Wont once to tremble at the zephyr's breath,
That lightly disarranged thy bashful robes—
Thou, that didst blush, like morning, when the eyes
Of men beheld thy half-veil'd face—wilt thou
Endure thy unrobed loveliness be
The public gaze?

MARGARITA.

Will great Olybius take

Such poor revenge!

OLYBIUS.

By heaven! but I must leave her,

Or she will tempt me to unmanly violence,
Or melt within all my Roman virtue.
By all the Gods! I'll find a way to tame
This wayward fawn.—So, since thou wilt, proud woman,
Return to solitude and gloom, to-morrow
Thou wakest the bridal to death!

MARGARITA.

He's gone—how suddenly!—and still I hoped,
And surely 't was no sin to hope fondly,
That He, who made the proud rebellious
Of the vex'd in smooth obedient calmness
Sink down, might yet rebuke his haughty spirit.

CALLIAS, MARGARITA.

CALLIAS.

Queen of the East! thy father doth thee homage.
The Egyptian that quaff'd off the liquid pearl,
That changed her beauty's slaves but the world
Lords, shall pass into the oblivious Lethe,
And my bright daughter be henceforth the proverb
Of loveliness—

MARGARITA.

What mean'st thou?

CALLIAS.

And Orontes

Shall put to shame pale Cydnus, when thou sailest
In gilded galley down the obsequious tide,
The air all music, and the heavens all brightness;
And all the shores alive with Antioch's sons,
Yea, those of utmost Asia, that shall bear
The thought of thee, like precious merchandise,
Back their homes, henceforward held in honour
For having gazed queenly Margarita.

MARGARITA.

Ah! how check this frantic rapture?

CALLIAS.

Me,

The haughty mistress of the Palmy City,
Whom great Aurelian and the arms of Rome
Scarce bow'd, no more shall fill Fame's brazen trump,
That shall devote alone to Margarita
The fulness of its sound.

MARGARITA.

Why so, sir?

CALLIAS.

Why?

Doth not Olybius, great Olybius,
The Emperor's second self, the Lord of Asia,
Whose triumphs gild our late degenerate days
With splendour worthy elder Rome; whose form
Were fittest by imperial Juno's side
To walk the clouds, her chosen mate; to lacquey
Whose royal state barbaric monarchs vie—
Hath he deign'd to call thee bride!

MARGARITA.

My father,

Thou know'st the way I'm going, and canst lead me.

CALLIAS.

Whither, my child? Are these chambers thine,
That with their splendour load my unwonted eyes?
Is not the banquet and the couch of rest
Prepared?

MARGARITA.

It is:—the prisoner's bitter bread,
And earth-strewn couch.

CALLIAS.

Hath he deceived me, then?

MARGARITA.

No; thou 'st deceived thyself.

CALLIAS.

What! and to-morrow

No bridal pomp, no hymeneal song!

Yes, my father, I shall wed to-morrow,
But with no earthly bridegroom; there be,
But of this sinful world unheard.

CALLIAS.

Thou mean'st

That thou shalt die?

MARGARITA.

I shall begin to live

To-morrow—Father, I would have thee with me,
That I may say, Adieu—

CALLIAS.

Liars and murderers!

They not tell me, with a flattering smoothness
Of voice, like spaniels fawning my feet,

That they were leading thee to be their queen,
Olybius' bride? And will they cast thee back
Into the loathsome dungeon, to come forth
And bow this neck, this soft and ivory neck,
To the fierce headsman?

MARGARITA.

It ~~is~~ truth they spake.

CALLIAS.

Well, then!—Ah, now 'tis clear—'tis age hath crazed me,
And made this dim confusion in my brain,
And hence such strange things seem to be, and are not.
Come, I'll go with thee where thou wilt; I know
Old doting age should be obedient. Thou
Wilt tell me what this hurrying alternation
Of light and gloom, and palaces and prisons,
Of nuptials and of murders, means:—in truth,
I do begin to hope it is a dream.
Life's dying flame, they say, like waning lamps,
Casts oft unreal shadows, that perplex
The parting soul—But this is certain; yet
I have not lost thee, for I feel thine hand
Trembling and warm in my cold palm. Go on,
But hold me thus, I'll follow thee for ever.

Another Chamber.

OLYBIUS.

Put out those dazzling lights, nor weary me
With that incessant music.

Cruel Fates!

Have ye thus pamper'd my insatiate soul,
Preventing all my wishes by fulfilment;
And led me step by step ~~to~~ the Capitol
Of man's felicity, to laugh me there
To scorn, by setting up a golden crown
Of all my toils, that withers in my grasp?
Th' inured to misery are inured ~~to~~ suffering;
But he ~~whom~~ Success hath ever waited,
The thunder-bearing eagle of his war,
In peace his busy minister of pleasure,
To him the thought of one thing unpossess'd
Casts back ~~a~~ gloomy shadow, that o'erclouds
All his pass'd tract of glory and of bliss.
Oh! that the barren earth had born to ~~me~~
But shame and sorrow's bitter fruits.

But I,

That boasted in my single soul ~~a~~ centre
The rigid virtues of old Rome, myself
The nobler Scipio of a looser age,
Am I thus sunk? There were in elder days
Who from the bottom of their hearts have pluck'd
Rooted affection, and have proudly worn
Their lives, thus self-despoil'd of their best treasures—
Fathers have led their gallant ~~sons~~ to th' axe—
Oh! but to doom that neck, round which I thought
Mine arms should grow, upon the block;—that face,
Which oft my dreams presented me, composed
In loving rest upon my slumbering bosom,
Convulsed!—The heavens and earth shall fall together
Ere this shall be!—But how to save her—how—
And must Olybius stoop ~~to~~ ~~me~~ beyond
His own high will?

This pale and false Vopiscus
Hath from great Probus wrung his easy mandate:
Him Asia ~~is~~ her Prefect, if Olybius
Obey not this fell edict.—I must plunge

The world in civil strife, uplift the banner
Of arm'd rebellion 'gainst mine Emperor,
The father of my fortunes—trample down
My solemn oaths sworn to th' assembled people—
What then?—how! war, and to the dust my glory.
Shall it be so?—Who comes?—Vopiscus!

OLYBIUS, VOPISCUS, MACER, Romans.

VOPISCUS.

See,

My friends, that empire's weight is no light burthen:
The nightly sleep may seal the vulgar eye;
The public weal denies to great Olybius
That base plebeian blessing.

OLYBIUS.

~~At~~ the night

So nearly pass'd?

VOPISCUS.

The purple dawn begins
To tip with light the misty eastern hills.

MACER.

Already doth the wakeful people throng
In gay and holiday attire; even now
I heard the clamour of the baser sort,
In merry conflict, for their foremost seats
In the Amphitheatre, and around the piles
On which the Christians are to burn.

VOPISCUS.

'T is time,
Great Prefect, that we too prepare. Olybius
Were doubtless loth to check the people's zeal,
That shout for death on every Christian head.

OLYBIUS.

When I am bow'd beneath thy rule, mine acts
Shall render their accompt to thee.

MACER.

Olybius,
Beseech thee hear me these few words apart.
Whom thou wouldst save, I know, nor speak of it
But in officious love—But, on thy life,
I pray thee.

OLYBIUS.

On my life!

MACER.

This night I have heard
Along the streets and in the noisy taverns,
All Antioch, madden'd by the angry priests,
Even thine own soldiers, ~~glad~~ ~~glad~~ their eyes
With the apostate maiden's blood. Shouldst thou,
All loved, and fear'd, and honour'd ~~as~~ thou art,
Outspread thy purple mantle over her,
They'll pluck her thence, and rend her limb from limb.

What! dare the rabble ~~murder~~ him whose wrath
The royal Parthian fled?

But yield thus far—

Let her be led forth with the rest; ~~and~~ ~~and~~
Entrust the order that she suffer last.
My ~~own~~ upon 't she yields; the soul of ~~mine~~
Fears ~~in~~ in thought the anguish, which, if seen,
Appals her back into her nature's softness;
They can defy the pain they ~~endure~~ ~~endure~~ on.

Excellent! excellent! my noblest friend,
To thee I ~~owe~~ my ~~own~~ than life.

Lead on ;
 ■■■ hour past ■■■ meet before the temple.

Away!

VOPISCUS.

'T ■ time.

OLYBIUS.

Thou, Macer, stay with ■■■
 To each and all, till ■■■ hath broken, farewell!

The Prison.

MARGARITA.

Oh Lord! thou oft hast sent thy plumed angels,
 And with their silent presence they have awed
 The heathen's violence ■■■ placid peace.
 The ravening beasts have laid their fawning heads
 In love upon the lap of him, whom man
 Had cast them for their prey: and fires have burn'd,
 Unharming, like the glory of ■■■ star,
 Round the pale brows of maidens; and the chains
 Have dropt, like wither'd flax, from galled limbs;
 And whom the infuriate people led to death,
 They have fallen down, and worshipp'd as ■■■ deity.

But thou hast ■■■ kindlier boon to me,
 A soft prophetic peace, that soothes my soul,
 Like music, to an heavenly harmony.
 For in my slumber a bright being came,
 And with faint steps my father follow'd him,
 Up through the argent fields, and there we met
 And felt the joy of tears without the pain.

What's here? the bridal vestments, and the veil
 Of saffron, and the garland flowers. Olybius,
 Dost think to tempt me now, when all my thoughts,
 Like the soft dews of evening, ■■■ drawn up
 To heaven, but ■■■ to fall and taint themselves
 With earth again? My inmost soul last night
 Was wrung to think of our eternal parting;
 But now my voice may tremble, while I say,
 'God's will be done!' yet I have strength ■■■ say it.

But thou, oh morn! the last that e'er shall dawn
 Through earthly mists on my sad eyes—Oh blue,
 And beautiful even here, and fragrant morn,
 Mother of gentle airs and blushing hues!
 That bearest, too, in thy fair hand the key
 To which the harmonious gates of Paradise
 Unfold;—bright opening of immortal day!
 That ne'er shalt know ■■■ setting, but shalt shine
 Round me for ■■■ on the crystal floors
 Where Blessed Spirits tread. My bridal morn,
 In which my soul is wedded ■■■ its Lord,
 I may not hail thee in a mourner's garb:
 Mine earthly limbs shall wear their nuptial robes,
 And my locks bloom ■■■ more with flowers that fade.
 But I must haste, I hear the trumpet's voice.
 Acclaiming thousands answer—yet I fear not.
 Oh Lord! support me, and I shall not fear.
 ■■■ hark! the maidens are abroad to hail
 Their God; ■■■ through our prison grates.
 Hark!

■■■ OF HEATHEN MAIDENS.

Now glory ■■■ the God, who breaks,
 The monarch of the realms on high;
 ■■■ with his trampling chariot shakes
 The ■■■ pavement of the sky.

The steeds, for human eyes too bright,
 Before the yoke of chrysolite
 Pant, while he springs upon his way,
 The beardless youth divine, who hateth the world in day.

CHORUS OF CHRISTIANS (from the prison).

Now glory to the God, whose throne,
 Far from this world obscure and dim,
 Holds its eternal state alone

Beyond the flight of Seraphim:
 The God, whose one omnific word
 Yon orb of flame obedient heard,
 And from the abyss in fulness sprang,
 While all the blazing heavens with shouts of triumph
 rang.

HEATHENS.

Now glory ■■■ the God, that still
 Through the pale Signs his car hath roll'd,
 Nor ought but his imperious will
 E'er those rebellious steeds controll'd.
 Nor ever from the birth of time
 Ceased he from forth the Eastern clime,
 Heaven's loftiest steep, his way to make
 To where his flaming wheels the Hesperian waters slake.

CHRISTIANS.

Now glory to the God, that laid
 His mandate on yon king of day;
 The master-call the Sun obey'd,
 And forced his headlong steeds to stay,
 To pour a long unbroken noon
 O'er the red vale of Ajalon:
 By night uncheck'd fierce Joshua's sword
 A double harvest reap'd of vengeance for the Lord.

HEATHENS.

Now glory to the God, whose blaze
 The scatter'd hosts of darkness fly;
 The stars before his conquering rays
 Yield the dominion of the sky;
 Nor e'er doth ancient Night presume
 Her gloomy state to re-assume;
 While he the wide world rules alone,
 And high o'er men and Gods drives ■■■ his fire-wheel'd
 throne.

CHRISTIANS.

Now glory to the Lord, whose Cross
 Consenting Nature shrinking saw;
 Mourning the dark world's heavier loss,
 The conscious Sun in silent awe
 Withdrew into the depths of gloom;
 The horror of that awful doom
 Quench'd for three hours the noontide light,
 And wrapt the guilt-shaken earth in deep untimely night.

HEATHENS.

Now glory to the God, that wakes
 With vengeance in his fiery speed,
 To wreak his wrath impatient breaks
 On every guilty godless head;
 Hasty he mounts his early road,
 And pours his brightest beams abroad:
 And looks down fierce with jocund light
 To see his fane avenged, his vindicated rite.

CHRISTIANS.

Now glory to the Christ, whose love
 Even now prepares ■■■ seats of rest,
 And in his golden courts above
 Enrolls us mid his chosen Blest;
 Even now our martyr robes of light
 Are weaving of heaven's purest white;
 And we, before thy ■■■ is done,
 Shall shine more bright than thou, oh vainly-worshipp'd
 Sun!

The Front of the Temple.

On one hand the Prefect's Palace, ■■■ the other the
 Amphitheatre.

Many Citizens.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Didst e'er behold a spectacle ■■■ rich
 And sumptuous? How yon strong Centurion
 With all his band ■■■ labouring to advance
 Toward the temple; like ■■■ rolling rivers
 The people flood around them. Lords and slaves,
 Gown'd senators, and artisans in doublets,
 Mothers with infants, and old tottering men,
 All ■■■ lost for state ■■■ rank ■■■ age,
 Swell the vast uproar.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Antioch doth not hold
 Such multitudes; all Syria hath pour'd in,
 Choking the roads with tumult.

■■■ CITIZEN.

I beheld

The Amphitheatre, its spacious circle,
 From the arena to the highest seat,
 One mass of living turbulence.

FIRST CITIZEN.

No wonder;

For him who linger'd in the city all
 Assail'd as they pass'd by with imprecation,
 And hurl'd huge stones at his devoted head,
 Deeming him guilty of this faith accursed.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

On every tree they hang like birds; the courts
 Around the Prefect's palace ■■■ as throng'd
 As here before the temple. But for that
 Beyond, wherein the executioners
 Stand with bare ■■■ around their dreadful engines,
 Men struggle for the entrance ■■■ for life;
 ■■■ that hath won it looks back ■■■ his comrade
 More proud than ■■■ he had storm'd an enemy's camp.

■■■ CITIZEN.

How noble is this rage! Like ■■■ wild fire
 The zeal of vengeance for their fathers' Gods
 Wraps all these myriads.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Ay, those stormy clouds,
 To which these gather'd hosts may best be liken'd,
 Are pregnant with the thunderbolts of heaven.

■■■ CITIZEN.

Thought ye all Antioch still ■■■ sound?

FOURTH ■■■

I know not;

But this I know, 't were ill for him who ■■■
 A face of ■■■ in ■■■ hour like this;
 'T were treason 'gainst the tyrant of the day—
 The assembled people.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Back! fall back! the Prefect!

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Hark, friends! as now the brazen clarions cease,
 How sweetly shrill the silver trumpets pierce
 The eager ear. Again that general shout
 From all that vast and boundless multitude!
 It peals up all the Amphitheatre,
 And every court takes up and multiplies
 The exulting clamour, like the thunders rolling
 Amid the rugged mountains.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Would not Jove

Now almost change his high immortal state,
 Where Gods before his footstool bow, to win
 The homage round the great Olybius pour'd?

FOURTH CITIZEN.

'T were worth a life to be one hour as he is.

■■■ CITIZEN.

Behold! the priests of all the temples hear
 Their Gods in state to ■■■ themselves avenged:
 As they sweep on, the reverent crowd falls back.
 Lo, first the loose-hair'd Bacchanals dance ■■■
 In ■■■ Thiasus, their cymbals catch
 The radiant light, that falls in glancing flakes
 O'er their white robes, and freshening ivy wreaths.
 Lo, ■■■ the beardless youths of Dyndymene!
 Half timorous, the yoked lions drag along
 The golden car, where sits the tower-crown'd Queen.
 Now the Egyptian timbrels ring the praise
 Of Isis; and behind Jove's flamen walks
 In state supreme, like his own God.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Fall down,

Ye men of Antioch! lo, your ancient Gods!
 Astarte, diadem'd with her crescent moon,
 And him whom by the side of Lebanon
 The maidens yearly weep, soft Thaminuz.

THIRD CITIZEN.

See!

The high tiara'd Magian bears his fire.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Oh, proud assemblage of Divinity!
 Lo, all the earth's conspiring Gods in league!
 The ruling powers of heaven and hell are met
 'T exterminate this all-aborred faith.

■■■ CITIZEN.

But think ye that Apollo's aged priest
 Will come?

FIRST ■■■

I have been gazing toward the vestibule
 In anxious hope to ■■■ his reverend face.

■■■ CITIZEN.

What, know'st thou not how yesterday—

THIRD CITIZEN.

Peace, peace!

■■■ 's here—Give place.

The above. CALLIAS.

CALLIAS.

All true, and real all:

My sleep is fled, but not my hideous dreams.
 Ah! there they stand, their baskets full of flowers,
 The ■■■ trembling in their timid hands,
 All, all the dedicated maids, but one.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Why doth he gaze around? he ~~seems~~ to seek
What he despairs of finding.

CALLIAS.

No, there's none
That taller than the rest draws all regards;
And if they touch their lyres, they will but wake,
With all their art, the memory of that voice
Which is not of their choir——

SECOND CITIZEN.

Ah, poor old man!

CALLIAS.

What! who art thou that dost presume to pity
The father of the peerless Margarita?
I tell thee, insolent! even beside the stake
I shall be prouder of my single child
Than ~~my~~ my wife had deem'd like Niobe
With such as thine.

THIRD CITIZEN.

~~He~~ hath ~~many~~ children, sir.

CALLIAS.

Would I were like him!—Ah, no—no,—my child!
I know that I'm come forth ~~from~~ thee die
For this strange God, thy father never worshipp'd;
Yet all my wrath is gone, and half my sorrow,
But nothing of my love. Whate'er thou dost
Is sanctified by being done by thee—
Thy crime hath lost its hatefulnes. I pass'd
By Phœbus' shrine, and, or his angry form
Wore less of terror, or my soul had learn'd
To ~~behold~~ a God, that could not save his faithful
From misery, or teach them to endure it.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Heard ye——

CALLIAS.

Alas! what hath the old man said,
That ye lower on me with reproachful brows?
Oh friends! I have been dreaming of my daughter,
Dreaming in sleep, which but the soft remembrance
Of her bewitching ways shed o'er mine eyes,
And know not what I think, or what I say.

THE MULTITUDE.

Olybius! Back—back—Olybius!

~~THE~~ CITIZEN.

Rend, rend the heaven with shouts, cast high your caps,
And wave your garlands ~~in~~ the autumn wind
Waves the vine-tendrils.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Citizens, behold him!

With how serene a step he mounts the throne,
As 't were his birthright to o'erawe mankind
With his superior state.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

How like to Neptune!

That sits upon his lofty car, and rules
All ~~the~~ with the shaking of his trident;
The Ægean and the barbarous Pontic seas,
The Tyrrhene and the stormy Adriatic,
And the wide surface of the Libyan main,
To where it breaks ~~on~~ Calpe's rock, rise up
In tumult, ~~and~~ lie strewn in breathless peace
Beneath his nod,—even thus Olybius sways
The surges of yon boundless multitudes.

~~THE~~ CITIZEN.

~~He~~ Caesar's self looks from his Capitol

With nobler and more Jove-like brow, mankind
Must shrink into the earth before him.

OLYBIUS.

Callias!

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Thou 'rt beckon'd from the crowd by great Olybius.
Happy old man!

CALLIAS.

Accursed happiness!

And will he set my childless misery up
To be a wider gaze?—My Lord, I'm here.

OLYBIUS.

Sit, Callias, here, beneath our feet.

CALLIAS.

'T is well:

~~He~~ from whose heart ye rend the sacrifice
Should have an eminent station to behold it.

OLYBIUS (apart).

Forbear thy bitter speech—there's hope——

CALLIAS.

What hope?

Alas! I'm ~~now~~ sunk in misery,
I know not what to hope, or what to fear.
Will it offend thee should I veil my face,
Lest my weak tears reprove thy sterner justice?

OLYBIUS.

Rack ~~me~~ not thus—but—peace!—Let the rites begin.

MACER.

The maids lift up their hymn around the temple.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

I.

Io Pæan! ~~we~~ we sing
Light our fragrant censers swing,
And each laden basket showers
All its painted store of flowers.
Io Pæan! Clarian God!
Come and fill thy proud abode.

Io Pæan! ~~behold~~ behold
Nought but walls that flame with gold;
Long retiring colonnades
Crowded with the sacred maids:
Io Pæan! youth divine,
Open not yet thy secret shrine!

Io Pæan! 't is not vain;
Far be every foot profane!
Lo, the golden tripod shakes,
And the marble pavement quakes:
Spare, oh spare our dazzled sight,
Lo, unveil'd the Lord of Light!

II.

The God! the God! behold him come
Down through the round and sky-like dome,
In one wide flood of radiant gold
O'er all the kindling statue roll'd;
From his unclouded throne on high
Rushes the effulgent Deity.

The God! the God! in every vein
The panting marble lives again:
The cheeks with beauteous anger glow,
And burns the high exulting brow:
The motion of the irradiate hair
Proclaims Latona's offspring there.

III.

■ Paean! ■ adore thee,
Phœbus, low ■ bow before thee.
■ Paean! Lycian king!
Syria's crowding myriads sing:
To Paean! Heaven and earth
Mingle in our holy mirth.

OLYBIUS.

Now lead the captives forth to hear their doom—
To worship at yon sumptuous shrine, or die.

VOPISCUS.

They come! they come! the universal yell
Of execration follows them along,
Deepening as it approaches, like the roar
Of thunders travelling up the cloudy heavens,
Till o'er our heads it bursts.

OLYBIUS.

What sounds ■ these,
So melancholy, yet so full of joy,
Like songs of victory round some aged chief,
That in the war hath lost his only son?

The above. The Christians.

CHRISTIAN BYMN.

Oh Jesus! by the mortal pains we bear,
And by the galling chains and garb of shame we wear,
Sad son of Mary! are thy children known:—
And by our flesh with ruthless scourges torn,
By unrelenting man's insatiate hate and scorn,
Crucified Sufferer! ■ we not thine own?
Oh man of sorrows! and with grief acquainted,
Along the path of woe, like thine, our feet have fainted:
And anguish soon shall choke our parting breath,
And soon our tortured limbs, like thine, be cold in death.

Oh Jesus! by the strength thou givest still,
And by ■ cheerful scorn of infamy and ill,
Son of the Highest, are thy children known.
By all the exulting joy we inly feel
Beneath the lictor's rod, or headsman's biting steel,
Triumphant Saviour! are we not thine own?
Oh Lord of glory, ■ the Sire ascended,
Like thine, ■ anguish soon shall be in rapture ended,
And ■ shall stand thy starry host among,
And round the sapphire throne swell high the Hosanna
song!

MACER.

What, madmen! hath the scourge and torture taught
No wisdom?

OLYBIUS.

By the Gods! look there, look there,
Callias! she wears the bridal robe, and holds
The sacred lyre.

VOPISCUS.

All Antioch waits the doom
Of great Olybius! wherefore doth he pause,
And bend to that old priest?

MACER.

He rises—Peace!

OLYBIUS.

Hear ■ more, ye proud rebellious men,
Or ■ hear again the voice of man.
Behold the temple, where all Antioch serves!
Behold the God himself, whose dreadful brow
Awe-strikes the soul to speechless homage! Serve

And live, or die in earth in fiery anguish,
And be thrust down t' infernal Nemesis,
For Hell's dark Gods t' avenge insulted Heaven.

CHRISTIANS.

The Lord ■ God is with us, and we fear not.

OLYBIUS.

The Lord your God—where?

FABIUS.

Every where—the worlds
Are all his chambers; this capacious earth
■ but the footstool of his throne, the heavens
Hang in their folds of light t' o'er canopy
The Omnipresent.

CHARINUS.

Where?—in thunderclouds
Of vengeance, which but wait ■ voice ■ launch them
Upon thine head.

OLYBIUS.

We call'd you ■ before us
To stun our ■ with this unholy madness.
The hour of mercy's o'er—or sacrifice
Or die.

CHRISTIANS.

We will not sacrifice to Gods
Wrought by man's hands.

CHARINUS.

Ye laugh, but your mad laughter,
Proud Heathens, shall be changed to scalding tears.

OLYBIUS.

Diodotus! brave soldier, wilt thou fall
In this ignoble warfare?

DIODOTUS.

Rather call it
The noblest conquest Roman ever won.

OLYBIUS.

Charinus! dost accept the proffer'd mercy?

CHARINUS.

False infidel!

OLYBIUS.

'T is enough.—Calanthias!

CALANTHIAS.

I thought t' have seen, even in my flesh, the Lord
Come down t' avenge his own; but I shall ■ him
A blazing follower in his kingly train.

OLYBIUS.

Fabius! thine age should teach thee wisdom.

FABIUS.

Youth,

Mine age would only make me fondly mourn,
That I have but the dregs and lees of life
To pour for my Redeemer.

OLYBIUS.

What! are all

So ■ of frenzy?

CHRISTIANS.

All ■ full of faith.

OLYBIUS.

Last then ■ thee, fair Priestess! Art thou still
Resolved with this ungodly crew to share
Our vengeance, or declares that bridal dress
A soft revolt, and falling off to love?

MARGARITA.

To love—but not of man. Oh! pardon me,
Olybius, if my wedding garb afflict
Thy soul with hope; I had but robes of sadness,
Nor would I have my day of victory ■

A day of mourning. But as the earthly bride
Lingers upon the threshold of her home,
And through the mist of parting tears surveys
The chamber of her youth, even so have I
With something of a clinging fondness look'd
Upon the flowers and trees of lovely Daphne.
Sweet waters, that have murmur'd to my prayers;
Banks, where my hand hath cull'd sweet chaplets, once
For rites unholy, since to strew the graves
Of buried saints; and thou, majestic temple!
That wouldst become a purer worship, thou,
How oft from all thine echoing shrines hast answer'd
To my soft lyre—Farewell I for heaven I quit you.
But yet nor you, these my loved companions
Once in the twilight dance and morning song,
Though ye are here to hymn my death, not you
Can I forsake without a bleeding spirit.

OLYBIUS.

She weeps! Wise Macer—such a melting nature
Will ne'er endure—

MARGARITA.

Olybius, wilt thou scorn
A criminal's blessing? God repay thy love,
Forgive thy cruelty!—But thou—oh thou!
That livest but in my life, no parting bride
But in her ecstasy of sorrow clasps
Her father's knees, and sobs upon his bosom,
That is no more to be her place of refuge.
Father! my fetter'd arms are stretch'd in vain,
But haply They are merciful, and prevent
A keener pang.

CALLIAS.

Let me approach her!

OLYBIUS.

Never,

Till she accept our mercy. Sacrifice!
Nor ought of bridal joy or bridal sorrow
Shall be denied thee.

Beautiful! what mean'st thou?
Why dost thou look to yon bright heaven? what seest,
That makes thy full eyes kindle as they gaze,
Undazzled, on the fiery sky?—Give place—
Strike off those misplaced fetters from her limbs:
The sunshine falls around her like a mantle,
The robes of saffron flame like gold—Give place.

MACER.

Great Phœbus conquers! See, she strikes the lyre
With his ecstatic fervour.

CALLIAS.

Peace—oh peace!

And I shall hear before I die
That voice which I've lived these long, long years.
Hark, even the winds are mute to hear her—Peace!

MARGARITA.

What yon blaze high?

The empyrean sky

Like the rich veil of some proud fane is rending.

I the star-paved land,

Where all the angels stand,

Even the highest height in burning rows ascending.

Some with their wings dispread,

And bow'd the stately head,

As mission of God's love departing,

Like flames from midnight conflagration starting;

Behold! the appointed messengers are they,

And nearest earth they wait to waft our souls away.

Higher and higher still
More lofty statuares fill
The jasper courts of the everlasting dwelling.
Cherub and Seraph pace
The illimitable space,
While sleep the folded plumes from their white shoulders swelling.

From the harping throng
Bursts the tumultuous song,
Like the unceasing sounds of cataracts pouring,
Hosanna o'er Hosanna louder soaring;
That faintly echoing down earthly ears,
Hath seem'd the consort sweet of the harmonious spheres.

Still my rapt spirit mounts,
And lo! beside the founts
Of flowing light Christ's chosen Saints reclining;
Distinct amid the blaze
Their palm-crown'd heads they raise,
Their white robes even through that overpowering lustre shining.

Each in his place of state,
Long the bright Twelve have sate,
O'er the celestial Sion high uplifted;
While those with deep prophetic raptures gifted,
Where Life's glad river rolls its tideless streams,
Enjoy the full completion of their heavenly dreams.

Again—I see again
The great victorious train,
The Martyr Army from their toils reposing:
The blood-red robes they wear
Empurpling all the air,
Even their immortal limbs, the signs of wounds disclosing.

Oh, holy Stephen! thou
Art there, and on thy brow
Hast still the placid smile it wore in dying,
When under the heap'd stones in anguish lying
Thy clasping hands were fondly spread to heaven,
And thy last accents pray'd thy foes might be forgiven.

Beyond! ah, who is there
With the white snowy hair?
'T is he—'t is he, the Son of Man appearing!
At the right hand of One,
The darkness of whose throne
That sun-eyed seraph Host behold with awe and fearing.
O'er him the rainbow springs,
And spreads its emerald wings,
Down to the glassy his loftiest seat o'erarching.
Hark—thunders from his throne, like steel-clad armies marching—

The Christ! the Christ commands us to his home!
Jesus, Redeemer, Lord, come, come, come!

THE MULTITUDE.

Blasphemy! blasphemy! She doth profane
Great Phœbus' raptures—tear her off!

OLYBIUS.

Ha! slaves,

Would ye usurp our judgment-throne?

MACER.

Be calm.

CALLIAS.

Alas! what mean ye, friends? — such a voice
Offend you? O my child! thou 'rt forced to leave me,
But not to leave — with averted eye,
As though thy father's face were hateful to thee.
But yet I dare not chide thee, and I will not.
I do remember, when thy mother pass'd
I hid my face in my cold shuddering hands,
But still I gaze on thee, and gaze — though
There were a joy in seeing thee even thus.

OLYBIUS.

Macer, thou know'st their separate doom. Lead off
The victims, each to his appointed place.

CHRISTIANS.

Glory! Glory! Glory! the Lord Almighty liveth,
The Lord Almighty doth but take the mortal life he
giveth.

Glory! Glory! Glory! the Lord Almighty reigneth,
He who forfeits earthly life, a life celestial gaineth.

CALLIAS.

Why do ye hold me back?—My child! they bind me
With the hard fetters of their arms—thou hear'st not.
Speak! have ye children? have ye ever heard
An infant voice that murmur'd to you « Father!—
Ye Gods, how have ye peopled this fierce Antioch,
That the fond natural love of child and parent
Is made a crime.

Howl, howl! ay, bloody men,
Howl in your Amphitheatre with joy:
Glut your insatiate hearts with human blood.
—Nay, ruthless Prefect, thou 'st not sent her there
To perish: not to have her tender limbs
Rent—torn——

The above, OFFICER.

OFFICER.

Great Prefect, he is dead——

CALLIAS.

He—he—

'T — he, thou said'st?

OFFICER.

Diodotus, great Prefect,

In the arena, as became a soldier.
He stood with undiscolour'd cheek, while lay
The crouching lion stiffening all his mane,
With his white-gleaming teeth, and lashing tail,
Scourging to life the slumbering wrath within him.
But the calm victim look'd upon the people,
Piled o'er each other in the thronging seats,
And utter'd these strange words—« Alas! lost souls,
There's one that, fiercer than yon brindled lion,
— prowling round, insatiate — devour——
Nought more we heard, but one long savage howl
Of the huge monster as he sprung, and then
The grinding of his ravening jaws.

The above, SECOND OFFICER.

CALLIAS.

Another—

And what hast thou to say?

SECOND —

Calanthis died

Beneath the scourge; his look toward the sky,
As though he thought the golden clouds conceal'd
Some slow avenger of his cause.

OLYBIUS.

What now?

VOPISCUS.

The voice of triumph clamours up the skies,
And Phoebus' — is mingled with the shouts
Of transport.

CALLIAS.

Can it be?

The above. THIRD OFFICER.

THIRD OFFICER.

Apollo triumphs!

CALLIAS.

Thou say'st not so, she will not sacrifice—
My child! I look'd not yet for this.

What's here?

The above. CHARINUS.

CALLIAS.

Back, thou foul wretch! I rush'd not forth to thee.

CHARINUS.

Foul wretch, indeed! I have forsworn my God.
The blinding flames scorch'd up into mine eyes;
And the false devils murmur'd all around —
Soft sounds of water.

OLYBIUS.

Hurry him away!

On to the altar!

THE MULTITUDE.

Io! Io Pæan!

Io Triumpho!

CHARINUS.

Hah! they point at me,
The angels from the clouds, my blissful brethren,
That mount in radiance: ere they 're lost in light,
With sad, and solemn, and reproachful voices
They call me Judas—Judas, that betray'd,
That murder'd his blest master—and himself—
Accurst of men—and outcast from thy fold,
Oh Christ! and for my pride? why then I 'll wrap
My soul in stern obduracy, and live
As jocund as the careless Heathen here.
No Peter's tears fill my dry eyes; no beam
Of mercy on my darkening soul—On, on—
And I will laugh, and in my laughter sing
Io Triumpho! Io Pæan!

OLYBIUS.

Now

Give him the knife of sacrifice.

CHARINUS.

Down! Down!

'T is wet, and reeks with my Redeemer's blood.

OFFICER.

He's fled.

OLYBIUS.

Go after—drag him back.

'T is vain.

— cried aloud—« The devil hath wrestled with me,
And vanquish'd!—and he plunged the sacred knife
To his unhallow'd heart.

OLYBIUS.

Ignoble wretch!

Who dared not die—yet fear'd — live.

But pause—

What means this deathlike stillness? — a sound

Or murmur from yon countless multitudes.
A pale contagious horror to creep
Even **■** our presence. Men gaze mutely round,
As in their neighbour's face to read the secret
They dare not speak themselves.

Old man! whence comest thou?

What is 't?

CALLIAS.

I know not! I approach'd the place
Of sacrifice, and my spirit shrank within me;
And I came back, I know not how.

OLYBIUS.

Still mute!

Even thus along his vast domain of silence
Dark Pluto gazes, where the sullen spirits
Speak only with fix'd looks, and voiceless motions—
And ye **■** like them.—Speak to me, I charge you;
Nor let mine own voice, like **■** evil omen,
Load the hot air, unanswer'd.

CALLIAS.

Hark!

VOPISCUS.

Didst hear it?

That shriek, **■** though some barbarous foe had scaled
The city walls.

OLYBIUS.

Is 't horror or compassion?

Or both?

The above. FOURTH OFFICER.

OLYBIUS.

What means thy hurried look? Speak—speak!
Though thy words blast like lightning.

OFFICER.

Mighty Prefect,

The apostate Priestess Margarita—

OLYBIUS.

How?

Where's Macer?

OFFICER.

By the dead.

OLYBIUS.

What dead?

OFFICER.

Remove

Thy sword, which thou dost brandish at my throat,
And I shall

OLYBIUS.

Speak, and instantly,

Or I will dash thee down, and trample from thee
Thy hideous secret.

OFFICER.

It is nothing hideous—

'T is but the enemy of our faith—She died
Nobly, in truth—but—

CALLIAS.

Dead! she is not dead!

Thou liest! I have his oath, the Prefect's oath;
I had forgot it in my fears, but now
I well remember, that she should not die.
Faugh! who will trust in Gods and men like these?

OLYBIUS.

Slave! Slave! dost mock me? Better 't were for thee
That **■** be false, than if thou 'dst found a
To purchase kingdoms.

OFFICER.

Hear **■** but **■** while.

She had beheld each sad and cruel death,
And if she shudder'd, 't was **■** one that strives
With nature's soft infirmity of pity,
One look to heaven restoring all her calmness;
Save when that dastard did renounce his faith,
And she shed tears for him. Then led they forth
Old Fabius. When **■** quick and sudden cry
Of Callias, and **■** parting in the throng,
Proclaim'd her father's coming. Forth she sprang,
And clasp'd the frowning headsman's knees, and said—
"Thou know'st me, when thou laid'st on thy sick bed
Christ sent **■** there to wipe thy burning brow.
There **■** an infant play'd about thy chamber,
And thy pale cheek would smile and weep **■** once,
Gazing upon that almost orphan'd child—
Oh! by its dear and precious memory,
I do beseech thee, slay me first and quickly:
'T is that my father may not see my death."

CALLIAS.

Oh cruel kindness! and I would have closed
Thine eyes with such a fond and gentle pressure;
I would have smooth'd thy beauteous limbs, and laid
My head upon thy breast, and died with thee.

OLYBIUS.

Good father! once I thought to call thee so,
How do I envy thee this her last fondness;
She had no dying thought of me.—Go on.

■ OFFICER.

With that the headsman wiped from his swarth cheeks
A moisture like to tears. But she, meanwhile,
On the cold block composed her head, and cross'd
Her hands upon her bosom, that scarce heaved,
She was so tranquil; cautious, lest her garments
Should play the traitors **■** her modest
And **■** the cold wind touch'd her neck,
And fann'd away the few unbraided hairs,
Blushes o'erspread her face, and she look'd up
As softly **■** reproach his tardiness;
And some fell down upon their knees, some clasp'd
Their hands, enamour'd even to adoration
Of that half-smiling face and bending form.

CALLIAS.

But he—but he—the savage executioner—

OFFICER.

He trembled.

CALLIAS.

Ha! God's blessing on his head!
And the axe slid from out his palsied hand?

OFFICER.

■ gave it to another.

CALLIAS.

And—

OFFICER.

■ fell.

CALLIAS.

I **■** it,

I see it like the lightning flash—I **■** it,
And the blood bursts—my blood!—my daughter's blood!
Off—let **■** loose.

OFFICER.

Where goest thou?

CALLIAS.

To the Christian,

To learn the faith in which my daughter died,
And follow her — quickly as I may.

OLYBIUS, MACER, and the rest.

OLYBIUS.

Macer ! is this thy faithful service?

MACER.

Ah,

So rapid——

OLYBIUS.

Not a word ! Thou think'st I'll stoop
To dash thee to the earth—But I'm so sick
Of this accursed pomp, I will not use
■ privilege of vengeance.

Fatal trappings

Of proud authority, that like the robe
Of Nessus shine and burn into the entrails!—
Supremacy ! whose great prerogative
■ to be blasted by superior misery !
No more will I possess the fatal power
Of murdering those I love. All-ruling sceptre !
That wert mine instrument of bloodshed, down !
Mine hand shall never grasp thee more. Vopiscus,
Assume the vacant Prefect's seat, and be
Curs'd like myself—with sway : I cannot wish thee
A doom more hateful—

Who comes here ?

OFFICER.

Great Prefect !

The enchantress Margarita by her death
Hath wrought upon the changeful populace,
That they cry loudly ■ the Christians' God.
Embolden'd multitudes from every quarter
Throng forth, and in the face of day proclaim
Their lawless faith. They have taken up the body,
And hither, as in proud ovation, bear it
With clamour and with song. All Antioch crowds
Applauding round them—they are here, behold them.

CHRISTIAN HYMN.

Sing to the Lord ! let harp, and lute, and voice
Up ■ the expanding gates of Heaven rejoice,
While the bright Martyrs to their rest are borne;
Sing to the Lord ! their blood-stain'd course is run,
And every head its diadem hath won,
Rich ■ the purple of the ■ morn ;
Sing the triumphant champions of their God,
While burn their mounting feet along their sky-ward
road.

Sing to the Lord ! for her in Beauty's prime
Snatch'd from this wintry earth's ungenial clime,
In the eternal spring of Paradise to bloom ;
For her the world display'd its brightest treasure,
And the airs panted with the songs of pleasure.

Before earth's throne she chose the lowly tomb,
The vale of tears with willing footsteps trod,
Bearing her Cross with thee, incarnate Son of God !

Sing to the Lord ! it is not shed in vain,
The blood of martyrs ! from its freshening rain
High springs the Church like ■ fount-shadowing
palm ;

The nations crowd beneath its branching shade,
Of its green leaves are kingly diadems made,
And wrapt within its deep embosoming calm
Earth shrinks to slumber like the breezeless deep,
And war's tempestuous vultures fold their wings and
sleep.

Sing ■ the Lord ! no more the Angels fly
Far in the bosom of the stainless sky
The sound of fierce licentious sacrifice.
From shrined alcove, and stately pedestal,
The marble Gods in cumbrous ruin fall,
Headless in dust the awe of nations lies ;
Jove's thunder crumbles in his mouldering hand,
And ■ as sepulchres the hymnless temples stand.

Sing to the Lord ! from damp prophetic cave
No ■ the loose-hair'd Sybils burst and rave ;
Nor watch the augurs pale the wandering bird :
No ■ ■ hill or in the murky wood,
■ frantic shout and dissonant music rude,
In human tones are wailing victims heard ;
Nor fathers by the reeking altar stone
Cowl their dark heads t' escape their children's dying
groan.

Sing to the Lord ! no more the dead are laid
In cold despair beneath the cypress shade,
To sleep the eternal sleep, that knows no morn :
There, eager still to burst death's brazen hands,
The Angel of the Resurrection stands ;
While, on its own immortal pinions borne,
Following the Breaker of the imprisoning tomb,
Forth springs the exulting soul, and shakes away its
gloom.

Sing ■ the Lord ! the desert rocks break out,
And the throng'd cities, in one gladdening shout ;
The farthest shores by pilgrim step explored ;
Spread all your wings, ye winds, and waft around,
Even to the starry cope's pale waning bound,
Earth's universal homage to the Lord ;
Lift up thine head, imperial Capitol,
Proud ■ thy height to ■ the banner'd Cross unroll.

Sing to the Lord ! when Time itself shall cease,
And final Ruin's desolating peace
Enwrap this wide and restless world of man ;
When the Judge rides upon the enthroning wind,
And o'er all generations of mankind
Eternal Vengeance waves its winnowing Fan ;
To vast Infinity's remotest space,
While ages ■ their everlasting race,
■ all the Beatific Hosts prolong,
Wide as the glory of the Lamb, the Lamb's triumphant
song !

Belshazzar; A DRAMATIC POEM.

INTRODUCTION.

THOUGH, in the following Poem, I have adhered strictly to the outline in Scripture, I have availed myself of whatever appeared to my purpose in the profane historians. My general authorities, where I do follow the Book of Daniel, are Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus; but, perhaps, the best English account of Babylon is to be found in Prideaux's Connection of the Old and New Testament.

The publication of the Martyr of Antioch was considerably delayed by unforeseen circumstances. I take the liberty of mentioning this for two reasons. In the first place, because a coincidence in several circumstances between that Poem and the Novel of Valerius, has led to a charge of plagiarism; when, in fact, the Poem was written, and had been seen by some of my friends, before the publication of the prose work. Secondly, I am unwilling that my Poems should appear to follow each other with a haste and rapidity inconsistent with that deference for public opinion, which the manner of their reception would rather increase than diminish.

May I presume to hope that this, as well as the preceding works of the same nature, may tend to the advancement of those interests, in subservience to which alone our time and talents can be worthily employed—those of piety and religion?

CHARACTERS.

The DESTROYING ANGEL.

BELSHAZZAR.

ARIOCH, *Captain of the Guard.*

SABARIS, *Chief Eunuch.*

KALASSAN, *High Priest of Bel.*

DANIEL,

IMLAN,

ADONIJAH,

} *Jews.*

NITOCRIS, *Mother of Belshazzar.*

NAOMI.

BENINA.

Babylonian Nobles—Priests—Diviners—Astrologers, etc.

Scene Babylon.

BELSHAZZAR.

The City of Babylon—Morning.

■ DESTROYING ANGEL.

WITHIN the cloud-pavilion of my rest,
Amid the Thrones and Princedoms, that await

Their hour of ministration to the Lord,
I heard the summons, and I stood with wings
Outspread for flight, before the Eternal Throne.
And, from the unapproached depth of light
Wherein the Almighty Father of the worlds
Dwells, from seraphic sight of glory veil'd,
Came forth the soundless mandate, which I felt
Within, and sprung upon my obedient plumes.
But as I sail'd my long and trackless voyage
Down the deep bosom of unbounded space,
The manifest bearer of Almighty wrath,
I saw the Angel of each separate star
Folding his wings in terror, o'er his orb
Of golden fire; and shuddering till I pass'd
To pour elsewhere Jehovah's cup of vengeance.

And now I stand upon this world of man,
My wonted resting-place.—But thou, oh Earth!
Thou only dost endure my fatal presence
Undaunted. As of old, I hover o'er
This haughty city of Chaldean Bel,
That not the less pours forth her festal pomp
To do unholy worship to her Gods,
That are not Gods, but works of mortal hands.

Behold! the Sun hath burst the Eastern gates,
And all his splendour floods the tower'd walls,
Upon whose wide immeasurable circuit
The harness'd chariots crowd in long array.
Down every stately line of pillar'd streets,
To each of the hundred brazen gates, young men
And flower-crown'd maidens, lead the mazy dance.
Here the vast Palace, whence yon airy gardens
Spread round, and in the morning airs hang forth
Their golden fruits and dewy opening flowers;
While still the low mists creep, in lazy folds,
O'er the house-tops beneath. In every court,
Through every portal, throng, in servile haste,
Captains and Nobles. There, before the Temple,
On the far side of wide Euphrates' stream,
The Priests of Bel their impious rites prepare:
And cymbal clang, and glittering dulcimer,
With shrill melodious salutation, hail
The welcome morn, awakening all the City
To the last dawn that e'er shall gladden her.

Babylon! Babylon! that wakest in pride
And glory, but shall sleep in shapeless ruin,
Thus, with my broad and overshadowing wings,
I do embrace thee for mine own; forbidding,
Even at this instant, yon bright orient Sun,
To shed his splendours on thy lofty streets.
Oh, Desolation's sacred place, as now
Thou 'rt darken'd, shall the darkness of the dead
Enwrap thee in its everlasting shade!

Babylon! Babylon! upon the wreck
Of that most impious tower your Fathers rear'd
To scale the crystal battlements of Heaven,
I set my foot, here take my gloomy rest
Even till that hour be come, that comes full soon.

*Before the Temple.*KALASSAN—*The Priests.*

FIRST PRIEST.

Didst thou behold it?

SECOND PRIEST.

What?

FIRST PRIEST.

'T is gone, 't is past—

And yet but now 't there, cloudy darkness,
That, swallowing up the rays of the orient Sun,
Cast back a terrible night o'er all the City.

THIRD PRIEST.

Who stands aghast at this triumphant hour?
I tell thee that our Dreamers have beheld
Majestic visions. The besieging Mede
Was cast, with all his chariots, steeds, and men,
Into Euphrates' bosom.

KALASSAN.

Do ye marvel

But that it was dark? you orient Sun,
The Lord of Light, withdrew his dawning beams,
Till he could the glory of the world,
Belshazzar, in his gilded galley riding
Across Euphrates.

FIRST PRIEST.

Give command that all

The brazen gates along the river side,
Stand open to receive the suppliant train.

SECOND PRIEST.

Hark! with the trumpet sound their strong recoil
Upon their grating hinges harshly mingle.

THIRD PRIEST.

Lo! how the bridge is groaning with the gifts
Of the great King. The camels bow their heads
Beneath the bright and odorous load they bear;
The proud steeds toss their flower-enwoven manes,
And the rattle with their ponderous sound;
While, silent, the slow elephants pursue
Their wondering way, and bear their crowded towers,
Widely reflected on the argent stream.

FOURTH PRIEST.

How proudly do the waters and foam
Before the barges, that with gilded prows
Set the pale spray on fire! The rowers, clad
In Egypt's finest tunics, they strike
The waters with their palmy oars, awake
Sweet music, it seems, from all the tide;
So exquisitely to the dashing strokes
Are the sweet lutes and floating hautboys timed.

FIRST PRIEST.

Yon bark, in which, at times, the silken curtains
Are by the courteous breezes fann'd aside,
Is that in which the Mother of the mightiest,
Nitocris, sits. Her presence to awe
At once, and give pride to those who row
Her queenly state—

KALASSAN.

Behind—'t is he!—'t is he!—

Belshazzar's self—the waters crowd around,
As though ambitious to reflect their Sovereign;
And all the throng'd and living shores, that
To the far limits of the City, pass'd
His name in one long shout, have paused to hear
Our loftier homage.—Are the Seventy here?

FIRST PRIEST.

All.

KALASSAN.

Lift we, then, the solemn strain, in praise
Of the great King, and all the suppliant court
Will us in praise of mightiest Bel.

SONG OF THE PRIESTS.

Where the thousand-throned kings,
Beneath whose empires' spacious wings,
The wide earth lay in mute repose?
 rose—Chaldea's King arose!
And bow'd every crowned head,
And every marshall'd army fled;
Before his footstool bow'd they down,
The all-conquering Lord of Babylon!

 THE SUPPLIANTS.

Where the thousand-shrined Gods,
Within whose temples' proud abodes
The nations crowded to invoke?
He woke, Chaldea's God awoke!
And mute every sumptuous feast,
And rite, and song, and victim ceased;
And every Fane was overthrown,
Before the God of Babylon!

PRIESTS.

Ammon's created pride lay low,
And broke was Elam's horned bow;
Damascus heard the ponderous fall
Of old Benhadad's palace wall;
The redden'd with the fire
From the rock-built strengths of Tyre.
Falec fierce Philistia's trust,
Desert Moab mourns in dust.
Lo! in chains our Captains bring
Haughty Zion's eyeless King.
Kedar's tents are struck, her bands
Scatter'd o'er her burning sands,
And Egypt's Pharaoh quails before
The Assyrian Lion's conquering roar.

THE SUPPLIANTS.

From his high Philistine fane,
Sea-born Dagon fled amain;
Moloch, he whose valley stood
Deep with infants' blameless blood;
Chemos, struck with pale affright,
Left his foul unfinish'd rite.
Her waning Astartè veil'd,
When the Tyrian's sea-wall fail'd.
In vain Damascus' children
At lofty Rimmon's molten feet.
And vain were Judah's prayers him,
Between the golden Cherubim;
In vain the Arab, in his flight,
Call'd on the glittering stars of night;
And vain Osiris' timbrels blew
Over Egypt's maddening crew.

KALASSAN.

Lord of the world, and of the eternal city,
That wear'st Chaldea's regal diadem
Wreath'd with Assyria's, wherefore art thou here
Before the Temple of all-powerful Bel?

BELSHAZZAR.

Chief of the Seventy chosen Priests, that serve
Within the Temple of ■■■ God, thou know'st
That the rebellious Mede, confederate
With Ashkenaz and Elam, and the might
Of Persia, hath begirt with insolent siege
Our city walls, and I would know what swift
And terrible vengeance is ordain'd on high
For the revolted from Chaldea's sway?

KALASSAN.

Live thou, O King, for ever! We ■■■ holding
This day our solemn rite. Our Priests and Seers
Each ■■■ his office stands throughout the Temple;
And all ■■■ eight ascending towers that rise,
Each above each, in heavenward range, are throng'd
With those that strike the cymbal, and with voice
And mystic music summon down the Gods
To give us ■■■

BELSHAZZAR.

Priests of Bel, and thou
High mitred Chief, Kalassan! Lo, I bring
Gifts worthy of the Gods and of Belshazzar:
All that the world in its ■■■ homage casts
Before our royal feet; the gold that flows
In the red waters of the farthest East;
The fragrant balm that weeps from glittering trees;
The ivory, and the thin and snowy robes
Of Egypt; and the purple merchandize
Of Sidon; and the skins of beasts that far
In the dark forests fly the sight of man,
Yet not so far but that Assyria's servants
Track them, and rend away their bloody tribute;
And slaves of every hue, and every age,
From all the kingdoms of our rule.

KALASSAN.

Great King,
What answer wouldst thou, which such sumptuous
offerings
May not compel!

BELSHAZZAR.

Declare ye to our Gods,
Thus saith Belshazzar: wherefore ■■■ I call'd
The King of Babylon, the scepter'd heir
Of Nabonassar's (t) sway, if still my sight
Must be infested by rebellious arms,
That hem my city round; and frantic cries
Of onset, and the braying din of battle
Disturb my sweet and wonted festal songs?

NITOCRIS.

In the Gods' name, and in mine own, I answer!
When Nabonassar's heir shall take the sword
Of Nabonassar in his valiant hand;
With the inborn awe of majesty appal
Into the dust rebellion's crested front:
When for the gliding bark on the smooth waters,
Whose motion doth but lull his silken couch,
He ■■■ the rushing chariot, and in ■■■
Asserts himself the lord of human kind.

SABARIS.

Will he endure it?

NITOCRIS.

Oh, my son! my son!

■■■ I repent ■■■ of that thrill of joy
I felt, when round my couch the slaves proclaim'd
I had brought forth ■■■ man into the world,
■■■ child for empire born, the cradled Lord

Of Nations—oh, my son!—and all the pride
With which I saw thy fair and open brow
Expand in beauteous haughtiness, commanding
Ere thou could'st speak? And with thy growth, thy
greatness

Still ripen'd: like the palm amid the grove
Thou stoodst, the loftiest, at once, and comeliest
Of ■■■ the sons of ■■■ And must I ■■■
Wish all my pangs upon ■■■ shapeless offspring,
Or on ■■■ soft and dainty maiden wasted,
That might have been, if ■■■ herself, like her
Thy martial ancestress, Semiramis,
Mightiest—at least the Mother of the Mighty?

BELSHAZZAR.

Queen of Assyria, Nabonassar's daughter!
Wife of my royal father, Merodach!
Greater than all, from whom myself was born!
The Gods that made thee mother of Belshazzar,
Have arm'd thee with ■■■ dangerous licence. Thou,
Secure, mayst utter what from meaner lips
Had call'd upon the head the indignant sword
Of Justice. But to thee ■■■ deign reply.
Is 't ■■■ the charge of the great Gods t' uphold
The splendour of the world that doth them homage?
As soon would they permit the all-glorious Sun
To wither from their palace vault in heaven,
As this rich empire from the earth.

NITOCRIS.

And therefore

Be as the Gods, Belshazzar, and stand forth
To sweep away the desolating foe!
As when the thunders scatter all abroad
The lowering clouds ■■■ midnight, all the stars
Look glittering through the bright pellucid sky,
And in the glorious calm themselves have strew'd,
Repose triumphant the great Gods.

O queen!

The mother of Chaldea's royal lord
Ne'er ask'd in vain. Myself this day will mount
The ■■■ of battle, and along the walls
Display my terrors, for Assyria's hosts
To kindle into valour at my presence;
And the pale rebels from their distant camp,
Like hunters that have roused the sleeping lion,
Snatch up their toils, and fly——

NITOCRIS.

Along the walls!

And not along the dusty battle plain?
Yet 't is enough—the fire but sleeps within thee.
And ■■■ the war-horse that hath sported long
On the green meads, beholds the flash of ■■■
Bright on the fountain where he bathes, and hears
The martial trumpet sounding, ■■■ erect
His kindling ears, his agitated ■■■
Trembles; already on his back he feels
The gorgeous trappings and the armed rider,
And treads the sword ■■■ though he trampled down
Whole hosts before him: thus Belshazzar's soul,
At sight of Babylon's exulting foes,
Shall waken ■■■ the warrior's noble wrath.

BELSHAZZAR.

Give instant order!

NITOCRIS.

Oh, tiara'd Mede!

And thou fierce Persian, that dost boast thyself

As hardy as thy native mountains! Thou,
The shepherd's nursling, Cyrus! feel ye not
A prescient terror of your coming conqueror?
The towers with which ye have girt your spacious camp,
Do they not rock even to their deep foundations,
In conscious awe? But thou, my noble son!
Thy mother's heart, that beat but in thy presence,
Even when thou laid'st in soft inglorious dalliance,
When home thou com'st, high plumed with victory, hosts
In chains around thee, and the routed armies
Crowding to gaze upon their conqueror,
As though it were a solace in their fall
That great Belshazzar stoop'd to overthrow them;
When all the myriads of vast Babylon
Shout in the triumph of their kingly lord;
That heart, my son, with such excess of pride
Will swell, that it will burst. Even now it fills
My woman's eyes with tears: when I should wear
A brow all rapture, I can only weep.

KALASSAN.

Lord of the Nations! with our richest rites
Do ■■■ propitiate the eternal Gods.
Upon the golden altar, never wet
Save with the immaculate blood of yearling lambs (2)
We sacrifice—and on our topmost tower,
Where, on his couch, amid his native clouds,
The God reposes, must the chosen Virgin, (3)
Whom to our wandering search he first presents,
Await the bright descending Deity.

BELSHAZZAR.

What then!—the Gods hold festival to-night!
And shall the courts of great Chaldea's palace
■ silent of the festal song! At eve
Our banquet shall begin; and dusky night,
Astonish'd at our splendour, think his reign
Usurp'd ■ by a brighter day. Kalassan!
Whence are those golden vessels richly carved,
And bossy with enchased fruits and flowers;
Goblets, and lavers, and tall chandeliers,
That, like to blossoming almond trees, branch out
In knots of glittering silver?—meet were they
To minister at great Belshazzar's feast.

KALASSAN.

King of the Universe! those vessels stood
Ere in the Temple of the Hebrew's God;
But when Chaldea's arms laid waste the City,
And from their Temple, with destroying fire,
Scared the unresisting Deity, the spoils
Were seized, and consecrate to mightier Bel.

BELSHAZZAR.

Let them be borne to grace our feast!

KALASSAN.

Most honour'd

Were they by such a noble profanation!
Give ye the order—

Ha! what frantic shriek
Pells through the courts?

PRIEST.

The slaves that girt themselves
To bear those vessels, on ■ sudden, all,
As though by viewless lightnings struck to earth,
Lie groveling on the pavement, and they clench
Their vacant hands in horror.

KALASSAN.

Raise them up,
And ■ them to their duty.

PRIEST.

King of Earth!

The armed statue of thy ancestor,
Great Nabonassar, ■ its firm-set pedestal
Shakes, and its marble panoply resounds
Like distant thunder!

KALASSAN.

How! the pavement rocks
Beneath our feet, like ■ tempestuous sea!

BELSHAZZAR.

What! are Belshazzar's mandates thus delay'd
For the pale fears of slaves, and idle sounds
That shake the earth, but not his kingly soul?
Away with them! we will not brook remonstrance
From vanquish'd men or Gods!—Away! I say—

CHORUS.

Sovereign of all the streams that flow
From hills of everlasting snow,
Through vast Chaldea's fertile reign,
Down to the red and pearly (4) main;
And ere thy giant course is done,
Through all imperial Babylon;
By stately towers and palace fair,
And blooming gardens hung in air;
By every glowing brazen gate,
Rollest thy full exulting state.
Proud River! strew thy waves to rest,
And smooth to peace thy ■ breast,
While slowly o'er thy willing tide,
Belshazzar's gilded galleys ride.
Hear, King of Floods! Euphrates, hear!
And pay the homage of thy fear.

CHORUS ■ SUPPLIANTS.

Sovereign of all the lamps that shine
In yon empyreal arch divine.
That roll'st through half the fiery day,
O'er realms that own Chaldea's sway;
O'er thrones whose monarchs wear her yoke,
And cities by her conquests broke;
Thou Sun, whose morning splendours dwell
Upon the Temple towers of Bel,
The quiver of thy noontide rays
Exhaust in all their fiery blaze,
Upon the cloud-aspiring throne
Where rests the God of Babylon!
So shall the God in glory ■
Down to his sumptuous earthly home.
Hear! Monarch of the Planets! hear—
And pause upon thy fleet career.

The Quarter of the Jewish Slaves.

IMLAH, NAOMI, BENINA.

BENINA.

Father! dear Father! said'st thou that ■ feet
Shall tread the glittering paths of Sion's hill;
And that our lips shall breathe the fragrant airs
That blow from dewy Hermon, and the fount
Of Siloe flow in liquid music by us?

IMLAH.

Oh, daughter of captivity, and born
To eat the bitter bread of servitude,
Benina, child of sadness!—yet the dearer
Because thou art the joy of desolate hearts

That have joy but thee!—what knowest thou
Of that fair city, where our Fathers dwelt
While unforsaken by their God?

BENINA.

My father!

Have I not seen my mother and thyself
Sit by the river side, and dwell for ever
On Salem's glories, and the Temple's pride,
Till tears have choked your sad though pleasant speech?
In the deep midnight, when our lords are sleeping,
I've seen the Brethren from the willows take
Their wind-caressed harps, their half-breathed sounds
Scarce louder than the rippling river's dash
Around the matted sedge; and still they pour'd
Their voices down the stream, though they wish'd
Their songs to pass away to other lands
Beyond the bounds of their captivity.
I've listen'd in an ecstasy of tears,
Till purer waters seem'd to wander round me,
And sweeter flowers to bloom beneath my feet,
And towers of fairer structure to arise
Under the moonlight; and I felt the joy
Of freedom in my light and sportive limbs.

IMLAH.

My sweetest child, and thou that gavest me
This dearest treasure, Naomi, thyself,
Even as thou wert in virgin loveliness
My plighted bride, renew'd to tenderest youth!
I will not say I hope not (though my fears
And conscience of our ill desert reprove me)
That God even now prepares the promised hour,
When Israel shall shake off Assyria's chains,
And build long-wasted Sion's lovely walls.
The sands of the appointed years are run;
The signs break out, as in the cloudy night
The stars; and hurried Prophets' voices seem
As from their graves to cry aloud, and mark
The hour that labours with our Israel's glory;
And, more than all, but yesterday I saw
The holy Daniel—

NAOMI.

Daniel! what of him,

Dear Imlah?

IMLAH.

Till but lately he was girt
With sackcloth, with the meagre hue of fasting
On his sunk cheek, and ashes on his head;
When, lo! at once he shook from his grey locks
The attire of woe, and call'd for wine; and since
He hath gone stately through the wondering streets
With sad scorn. Amid the heaven-piercing towers,
Through cool luxurious courts, and in the shade
Of summer trees that play o'er crystal fountains,
He walks, though he trod o'er moss-grown ruins,
'Mid the deep desolation of a city
Already by the almighty wrath laid waste.
And sometimes doth he gaze upon the clouds,
As though he recognized the viewless forms
Of arm'd destroyers in the silent skies.
And it is said, that at the dead of night
He hath pour'd forth thy burden, Babylon,
And loud proclaim'd the bowing down of Bel,
The spoiling of the spoiler. Even the lords,
Conscious of God's glory gathering round him,
Look on him with silent awe, nor dare
To check his motion, or reprove his speech.

NAOMI.

Oh, Imlah! shall our buried bones repose
In that land?

BENINA.

Speak on, my dearest Father,
Thy words like the breezes of the west,
That breathe of Canaan's honey-flowing land.

IMLAH.

My child! my child! thy nuptials shall not be
With song suppress'd, and dim half curtain'd lamp,
Stol'n from the observance of our jealous lords,
As mine and thy fond mother's were.—Who's here?

BENINA.

'T is Adonijah: he hath heard thee name him,
And he will see the burning on my cheek,
And so detect the cause of fond discourse.

IMLAH.

I named him not—

BENINA.

Nay, father, now thou mock'st me.

IMLAH.

Alas! poor deer, thou'rt deeply stricken! Well—
It is a noble boy, that dares to fear
His God, who makes his youth a privilege
For licence, and intemperate scorn of rule.

The above, ADONIJAH.

IMLAH.

Whence comest thou, Adonijah, with thy brow
Elate, and full of pride, that scarce beseems
A captive?

ADONIJAH.

Imlah! from the dawn of day
I have been gazing from the walls, and
The Persian reining in his fiery squadrons.
Like ostriches they swept the sandy plain,
As though they would outstrip the tardy winds;
And paused and wheel'd, and through the clouds of dust
That round them, as round terrible Angels,
Their scimitars in silver radiance flash'd.
Oh, will it ever be, that once again
The Lord of Hosts will lift the Lion banner
Of Judah, and her sons go forth to war
Like Joshua, or like him whose beardless strength
O'erthrew the giant Philistine!

BENINA.

Ah, me!

And wouldst thou, Adonijah, seek the war,
The ruthless, murderous, and destroying war?

ADONIJAH.

Why, yes! nor would Benina love me less
For bringing home the spoil of God's proud foes,
To hang within his vindicated Temple.

BENINA.

So thou didst bring thyself unharm'd, unchanged,
Benina content.

ADONIJAH.

Heaven's blessings on thee!

IMLAH.

Hear me, young Adonijah; thou dost love
My child: Benina, shall I say, or leave it
To thine own lips eloquent eyes to tell,
How well thou lovest the noble Adonijah?
But, youth, I seek not to delay thy joy
With the cold envious prudence of old age,
That felt the boiling blood of youth;

For if I did, there 's one would chide me here
 For my forgetfulness of hours like these.
 But yet I would not have my daughter wed
 With the sad dowry of a master's stripes;
 I would not, Adonijah, on the —
 Of our deliverance, that the wanton Gentile
 Shoul pass his jest on our cold entertainment,
 And all the cheerless joy when captives wed,
 To breed a race, whose sole inheritance
 Shall be their parents' tasks and heavy bondage.
 Our father Jacob served seven tardy years
 For beauteous Rachel, but I tax not thee
 With such a weary service.

ADONIJAH.

Be they ages,
 So the life beat within this bounding heart,
 The love shall never fail!

IMLAN.

Here 's one would trust thee,
 Youth, should my cautious age be slow. Come hither,
 Thou tender vine, that need'st a noble stem:
 Thou not repinest because I wed thee not
 To this fair elm, until the gentle airs
 Of our — land, and those delicious dews
 That weep like angels' tears of love, o'er all
 The hill of Sion, gladden your sweet union,
 And make you bear your clustering fruits in joy.
 So now, enough, thou dost accept the terms;
 And in the — of him that rules on high,
 I thus betroth the noble Adonijah
 To soft Benina. —

Now, to him that hears
 The captive's prayer. How long—oh, Lord!—how long
 Shall strangers trample down thy beauteous Sion?
 How long shall Judah's hymns arise — thee
 On foreign winds, and sad Jerusalem
 On all her hills be desolate and mute?

God of the Thunder! from whose cloudy seat
 The fiery winds of Desolation flow:
 Father of Vengeance! that with purple feet,
 Like a full wine-press, tread'st the world below.
 The embattled armies wait thy sign to slay,
 Nor springs the beast of havoc — his prey,
 Nor withering Famine walks his blasted way,
 Till thou the guilty land hast seal'd for woe.

God of the Rainbow! at whose gracious sign
 The billows of the proud their rage suppress:
 Father of Mercies! at — word of thine
 An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness!
 And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,
 And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,
 And marble cities crown the laughing lands,
 And pillar'd temples rise thy — to bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke—oh, Lord!
 The chariots, rattled o'er her sunk'n gate,
 Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian sword,
 Even her foes wept to — her fallen state;
 And heaps her ivory palaces became,
 Her Princes wore the captive's garb of shame,
 Her Temple sank amid the smouldering flame,
 For thou didst ride the tempest cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam,
 And the sad City lift her crownless head;
 And songs shall wake, and dancing footsteps gleam,
 Where broods o'er fallen streets the silence of the dead.
 The sun shall shine — Salem's gilded towers,
 On Carmel's side our maidens cull the flowers,
 To deck, at blushing eve, their bridal bowers,
 And angel feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave — to the stranger's hand,
 And Abraham's children were led forth for slaves;
 With fetter'd steps we left our pleasant land,
 Envyng our fathers in their peaceful graves.
 The stranger's bread with bitter tears we steep,
 And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,
 'Neath the mute midnight — steal forth to weep,
 Where the pale willows shade Euphrates' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy;
 Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home;
 He that went forth a tender yearling boy,
 Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come.
 And Canaan's vines for us their fruits shall bear,
 And Hermon's bees their honied stores prepare;
 And — shall kneel again in thankful prayer,
 Where, o'er the cherub-seated God, full blazed th'
 irradiate dome.

The Walls of Babylon.

BELSHAZZAR in his Chariot, NITOCRIS, ARIOCH, SABARIS, etc.

BELSHAZZAR.

For twice three hours our stately cars have roll'd
 Along the broad highway that crowns the walls
 Of mine imperial City, nor complete
 Our circuit by a long and ample space.
 And still our eyes look down on gilded roofs,
 And towers and temples, and the spreading tops
 Of cedar groves, through which the fountains gleam;
 And every where the countless multitudes,
 Like summer insects in the noontide sun,
 Come forth to bask in our irradiate presence.
 Oh, thou vast Babylon! what mighty hand
 Created thee, and spread thee o'er the plain
 Capacious — a world; and girt thee round
 With high tower'd walls, and bound thy gates with brass;
 And taught the indignant river to endure
 Thy bridge of cedar and of palm, high hung
 Upon its marble piers!—What voice proclaim'd,
 Amid the silence of the sands, — Arise!
 And be earth's wonder?— Was it not my fathers?
 Yea, mine entombed ancestors awake,
 Their heads uplift upon their marble pillows;
 They claim the glory of thy birth. Thou hunter,
 That didst disdain the quarry of the field,
 Choosing thee out — nobler game of man,
 Nimrod! and thou that with unfeminine hand
 Didst lash the coursers of thy battle-car
 O'er prostrate thrones, and necks of captive kings,
 Semiramis! and thou whose kingly breath
 Was like the desert wind, before its coming
 The people of all earth fell down, and hid
 Their humble faces in the dust! that madest
 The pastime of — summer day t' o'erthrow
 A city, — down — ancient throne;

Whose voice each ocean shore obey'd, and all
 From sable Ethiopia ■ the sands
 Of the gold-flowing Indian streams;—oh! thou
 Lord of the hundred thrones, high Nabonassar!
 And thou my father, Merodach! ye crown'd
 This City with her diadem of towers—
 Wherefore?—but prescient of Belshazzar's birth,
 And conscious of your destined son, ye toil'd
 To rear ■ meet abode. Oh, Babylon!
 Thou hast him now, for whom through ages rose
 Thy sky-exalted towers—for whom yon palace
 Rear'd its bright domes, and groves of golden spires;
 In whom, secure of immortality
 Thou stand'st, and consecrate from time and ruin,
 Because thou hast been the dwelling of Belshazzar!

NITOCRIS.

I hear thy words: like thine, thy mother's heart
 Swells, oh, my son! to see thy seat of empire.
 But will the Lord of Babylon endure,
 What in yon plain beneath offends our sight,
 The rebel Persian?

BELSHAZZAR.

Gave we not command,
 To Tartan and ■ Artamas, to sweep
 Yon tribes away, or ■ our car approach'd
 The northern wall?

ARIOCH.

They hasted forth, O King!
 But Tartan came not back, nor Artamas.

BELSHAZZAR.

Slaves! did they dare fall off from their allegiance?

ARIOCH.

To the dominion they fell off of him
 That hath the empire o'er departed souls.

NITOCRIS.

Look down! look down! where, proud of his light
 conquest,
 The Persian rides—it is the youthful Cyrus;
 How skilfully he winds through all the ranks
 His steed, in graceful ease, ■ though he ■
 Upon a firm-set throne, yet every motion
 Obedient to his slack and gentle rein,
 As though one will controll'd the steed and rider;
 Now leaps he down, and holds a brief discourse
 With yon helm'd captain; like ■ stooping falcon,
 Now vaults he ■ the patient courser's back.
 Happy the mother of that noble youth!

Now, by great Bel! thou dost abuse ■ patience.
 ■ that ■ rebel king to whom Belshazzar
 Should vail his pride, and stoop ■ be his foe;
 Him with the brazen arms, that, dimly bright,
 Scarce boast distinction from the meaner host?
 Where are his golden attributes of power,
 The glorious ensigns of his sovereignty;
 The jewel'd diadem, the ivory sceptre,
 The satrap-circled throne, the kneeling hosts?—

NITOCRIS.

Dost ask, my son, his marks of sovereignty?
 The armies that behold his sign, and trust
 Their fate upon the wisdom of his rule,
 Confident of accustom'd victory;
 The unconquerable valour, the proud love
 ■ danger, and the scorn of silken ease;
 The partnership in suffering and in want,
 ■ with his ■ follower; the disdain

Of wealth, that wins the spoil but to bestow it,
 Content with the renown of conquering deeds.

BELSHAZZAR.

By ■ ■ Gods!—

SABARIS.

Great Queen! it ill beseems

The lowest of Chaldea's slaves to oppose
 The mother of ■ king with insolent speech;
 But my bold zeal for him that rules the world
 Has made me dauntless. Is it not heaven's will,
 Written in the eternal course of human things,
 Some kings ■ born to toil, and some to enjoy;
 Some ■ build up the palace domes of power,
 That in their glowing shade their ■ may sit
 Transcendent in luxurious ease, ■ they
 In conquest? 'T is the privilege ■ the chosen,
 The mark'd of fate, and favourites of ■ Gods,
 To find submissive earth deck'd out, ■ fair
 And ■ garden house, for ■ long ■
 Of toilless pleasure, and luxurious revel.

BELSHAZZAR.

The slave speaks well: and thee, O, queen Nitocris!
 This eve will we compel, with gracious violence,
 To ■ ■ loftier fate. This sacred ■
 We'll have an army wide ■ yon that spreads
 Its tents on the hot sands; and they shall feast
 Around me, all reclined on ivory couches,
 Strew'd with Sidonian purple, and soft webs
 Of Egypt; fann'd by bright and glittering plumes
 Held in the snowy haps of virgin slaves;
 And o'er their turban'd heads shall lightly wave
 The silken canopies, that softly tremble
 To gales of liquid odour: all the courts
 Shall breathe like groves of cassia and of nard.
 And every paradise of golden fruits,
 The forests and the tributary streams,
 In this ■ banquet shall exhaust their stores
 Of delicacies; the ■ and Phasian birds,
 And ■ and deer from ■ a thousand hills,
 Served in the spices of the farthest East.
 And we will feast ■ dulcimers and lutes,
 And harps and cymbals, and all instruments
 Of rapturous sound, till it shall seem the stars
 Have stoop'd the nearer to our earth, to crown
 Our banquet with their heavenly concert. There,
 Our captains and our counsellors, our wives
 And bright-eyed concubines, through all the palace
 Th' array of splendour shall prolong—while I,
 In state supreme, and glory that shall shame
 The setting sun amid his purple clouds,
 Will on my massy couch of gold recline:
 Then shalt thou come, and seeing thy ■ the orb
 And centre of this radiance, ■ thyself
 Shalt wonder at thy impious speech, that dared
 To equal aught on earth ■ great Belshazzar.
 And now, lead on!—

The above, BENINA, IMLAH, ADONIAH, PRIESTS.

BENINA.

Ah, save me! save me!

ARIOCH.

Peace!

Before the king!—

BELSHAZZAR.

What frantic maid is this,
 That shrieks and flies, with loose and rending garments,

And streaming hair?—And who **—** these that circle her,
And sing around her?

SABARIS.

Live, O king, for ever!

Chaldea's priests, that seek this evening's bride
For mightiest Bel.

PRIESTS.

Beauteous damsel! chosen to **—**
First our wandering heaven-led feet.
Spotless virgin! thee alone
The great God of Babylon,
From his starry seat above,
Hath beheld with looks of love,
Bride of him that rules the sky!
Cast not down thy weeping eye.
Daughter of the captive race!
For thine high and blissful place,
In the heaven-hung chamber laid,
Many a Babylonian maid
To the voiceless midnight air,
Murmurs low her bashful prayer.
With enamour'd homage see,
Round and round **—** circle thee;
Round and round each dancing foot
Glitters to the breathing lute.

SABARIS.

Why dost thou struggle thus, fond slave?

BENINA.

My father!—

My dearest Adonijah! speak to him—
The panting breath swells in my throat, my words
Can find no utterance, save to thee.

IMLAH.

Great king!

They rend away my child, mine only child!—

BELSHAZZAR.

Peace! she is born to serve the God of Babylon:
And ye should fall, and kiss their garment hems,
And bless them for the glory that awaits
The captive maiden—

ADONIJAH.

Glory! call ye it,

To be the lustful prey—

Sweet youth! no more.

Oh, speak not!—by the love thou bearest me—
By all our hopes—alas! what hopes have **—**?—
Let **—** endure **—** sufferings but my own.

BELSHAZZAR.

Priests, to your office!—

BENINA.

Oh! no mercy—none—

Not **—** in thee, that wear'st a woman's form,
But all the cold relentless pride of man—
Mightiest of queens!—would I might add most gra-
cious—

IMLAH.

God of **—** fathers! that alone canst save,
Look down upon this guileless innocent.
Lo! pale and fainting, like a wounded fawn
She hangs upon their arms—death **—** could throw
A sadder paleness, or more icy torpor,
Over that form, whose loveliness is **—**
Its bane, and stamps it for the worst of misery.

ADONIJAH.

Oh, for a Median scimitar!

What said he?

BENINA.

Nought—nought—

ARIOCH.

The slave forgets that scourges hang

Upon our walls—

IMLAH.

And we had fondly thought

The bitter dregs of our captivity
Drank out! Farewell, my child! thou dost not hear me—
Thou liest in cold and enviable senselessness,
And we might almost fear, or hope, that death—
Compassionate death—had freed thee from their vio-
lence.

What now, my child?

ADONIJAH.

Oh, beautiful Benina!

Why do thy timorous dove-like eyes awake,
And glow with scorn? why dost thou shake away
The swoon of bashful fear, and stand erect,
Thou, that didst hang, but now, like a loose woodbine,
Trailing its beauteous clusters in the dust?

BENINA.

Give place, and let me speak unto my father,
And to this youth.—

Fierce men! your care is vain—

I will not stoop to fly.

IMLAH.

My soul is lost

In wonder; yet I touch thee once again,
And that is rapture.

BENINA.

Did ye not behold him

Upon the terrace top?—the Man of God!
The anointed Prophet!

IMLAH.

Daniel!

BENINA.

He whose lips

Burn with the fire from heaven! I saw him, father:
Alone he stood, and in his proud compassion
Look'd down upon this pomp that blazed beneath him,
As **—** that sees a stately funeral.

IMLAH.

He spoke not?—

BENINA.

No: like words articulate,

His looks address'd my soul, and said—oh, maid,
Be of good cheer—and, like a robe of light,
A rapture fell upon me, and I caught
Contagious scorn of earthly power; and fear
And bashful shame **—** gone, and in the might
Of God, of Abraham's God, our father's God,
I stand, superior to the insulting heathen.

BELSHAZZAR.

What! wait ye still to lead the Gods their slave,
And thus delay Belshazzar's course?

BENINA.

Your Gods!

Whom I disdain to honour with my dread.

BELSHAZZAR.

— with her! and advance **—** royal car;—
Set forward.—

[BELSHAZZAR departs with his train.

BENINA.

Ye shall need no force to drag me.
My father!—Adonijah!—gaze not thus,
Blaspheming, with your timorous doubts, the arm
Of the Most High, that waves above mine head
In silent might !—

And thou—go on,

Go on thy stately course—Imperial Lord
Of golden Babylon! the scourge that lash'd
The Nations, from whose mantling cup of pride
Earth drank, and with the fierce intoxication
Scoff'd ■ the enduring heavens.

Go on, in awe

And splendour, radiant ■ the morning star,
But ■ the morning star to be cast down
Into the deep of deeps. Long, long the Lord
Hath bade his Prophets cry to all the world,
That Babylon shall cease! Their words of fire
Flash round my soul, and lighten up the depths
Of dim futurity! I hear the voice
Of the expecting grave!—I hear abroad
The exultation of unfetter'd earth!—
From East to West they lift their trampled necks,
Th' indignant nations: earth breaks out in scorn;
The valleys dance and sing; the mountains shake
Their cedar-crowned tops! The strangers crowd
To gaze upon the howling wilderness,
Where stood the Queen of Nations. Lo! even now,
Lazy Euphrates rolls his sullen waves
Through wastes, and but reflects his own thick reeds.
I hear the bitterns shriek, the dragons cry;
I see the shadow of the midnight owl
Gliding where now are laughter-echoing palaces!
O'er the ■ plain I see the mighty tombs
Of kings, in sad and broken whiteness gleam
Beneath the o'ergrown cypress—but ■ tomb
Bears record, Babylon, of thy last lord;
Even monuments are silent of Belshazzar!

PRIEST.

Still must we hear it!—

BENINA.

Yea, ye must!—the words
Of God will find a voice in every wind;
The stones will speak, the marble walls cry out!

PRIEST.

Maid, in Bel's appointed bride
We must brook the words of pride;
Mortal voice may ne'er reprove
Whom the bright immortals love;
Nor hand of mortal violate
Her, the chosen immortal's mate.

BENINA.

Oh, Adonijah! soothe my mother's tears;
■ to my father what I should have been;
And ■ farewell! Forget not her whose thoughts,
■ terror and in rapture, still will dwell
On thee: in prayer, at morn and eve, forget not
Her who will need prayers worthier than her own.

Before the House of Imlah.

IMLAH, ADONIJAH.

IMLAH.

We are here at length:—we two have glided on

Like voiceless ghosts, along the crowded streets.
The miserable pour their tale of anguish
Into the happy ear, and feel sweet solace
From his compassion; but the wretched find
No comfort from imparting mutual bitterness.
I know I ought to feel that God protects
My child—I ■ but think that heathen ■
Have ■ her from my bleeding heart! I know
I ought to kindle with the heavenly fire
Of her rapt spirit, to dauntlessness like hers.
I can but tremble for her tender loveliness,
That used to cling to me for its support,
Like a soft lily, for the world's rude airs
Too frail.

ADONIJAH.

Scarce dare I speak, lest I speak rashly.
I have rebuked and struggled with my sorrow,
Till I detected in my secret heart
A proud reproach, that I was born a son
Of Abraham, to be trampled in the dust
Like a base worm, that dare not turn to sting
The insulting foot.

IMLAH.

Oh cool decline of day,
That wert the captive's hour of joy, his tasks
Fulfill'd, his master's wayward pride worn out,
How wert thou wont to lead my weary foot
To such a blissful home!—I've oft forgot
It was a captive's. Naomi, my wife,
I never fear'd to meet thy loving looks
Till now.

The above, NAOMI.

NAOMI.

So, Imlah, thou'rt return'd:—and thou,
My son, I'll call thee.—Sweet it is to anticipate,
And make the fond tongue thus familiar
With words that it so oft ■ ■ Stay, stay,
Beloved! and I'll call forth, or ere ye enter,
My child, whose welcome will be sweeter to you
Than the cold babbling of her aged mother:—
I had forgot—she went abroad with you.

IMLAH.

Have mercy, Heaven!

NAOMI.

Now, whither is she gone?
To seek for thee the cup of sparkling water
With which she used to lave thy burning brow;
Or gather thee the rosy fruit, that gain'd
Fresh sweetness to thy taste, from that dear hand
That offer'd it. She ever thought—though weary
Herself and wanting food—of ministering
First to the ■ and joy of those she loved.—
Ha! ■ upon thy brow, thy noble brow,
Which I have ■ endure—

IMLAH.

Go in!—no, stay
Without! I cannot venture where some mark
Of her fond duty and officious care,
Will be the first thing mine eyes see.—My wife,
Why dost thou tear thine hair, and clasp thy brain?
I have ■ told thee—

NAOMI.

What hast thou to tell me?
Thou'rt here without her:—thou and this brave youth
Have eyes that burst with tears. She's lost!—she's dead!

Would that she were!

NAOMI.

Unnatural father! wretch,
That hast ■ touch of human pity in thee,
To tell ■ mother thou canst wish her child
Where her fond ■ can never fold her more!—
Oh, Imlah! Imlah! tell me—tell ■ all—
Ye ■ tell ■ more than what I fear.

IMLAH.

They tore her from us, for a paramour
For their false Gods—

'T is ■ thus :—most bless'd

But ■ be made ■ wretched!

IMLAH.

Pardon her,

Oh Lord! oh, ■ can chide on others' lips,
What our ■ burn to utter!

All my care,

My jealous, vigilant, and restless care,
To veil her from the eyes of man, to keep her
Like ■ sweet violet, that the airs of heaven
Scarcely detect in its secluded shade,
All ■ and vain! I ■ proud, ■ think
I had conceal'd ■ treasure from the knowledge
Of ■ rude masters—and I thought how envied
I should return among our barren mothers,
To Salem.

IMLAH.

Dearest! she beheld—she felt
The ■ of Israel's God protecting her.
Thou ■ not think with what a beauteous scorn
Our soft and timorous child o'erawed the spoiler—
How nobly she reproved our fears.

NAOMI.

Poor fool!

To be deluded by those tender arts
She ever used—her only arts—to spare
Our bleeding hearts from knowing when she suffer'd.
What! she look'd fearless, did she? She in the ■
Of sinful men, that trembled at heaven's airs,
When they ■ breathing-o'er her blushing cheek.
And ye—thou, Adonijah, that dost know
Her timorous nature, wert deceived?—cold comfort!
Have ye no better?

IMLAH.

Oh, weep! weep, my wife!

Look ■ upon ■ with those stony eyes!
Oh, think—the cup is bitter, but the Lord
May change it;—think of him that lost so many,
His sons and daughters, at their jocund feast,
All at one blow—and said—God gave, and God
Hath taken away.¹

NAOMI.

■ he but one, like ours;
One that engross'd his undivided love;
One such as ne'er before ■ human heart,
Would he have said so!

Wilt ■ tell me, too,
How Sarah in her old ■ bore a child,
To ■ joy within her desolate house.
Go on—go on—recount each ■ of love,

¹ Job i. 21.

Each merciful miracle, that ■ may know
How gracious God hath been to all—but us.

IMLAH.

Hear her not, God of Israel!—oh, my son!
We ■ distract this frenzy, ■ 't will blight
Heaven's hoped for blessings to ■ barren curse,
And intercept some soft descending mercy.
What shall ■ do?—what say?—to dissipate
Her brooding thoughts? We'll take the harps that hang
Around us, and are us'd to feel the hand
Of ■ trembling on their mournful strings.
When ye demand sweet Sion's songs ■ mock them,
Proud strangers, ■ right hands forget their cunning.
But ye revenge you, wringing from ■ hearts
Sounds that might melt your senseless stones ■ pity.

Oh, thou that will not break the bruised reed,
Nor heap fresh ashes ■ the mourner's brow,
Nor rend anew the wounds that inly bleed,
The only balm of our afflictions thou,
Teach us to bear thy chastening wrath, oh God!
To kiss with quivering lips—still humbly kiss thy rod!

We bless thee, Lord, though far from Judah's land;
Though our worn limbs are black with stripes and
chains;
Though for stern foes we till the burning sand;
And reap, for others' joy, the summer plains;
We bless thee, Lord, for thou art gracious still,
Even though this last black drop o'erflow our cup of ill!

We bless thee for our lost, our beauteous child;
The tears, less bitter, she hath made us weep;
The weary hours her graceful sports have 'guiled,
And the dull cares her voice hath sung to sleep!
She was the dove of hope to our lorn ark;
The only star that made the strangers' sky less dark!

Our dove is fall'n into the spoiler's net;
Rude hands defile her plumes, so chastely white;
To the bereaved their one soft star is set,
And all above is sullen, cheerless night!
But still we thank thee for our transient bliss—
Yet, Lord, to scourge ■ sins remain'd ■ way but this?

As when our Father ■ Mount Moriah led
The blessing's heir, his age's hope and joy,
Pleased, ■ he roam'd along with dancing tread,
Chid his slow sire, the fond, officious boy,
And laugh'd in sport ■ the yellow fire
Climb up the turf-built shrine, his destined funeral
pyre—

Even thus our joyous child went lightly on;
Bashfully sportive, timorously gay,
Her white foot bounded from the pavement stone
Like ■ light bird from off the quiv'ring spray;
And back she glanced, and smiled, in blameless glee,
The cars, and helms, and spears, and mystic dance to see.

By thee, O Lord, the gracious voice ■ sent
That bade the Sire his murderous task forego:
When to his home the child of Abraham went
■ mother's tears had ■ began ■ flow.
Alas! and lurks there, in the thicket's shade,
The victim to replace our lost, devoted maid?

Lord, ■■■ through thee to hope ■■■ now too bold;
 Yet 't ■■■ ■■ doubt thy mercy ■■ despair.
 'T is anguish, yet 't ■■ comfort, faint and cold,
 To think how sad ■■ are, how blest ■■ were!
 To speak of her is wretchedness, and yet
 ■■ were ■■ grief more deep and bitterer to forget!

O Lord ■■ God! why ■■■ she e'er our own?
 Why is she not our own—our treasure still?
 We could have pass'd our heavy years alone.
 Alas! is this to bow us ■■ thy will?
 Ah! even ■■ humblest prayers we make repine,
 Nor prostrate thus on earth, ■■ hearts ■■ thee resign.

Forgive, forgive—even should ■■ full hearts break;
 The broken heart thou wilt not, Lord, despise:
 Ah! thou art still ■■ gracious ■■ forsake,
 Though thy strong hand so heavily chastise.
 Hear all ■■ prayers, hear not ■■ murmurs, Lord;
 And, though ■■ lips rebel, still make thyself adored.

The Front of the Temple.

PRIESTS WITHIN.

Hark! what dancing footsteps fall
 Light before the Temple wall?
 Who are ye that seek to pass
 Through the burnish'd gate of brass?
 Come ye with the gifts of Kings,
 With the peacock's bright-eyed wings?
 With the myrrh and fragrant spice?
 With the spotless sacrifice?
 With the spoils of conquer'd lands?
 With the works of maidens' hands.
 O'er the glittering loom that run,
 Underneath the orient sun?
 Bring ye pearl, or choicest gem,
 From a plunder'd diadem?
 Ivory wand, or ebony
 From the sable Indian tree?
 Purple from the Tyrian shore;
 Amber cup, ■■ coral store,
 From the branching ■■ that grow
 Under the salt sea-water's flow?

PRIESTS, WITH BENINA.

With ■■ fairer gift we come
 To the God's majestic home
 Than the pearls the rich shells weep
 In the Erythrean deep.
 All ■■ store of ebony
 Sparkles in her radiant eye.
 Whiter far her spotless skin
 Than the gauzy vestures thin,
 Bleach'd upon the shores of Nile;
 Grows around no palmy isle
 Coral like her swelling lips,
 Whence the gale its sweetness sips,
 That upon the spice-tree blown
 Seems ■■ fragrance all its own;
 Never yet ■■ fair ■■ maid
 On the bridal couch ■■ laid;
 Never form besem'd ■■ well
 The immortal ■■ of Bel.

PRIESTS, LEADING HER IN.

■■ the dashing fountains cool,
 In the marble vestibule,
 Where the orange branches play,
 Freshen'd by the silver spray,
 Heaven-led virgin, take thy rest,
 While ■■ bear the silken vest
 And the purple robe of pride
 Meet for Bel's expected bride.

ALL THE PRIESTS.

Bridelike now she stands array'd!
 Welcome, welcome, dark-hair'd maid!
 Lead her in, with dancing feet,
 Lead her in, with music sweet,
 With the cymbals' glancing round,
 And the hautboy's silver sound.
 See the golden gates expand,
 And the Priests, on either hand,
 On their faces prone they fall
 Entering the refulgent Hall.
 With the tread that suits thy state,
 Glowing cheek, and look elate,
 With thine high unbending brow,
 Sacred maiden, enter thou.

FIRST PRIEST.

Chosen of Bel, thou stand'st within the Temple,
 Within the first and lowest of our Halls,
 Yet not least sumptuous. On the jasper pavement,
 Each in his deep alcove, Chaldea's Kings
 Stand ■■ their carved pedestals. Behold them!
 Their marble brows still wear the conscious ■■
 Of sovereignty—the mightiest of the dead,
 As of the living. Eminent, in the centre,
 The golden statue (5) stands of Nabonassar,
 That in the plain of Dura, ■■ the sound
 Of harp, and lute, and dulcimer, received
 The homage of the world. The Scythian hills,
 The margin of the Syrian sea, the Isles
 Of Ocean, their adoring tribes cast down;
 And the high sun, at noonday, saw no face
 Of all mankind turn'd upward from the dust,
 Save the imperial brow of Nabonassar,
 That ■■ in lonely loftiness, ■■ now
 Yon awe-crown'd image.

BENINA.

Have ye wrought him too,
 As when he prow'd the plain, th' associate
 Of the brute herd that browsed around, ■■ own'd
 The dread of ■■ superior presence, beat
 By the uncourtly rains and wintry winds
 Upon the undiadem'd head?

■■■■■

Cease, cease, ■■ tempt
 The loving patience of the God too far!
 Advance! and wind along the aspiring stair.

PRIESTS.

Haste! the fading light of day
 Scarce will gild ■■ lofty way.
 Haste, ■■ tremble, tender maid!
 To the sculptur'd balustrade
 Cling not thus with snowy hand;
 None but slaves around thee stand,

On thy footsteps proud to wait:
Hark! the slow-recoiling gate
Opens at our trumpets' call;
Enter, now, our second Hall.

SECOND PRIEST.

Well mayst thou hold thine alabastrer hand,
Through which the rosy light so softly shines,
Before thine eyes, oh! maiden, thou enterest
The Chamber of the Tribute. Here thou seest
The wealth of all the subject world, piled up
In order—from its multitude that seems
Confusion: in each deep, receding vault,
O'er all the spacious pavement, 't is the same;
The flaming gold, and ivory, and the gems—
If all mankind were Kings, enough to crown
Each brow with imperial diadem!

BENINA.

Oh, rapt Isaiah, they not thy words—
How hath she ceased—the golden city ceased!
Will all that wealth but ransom thee an hour,
Or bribe the impartial and undazzled Ruin
One instant suspend its swooping wing?

PRIESTS.

Breathe again the clear blue air;
Mount again the marble stair:
Still mount—on high—on high,
To the exulting harmony!
Hark! the strain of triumph rings
In the Hall of Captive Kings.

THIRD PRIEST.

Now pause again: yon chained images
Are those that ruled the world, or the Lord
Of great Chaldea took the all-ruling sceptre
Into his iron hand, and laid the pride
Of all the kingdoms prostrate at his feet.

BENINA.

King of Judah, thou art there! Thy foes,
In charitable cruelty, did quench
Thy sightless eyes, lest thou shouldst see the dwelling
Which thou hadst changed for Sion's beauteous hill;
Lest thou shouldst more than hear thy sorrowing people
Doom'd by thy sins, and by their own, to bondage.
Thou, Zedekiah, (6) didst desert thy God,
And wert of God deserted;—nor thee
Is given, withdrawn into a foreign grave,
To feel again soft Canaan's fragrant gales
On thy blind brow, almost persuading thee
That, in thy darkness, thou canst still behold
Some once-loved spot, or dim-remember'd scene.
The glad deliverance that comes to Judah
Comes not thee. Alas! to sad Benina,
Oh, gracious God of Abraham, will it come?

PRIESTS.

Maid, again we lift the song;
Thy soft feet have rested long;
Nearer, nearer as we climb
To the highest Hall sublime,
Bride of the Immortal, thee
All the city throngs to see,
Floating, like a snowy dove,
In the azure clouds above.
Lo! the fourth of our abodes,
Chamber of the captive Gods!

BENINA.

Oh, Lord of Hosts! I dare not gaze around me,
Lest in yon heaps of monstrous forms uncouth
The scaly Dagon, and the brute Osiris,
Moon-crown'd Astartè, or the Sun-like Mithra,
Some shape I should behold by the blind Gentile
Worthy to enclose th' Illimitable
That the Heaven and Earth. The Cherubim,
Perchance, are here, behind whose golden wings
Thy fiery presence dwelt, but dwells no more.
I know that danger waits me on yon height,
But thither haste I rather than behold
Profaning Heathens what thou hast glorified.
Lead on—

PRIESTS.

thy journey is past;
Who shall wonder at thine haste:—
Dost not wish for wings to fly
To thy blissful destiny?
Yet, oh tread with footstep light
As the falling dews of night;
Like the gliding serpent creep
Where the gifted Dreamers sleep;
Fold thou close thy fluttering dress,
Even thy panting breath suppress,
Lest some glorious dream we break:—
Lo! 't is vain—they move—they wake!

THE DREAMERS.

Hark! hark! the foot—we hear the trembling foot,
With motion like the dying wind upon a silver lute:
Upon our sleep it came, as soft itself as sleep;
It shone upon our visions like a star upon the deep.

Lo! lo! the form, the graceful form we see
That seem'd, through all the live-long night, before our
eyes to be:
Above, the eyes of sparkling jet, the brow like marble fair;
And down, and o'er the snowy breast, the dark and
wandering hair.

Hark! hark! the song—we hear the bridal song—
Amid the listening stars it flows the sounding heavens
along!
follows the Immortal down from his empyreal sky,
Descending to his mortal bride in full divinity!

BENINA.

What! are your dreams so soft; and ye nought
Of midnight flames, that clomb the palace walls,
And ran along the terrace colonnades,
And pour'd the liquid walls in torrent flames
Of dark asphaltus?—Heard ye not the wail
Of wounded men, and shrieks of flying women;
And the carved Gods dash'd down in cumbrous ruin
On their own shrines?

Great Bel avert the omen!

PRIESTS.

Hurry on, delay;
Shadows darken way;
Only in the hall tread;
Ask of those the stars that read,
Catching every influence
Their all-ruling orbs dispense.

From those silent Prophets bright
That adorn the vault of night,
Watchers of the starry sky,
Know ye, feel ye, who is nigh?

ASTROLOGERS.

What planet rolls its pearly car,
What orb of mild or angry hue?
The star of love, the silver star,
Glides lonely through yon depth of blue.
We see her sailing motion calm;
We hear the music of her sound;
We drink Mylitta's (?) breathing balm,
In odorous clouds distill'd around.
And calm, and musical, and sweet
Is she that star's mild influence leads—
The maid that, with her snowy feet,
Even the sacred pavement treads.

BENINA.

Enough of this! Oh! chaste and quiet stars,
And pure, all things from infecting Earth
Removed, and near the throne of God; whose calm
And beautiful obedience the laws
Of your great Maker is a mute reproach
To the unruly courses of this world,
Would they debase you to the ministers
And guilty favourers of their sinful purpose?

PRIESTS.

Now our toil is all but done;
Now the height is all but won;
By the High Priest's lonely seat,
By Kalassan's still retreat,
Where, in many a brazen fold,
The slumbering Dragon lies outroll'd,
Pass we on, nor pause. Nor thou
Gaze, oh Priest, with wondering brow!
Lovelier though her cheek appears
For her toil and for her tears;
And the bosom's vest beneath
Heaves the quick and panting breath.

KALASSAN.

More beautiful ne'er trod our marble stairs!

PRIESTS.

None!—but still the maid dismiss
To her place of destined bliss:—
That no mortal eye may see—
On! we may not follow thee:
Only with music sweet
We pursue thy mounting feet.
Now, upon the topmost height,
Thou art lost mortal sight!
Lo! the couch beside thee spread,
Where the Heaven-loved maids are wed.
Till the bridal midnight deep
Bow thy head in balmy sleep—
Sleep that shall be sweetly broken
When the God his bride hath woken.

BENINA.

Alone! alone upon this giddy height!
Yet, better thus than by that frantic rout
Encircled: yet a while, and I shall breathe

With freedom. Oh! thou cool, delicious silence,
How grateful art thou to the ears that ring
That wild music's turbulent dissonance!

By slow degrees the starlight face of things
Grows clear around my misty, swimming eyes.
Oh, Babylon! how art thou spread beneath me!
Like wide plain, with rich pavilions set
Mid the dark umbrage of a summer grove.
Like a small rivulet, that from bank to bank
Is ruffled by the sailing cygnet's breast,
Euphrates seems to wind. Oh! thou vast city,
Thus dwindled to our human sight, what art thou
To him that from his throne, above the skies,
Beyond the circuit of the golden Sun,
Views all the subject world!

The parting day

To twilight and the few faint early stars
Hath left the city. On yon western lake
A momentary gleam is lingering still.
Thou 'rt purpling now, O Sun, the vines of Canaan,
And crowning, with rich light, the cedar top
Of Lebanon, where—but oh! without their daughter—
Soon my sad parents shall return. Where are ye,
Beloved? I seek in vain the lonely light
Of dear cabin on Euphrates' side,
Amid yon kindling fires. And have ye quenched it,
That all your dwelling be as darkly sad
As are your childless hearts?—And thou—mine own,
I thought this morn, and called thee—Adonijah,
Art thou, too, thinking of that hour like this;
The balmy, tranquil, and scarce starlight hour,
When the soft Moon had sent her harbinger,
Pale Silence, to foreshow her coming presence;
To hush the winds, and smooth the clouds before her?
That hour, that, with delicious treachery,
The secret from Benina's lips she long'd,
From her full heart, & unburthen? Better, now,
Had it been buried in eternal darkness,
Than thus have kindled hopes that shone so softly—
Were quenched so soon, so utterly.—

Fond heart,

These soft, desponding, yet delightful thoughts,
Must not dissolve thee to mistrust in him
That fill'd thee with fire, and touch'd my lips
With holy scorn of all the wealth and pride
That blazed around my path. Even now I feel
My trembling foot more firm; and, like the eagle's,
Mine eyes familiar with their cloudy height—
What's here?—a hurried tread—

What art thou? speak!

KALASSAN.

The honour'd of the God that honours thee.
Oh, miracle of beauty! I beheld thee,
And strove with my impatient spirit within
To wait th' appointed hour;—but, the pilgrim
Sees the white fountain in the palmy shade,
Nor brooks delay, even thus my thirsty eyes
Demand their instant feast.

BENINA.

Thou shouldst have brought

The sage Diviners unfold the meaning
Of this dark language.

KALASSAN.

Loveliest bashfulness!

Or is it but the sportive ignorance

That laughs beneath the dark and glittering eyelids,
At the delighted dupe of its dissembling?

Peace, and avaunt!

KALASSAN.

O maid! thou **■** **■** **■** beauteous
That yon bright Moon is rising, all in haste,
To gaze on thee, or to display thy grace
To him, that, lost in wonder, scarce hath melted
To love.

The snowy light falls where she treads,
As 't **■** a sacred place! in her loose locks
It wanders, **■** **■** with **■** sense of pleasure!
And trembles on her bosom, that hath caught
Its gentle restlessness, and trembles, too,
Harmonious.

BENINA.

Must **■** endure thee still!

KALASSAN.

And know'st thou not why thou art here; what bliss,
What bridal rapture waits thee?

BENINA.

There are sins
Whose very dread infects the virgin's soul,
Tainting the fountain of her secret thoughts;
I'm here to suffer evil—what, I know not,
But will remain in holy ignorance,
Till my dark hour of trial.

KALASSAN.

Hast thou never,
Soft maid, when fervid **■** bathes all the world
In silence, in thy fond and wandering thoughts,
Beheld a noble bridegroom seated near thee,
And heard him, 'mid sweet falls of marriage music,
Whispering what made thy pale cheek burn?

BENINA.

Away!—

And **■** he see my tears? and think **■** weak,
And of my God abandon'd!

KALASSAN.

Lo! the couch
Bestrewn with flowers, whose fragrance and whose hues
■ not have faded, **■** great **■** **■** down
Beneath **■** dimly canopied alcove—

There 's that within thy words I ought **■** fear:
■ it should seem, that with the earth I've left
All earthly fears beneath me. I defy
Thee and thy Gods alike.

KALASSAN.

Alike in truth;
For sometimes doth the Mightiest not disdain
To veil his glories in **■** mortal shape,
Even great Kalassan's. Look on me, and say
If he could chuse **■** nobler.

BENINA.

What! and fear'st not
Thine own false Gods—thou worse than idol worshipper?
Why even the senseless wood and **■** might wake
To indignation, and their fiery vengeance
Break forth from Heaven. Alas! and what have they,
Whose name thou dost usurp **■** cloak thy sin,
To do with Heaven **■** than thy loathsome self?

■

Thine eyes, albeit so full of scorn, survey not
My form in vain. I **■** thee, Maid, I tread

This earth so conscious that the best of Deity,
The power and majesty reside within me,
That I but stoop to win myself **■** bride
Beneath another name: here 'mid the clouds
I stand, as in mine own appropriate place.

BENINA.

The darkest pit of Tophet **■** too light
For thine offence.

KALASSAN.

Oh! soft and musical voice,
Art thou **■** lavish of injurious words?
Erewhile thou 'lt be as prodigal of fondness;
So **■** prepare thee: ere two hours are past
Thou wedd'st Kalassan, or Kalassan's God,
Or both, or either, which thou wilt. Farewell
A little while: but I beseech thee, **■**
When I **■** this soft becoming pride;
Nor imitate, as yet, the **■** slaves
That weary with officious tenderness.
Be as thou seem'st, **■** kindred spirit with mine,
And we will **■** like eagles in the Heavens,
And give **■** children **■** immortal heritage
To bathe their plumage in the fiery **■**

BENINA (alone).

Did the earth bear thee, monster! or art thou
Th' Eternal Enemy in the human shape?
Oh! 't is the innocent's best security,
That the unrighteous pluck the thunderbolt
With such resistless violence on their heads.
Lord of the insulted Heavens! thou canst not strike
This impious man, without delivering me;
Me, else unworthy of thy gracious mercy.

But lo! what blaze of light beneath **■** spreads
O'er the wide city. Like yon galaxy
Above mine head, each long and spacious street
Becomes a line of silver light, the trees
In all their silent avenues break out
In flowers of fire. But chief around the Palace
Whitens the glowing splendour; every court
That lay in misty dimness indistinct,
Is traced by pillars and high architraves
Of crystal lamps that tremble in the wind:
Each portal arch gleams like an earthly rainbow,
And o'er the front spreads one entablature
Of living gems of every hue, **■** bright
That the pale Moon, in virgin modesty,
Retreating from the dazzling and the tumult,
Afar upon the distant plain reposes
Her **■** beams, or on the bosom
Of the blue river, **■** it reach the walls.
Hark! too, the sounds of revelry and song
Upon the pinions of the breeze come up
Even to this height. No eye is closed in sleep;
None in vast Babylon but wakes to joy—
None—none is sad and desolate but I.
Yet over all, I know not whence **■** how,
A dim oppression loads the air, and sounds
As of vast wings do somewhere **■** to brood
And hover on the winds; and I that most
Should tremble for myself, the appointed prey
Of sin, am bow'd, as with enforced compassion,
To think on **■** not mine own, to weep
O'er those whose laughter and whose song upbraids
My prodigality of mis-spent pity.

I will go rest, **■** rest it may be call'd—
Not, Adonijah—not **■** think of thee.

Oh! bear a brief unwilling banishment
From thine own home, my heart; I cannot cope
With thy subduing image, and be strong.

CHORUS OF BABYLONIANS BEFORE THE PALACE.

Awake! awake! put on thy garb of pride,
Array thee like a sumptuous royal bride,
O festal Babylon!
Lady, whose ivory throne
Is by the side of many azure waters!
In floating dance, like birds upon the wing,
Send tinkling forth thy silver-sandal'd daughters;
Send in the solemn march,
Beneath each portal arch,
Thy rich-robed lords to crowd the banquet of their King.

They come! they come from both the illumined shores;
Down each long street the festive tumult pours;
Along the waters dark
Shoots many a gleaming bark,
Like stars along the midnight welkin flashing,
And galleys, with their masts enwreath'd with light,
From their quick oars the kindling waters dashing;
In one long moving line
Along the bridge they shine,
And with their glad disturbance wake the peaceful night.

Hang forth, hang forth, in all your avenues,
The arching lamps of more than rainbow hues,
Oh! gardens of delight!
With the cool airs of night
Are lightly waved your silver-foliaged trees,
The deep-embower'd yet glowing blaze prolong
Height above height the lofty terraces;
Seeing this new day-break,
The nestling birds awake,
The nightingale hath hush'd her sweet untimely song.

Lift up, lift up your golden-valved doors,
Spread to the glittering dance your marble floors,
Palace! whose spacious halls,
And far-receding walls,
Are hung with purple like the morning skies;
And all the living luxuries of sound
Pour from the long outstretching galleries;
Down every colonnade
The sumptuous board is laid,
With golden cups and lamps and bossy chargers crown'd.

They haste, they haste! the high-crown'd rulers stand,
Each with his sceptre in his kingly hand;
The bearded Elders sage,
Though pale with thought and age;
Those through whose bounteous and unfailing hands
The tributary streams of treasure flow
From the rich bounds of earth's remotest lands;
All but the pomp and pride
Of battle laid aside,
Chaldea's Captains stand in many a glittering row.

They glide, they glide! each, like an antelope,
Bounding in beauty on a sunny slope,
With full and speaking eyes,
And graceful necks that rise

O'er snowy bosoms in their emulous pride,
The chosen of earth's choicest loveliness;
Some with the veil thrown timidly aside,
Some boastful and elate
In their majestic state
Whose bridal bed Belshazzar's self hath deign'd to bless.

Come forth! come forth! and crown the peerless feast,
Thou whose high birthright was the effulgent east!
On th' ivory seat alone,
Monarch of Babylon!
Survey the interminable wilderness
Of splendour, stretching far beyond the sight;
Nought but thy presence wants there now to bless:
The music waits for thee,
Its fount of harmony,
Transcending glory thou of this thrice-glorious night!

Behold! behold! each gem-crown'd forehead proud
And every plume and crested helm is how'd,
Each high-arch'd vault along
Breaks out the blaze of song,
Belshazzar comes! nor Bel, when he returns
From riding on his stormy thunder-cloud,
To where his bright celestial palace burns,
Alights with loftier tread,
More full of stately dread,
While under his fix'd feet the loaded skies are how'd.

The Hall of Banquet.

CHORUS.

Mightiest of the sons of man!
The lion in his forest lair,
The eagle in the fields of air,
Amid the tumbling waves Leviathan,
In power without or peer or mate,
Hold their inviolable state:
Alone Belshazzar stands on earth,
Pre-eminent o'er all of human birth,
Mightiest of the sons of man!

Richest of the sons of man!
For thee the mountains teem with gold,
The spicy groves their bloom unfold,
The bird of beauty bears its feathery fan,
And amber paves the yellow seas,
And spread the branching coral-trees,
Nor shrouds the mine its deepest gem,
Ambitions to adorn Belshazzar's diadem,
Richest of the sons of man!

Fairest of the ~~sons~~ of man!
Tall as the cedar towers thine head,
And fleet and terrible thy tread,
As the strong coursers in the battle's van;
An Eden blooms upon thy face;
Like music, thy majestic grace
Holds the mute gazel's breath suppress'd,
And makes a tumult in the wondering breast,
Fairest of the sons of man!

Noblest of the sons of man!
The first a kingly rule that won,
Wide as the journey of the sun,
From Nimrod thine high-sceptred race began;

And gathering splendour still, went down
From sire to ■■■ the eternal crown,
Till full on great Belshazzar's crest
Its high meridian glory shone confest,—
Noblest of the ■■■ of man!

Happiest of the ■■■ of man!
In wine, in revel, and in joy
Was softly nursed the imperial boy;
His golden years like Indian rivers ran,
And every rapturous hour surpass
The glowing rapture of the last,
Even till the plenitude of bliss
Did overflow and centre all in this,
Happiest of the sons of man!

SABARIS.

Peace! peace! the king vouchsafes his gracious speech.
Sit ye like statues silent! ye have quaff'd
The liquid gladness of the blood-red wine,
And ye have eaten of the golden fruits
That the sun ripens but for kingly lips,
And now ye are about to feast your ■■■
With great Belshazzar's voice.

ARIOCH.

The crowded hall
Suspense, and prescient of the coming joy,
Is silent as the cloudless summer skies.

BELSHAZZAR.

Oh ye, assembled Babylon! fair youths
And hoary Elders, Warriors, Counsellors,
And bright-eyed Women, down my festal board
Reclining! oh ye thousand living men,
Do ye not hold your charter'd breath from me?
And I can plunge your souls in wine and joy;
Or by a word, a look, dismiss you all
To darkness and to shame: yet, are ye not
Proud of the slavery that thus enthrals you?
What king, what ruler over subject ■■■
Or was, or is, or shall be like Belshazzar!
I summon from their graves the sceptred dead
Of elder days, to see their shame. I cry
Unto the cloudy Past, unfold the thrones
That glorified the younger world: I call
To the dim Future—lift thy veil and show
The destined lords of human kind: they rise,
They bow their veil'd heads to the dust, and own
The throne whereon Chaldea's Monarch sits,
The height and pinnacle of human glory.

Oh Ancient cities, o'er whose streets the grass
Is green, whose name hath wither'd from the face
Of earth! Oh ye by rich o'erflowing Nile,
Memphis, and hundred-gated Thebes—and thou,
Assyrian Nineveh, and ye golden towers
That redden o'er the Indian streams, what are ye
To Babylon—Eternal Babylon!

That's girt with bulwarks strong ■■■ adamant,
O'er whom Euphrates' restless ■■■ keep watch,
That, like the high and everlasting Heavens,
Grows old, yet not less glorious? Yes, to you
I turn, oh azure-curtain'd palaces!
Whose lamps are stars, whose music, the sweet motion
Of your ■■■ spheres, in whom the banqueters
Are Gods, nor fear my Babylonian halls
Even with your splendours to compare.

Bring wine!

I ■■■ your souls are jocund ■■■ mine own:
Pour in yon vessels of the Hebrews' God
Belshazzar's beverage—pour it high. Hear, earth!
Hear, Heaven! my proud defiance!—Oh, what man,
What God—

SABARIS, AND MANY VOICES.

The king! the king! look to the king!

ARIOCH.

Where? I can ■■■ nor king nor people—nothing
But a bewildering, red, and gloom-like light
That swallows up the fiery canopy
Of lamps.

SABARIS.

Hath blindness smitten thee?

ARIOCH.

I know not;

But all things swim around ■■■ in a darkness
That dazzles—

SABARIS.

See, his shuddering joints are loosen'd,
And his knees smite each other: such a face
Is ■■■ in tombs:—what means it?

ARIOCH.

See'st not thou

That taunted'st me but now—upon the wall
There—there—it moves—

BELSHAZZAR.

Oh dark and bodiless hand,
What art thou—thus upon my palace wall
Gliding in shadowy, slow, gigantic blackness?
Lo! fiery letters, where it moves, break out:
'T is there—'t is gone:—'t is there again—no, nought
But those strange characters of flame, that burn
Upon the unkindled wall:—I cannot read them—
Can ye?

I see your quivering lips that speak not—
Sabaris—Arioch—Captains—Elders—all
As pale and horror-stricken ■■■ myself!
Are there ■■■ wiser? Call ye forth the Dreamers,
And those that read the stars, and every priest,
And he that shall interpret best shall wear
The scarlet robe and chain of gold, and sit
Third ruler of my realm. Away!—No—leave me not
To gaze alone;—alone, on those pale signs
Of destiny—the unextinguishable,
The indelible—Strew, strew my couch where best
I may behold what sears my burning eyeballs
To gaze on—and the cold blood round my heart
To stand, like snow. No—ache mine eyes, and quiver
My palsied limbs—I cannot turn away—
Here ■■■ I bound ■■■ by thrice-linked brass,
Here, till the burthen of mine ignorance
Be from my loaded soul taken off, in silence
Deep as the midnight round a place of tombs.

The Summit of the Temple.

BENINA.

How long, O Lord! how long ■■■ I endure
This restlessness of danger?—I have wish'd
That even the worst ■■■ come, I am ■■■ sick
And weary with suspense: I have sate and gazed
Upon the silent moon, ■■■ she pursued
Her journey to yon blue celestial height.
Pilgrim of Heaven! the white translucent clouds,
Through which she wanders, fall away, nor leave

A taint upon her spotless orb: Shall I,
O Lord! emerge in purity ■ stainless
From the dark clouds that dim mine earthly course?
And sometimes as ■ whispering sound came up,
Though but the voice of ■ light breathing wind
Along the stair, I felt my trembling heart,
And I grew guilty of a timorous doubt
In Him, whose guardian hand is o'er me.

Hark!

Hark! all around—above—beneath—it bursts,
The long deep roll of— in yon cloudless skies:
It cannot be God's thunder, and the fires,
Blue as the sulphurous lightning, rise from earth,
Not Heaven. Oh madly impious! dare ye thus
Mimic the all-destroying arms that rage
Against the guilty? the vast temple shakes,
And all the clouded atmosphere is red
With the hell-born tempest—like to rushing chariots
Upon a stony way, like some vast forest
Ablaze with ■ heaven-kindled conflagration,
It comes, it comes—as in ■ tent of clouds,
Rent at each moment by the flashing light,
The gloom rolls back—it bursts. Speak!—who art thou,
Whose robes are woven as from the starry Heavens?
What means that sceptre, and the wreaths, like mist,
That turban thy dusk brow?—I know thee now—
I see it grow into a hideous likeness—
Kalassan!

KALASSAN.

Oh most sweet humility,
That doth disdain the modest palliation
Of being a Deity's enforced bride;
Her fond detection pierces every veil,
And springs in raptures to her mortal lover.

BENINA.

Oh can I wonder that thou dost belie
The innocent helpless virgin, when thy falsehood
Aspires with frantic blasphemy 't attain
The immaculate Heavens?

KALASSAN.

Roll on! I say, roll on
My bridal music! the ear-stunning tambour—
Blaze forth my marriage fires!

BENINA.

Avaunt!—My cries—

KALASSAN.

Thy cries! Thou mightst ■ well, on Taurus' brow
Call to the shipman ■ the Caspian Sea!
See'st thou how far thou art from earth?

BENINA.

See'st thou

How ■ to Heaven?

KALASSAN.

To Heaven! behold the stars
Pierce not the cool pavilion, where soft Darkness,
Our handmaid, hangs her nuptial canopy,
At times illumin'd by the flashing light
That loves to linger on thy kindling beauty.

BENINA.

'T is ■ he says!—nor sound, ■ gleam of succour—
Thy bride—oh, Adonijah!—ah, ■ bride
Of thine!—lost—lost to thee—would 't were by death!
Is 't for the sin of loving thee too fondly
I am deserted!—Spare me, Man of Terror,
■ prayers for thee (they say, God loves the prayers

Of the undefiled) shall rise as constantly
As summer-dews at eve.

KALASSAN.

Now louder! louder!

Let there be triumph in your martial sounds.

BENINA.

Oh God! oh God! I have condemn'd myself,
And fallen from the faith. Ah, not for me!
For thine own glory suffer not the Heathen
To boast of—Ha!—all silence, and all gloom—
I tremble—but he trembles too—

KALASSAN.

With wrath!

Slaves, wherefore have ye quench'd mine earthly light,
And still'd my storm?

VOICE BELOW.

Kalassan!

KALASSAN.

Slaves!

VOICE.

Kalassan!

Thou 'rt call'd—

VOICE.

Kalassan! to Belshazzar's presence
We are summon'd:—Priest, Diviner, Seer, thyself;—
■ thou delay'st, stern Arioch's sword must sever
The disobedient head!

BENINA.

With tears, not words,
I bless thee, Lord!

KALASSAN.

Is this thy God?

BENINA.

My God,

In his omnipotence, doth make the wrath
Of hurricanes and desolating fires
His ministers—why ■ the breath of Kings?

KALASSAN.

The hour will come in which to tame thy scorn!

BENINA.

The hour is come that frees ■ from thy presence:
Haste, haste—

VOICE.

Kalassan!

KALASSAN.

Slaves! I ■

BENINA.

Away!

Thou 'lt pardon ■ my fond solicitude,
Impatient of thy lingering.

KALASSAN.

Fare thee well

Till I return.

Till thou return'st—He's gone!

I did not think that I could hear his tread,
His angry tread, with such ■ deep delight.
Oh! my fond parents! when ■ meet again,
We shall not meet with strange, averted looks:
Ye will not, in sad pity, take me back
A shamed and blighted child to your cold bosoms.
And thou, betroth'd, beloved—I shall endure
To stand before thy face, nor wish the earth
To shroud me from thine unrepenting gaze;
For were I all I fear'd, thou hadst ne'er reproach'd me!

And oh, sweet Siloe! oh, my Fathers' land!
Land where the feet may wander where they will—
Land where the heart may love without a fear!
I feel that I shall tread thee; for the Lord
Pours not his mercies in a sparing measure.
This is the earnest of his love—the seal
With which he marks us for his own, his blest,
His ransom'd! Oh! fair Zion, lift thou up
Thy crown, that glitters to the morning Sun!
They come—thy lost thy banish'd children come—
And thy streets rise to sounds of melody!

The Hall of Banquet, with the Fiery Letters on the Wall.

ARIOCH.

Hath the King spoken?

SABARIS.

Not a word; as now,

He hath sat, with eyes that strive to grow familiar
With those red characters of fire: but still
The agony of terror hath not pass'd
From his chill frame. But, if a word, a step,
A motion, from those multitudes reclined
Down each long festal board; the bursting string
Of some shrill instrument; or even the wind,
Whispering amid the plumes and shaking lamps,
Disturb him—by some mute, imperious gesture,
Or by his brow's stern anger, he commands
All the vast Halls to silence.

ARIOCH.

Peace! he hears

Our murmur'd speech.

SABARIS.

No.

ARIOCH.

Did ye not observe him,

When his hand fell upon the all-ruling sceptre,
The bitter and self-mocking laugh that pass'd
O'er his pale cheek?

SABARIS.

His lips move, but he speaks not!

All still again——

ARIOCH.

They are here:—the Priests and Seers;
Their snowy garments sweep the Hall.

SABARIS.

Behold!

He motions them to advance and to retreat
At once—and pants, yet shudders, to demand
Their answer.

BELSHAZZAR.

Oh! Chaldea's worshipp'd Sages—

Oh! of wisdom, that have pass'd your years—
Your long and quiet, solitary years,
In tracing the dim sources of th' events
That agitate this world of man—oh! ye
That in the tongues of every clime discourse;
Ye that hold converse with the eternal stars,
And in their calm prophetic courses, read
The destinies of empires; ye whose dreams
Are throng'd with the predestined images
Of things that are to be; to whom the Fates
Unfold their secret councils; to whose sight
The darkness of Futurity withdraws,
And one vast Present fills all Time—behold

Yon burning characters! and read, and say
Why the dark Destinies have hung their sentence
Thus visible to the sight, but to the mind
Unsearchable?—Ye have heard the rich reward;
And I but wait to see whose neck shall wear
The chain of glory——

Ha! each pale fallen lip

Voiceless! and each upon the other turns

And questioning looks.—Kallassan! thou
Art like the rest, and gazest on thy fellows
In blank and sullen ignorance.—Spurn them forth!
Ye wise! ye learned! ye with Fate's mysteries
Entrusted! Spurn, I say, and trample on them!
Let them be outcast to the scorn of slaves?
Let children pluck their beards, and every voice
Hoot at them as they pass!

Despair! Despair!

This is thy palace now! No throne, no couch
Beseems the King, whose doom is on his walls
Emblaz'd—yet whose vast empire finds not one
Whose faithful love can show its mystic import!
Low to the dust, upon the pavement stone,
Belshazzar takes his rest!—Ye hosts of slaves,
Behold your King! the Lord of Babylon!—
Speak not—for he that speaks, in other words
But to expound those fiery characters,
Shall ne'er speak more!

NITOCRIS (entering).

As thou didst give command,

My son, I'm here to see the all-glorious feast
That shames the earth, and copes with Heaven!

Great Powers!

Is't thus? Oh! look not with that mute reproach,
More terrible than anger, on thy mother!
Oh, pardon my rash taunts!—my son! my son!
Thou art but now the beauteous, smiling child,
That from my bosom drank the flowing life;
By whom I've pass'd so many sleepless nights
In deeper joy than slumber e'er could give!
The sole refreshment of my weary spirit
To gaze on thee!—Alas! 't was all my crime:—
I gave to thy young lips the mantling cup
Of luxury and pride; I taught thee first
That the wide earth was made for thee, and man
Born for thy uses!

BELSHAZZAR.

Find me who will read it,

And thou wilt give me, then, a life more precious
Than that I received of thee.

NITOCRIS.

'T was he;

I saw him as I pass'd along the courts,
The Hebrew, that, when visions of the night
Shook the imperial soul of Nabonassar,
Like one to whom the dimly-peopled realms
Of sleep were clear to the bright noontide Heavens,
Spoke——

BELSHAZZAR.

With the speed of lightning call him hither.

No more, my mother—till he comes, no more.

ARIOCH.

King of the world, he's here.

BELSHAZZAR.

Not yet! not yet!

Delay him! hold him back!—My soul's not strung
To the dire knowledge.

Up the voiceless hall
He moves; nor doth the white and ashen fear,
That paints all faces, change one line of his.
Audacious slave! walks he erect and firm,
When kings ■ groveling on the earth?—Give place!
Why do ye crowd around him? Back! I say.
Is your king heard—or hath he ceased to rule?

NITOCRIS.

Alas! my son, fear levels kings and slaves.

BELSHAZZAR.

Art thou that Daniel of the Hebrew race,
In whom the excellence of wisdom dwells
As in the Gods? I have heard thy fame;—behold
Yon mystic letters, flaming on the wall,
That, in the darkness of their fateful import,
Baffle the wisest of Chaldea's sages!
Read, and interpret; and the satrap robe
Of scarlet shall invest thy limbs; the chain
Of gold adorn thy neck; and all the world
Own thee third ruler of Chaldea's realm!

DANIEL.

Belshazzar, be thy gifts unto thyself,
And thy rewards to others. I, the servant
Of God, will read God's writing to the King.
The Lord of Hosts to thy great Ancestor,
To Nabonassar, gave the all-ruling sceptre
O'er all the nations, kingdoms, languages;
Lord paramount of life and death, he slew
Where'er he will'd; and where he will'd men lived;
His word exalted, and his word debased;
And ■ his heart swell'd up; and, in its pride,
Arose ■ Heaven! But then the Lord of earth
Became an outcast from the ■ of men—
Companion of the browsing beasts! the dew
Of night fell cold upon his crownless brow.
And the wild asses of the desert fed
Round their unenvied peer! And ■ he knew
That God is Sovereign o'er earth's sceptred Lords.
But thou, his son, unwarn'd, untaught, untamed,
Belshazzar, hast arisen against the Lord,
And in the vessels of his house hast quaff'd
Profane libations, 'mid thy slaves and women,
To gods of gold, and stone, and wood; and laugh'd
The King of Kings, the God of Gods, to scorn.
Now hear the words, and hear their secret meaning—
• Number'd! twice « Number'd! Weigh'd! Divided! •

King,

Thy reign is number'd, and thyself art weigh'd,
And wanting in the balance, and thy realm
Sever'd, and to the conquering Persian given!

ARIOCH.

What vengeance will he wreak? The pit of lions—
The stake—

BELSHAZZAR.

Go—lead the Hebrew forth, array'd

In the proud robe, let all the city hail
The honour'd of Belshazzar. Oh! not long
Will that imperial name command your awe!
And, oh! ye bright and festal halls, whose vaults
Were full of sweet sounds ■ the summer groves,
Must ye be changed for chambers, where no tone
Of music sounds, nor melody of harp,
Or lute, or woman's melting voice?—My mother!—
And how shall we two meet the coming ruin?
In arms! thou say'st; but with what arms, to front
The Invisible, that in the silent air

Wars ■ us? Shall we seek ■ place of silence,
Where the cold cypress shades our Fathers' tombs,
And grow familiar with the abode of Death?

And yet how calm, how fragrant, how serene
The night!—When empires fall, and Fate thrusts down
The monarchs from their ancient thrones, 't is said,
The red ■ meet, with ominous, hostile fires;
And the dark vault of Heaven flames all across
With meteors; and the conscious earth is rock'd;
And foaming rivers burst their shores! But now,
Save in my soul, there is no prescient dread:—
Nought but my fear-struck brow is dark and sad,
All sleeps in moonlight silence: ye can wave,
Oh happy gardens! in the cool night air
Your playful branches; ye ■ rise to Heaven,
And glitter, my unconscious palace-towers;
No gliding hand, no Prophet's voice, to you
Hath rent the veil that hides the awful future!
Well, we'll go rest once more on kingly couches,
My mother, and we'll wake and feel that earth
Still trembles at our nod, and see the slaves
Reading their fate in our imperial looks!
And then—and then—Ye Gods! that I had still
Nought but my shuddering and distracting fears;
That those dread letters might resume once more
Their dark and unintelligible brightness;
Or that 't were o'er, and I and Babylon
Were—what a few short days or hours will make us!

Above the City.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL.

The hour is come! the hour is come! With voice
Heard in thy inmost soul, I summon thee,
Cyrus, the Lord's anointed! And thou River,
That flow'st exulting in thy proud approach
To Babylon, beneath whose shadowy walls
And brazen gates, and gilded palaces,
And groves, that gleam with marble obelisks,
Thy azure bosom shall repose, with lights
Fretted and chequer'd like the starry heavens:
I do arrest thee in thy stately course,
By Him that pour'd thee from thine ancient fountain,
And sent thee forth, even at the birth of Time,
One of his holy streams, to lave the mounts
Of Paradise. Thou hear'st me: thou dost check
Abrupt thy waters, ■ the Arab chief
His headlong squadrons. Where the unobserved
Yet toiling Persian breaks the ruining mound,
I see thee gather thy tumultuous strength;
And, through the deep and roaring Naharmalcha, (8)
Roll on, as proudly conscious of fulfilling
The Omnipotent command! While, far away,
The lake, that slept but now ■ calm, nor moved
Save by the rippling moonshine, heaves on high
Its foaming surface, like ■ whirlpool gulf,
And boils and whitens with the unwonted tide.

But silent ■ thy billows used to flow,
And terrible the hosts of Elam move,
Winding their darksome way profound, where man
Ne'er trod, ■ light e'er shone, nor air from Heav'n
Breathed. Oh! ye secret and unfathom'd depths,
How ■ ye ■ a smooth and royal way
For th' army of God's vengeance! Fellow slaves,
And ministers of the Eternal purpose,
Not guided by the treacherous injured ■

Of Babylon, but by my mightier arm,
 Ye come, and spread your banners, and display
 Your glittering arms as ye advance, all white
 Beneath th' admiring moon. Come on! the gates
 Are open—not for banqueters in blood
 Like you!—I am on either side o'erflow
 The living deluge of arm'd men, and cry
 Begin, begin, with fire and sword begin
 The work of wrath. Upon my shadowy wings
 I pause and float a little while to see
 Mine human instruments fulfil my task
 Of final ruin. Then I mount, I fly,
 And sing my proud song, as I ride the clouds,
 That stars may hear, and all the hosts of worlds,
 That live along the interminable space,
 Take up Jehovah's everlasting triumph!

The Streets of Babylon.

ADONIJAH, IMLAH.

ADONIJAH.

Imlah! this way he motion'd me to pass.

IMLAH.

My son! (alas! I ever call thee son,
 Though my old childless heart but bleeds the more
 At that fond name), the broad Euphrates lies
 That way, nor boat nor bark is wont to moor
 By that inhospitable pier; he meant
 Toward the Temple—that way leads not thither.

ADONIJAH.

Father, the Lord will make a way, where'er
 His Prophets do direct our feet. Thou saw'st not
 As I; they led him at the king's command
 Along the streets, in scarlet clad, and made
 Their trumpets clamour, and their voices shout
 Before great Daniel; but it seem'd he mark'd
 Nor trumpet sound, nor voice of man: the garb,
 Th' array, the triumph touch'd not him: he held
 A strange, elate, and voiceless intercourse
 With some dark being in the clouds; for now
 I saw him, as the torches shone upon him—
 His brow like some crown'd warrior's, when his hosts
 Are spreading, in their arm'd magnificence,
 Over a conquer'd realm; and now he seem'd
 To count impatient the slow time; and now
 He look'd, where in the distant darkness rose
 The Temple, now where still the palace shone
 With its rich festal light, as though he watch'd
 And listen'd for some earthquake to o'erthrow them.
 His ominous looks were terrible with ruin;
 The majesty of God's triumphant vengeance
 Was in his tread: even thus the Patriarch look'd,
 When, mounting in his ark, he saw the deluge
 Come sweeping o'er the doom'd yet heedless world.
 Something, be sure, the hand of God prepares
 To rescue, to revenge.

IMLAH.

Too late! too late!

Oh that last night!

ADONIJAH.

My father!

IMLAH.

Thou art right;

'T was rashly, madly spoken—but my spirit
 Was wrung almost to find a deadly pleasure

In madly uttering what the heart abhors.
 I'll go with thee.

ADONIJAH.

He motion'd me alone.

IMLAH.

He did—and he must be obey'd: farewell,
 Dear youth—dear son! if thou shouldst meet with her
 Cast forth in scorn, and groveling on the earth,
 Chide her not, Adonijah—speak not to her,
 Lest thy compassion seem to mock her shame:
 But, pray thee, lead her to the old man's home—
 To the old man's heart, that will not love her less,
 Though his love have less of pride and more of sorrow,
 Farewell, and prosper!

I'll go wander on

Through the dusk streets. Poor Naomi! I left thee,
 Thy wretchedness had wrought its own relief,
 Asleep. Oh thou, if thou shouldst never wake,
 Thrice bless'd. Beloved, I should mourn for thee,
 But envy while I mourn'd.

Great King of vengeance,

God of my fathers! thou art here at length.
 Behold! behold! from every street the flames
 Burst out, and armed men, proud conquering men,
 Move in the blaze they've kindled to destroy.
 Are ye the avenging Spirits of the Lord,
 Descended on the blast, and clouding o'er
 The Heavens, as ye come down, with that red cope
 Deeper than lightning? No—it is the Mede,
 The ravaging, the slaughtering, merciless Mede.
 This way they fly, with shrieks, and clashing arms,
 And multitudes that choke th' impassable streets,
 Till the fierce conqueror hew his ruthless way.
 Shall I fly? and wherefore? Oh! waste
 And burn, triumphant stranger! trample down
 Master and slave alike!—there is one house
 Thou canst make more desolate: thou canst not
 Pour ills on any of these guilty roofs,
 So hateful as have burst on mine.—Who comes?

NITOCRIS, IMLAH.

NITOCRIS.

My son! my son! I heard the cries—I saw
 The flames; I rush'd through all the shrieking palace
 To seek him—and I found him not; and sprang
 To find him, where I thought not, where I knew not.
 One moment do I plunge into the gloom
 Of some dark court, to shun the foe—the next,
 I bless the angry and destroying light,
 Because I think it may disclose the face,
 The beauteous face of mine Imperial Boy.
 I've pass'd by widows, and by frantic mothers,
 That howl and tear their hair o'er their dead children:
 I cannot find my child, even to perform
 That last sad duty of my love—to mourn him.
 I've cried aloud, and told them I'm their queen;
 They grieve me, and mock me with their pity,
 Showing that queens can be as desolate
 As slaves: and sometimes have I paused and stoop'd
 O'er dying faces, with a hideous hope
 Of seeing my son! I dare not cry Belshazzar,
 Lest he should hear me, and dash forth and meet
 The slaughtering sword. Ye Gods! his very beauty
 And majesty will mark him out for slaughter:
 And the fierce Persian, that in weary pride
 May dash his flesh his sword on meaner heads,

Will win himself ■ everlasting glory,
By slaying th' unarm'd, the succourless Belshazzar.
Here's one—hast seen him? Slave, I'll give thee gold,
I'll give thee kingdoms—ah! what gold or kingdoms
Hath the sad queen of captive Babylon
To give? but thou hast haply known the love
That parents bear to those who have been a part
Of their own selves; whose lives are twined with theirs
So subtly, that 't were ■ than death to part them.
Hast seen the king—my son—the pride of kings—
My peerless son?

IMLAN.

I had a child this morn,
Beautiful as the doe upon the mountains,
Pure as the crystal of the brook she drinks;
And when they rent her from her father's heart,
To death—oh no!—to deeper woe than death,
The queen of Babylon swept proudly by,
Nor stoop'd to waste her pity on the childless.

NITOCRIS.

Oh ye just Gods! but cruel in your justice!
And ■ met ye more?

IMLAN.

No more!

NITOCRIS.

Great Heaven!

I own your equal hand: the bitter chalice
That we have given to others' lips, our own
Must ■ the dregs drink out. So, never more
Shall I behold thee—not to wind thy corpse—
To pour sweet ointments on thy clay-cold limbs.
Alas! and what did Nabonassar's daughter
In the dark streets alone? when there were ■
To rally, arms to array—my voice, my look,
The hereditary terror that is said
To dwell on mine imperial brow, had pour'd
Dismay and flight upon the conquering Mede.
Semiramis, for empire, cast away
The woman, and went forth in brazen arms.
I could not for my son!

My naked feet

Bleed where I move; and on my crownless head
(For what have I to do with crowns?) beat cold
The chilling elements; till but now I felt not
My loose, and thin, and insufficient raiment.
Well, there's enough to shroud the dead; and thee
To colder nakedness, my son! my son!
The spoiler will have stripp'd—

IMLAN.

God pardon me

For taunting her distress! Rest here, oh queen!
Under this low and wretched roof thou art safe;
The plunderer wars upon the gilded palace,
Not the base hovel. There's ■ mother there
As sad ■ thou, and sleep may be as merciful
To thee ■ her.

NITOCRIS.

Sleep! sleep! with Babylon
In flames around me; Nabonassar's realm,
The city of earth's sovereigns rushing down,
The pride of countless ages, and the glory,
By generations of triumphant kings
Rear'd up—my sire's, my husband's, and my son's,
And mine ■ stately birth-place perishing:
The ■ gardens of my joy cut down;
The ivory chambers of my luxury,

Where I was wed, and bore my beauteous son,
How'd through by strangers! No—I'll on, and find
Death or my son, or both! My glorious city!
My old ancestral throne! thou'lt still afford
A burial fire. I've lived a queen, the daughter
Of kings, the wife, the mother—and will die
Queen-like, with Babylon for my funeral pile!

Before the Temple.

BENINA.

Oh thou dread night! what new and awful signs
Crowd thy portentous hours, so calm in heav'n,
With all thy stars and full-orb'd ■ serene
Sleeping on crystal and pellucid clouds!
How terrible on earth! as I rush'd down
The vacant stair, nor heard a living sound,
Save mine own bounding footstep, all at once
Methought Euphrates' rolling waters sank
Into the earth; the gilded galleys rock'd,
And plunged and settled in the sandy depths;
And the tall bridge upon its lengthening pier
Seem'd to bestride a dark, unfathom'd gulf.
Then, where blue waters and the ivory decks
Of royal vessels, and their silver prows,
Reflected the bright lights of heav'n, they shone
Upon the glancing armour, helms, and spears
Of ■ vast army: then the stone-paved walls
Rang with the weight of chariots, and the gates
Of brass fell down with ponderous clang: then sank
O'er the vast city one sepulchral silence,
As though the wondering conqueror scarce believed
His easy triumph. But ye revellers
That lay at rest upon your festal garments,
The pleasant weariness of wine and joy,
And the sweet dreams of your scarce-ended pleasures,
Still hanging o'er your silken couches! ye
Woke only, if ye woke indeed, to see
The Median scimitar that, red with blood,
Flash'd o'er you, ■ the blaze of fire that wrapt
In sulphurous folds the chambers of your rest.
Oh Lord of Hosts! in thine avenging hour
How dreadful art thou! Pardon if I weep
When all my grateful heart should beat with joy
For my deliverance.

KALASSAN, BENINA.

KALASSAN.

All is lost! Great Bel,
Thus, thus dost thou avenge thy broken rite!
Now, by thy thunders, 't is the beauteous bride—
Thou givest her to me yet.

BENINA.

Miscreant! what mean'st thou?

KALASSAN.

'T was love before; and now 't is love and vengeance;
And I will quaff the doubly-mantling cup,
In all its richness.

BENINA.

Guilty man! look round,
Thou seest my God, the God of Gods, reveal'd
In yon wide fires! Nor thou, nor one of those
That walk the death-doom'd streets of Babylon,
Have even an hour to live.

KALASSAN.

Then I've no hour

To waste. 'Tis said the Indian widows mount
In pride and joy their husbands' funeral pyres;
Thou, in thy deep devotion, shalt excel them,
And wed thy bridegroom for the loftier glory
Of dying by his side.

BENINA.

Oh mercy!

KALASSAN.

Mercy!

Ask of the Babylonian maids and wives,
If they find mercy?

BENINA.

Ah! and I presumed

To speak of pitying others!

KALASSAN.

Come——What's here?

KALASSAN, BENINA, ADONIJAH.

ADONIJAH.

With unwet foot I trod the river depths:
It is the privilege of Israel's ———
To walk through seas as on dry land.

BENINA.

Oh stranger!

That bear'st a Persian scimitar——No stranger!
Is it his angel, with his beauteous brow?
His eyes, his voice—his clasping arms around me!—
Mine own, my brave, my noble Adonijah!
Too bounteous Heaven!

KALASSAN.

Fond slave! unclasp thine arms.

ADONIJAH.

What—must I rob the Persian of his victim?
Oh! not in vain this bright and welcome steel
Glitter'd to court my grasp! What! the first foe
My warrior arm hath met retreat before me?
I'll follow thee to earth's remotest verge.

BENINA.

Oh! I could shriek, and weary Heaven with cries
For my sad self—for thee—for thee! My lips
Are parch'd — silence; and my throat——Come back!
Their swords clash—some one falls—and groans:—he
calls not

Upon the God of Israel.—Ha! perchance
He cannot cry! All's dark.—Ah me! how strong,
How dreadful was the Heathen in his strength!
He's here!—I dare not ask, which art thou? which—
Alas, prophetic spirit hast thou left me
To ask? Oh Love! thou used to know his tread
'Mong thousands!

ADONIJAH.

Sweet! where art thou?

BENINA.

On thy bosom.

ADONIJAH.

The Lord hath triumph'd by his servant's hands:
He lies in death, blaspheming his own Gods.

BENINA.

Merciful! I almost thank thee for the dread
And danger of this night, that closes thus
In such overpowering joy!

ADONIJAH.

Hast suffer'd nought

But dread and danger?

BENINA.

What?

ADONIJAH.

Thou'st been where ev

Riots uncheck'd, untamed!

BENINA.

Oh Adonijah!

I have endured thy lip upon my cheek,
And I endure thine arms clasp'd fondly round me,
And on thy bosom I recline, and look
Upon thy face with eyes suffused with tears,
But not of shame. What wouldst thou more?

ADONIJAH.

Nought, nought!

Oh pardon that my jealous fears misdoubted
Thy pure, thy proud, thy holy love! Come on!
Come to thy parents' home that wait for thee,
And change the voiceless house of desolation
To an abode of joy, — mute.

Come! come!

Beauteous as her that with her timbrel pass'd
Along the Red Sea depths, and cast her song—
Upon the free airs of the wilderness—
The song of joy, of triumph, of deliverance!

The Streets of Babylon in flames.

BELSHAZZAR.

I cannot fight nor fly: where'er I move,
On shadowy battlement, or cloud of smoke,
That dark unbodied hand waves to and fro,
And marshals me the way to death—to death
That still eludes me. Every blazing wall
Breaks out in those red characters of fate;
And when I raised my sword to war, methought
That dark-stoled Prophet stood between, and seem'd
Rebuking Heaven for its slow consummation
Of his dire words.

I am alone: my slaves

Fled at the first wild outcry; and my women
Closed all their doors against me—for they knew me
Mark'd with the seal of destiny: no hand,
Though I have sued for water, holds a cup
To my parch'd lips; — voice, — I pass on,
Hath bless'd me; from the very festal garments,
That glitter'd in my halls, they shake the dust:
Ev'n the priests spurn'd me, as abhor'd of Heaven.
Oh! but the fiery Mede doth well avenge me!
They're strew'd beneath my feet—though not in worship!
Oh death! death! death! that art — swift to seize
The conqueror on his triumph day, the bride
Ere yet her wedding lamps have waned, the king
While all mankind — kneeling at his footstool—
Thou'rt only slow to him that knows himself
Thy fated prey, that seeks within the tomb
A dark retreat from wretchedness and shame.
From shame!—the heir of Nabonassar's glory!
From wretchedness!—the Lord of Babylon—
Of golden and luxurious Babylon!
Alas! through burning Babylon! the fallen,
The city of lamentation and of slaughter!
A fugitive and outcast, that — find,
Of all his realm, not even a grave!— — base,
That even the conquering Mede disdains to slay him!

Before the House of Imlah.

IMLAH, ADONIJAH, BENINA, NAOMI.

IMLAH.

Naomi! Naomi! look forth—she's here!

NAOMI.

I know she is—in dreams: through all the night
I've seen her, gliding from the fountain side
With the pure urn of water, or with lips
Apart, and hushful voice, that faintly breathed
One of her country's songs! I've seen her kneeling
In prayer, alas! that ne'er heard on high!
And thou hast scared my vision's joys away—
To see—all heav'n in fire, and the city—
Imlah! what mean those massy clouds of smoke,
Those shrieks and clashings?—and—that youth and
maid,

Why stand they there? we need no sad remembrancers
Of our deep desolation!

IMLAH.

Doth my mother

With such cold salutation welcome home
Her child?

NAOMI.

Not no! ye no no delude me!

Twice have I woken, that voice, and stretch'd
My arms—

BENINA.

But hast not folded to thy bosom,
As thus, thy child, thy lost, thy loved Benina!

NAOMI.

'T is living flesh! it is a breathing lip!
And the heart swells like—Oh no!—not like mine!
Oh! thou twice born! the sorrow and the joy
That I endured bring my beauteous babe
Into the world nought to this!

BENINA.

Dear mother,

May I ne'er cost thee bitterer tears than these—

IMLAH.

My Father's God, thou show'dst thyself of old,
By smiting water from the stony rock,
And raining the desert sands!
Here is thy best—most gracious miracle!
Making the childless heart to laugh with gladness;
The eyes that had forgot weep o'erflow
With tears delicious! Thou hast raised the dead,
And to the widow given her shrouded child!
What that pale boy her that stands
Beautiful before us? What death
To her dark trial? And she's here—and life
Bounds in her bosom—the young doves that erst,
Ere yet the cold airs soil'd their snowy plumes,
Were offer'd in thy Temple not so pure!

NAOMI.

How camest thou hither?

BENINA.

Ask of him that led me—

Of him—that all I to have forgotten.

ADONIJAH.

Love, I shall take revenge hereafter,
Resuming to myself the boon that now
They have no time to thank me for.—What's he,
That rushes where proud War disdains to spoil?
That tread went to marble halls,
To sounds of music. Round his limbs, that shake

And quiver, as with pain, he wraps his robes,
Like men gaze Even despair
On such a brow looks noble!—Hark! he speaks—

The above, BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR.

'T is come! last! the barbed drinks
My life-blood. Mid the base shade of slaves
I stand: here—my fathers
Like suns in glory! I'll perish here,
And stifle like some vile, forgotten lamp!
Oh, dreadful God! is't enough?—My state
I equall'd with the Heavens—and wilt thou trample
Beneath these—What are ye that crowd around
I have a dim remembrance of your forms
And voices. Are ye not the slaves that stood
This morn before me! and—

IMLAH.

Thou spurn'dst me from thee.

BELSHAZZAR.

And ye'll revenge you on the clay-cold corpse.

IMLAH.

Fear not: God, and this world's cruel usage,
Hath taught us early what kings learn too late.

BELSHAZZAR.

Ye know me, then—ye know the King of Babylon—
The King of dust and ashes? for what else
Is the beauteous city—earth's delight?
And what the King himself but—dust and ashes?

BENINA.

He faints—support him, dearest Adonijah!

BELSHAZZAR.

Mine eyes are heavy, and I swoon, a sleep
Swims o'er my head:—go, the lute,
That used to soothe me to my balmy slumbers;
And bid the snowy-handed maidens
The dull, hot air around me. 'T is not well—
This bed—'t is hard and damp. I gave command
I would not lie but on the softest plumes
That the birds bear. Slaves! hear ye not?—'t is cold—
'T is piercing cold!

BENINA.

Alas! he's little used

To feel the night winds on his naked brow:
He's breathing still—spread o'er him that bright mantle;
A strange, sad for robes of sovereignty.

The above, NITOCRIS.

NITOCRIS.

Why should I pass street after street, through flames
That make the hardy conqueror shrink; and stride
O'er heaps of dying, that look up and wonder
To a living and unwounded being?
Oh! mercifully cruel, they do slay
The child and mother with blow! the bride
And bridegroom! I alone spared, to die
Remote from all—from him with whom I've cherish'd
A desperate hope to mingle my cold ashes!
'T is all the daughter of great Nabonassar
Now to ask!—I'll sit me down and listen,
And through that turbulent din of clattering steel,
And cries of murder'd men, and smouldering houses,
And th' answering trumpets of the Mede and Persian,
Summoning their bands to some new work of slaughter,
Anon universal cry of triumph
Will burst; and all the city, either host,

In mute and breathless admiration, lie
To hear the o'erpowering clamour that
Belshazzar slain!—and then I'll rise and rush
To that dread place—they'll let me weep or die
Upon his corpse!—Old man, thou'st found thy child?

I have—I have—and thine. Oh! rise not thus,
In thy majestic joy, though to mount
Earth's throne again. Behold the King!

My son!

On the cold earth—not there, but on my bosom—
Alas! that's colder still. My beauteous boy,
Look up and see—

BELSHAZZAR.

I can see nought—all's darkness!

NITOCRIS.

Too true: he'll die, and will not know me! Son!
Thy mother speaks—thy only kindred flesh,
That loved thee thou wert; and, when thou'rt gone,
Will love thee still the more!

BELSHAZZAR.

Have dying kings

Lovers or kindred? Hence! disturb me not.

NITOCRIS.

Shall I disturb thee, crouching by thy side
To die with thee? Oh! how he used to turn
And nestle his young cheek in this full bosom,
That he shrinks from! No! it is the last
Convulsive shudder of cold death. My son,
Wait—wait, and I will die with thee—not yet—
Alas! yet this was what I pray'd for—this—
To kiss thy cold cheek, and inhale thy last—
Thy dying breath.

IMLAH.

Behold! behold, they rise;
Feebly they stand, by their united strength
Supported. Hath yon kindling of the darkness,
Yon blaze, that as if the earth and heaven
Were mingled in one ghastly funeral pile,
Aroused them? Lo, the flames, like a gorged serpent,
That slept in glittering but scarce-moving folds,
Now, having sprung a nobler prey, break out
In tenfold rage.

ADONIJAH.

How like a lioness,

Robb'd of her kingly brood, she glares! She wipes
From her wan brow the grey discolour'd locks,
Where used to gleam Assyria's diadem;
And now and then her tenderest glance
To him that closer to her bleeding heart
She clasps, self-reproachful that aught earthly
Distracts her from her one maternal care.

IMLAH.

More pale, and more intent, he looks abroad
Into the ruin, as though he felt a pride
Even in the splendour of the desolation!

BELSHAZZAR.

The hand—the unbodied hand—it moves—look there!
Look where it points!—my beautiful palace—

NITOCRIS.

Look—

The Temple of great Bel—

BELSHAZZAR.

Our halls of joy!

NITOCRIS.

Earth's pride and wonder!

IMLAH.

Ay, o'er both the fire
Mounts like a conqueror: here, o'er spacious courts,
And of pillars, and long roofs,
From which red streams of molten gold pour down,
spreads, all, like those vast fabrics, seem
Built of the rich clouds round the setting sun—
the wide heavens, bright and shadowy palace!
But terrible here—th' Almighty's wrathful hand
Every where manifest!—There the Temple stands,
Tower above tower, one pyramid of flame;
To which those kingly sepulchres by Nile
Were but hillocks to vast Caucasus!
Aloof, the wreck of Nimrod's impious tower
Alone is dark; and something like a cloud,
But gloomier, hovers o'er it. All is mute:
Man's cries, and clashing steel, and braying trumpet—
The only sound the rushing noise of fire!
Now, hark! the universal crash—at once
They fall—they sink—

ADONIJAH.

And so do those that ruled them!

The Palace, and the Temple, and the race
Of Nabonassar, are at once extinct!
Babylon and her kings are fallen for ever!

IMLAH.

Without a cry, without a groan, behold them,
Th' Imperial mother and earth-ruling son,
Stretch'd out in death! Nor she without a gleam
Of joy expiring with her cheek on his:
Nor he unconscious that with him the pride
And terror of the world is fallen—th' abode
And throne of universal empire—now
A plain of ashes round the tombless dead!—
Oh, God of hosts! Almighty, everlasting!
God of Fathers, thou alone art great!

NOTES.

Note 1, page 133, col. 1.

Of Nabonassar's sway.

—Nebuchadnezzar—Nabonassar—Ce nom est confondu par les Orientaux avec celui de Nabocadnessar, quoique les Grecs et les Latins les distinguent.

D'Herbelot, Bibl. Orientale.

Note 2, page 134, col. 1.

Save with the immaculate blood of yearling lambs.

From Diodorus.

Note 3, page 134, col. 1.

The God reposes, the chosen Virgin.

See Herodotus, Clio.

Note 4, page 134, col. 2.

Down the red and pearly main.

The Erythrean Sea, the Gulf of Persia, celebrated for the pearls of Ormuz.

Note 5, page 141, col. 2.

The golden stands of Nabonassar,

does appear certain what this statue was,

which Nebuchadnezzar erected on the plain of Dura. I have taken the poetic licence of supposing it to be his own.

Note 6, page 142, col. 1.

Thou Zedekiah, didst desert thy God.

Zedekiah, carried away the last and final desolation of Jerusalem.

Note 7, page 143, col. 1.

We Mylitta's breathing balm.

The Assyrian Vennu.—Herod.

Note 8, page 149, col. 2.

And, through deep and roaring Nabarmalcha.

The royal canal which connected the waters of the Euphrates with the artificial lake.

The Fall of Jerusalem; A DRAMATIC POEM.

INTRODUCTION.

EVERY reader will at once perceive from the nature of the interest, and from the language, that this drama was neither written with a view to public representation, nor can be adapted to it without being entirely remodelled and re-written. The critic will draw the same conclusion from certain peculiarities in the composition, irreconcilable with the arrangements of the theatre; the introducing and dismissing of the subordinate characters after a single appearance; and yet appropriating to them some of the most poetical speeches.

The groundwork of the poem is to be found in Josephus, but the events of a considerable time compressed into a period of about thirty-six hours. Though their children are fictitious characters, the leaders of the Jews, Simon, John, and Eleazar, are historical. At the beginning of the siege the defenders of the city were divided into three factions. John, however, having surprised Eleazar, who occupied the Temple, during a festival, the party of Eleazar became subordinate to that of John. The character of John the Galilean that of excessive sensuality, I have therefore considered him belonging to the sect of the Sadducees; Simon, on the other hand, I have represented as a native of Jerusalem, and a strict Pharisee; although his soldiers were chiefly Edomites. The Christians, learn from Eusebius, abandoned the city previous to the siege (by divine command, according to that author), and took refuge in Pella, a small town on the further side of the Jordan. The constant tradition of the Church has been, that professing that faith perished during all the havoc which attended on this most awful visitation.

It has been my object also to show the full completion of prophecy in this great event; do I conceive that the public mind (should this poem merit attention) be directed to so striking and incontestable an evidence of the Christian faith without advantage. Those whom duty might not induce to compare the long narrative of Josephus with the Scriptural prediction of the "Abomination of Desolation," may be tempted by the embellishments of poetic language, and the interest of a dramatic fable.

CHARACTERS.

ROMANS.

TITUS.

CAIUS PLACIDUS.

TIBERIUS ALEXANDER.

TERENTIUS RUFUS.

DIAGORAS, a Stoic philosopher.

JOSEPH (the Historian), with the Roman Army. Soldiers, etc.

JEW'S IN THE CITY.

SIMON, the Assassin.

JOHN, the Tyrant.

ELEAZAR, the Zealot.

AMARIAS, Son of John.

The HIGH-PRIEST.

BEN CATHELA, Leader of the Edomites.

AARON, a Levite.

ABIRAM, a false Prophet.

Many Jews.

JAVAN, a Christian, by birth a Jew.

MIRIAM, } Daughters of Simon.
SALOME, }

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

The Mount of Olives—Evening.

TITUS, CAIUS PLACIDUS, TIBERIUS ALEXANDER, TERENTIUS RUFUS, DIAGORAS, etc.

TITUS.

ADVANCE the eagles, Caius Placidus, (1)
Even to the walls of this rebellious city!
What! shall a bird of conquest, that hath flown
Over the world, and built her nest of glory
Even in the palace tops of proudest kings,
What! shall she check and pause here in her circle,
Her centre of dominion? By the gods,
It is a treason all-conquering Rome,
That thus baffled legions stand at bay
Before this hemm'd and famishing Jerusalem.

PLACIDUS.

Son of Vespasian! I have been a soldier,

Till the helm hath mine aged temples bare.
 Battles have been familiar to mine eyes
 As is the sunlight, and the angry Mars
 Wears not a terror to appal the souls
 Of constant men, but I have fronted it.
 I have seen the painted Briton sweep to battle
 On his scythed car, and when he fell, he fell
 As one that honour'd death by nobly dying.
 And I have been where flying Parthians shower'd
 Their arrows, making the pursuer check
 His fierce steed with the sudden grasp of death.
 But like this, so frantic and so desperate,
 Man ne'er beheld. Our swords blunt with slaying.
 And yet, though the earth cast up again
 Souls discontented with a single death,
 They grow beneath the slaughter. Neither battle,
 Nor famine, nor the withering pestilence,
 Subdues these prodigals of blood: by day
 They cast their lives upon our swords; by night
 They turn their civil weapons themselves,
 Even till insatiate War shrinks to behold
 The hideous consummation.

TITUS.

It must be—

And yet it moves me, Romans! it confounds
 The counsels of my firm philosophy,
 That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
 And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
 As on our olive-crowned hill stand,
 Whence Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
 Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
 As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
 How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
 Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill side
 Hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
 Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
 To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,
 With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
 Here towers of war that frown in massy strength.
 While all hangs the rich purple eve,
 As conscious of its being her last farewell
 Of light and glory to that fated city.
 And, our clouds of battle dust and smoke
 Are melted into air, behold the Temple,
 In undisturb'd and lone serenity
 Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
 In the profound of heaven! It stands before
 A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles! (2)
 The very sun, though he worshipp'd there,
 Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs;
 And down the long and branching porticoes,
 On every flowery-sculptured capital,
 Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
 By Hercules! the sight might almost win
 The offended majesty of Rome mercy.

TIBERIUS ALEXANDER.

Wondrous indeed is, great Son of Cæsar,
 But it shall be more wondrous, when the triumph
 Of Titus marches through those brazen gates,
 Which though they would invite the world
 To worship in the precincts of her Temple,
 As he in laurel'd pomp is borne along
 To that palace of his pride.

TITUS.

Tiberius!

It cannot be—

TIBERIUS.

What cannot be, which Rome
 Commands, and Titus, the great heir of Rome?

TITUS.

I tell thee, Alexander, it must fall!
 Yon lofty city, and yon gorgeous Temple,
 Are consecrate to Ruin. Earth is weary
 Of the wild factions of this jealous people,
 And they feel our wrath, the wrath of Rome;
 Even so that the rapt stranger shall admire
 Where that proud city stood, which was Jerusalem.

DIAGORAS.

Thy brethren of the Porch, imperial Titus, (3)
 Of late esteem'd thee at the height of those
 That with consummate wisdom have tamed down
 The fierce and turbulent passions which distract
 The vulgar soul; they deem'd that, like Olympus,
 Thou, on thy cold and lofty eminence,
 Severely didst maintain thy sacred quiet
 Above the clouds and tumult of low earth.
 But see thee stooping to the thralldom
 Of every fierce affection, now entranced
 In deepest admiration, and anon
 Wrath hath the absolute empire o'er thy soul.
 Methinks must unschool our royal pupil,
 And cast him back to the common herd of men.

TITUS.

'T is true, Diagoras; yet wherefore ask not,
 For vainly have I question'd mine own reason:
 Thus it is—I know not whence or how,
 There is a stern command upon my soul.
 I feel the inexorable fate within
 That tells me, carnage is a duty here,
 And that the appointed desolation chides
 The tardy vengeance of our war. Diagoras,
 If that I err, impeach my tenets. Destiny
 Is over all, and hard Necessity
 Holds o'er the shifting course of human things
 Her paramount dominion. Like a flood
 The irresistible stream of fate flows on,
 And urges in its vast and sweeping motion
 Kings, Consuls, Cæsars, with their mightiest armies,
 Each to his fix'd, inevitable end.
 Yea, eternal Rome, and Father Jove,
 Sternly submissive, sail that onward tide.
 And now I upon its rushing bosom,
 I feel its silent billows swell beneath me,
 Bearing me and the conquering of Rome
 'Gainst yon devoted city. On they pass,
 And ages yet to come shall pause and wonder
 At the utter wreck, which they shall leave behind them.

But, Placidus, I read thy look severe.

This is time nor place for school debates
 On the high points of wisdom. Let this night
 Our wide encircling walls complete their circuit; (4)
 And still the approaching trenches closer mine
 Their secret way: the engines and the towers
 Stand each at their appointed post—Terentius,
 That charge be thine.

TERENTIUS.

There spoke again the Roman.
 Faith! like old Mummius, I should give the flame
 Whate'er opposed the sovereign sway of Cæsar, (5)
 It wrought of massy molten gold:
 And though I wear a beard, I boast not much
 Of my philosophy. But this I know,

That to oppose the omnipotent arms of Rome
 ■ to pluck down and tempt ■ final doom.

The Fountain of Siloe.—Night.

JAVAN.

Sweet fountain, ■ again I visit thee! (6)
 And thou art flowing on, and freshening still
 The green moss, and the flowers that bend to thee,
 Modestly with a soft unboastful murmur,
 Rejoicing at the blessings that thou bearest.
 Pure, stainless, thou art flowing on; the stars
 Make thee their mirror, and the moonlight beams
 Course one another o'er thy silver bosom:
 And yet thy flowing is through fields of blood,
 And arm'd men their hot and weary brows
 Slake with thy limpid and perennial coolness.

Even with such rare and singular purity
 Movest thou, oh Miriam, in yon cruel city.
 Men's eyes, o'erwearied with the sights of war,
 With tumult and with grief, repose on thee
 As on a refuge and a sweet refreshment.
 Thou canst o'erawe, thou in thy gentleness,
 A trembling, pale, and melancholy maid,
 The brutal violence of ungodly men.
 Thou glidest on amid the dark pollution
 In modesty unstain'd; and heavenly influences,
 More lovely than the light of star or moon,
 As though delighted with their own reflection
 From spirit so pure, dwell evermore upon thee.

Oh! how dost thou, beloved proselyte
 To the high creed of him who died for men,
 Oh! how dost thou commend the truths I teach thee,
 By the strong faith and soft humility
 Wherewith thy soul embraces them? Thou prayest,
 And I, who pray with thee, feel my words wing'd,
 And holier fervour gushing from my heart,
 While heaven ■ smiling kind acceptance down
 On the associate of ■ pure ■ worshipper.

But ah! why comest thou not? these two long nights
 I've watch'd for thee in vain, and have not felt
 The music of thy footsteps on my spirit—

VOICE AT A DISTANCE.

Javan!

JAVAN.

It is her voice! the air is fond of it,
 And enviously delays its tender sounds
 From the ■ that thirsteth for them—Miriam!

JAVAN, MIRIAM.

JAVAN.

Nay, stand thus in thy timid breathlessness,
 That I may gaze ■ thee, and thou not chide ■
 Because I gaze too fondly.

■ Hast thou brought ■

Thy wonted offerings?

JAVAN.

Dearest, they ■ here:
 The bursting fig, the cool and ripe pomegranate,
 The skin all rosy with the imprison'd wine;
 All I ■ bear thee, ■ than thou canst bear
 Home ■ the city.

■ Bless thee!—Oh my father!
 How will thy famish'd and thy toil-bow'd frame

Resume its native majesty! thy words,
 When this bright draught hath slaked thy parched lips,
 Flow with their wonted freedom and command.

JAVAN.

Thy father! ■ no thought but of thy father!
 Nay, Miriam! but thou must hear me now,
 Now ere we part—if we ■ part again,
 If my sad spirit must be ■ from thine.
 Even now our city trembles on the verge
 Of utter ruin. Yet ■ night ■ two,
 And the fierce stranger in ■ burning streets,
 Stands conqueror: and how the Roman conquers,
 Let Gischala, let fallen Jotapata (?)
 Tell, if one living man, one innocent child,
 Yet wander o'er their cold and scatter'd ashes.
 They slew them, Miriam, the old grey man,
 Whose blood scarce tinged their swords—(nay, turn not
 from me,

The tears thou shouldest feel as though I wrung them
 From mine own heart, my life-blood's dearest drops)—
 They slew them, Miriam, at the mother's breast,
 The smiling infants;—and the tender maid,
 The soft the loving and the chaste, like thee,
 They slew her not till—

MIRIAM.

Javan, 't is unkind!

I have enough at home of thoughts like these,
 Thoughts horrible, that freeze the blood, and make
 A heavier burthen of this weary life.
 I hoped with thee I have pass'd a tranquil hour,
 A brief, a hurried, yet still tranquil hour!
 —But thou art like them all! the miserable
 Have only Heaven, where they can rest in peace,
 Without being mock'd and taunted with their misery.

JAVAN.

Thou know'st it is a lover's wayward joy
 To be reproach'd by her he loves, or that
 Thou wouldst ■ speak. But 't ■ not to provoke
 That sweet reproof, which sounds ■ like to ■ ■ ■ ■ ■
 I would alarm thee, shock thee, but to save.
 That old and secret stair, down which thou stealest
 At midnight through tall grass and olive trunks,
 Which cumber, yet conceal thy difficult path,
 It cannot long remain secure and open;
 Nearer and closer the stern Roman winds
 His trenches; and on every side but this
 Soars his imprisoning wall. Yet, yet 't is time,
 And I must bear thee with me, where are ■
 In Pella the neglected church of Christ.

MIRIAM.

With thee! to fly with thee! thou makest me fear
 Lest all this while I have deceived my soul,
 Excusing to myself ■ stolen meetings
 By the fond thought, that for my father's life
 I labour'd, hearing ■ from thee,
 Which he hath deem'd heaven-sent.

JAVAN.

Oh! farewell then

The faithless dream, the sweet yet faithless dream,
 That Miriam loves me!

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Love thee! I am here,
 Here at dead midnight by the fountain's side,
 Trusting thee, Javan, with a faith as fearless
 As that with which the instinctive infant twines
 To its mother's bosom—Love thee! when the sounds

Of massacre are round me, when the shouts
Of frantic men in battle rack the soul
With their importunate and jarring din,
Javan, I think on thee, and am ■ peace.
Our famish'd maidens gaze ■ me, and ■
That I am famish'd like themselves, as pale,
With lips as parch'd and eyes ■ wild, yet I
Sit patient with ■ enviable smile
On my ■ cheeks, for then my spirit feasts
Contented on its pleasing thoughts of thee.
My very prayers ■ full of thee, I look
To heaven and bless thee; for from thee I learnt
The way by which we reach the eternal mansions.
But thou, injurious Javan! coldly doubt'st!
And—Oh! but I have said too much! Oh! scorn not
The immodest maid, whom thou hast vex'd to utter
What yet she scarce dared whisper ■ herself.

JAVAN.

Will it then cease? will it not always sound
Sweet, musical ■ thus? and wilt thou leave me?

MIRIAM.

My father!

JAVAN.

Miriam! is not thy father
(Oh, that such flowers should bloom ■ such a stock!)
The curse of Israel? ■ his common ■
Simon the Assassin! of the bloody men
That hold their iron sway within yon city,
The bloodiest!

MIRIAM.

Oh cease! I pray thee cease!

Javan! I know that all men hate my father;
Javan! I fear that all should hate my father;
And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love,
Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love,
Make up ■ his forlorn and desolate heart
The forfeited affections of his kind.
Is 't ■ so written in our Law? and He
We worship came not to destroy the Law.
Then let ■ rain their curses, let the storm
Of human hate beat on his rugged trunk,
I will cling to him, starve, die, bear the scoffs
Of men upon my scatter'd bones with him.

JAVAN.

Oh, Miriam! what a fatal art hast thou
Of winding thought, word, act, to thy sole purpose;
The enamouring one ■ now too much enamour'd!
I ■ admire thee more for ■ denying,
Than I had dared if thou hadst fondly granted.
Thou dost devote thyself to utterest peril,
And ■ to deepest anguish; yet even ■
Thou art lovelier ■ me in thy cold severity,
Flying me, leaving ■ without ■ joy,
Without ■ hope ■ earth, without thyself;
Thou art lovelier now than if thy yielding soul
Had smiled on me ■ passionate consent.
Go! for I see thy parting homeward look,
Go in thy beauty! like a setting star,
The last in all the thick and moonless heavens,
O'er the lone traveller in the trackless desert.
Go! if this dark and miserable earth
Do jealously refuse us place for meeting,
There is a heaven for those who trust in Christ.
Farewell! — — —

And thou return'st!—

I had forgot—

The fruit, the wine—Oh! when I part from thee
How can I think of ought but thy last words?

JAVAN.

■ thee! but we may meet again even here!
Thou look'st at consent, I see it through thy tears.
Yet once again that cold sad word, Farewell!

The House of Simon.

MIRIAM.

Oh God! thou surely dost approve mine act,
For thou didst bid thy soft and silver moon
To light me back upon my intricate way,
Even o'er each shadowy thing at which I trembled
She pour'd a sober beauty, and my terror
Was mingled with ■ sense of calm delight.
How changed that way! when yet a laughing child,
It ■ my sport to thread that broken stair
That from our house leads down into the vale,
By which, in ancient days, the maidens stole
To bathe in the cool fountain's secret waters.
■ each wild olive trunk, and twisted root
Of sycamore, with ivy overgrown,
I have nestled, and the flowers would seem to welcome me.
I loved it with ■ child's capricious love,
Because none knew it but myself. Its loneliness
I loved, for still my sole companions there,
The doves, sat murmuring in the noonday sun.
Ah! ■ there broods no bird of peace and love!
Even ■ I pass'd, a sullen vulture rose,
And heavily it flapp'd its huge wings o'er me,
As though o'ergorged with blood of Israel.

MIRIAM, SALOME.

MIRIAM.

Sister, ■ yet at rest?

SALOME.

At rest! at rest!

The wretched and the desperate, let them court
The dull, the dreamless, the unconscious sleep,
To lap them in its stagnant lethargy.
But oh! the bright, the rapturous disturbances
That break my haunted slumbers! Fast they come,
They crowd around my couch, and all my chamber
■ radiant with them. There I lie and bask
In their glad promise, till the oppressed spirit
Can bear no more, and I ■ forth ■ breathe
The cool free air.

Dear sister, in our state
So dark, so hopeless, dreaming still of glory!

Low-minded Miriam! I tell thee, oft
I have told thee, nightly do the visitations
Break ■ my gifted sight, ■ golden bright
Than the rich morn ■ Carmel. Of their shape,
Sister, I know not; this I only know,
That they pour o'er me like the restless waters
Of some pure cataract in the noontide sun.
There is ■ mingling of all glorious forms,
Of Angels riding upon cloudy thrones,
And ■ proud city marching all abroad
Like a crown'd conqueror o'er the trampled Gentiles.

MIRIAM.

Alas! when God afflicts ■ in his wrath,
 'T ■ sin ■ mock with wild untimely gladness
 His stern inflictions! Else, beloved Salone,
 My soul would envy thee thy mad forgetfulness,
 And dote ■ the distraction of thy dreams
 Till it imbibed the infection of their joy.

SALONE.

What mean'st thou?

Ah! thou know'st too well, Salone,

How with ■ audible and imperious voice
 The Lord is speaking in the streets of Judah,
 • Down to the dust, proud daughters of Jerusalem!
 The crownings of your head be bitter ashes,
 Your festal garments changed to mourning sackcloth,
 Your bridal songs fall into burial wailings.

Our bridal songs! (8) Away! I know them now,
 They were the rich and bursting cadences
 That thrall'd mine ■ I tell thee, doubting woman!
 My spirit drank the sounds of all the city.
 And there were shriekings for the dead, and sobs
 Of dying men, and the quick peevish moan
 Of the half famish'd: there ■ trumpet sounds
 Of arming to the battle, and the shouts
 Of onset, and the fall of flaming houses
 Crashing around. But in the house of Simon,
 The silver lute spake to the dulcimer;
 The tabret and the harp held sweet discourse;
 And all along our roofs, and all about
 The silence of our chambers flow'd the sweetness.
 Even yet I hear them—Hark! yet, yet they sound.

MIRIAM.

Alas! we listen to our own fond hopes,
 Even till they ■ no more our fancy's children.
 We put them on a prophet's robes, endow them
 With prophets' voices, and then Heaven speaks in them,
 And that which ■ would have be, surely shall be.

SALONE.

What, mock'st thou still? still enviously doubtest
 The mark'd and favour'd of the Everlasting?

■■■■■

O gracious Lord! thou know'st she hath not eaten
 For two long days, and ■ her troubled brain
 ■ full of strangeness.

SALONE.

Ha! still unbelieving!

Then, then 't is true, what I have doubted long.
 False traitress to our city, to the race,
 The chosen race of Abraham! loose apostate
 From Israel's faith! Believer in the Crucified!
 I know thee, I abjure thee. Thou 'rt ■ child
 Of Simon's house, ■ sister of Salone:
 I blot thee from my heart, I wipe away
 All memory of ■ youthful pleasant hours,
 Our blended sports and tasks, and joys and sorrows;
 Yea, I'll proclaim thee.

Sister! dearest sister!

Thou ■ that I cannot speak for tears.

SALONE.

Away! thou wilt ■ speak, thou darest not—Hark!
 My father's armed footstep! at whose tread
 Sion rejoices, and the pavement stones

Of Salem shout with proud and boastful echoes.
 The Gentiles' scourge, the Christians'—tremble, false one!

MIRIAM, SALONE, SIMON.

SALONE.

Father!

Dear father!

SIMON.

Daughters, I have been
 With Eleazar, and with John of Galilee,
 The son of Sadoc. We have search'd the city,
 ■ any rebel to our ordinance
 ■ traitorously withhold his private hoard
 Of stolen provision from the public store.

SALONE.

And found ye any guilty of a fraud
 So base on Judah's warriors?

SIMON.

Yes, my children!

There sate a woman in a lowly house,
 And she had moulded meal into a cake;
 And she sate weeping even in wild delight
 Over her sleeping infants, at the thought
 Of how their eyes would glisten to behold
 The unaccustom'd food. She had not tasted
 Herself the strange repast: but she had raised
 The covering under which the children lay
 Crouching and clinging fondly to each other,
 As though the warmth that breath'd from out their bodies
 Had ■ refreshment for their wither'd lips.
 We bared our swords to slay: but subtle John
 Snatch'd the food from her, trod it on the ground,
 And mock'd her.

MIRIAM.

But thou didst not smite her, father?

SIMON.

No! we were wiser than ■ bless with death
 A wretch like her.

But I must seek within,
 ■ he that oft at dead of midnight placeth
 The wine and fruit within our chosen house,
 Hath minister'd this night to Israel's chief.

MIRIAM, SALONE.

SALONE.

Oh, Miriam! I dare not tell him now;
 For even as those ■ infants lay together
 Nestling their sleeping faces on each other,
 Even ■ have we two lain, and I have felt
 Thy breath upon my face, and every motion
 Of thy soft bosom answering to mine own.

SIMON, SALONE, MIRIAM.

Come, daughters, I have wash'd my bloody hands,
 And said my prayers, and ■ will eat—And thee
 First will I bless, thou secret messenger,
 That mine ambrosial banquet dost prepare
 With gracious stealth: where'er thou art, if yet
 Thy ■ presence lingers in our air,
 Or walks our earth in beauty, hear me bless thee.

MIRIAM (apart).

■ blesseth me! me, though he means it not!
 ■ thought I have heard his stern heart-withering curse,
 And God hath changed it to ■ gentle blessing.

SIMON.

Why stands my loving Miriam aloof?
Will she not join to thank the God of Israel,
Who thus with signal mercy seals her father
His chosen captain.

MIRIAM (*apart*).

Yet must I endure—

For if he knew it came from Christian hands,
While the ripe fruit ■■■■ bursting at his lips,
While the cool wine-cup slaked his burning throat,
He 'd dash it to the earth, and trample on it;
And then he 'd perish, perish in his sins—
Father, I come—but I have vow'd to sing
A hymn this night,—I 'll follow thee anon.

SIMON.

Come, then, Salome; while we feast, I 'll tell thee
More deeds of justice which mine ■■■■ hath wrought
Against the foes of Salem, and the renegades
That have revolted from the arms of Israel.
And thou shalt wave thy raven locks with pride
To hear the stern-told glories of thy father.

MIRIAM, *alone*.

O Thou! thou who canst melt the heart of stone,
And make the desert of the cruel breast
A paradise of soft and gentle thoughts!
Ah! will it ever be, that thou wilt visit
The darkness of my father's soul? Thou knowest
In what strong bondage Zeal and ancient Faith,
■■■■ and stubborn Custom, and fierce Pride,
■■■■ th' heart of man. Thou knowest, Merciful!
That knowest all things, and dost ■■■■ ■■■■
Thine eye of pity on our guilty ■■■■

For thou wert born of woman! thou didst come,
■■■■ Holiest! ■■■■ this world of sin and gloom,

Not in thy dread omnipotent array;

And not by thunders strew'd

Was thy tempestuous road;

Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way.

But thee, ■■■■ soft and naked child,

Thy mother undefiled,

In the rude manger laid to rest

From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded ■■■■ prepare

A gorgeous canopy of golden air;

Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires ■■■■ high:

A single silent star

Came wandering from afar,

Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky;

The Eastern Sages leading on

As at a kingly throne,

To lay their gold and odours sweet

Before thy infant feet.

The Earth and Ocean were not hush'd to hear

Bright harmony from every starry sphere;

Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song

From all the cherub choirs,

And seraphs' burning lyres

Pour'd thro' the host of heaven the charmed clouds along.

One angel troop the strain began,

Of all the race of man

By simple shepherds heard alone,

That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came;
Nor visible Angels mourn'd with drooping plumes:
Nor didst thou ■■■■ on high
From fatal Calvary

With all thine ■■■■ redeem'd outbursting from their
tombs.

For thou didst bear away from earth

But one of human birth,

The dying felon by thy side, to be

In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy ■■■■ the clouds of vengeance brake;

A little while the conscious earth did shake

At that foul deed by her fierce children done;

A few dim hours of day

The world in darkness lay;

Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun:

While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,

Consenting to thy doom;

Ere yet the white-robed Angel shone

Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand

With Devastation in thy red right hand,

Plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew;

But thou didst haste to meet

Thy mother's coming feet,

And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.

Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise

Into thy native skies,

Thy human form dissolved ■■■■ high

In its own radiancy.

The House of Simon—Break of Day.

SIMON.

The air is still and cool. It comes not yet:
I thought that I had felt it in my sleep
Weighing upon my choked and labouring breast,
That did rejoice beneath the stern oppression;
I thought I saw its lurid gloom o'erspreading
The starless waning night. But yet it ■■■■ not,
The broad and sultry thunder-cloud, wherein
The God of Israel ■■■■ pavilions
The chariot of his vengeance. I look out,
And still, as I have seen, ■■■■ after morn,
The hills of Judah flash upon my sight
The accursed radiance of the Gentile arms.

But oh! ye sky-descending ministers,
That on invisible and soundless wing
Stoop to your earthly purposes, ■■■■ swift
As rushing fire, and terrible as the wind
That sweeps the tentless desert—Ye that ■■■■
Shrouded in secrecy as in ■■■■ robe,
And gloom of deepest midnight the vaunt-courier
Of your dread presence! Will ye ■■■■ reveal?
Will ye not one compassionate glimpse vouchsafe,
By what dark instruments 't is now your charge
To save the Holy City?—Lord of Israel!
Thee too I ask, with bold yet holy awe,
Which now of thy obsequious elements
Chusest thou for thy champion ■■■■ thy combatant?
For well they know, the wide and deluging Waters,
The ravenous Fire, and ■■■■ plague-breathing Air,
Yea, and the yawning ■■■■ wide-chas'd Earth,

Thy know thy bidding, by fix'd habit bound
To the usage of obedience. Or the rather,
Look we in weary yet undaunted hope
For Him that is to come, the Mighty Arm,
The Wearer of the purple robe of vengeance,
The Crowned with dominion! Let him haste;
The wine-press waits the trampling of his wrath,
And Judah yearns to unfurl the Lion banner
Before the terrible radiance of his coming.

SIMON, JOHN, ELEAZAR, the HIGH-PRIEST, AMARIAH,
etc. etc.

JOHN.

How, Simon! have **■** broken on thy privacy!
Thou wert discoursing with the spirits of air.
Now, Eleazar, **■** **■** holy Simon,
The just, the merciful, the righteous Simon,
A vessel **■** for the prophetic trance?
Methinks 't is on him now!

Ha! John of Galilee,

Still in the taunting vein? Reservest thou not
The bitter overflowings of thy lips
For yon fierce Gentiles?—But I will endure.

JOHN.

And then perchance 't will please the saintly Simon,
When he hath mumbled o'er his two-hour prayers,
That we do ope our gates and sally forth
To combat the uncircumcised—

SIMON.

Thy scoffs

Fall on me as the thin and scattering rain
Upon our Temple. If thou art here to urge
That, with confederate valiant resolution,
We burst upon the enemies of Jerusalem;
The thunder followeth not the lightning's flash
More swiftly than my warlike execution
Shall follow the fierce trumpet of thy wrath!

JOHN.

But hast thou ponder'd well, if still there be not
Some holy fast, new moon, or rigid sabbath,
Which may excuse a tame and coward peace
For **■** day longer to yon men of Edom?

HIGH-PRIEST.

Oh! 't is unwise, ye sworded delegates
Of Him who watcheth o'er Jerusalem,
Thus day by day in angry quarrel meeting
To glare upon each other, and to waste
In civil strife the blood that might preserve us.
The Roman conquers, but by Jewish arms.
The torrent, that in **■** broad channel rolling
Bears down the labour'd obstacles of man,
The o'erstriding bridge, the fix'd and ponderous dam,
Being sever'd, in its lazy separate course
Suffers control, and stagnates to its end.
And **■** ye fall, because ye do disdain
To stand together—like the pines of Lebanon,
That when in one vast wood they crown the hill,
From their proud heads shake off the uninjuring tempest;
But when their single trunks stand bare and naked
Before the rushing whirlwind, one by one
It hurls the uprooted trunks into the vale.

ELEAZAR (apart).

Curse on his words of peace! fall John, fall Simon,
There falls **■** enemy of Eleazar.

SIMON.

Now, John of Galilee, the High-Priest speaks wisely.

JOHN.

Why, ay, it is the privilege of their office,
The solemn grave distinction of their ephod.
Even such discourse as this, **■** calm, so sage,
■ old Mathias hold; (9) and therefore Simon,
Unwilling that the vantage of his wisdom
Should rob our valour of its boasted fame,
■ slay him with his sons upon **■** wall!

SIMON.

Peace, **■** of Belial! or I'll scourge thee back
To the harlot chambers of thy loose adulteries.
I slew my foe, and where 's the armed man
That will behold his enemy at his feet,
And spare to set his foot upon his neck?
The sword **■** given, and shall **■** **■** slay!—

HIGH-PRIEST.

Break off! break off! I hear the Gentile horn
Winding along the wide entrenched line.
Hear ye it not? hill answers hill, the valleys
In their deep channels lengthen out the sound.
It rushes down Jehoshaphat, the depths
Of Minnom answer. Hark! again they blow,
Chiding you, men of Judah, and insulting
Your bare and vacant walls, that **■** oppose not
Their firm array of javelin-hurling men,
Slingers, and pourers of the liquid fire.

AMARIAH.

Blow! blow! and rend the heavens, thou deep-voiced
horn!

I hear thee, and rejoice at thee. Thou **■**
To the storm of battle, thou that dost invite
With stern and welcome importunity
The warrior soul to that high festival,
Where Valour with his armed hand administers
The cup of death!

JOHN.

Again, again it sounds;

It doth demand a parley with our chiefs.

AMARIAH.

Ay, father! and let Israel's chiefs reply
In the brave language of their javelin showers,
And shouts of furious onset.

JOHN.

Hold, hot boy,

That know'st not the deep luxury of scorn.
We'll meet them, Simon, but to scoff at them;
We'll dally with their hopes of base surrender,
Then mock them, till their haughty captain writhe
Beneath the keen and biting contumely.

Now, Eleazar, lead the way; brave Simon,
I follow thee—Come, **■** of Israel, come.

The Walls of the City.

Below—TITUS, the Roman Army, JOSEPH of Jotapata, etc.

Above—SIMON, JOHN, ELEAZAR, AMARIAH, Jews.

TITUS.

Men of Jerusalem! whose hardy zeal
And valiant patience in a cause less desperate
Might force the foe to reverence and admire;
To you thus speaks again the Queen of Earth,
All-conquering Rome!—whose kingdom is, where'er
The sunshine beams on living men; beneath
The shadow of whose throne the world reposes,

And glories in being subjected to her,
 Even as 't is subject to the immortal gods—
 To you, whose mad and mutinous revolt
 Hath harrow'd all your rich and pleasant land
 With fiery rapine; sunk your lofty cities
 To desolate heaps of monumental ashes;
 Yet with that patience, which becomes the mighty,
 The endurance of the lion, that disdains
 The foe whose conquest bears no glory with it,
 Rome doth command you to lay down your arms,
 And bow the high front of your proud rebellion
 Even to the common level of obedience,
 That holds the rest of human kind. So doing,
 Ye cancel all the dark and guilty past:
 Silent Oblivion waits to wipe away
 The record of your madness and your crimes;
 And in the stead of bloody Vengeance claiming
 Her penal due of torture, chains, and death,
 Comes reconciling Mercy.

JOHN.

Mercy! Roman,
 With what a humble and a modest truth
 Thou dost commend thy unpresuming virtues!
 Ye want not testimonies to your mildness—(10)
 There, on yon lofty crosses, which surround us,
 Each with a Jewish corpse sublimely rotting
 On its most honourable eminence;
 There 's none in all that long and ghastly avenue
 Whose wind-bleach'd bones depose not of thy mercy.
 We know our brethren, and we thank thee too;
 A courteous welcome hast thou given them, Roman,
 Who have abandon'd ■ in the hour of peril.
 They fled to 'scape their ruthless countrymen;
 And, in good truth, their City of Refuge seems
 To have found them fair and gentle entertainment.

SIMON.

Peace, John of Galilee! and I will answer
 This purple-mantled Captain of the Gentiles;
 But in far other ■ than he is wont
 To hear about his silken couch of feasting
 Amid his pamper'd parasites.—I speak to thee,
 Titus, as warrior should accost a warrior.
 The world, thou boastest, is Rome's slave; the sun
 Rises and ■ upon ■ realm but yours;
 Ye plant your giant foot in either ocean,
 And vaunt that all which ye o'erstride is Rome's.
 But think ye, that because the common earth
 Surfeits your pride with homage, that our land,
 Our separate, peculiar, sacred land,
 Portion'd and seal'd unto us by the God
 Who made the round world and the crystal heavens;
 A wondrous land, where Nature's ■ course
 Is strange and out of use, so oft the Lord
 Invades it with miraculous intervention;
 Think ye this land shall be an Heathen heritage,
 An high place for your Moloch? Haughty Gentile,
 Even now ye walk on ruin and ■ prodigy.
 The air ye breathe is heavy and o'ercharged
 With your dark gathering doom; and if our earth
 Do yet in its disdain endure the footing
 Of your arm'd legions, 't is because ■ labours
 With silent throes of expectation, waiting
 The signal of your scattering. Lo! the mountains
 Bend o'er you with their huge and lowering shadows,
 Ready to rush and overwhelm: the winds
 Do listen panting for the tardy presence

Of Him that shall avenge. And there is scorn,
 Yea, there is laughter in our fathers' tombs,
 To think that Heathen conqueror doth aspire
 To lord it ■ God's Jerusalem!
 Yea, in Hell's deep and desolate abode,
 Where dwell the perish'd kings, the chief of earth;
 They whose idolatrous warfare erst assail'd
 The Holy City, and the chosen people;
 They wait for thee, the associate of their hopes
 And fatal fall, to join their ruin'd conclave.
 He whom the Red Sea 'whelm'd with all his host,
 Pharaoh, the Egyptian; and the kings of Canaan;
 The Philistine, the Dagon worshipper;
 Moab, and Edom, and fierce Amalek;
 And he of Babylon, whose multitudes,
 Even ■ the hills where gleam your myriad spears, (11)
 In ■ brief night the invisible Angel swept
 With the dark, noiseless shadow of his wing,
 And ■ beheld the fierce and riotous camp
 One cold, and mute, and tombless cemetery,
 Sennacherib: all, all are risen, ■ moved;
 Yea, they take up the taunting song of welcome
 To him who, like themselves, hath madly warr'd
 'Gainst Zion's walls, and miserably fallen
 Before the avenging God of Israel!

THE JEWS.

Oh, holy Simon! Oh, prophetic Simon!
 Lead thou, lead thou against the Gentile host,
 And we will ask no angel breath to blast them.
 The valour of her children soon shall scatter
 The spoiler from the rescued walls of Salem,
 Even till the wolves of Palestine are glutted
 With Roman carnage.

AMARIAN.

Blow, ye sacred priests,
 Your trumpets, as when Jericho of old
 Cast down its prostrate walls at Joshua's feet!

PLACIDUS.

Let the Jew speak, the captive of Jotapata;
 Haply they'll reverence one, and him the bravest,
 Of their ■ kindred.

TERENTIUS.

See! he speaks to them;
 And they do listen, though their menacing brows
 Lower with a darker and more furious hate.

JOSEPH.

Yet, yet a little while—ye see me rise,
 Oh, ■ of Israel, brethren, countrymen!
 Even from the earth ye see me rise, where lone,
 And sorrowful, and fasting, I have sat
 These three long days; sad sackcloth ■ the limbs
 Which ■ were wont to wear a soldier's raiment,
 And ashes ■ the head, which ye of old
 Did honour, when its helmed glories shone
 Before you in the paths of battle. Hear me,
 Ye that, ■ I, adore the Law, the Prophets;
 And ■ the ineffable thrice-holiest name
 Bow down your awe-struck foreheads to the ground.
 I am ■ here to tell you, men of Israel,
 That it is madness to contend with Rome;
 That it ■ wisdom to submit and follow
 The ■ fortunes of the universe;
 For ye would answer, that 't is glorious madness
 To stand alone amid the enslaved world
 Freedom's last desperate champions: ye would answer,
 That the slave's wisdom to the free-born man

Basest folly. Oh, my countrymen!

Before ■ earthly king do I command you
To fall subservient, not all-conquering Cæsar,
But in a mightier ■ I summon you,
The King of Kings! He, he is manifest
In the dark visitation that is ■ you.

'T is He, whose loosed and raging ministers,
Wild War, gaunt Famine, leprous Pestilence,
But execute his delegated wrath.

Yea, by the fulness of your crimes, 't is He.

Alas! shall I weep o'er thee, or go down
And grovel in the dust, and hide myself
From mine own shame? Oh, thou defiled Jerusalem!
That drinkest thine own blood as from ■ fountain;
That hast piled up the fabric of thy guilt
To such portentous height, that earth is darken'd
With its huge shadow—that dost boast the monuments
Of murder'd prophets, and dost make the robes
Of God's High-priest ■ title and ■ claim
To bloodiest slaughter—thou that every day
Dost trample down the thunder-given Law,
Even with the pride and joy of him that treads
The purple vintage—And oh thou, our Temple!
That wert of old the Beauty of Holiness,
The chosen, unapproachable abode
Of Him which dwelt between the cherubim,
Thou art ■ charnel-house, and sepulchre
Of slaughter'd men, ■ common butchery
Of civil strife;—and hence proclaim I, brethren,
It is the Lord who doth avenge his own:
The Lord, who gives you over to the wicked,
That ye may perish by their wickedness.

Oh! ye that do disdain to be Rome's slaves,
And yet are sold unto a baser bondage,
One that, like iron, eats into your souls.
Robbers, and Zealots, and wild Edomites!
Yea, these are they that sit in Moses' seat,
Wield Joshua's sword, and fill the throne of David;
Yea, these ■ they——

AMARIAH.

I'll hear ■ more—the foe
Claims from our lips the privilege of reply.
Here is our answer to the renegade,
A javelin to his pale and coward heart! (12)

JOSEPH.

I am struck, but not to death! that yet is wanting
To Israel's guilt.

JEWS.

Oh, noble Amariah! *
Well hast thou spoken! well hast thou replied!
Lead—lead—we 'll follow noble Amariah!

TITUS.

Now, Mercy, to the winds! I cast thee off—
My soul's forbidden luxury, I abjure thee!
Thou much-abused attribute of gods
And godlike men. 'T was nature's final struggle;
And now, whate'er thou art, thou unseen prompter!
That in the secret chambers of my soul
Darkly abidest, and hast still rebuked
The soft compunctious weakness of mine heart,
I here surrender thee myself. Now wield me
Thine instrument of havoc and of horror,
Thine to the extremest limits of revenge;
Till not ■ single stone of yon proud city
Remain; and even the vestiges of ruin
Be utterly blotted from the face of earth!

Streets of Jerusalem near the Inner Wall.

MIRIAM, SALONE.

MIRIAM.

Sweet sister, whither in such haste?

SALONE.

And know'st thou not

My customary seat, where I look down
And ■ the glorious battle deepen round me?
Oh! it is spirit-stirring to behold
The crimson garments waving in the dust,
The eagles glancing in the clouded sunshine.

MIRIAM.

Salone! in this dark and solemn hour,
Were it ■ wiser that the weak and helpless,
Bearing their portion in the common danger,
Should join their feeble efforts ■ defend—
Should be upon their knees in fervent prayer
Unto the Lord of Battles?

SALONE.

Yes; I know

That Zion's daughters are set forth to lead
Their supplic' procession to the gates
Of the Holy Temple. But Salone goes
Where she may see the God whom they adore
In the stern deeds of valiant men, that war
To save that Temple from the dust.

Behold!

I mount my throne, and here I sit the queen
Of the majestic tumult that beneath me
Is maddening into conflict. Lo! I bind
My dark locks, that they spread not o'er my sight.
Now flash the bright sun from your gleaming arms,
Shake it in broad sheets from your banner folds,
Mine eyes will still endure the blaze, and pierce
The thickest.

MIRIAM.

And thou hast ■ tears ■ blind thee?

SALONE.

Behold! behold! from Olivet they pour,
Thousands on thousands, in their martial order.
Kedron's dark valley, like Gennesareth,
When over it the cold moon shines through storms,
Topping its dark waves with uncertain light,
Is tossing with wild plumes and gleaming spears.
Solemnly the stern victors move, and brandish
Their rod-bound axes; and the eagles seem,
With wings disspread, to watch their time for swooping!
The towers are moving on; and lo! the engines,
As though instinct with life, come heavily labouring
Upon their ponderous wheels; they nod destruction
Against our walls. Lo! lo, our gates fly open:
There Eleazar—there the mighty John—
Ben Cathla there, and Edom's crested sons.
Oh! what a blaze of glory gathers round them!
How proudly move they in invincible strength!

MIRIAM.

And thou canst speak thus with ■ steadfast voice,
When in ■ hour may death have laid in the dust
Those breathing, moving, valiant multitudes?

SALONE.

And thou! oh thou, that movest to the battle
Even like the mountain stag to the running river,
Pause, pause, that I may gaze my fill!—

MIRIAM.

Our father!

Salone! is't our father that thou seest?

SALOME.

Lo! lo! the war hath broken off to admire him!
The glory of his presence awes the conflict!
The ■■■ of Caesar on his armed steed
Rises, impatient of the plumed helmets
That from his sight conceal young Amariah.

MIRIAM.

Alas! what ■■■ she? Hear ■■■ yet a word!
I will return or ere the wounded men
Require our soft and healing hands to soothe them.
Thou 'lt not forget, Salome—if thou seest
Our father in the fearful hour of peril,
Lift up thy hands and pray.

SALOME.

To gaze on him—

It is like gazing on the morning sun,
When he comes scattering from his burning orb
The vapourish clouds!

MIRIAM.

She hears, she heeds me not.

And here 's ■■■ sight and sound to me more welcome
Than the wild fray of men who slay and die—
Our maidens ■■■ their way to the Holy Temple.
I 'll mingle with them, and I 'll pray with them;
But through a name, by them unknown or scorn'd,
My prayers shall mount to heaven.

Behold them here!

Behold them, how unlike to what they were!
O virgin daughters of Jerusalem!
Ye were a garden once of Hermōn's lilies,
That bashfully upon their tremulous stems
Bow to the wooing breath of the sweet spring.
Graceful ye were! there needed not the tone
■■■ tabret, harp, or lute, to modulate
Your soft harmonious footsteps; your light tread
Fell like a natural music. Ah! how deeply
Bath the cold blight of misery prey'd upon you.
How heavily ye drag your weary footsteps,
Each like ■■■ mother mourning her ■■■ child.
Ah me! I feel it almost ■■■ a sin,
To be ■■■ much ■■■ sad, less miserable.

CHORUS.

King of Kings! ■■■ Lord of Lords!
Thus ■■■ move, ■■■ steps timing
To ■■■ cymbals' feeblest chiming.
Where thy House its rest accords.
Chased and wounded birds ■■■ we,
Through the dark air fled ■■■ thee;
To the shadow of thy wings,
Lord of Lords! and King of Kings!

Behold, oh Lord! the Heathen tread (13)
The branches of thy fruitful vine,
That its luxurious tendrils spread
O'er all the hills of Palestine.
And ■■■ the wild boar comes to waste
Even us, the greenest boughs and last,
That, drinking of thy choicest dew,
On Zion's hill in beauty grew.

No! by the marvels of thine hand,
Thou still wilt save thy chosen land!
By all thine ancient mercies shown,
By all our fathers' foes o'erthrown;

By the Egyptian's car-borne host,
Scatter'd on the Red Sea coast;
By that wide and bloodless slaughter
Underneath the drowning water.

Like us in utter helplessness,
■■■ their last and worst distress—
On the sand and sea-weed lying,
Israel pour'd her doleful sighing;
While before the deep sea flow'd,
And behind fierce Egypt rode—
To their father's God they pray'd,
To the Lord of Hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood
With lifted rod the Prophet stood;
And the summon'd east wind blew,
And aside it sternly threw
The gather'd waves, that took their stand,
Like crystal rocks, on either hand,
Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay
On the wonder-paved way,
Where the treasures of the deep
In their caves of coral sleep.
The profound abysses, where
Was never sound from upper air,
Rang with Israel's chanted words,
King of Kings! and Lord of Lords!

Then with bow and banner glancing,
On exulting Egypt came,
With her chosen horsemen prancing,
And her cars on wheels of flame,
In a rich and boastful ring
All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out his cloud,
The Lord look'd down upon the proud;
And the host drave heavily
Down the deep bosom of the ■■■

With a quick and sudden swell
Prone the liquid ramparts fell;
Over horse, and ■■■ car,
Over every man of war,
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold,
The loud thundering billows roll'd.
As the level waters spread,
Down they sank, they sank like lead,
Down without a cry ■■■ groan.
And the morning sun, that shone
On myriads of bright-armed men,
Its meridian radiance then
Cast ■■■ a wide sea, heaving ■■■ of yore,
Against a silent, solitary shore.

Then did Israel's maidens sing,
Then did Israel's timbrels ring,
To him, the King of Kings! that in the sea,
The Lord of Lords! had triumph'd gloriously.

And ■■■ timbrels' flashing chords,
King of Kings! and Lord of Lords!

Shall they not attuned be
Once again to victory?
Lo! a glorious triumph now!
Lo! against thy people come
A mightier Pharaoh! wilt not thou
Craze the chariot wheels of Rome?
Will not, like the Red Sea wave,
Thy stern anger overthrow?
And from _____ than bondage save,
From sadder than Egyptian woe,
Those whose silver cymbals glance,
Those who lead the suppliant dance,
Thy race, the only race that sings
Lord of Lords! and King of Kings!

Streets of Jerusalem—Evening.

MIRIAM.

Al! me! ungentle Eve, how long thou lingerest!
Oh! when it _____ a grief to me to lose
Yon _____ mountains, and the lovely vales
That from our city walls _____ wandering on
Under the cedar-tufted precipices;
With what _____ envious and _____ hurrying swiftness
Didst thou descend, and pour thy mantling dews
And dew-like silence o'er the face of things;
Shrouding each spot I loved the most with suddenest
And deepest darkness; making mute the groves
Where the birds nested under the still leaves!
But now, how slowly, heavily thou fallest!
Now, when thou mightest hush the angry din
Of battle, and conceal the murderous foes
From mutual slaughter, and pour oil and wine
Into the aching hurts of wounded men!
But is it therefore only that I chide thee
With querulous impatience? will the night
Once more, the secret, counsel-keeping night,
Veil the dark path which leads to Siloe's fountain?
Which leads—why should I blush to add—to Javan?
Oh thou, my teacher! I forgot thee not
This morning in the Temple—I forgot not
The name thou taught'st _____ to adore, nor thee—
But what have I to do with thoughts like these,
While all around the stunning battle roars
Like a gorged lion o'er his mangled prey?
Alas! alas! but the human appetite
For shedding blood,—that is insatiate!
—Time was, that if I heard a sound of arms,
My heart would shudder, and my limbs would fail.
When, _____ have seen a dying _____ had been
A dark event, that with its fearful memory
Had haunted many a sad and sleepless night.
But now—now—

SALONE, MIRIAM.

MIRIAM.

Sister! my Salone! Sister!
Why art thou flying with that frantic mien,
Thy veil cast back and streaming with thine hair?
Oh, harbinger of misery! I read
A sad disastrous story in thy face;
'T is o'er, and God hath given the city of David
Unto the stranger.

SALONE.

Oh! not yet; our wall,
Our last, _____ strongest wall, is still unshaken,

Though the fierce engines with their brazen heads
Strike at it sternly and incessantly.

MIRIAM.

Then God preserve the lost! and oh, _____ father!

SALONE.

All is _____ lost! for Amariah stands
Amid the rushing sheets of molten fire,
Even like _____ Angel in the flaming centre
Of the sun's noontide orb—

Hark! hark!—who comes!

SIMON.

Back—back—I say, by—

MIRIAM.

'T is my father's voice!

_____ sounds in wrath, perhaps in blasphemy;
Yet 't is my living father's voice—He's here.

SIMON, MIRIAM, SALONE.

SIMON.

Now may your native towers rush o'er your heads
With horrible downfall, may the treacherous stones
Start underneath your footing, cast you down,
For the iron wheels of vengeance to rush o'er you—
Flight! flight! still flight!—Oh, infidel renegades!

The above, JOHN, AMARIAH, HIGH-PRIEST, etc.

SIMON.

Now, by the living God of Israel, John!
Your silken slaves, your golden-sandal'd men,—
Your men! I should have said, your girls of Galilee!—
They will not soil their dainty hands with blood.
Their myrrh-dew'd locks are all too smoothly curl'd
To let the riotous and dishevelling airs
Of battle violate their crisped neatness.
Oh! their nice mincing steps _____ all unfit
To tread the red and slippery paths of war;
Yet they _____ trip it lightly when they turn
To fly—

JOHN.

Thou lying and injurious Pharisee!
For every man of thine that in the trenches
Hardly hath consented to lay down his life,
Twice _____ of mine have leap'd from off the walls,
Grappling a Gentile by the shivering helm,
And proudly died upon his dying foe.
But tell thou me, thou only faithful Simon!
Where _____ the _____ of Edom, whom we _____
Stretching their amicable hands in parley,
And quietly mingling with the unharmed foe?

SIMON.

Where _____ they? where the traitors meet, where all
The foes of Simon and Jerusalem,
In th' everlasting fire! I slew them, John,—
Thou saw'st my red hand glorious with their blood.

JOHN.

False traitors! in their very treachery false!
They would betray without their lord—In truth,
Treason, like empire, brooks not rivalry.

SIMON.

Now, by the bones of Abraham _____ father,
I do _____ thee here, false John of Galilee!
Or, if the title please thee, John the Tyrant!
Here, in _____ arm'd, embattled Sanhedrim,
Thou art _____ fall's prime cause, and fatal origin!
From thee, as from _____ foul and poisonous fount,
Pour the black _____ of calamity

O'er Judah's land! God hates thee, **■** of Belial!
 And the destroying bolts that fall on thee
 From the insulted heavens, blast all around thee
 With spacious and unsparing desolation.
 Hear me, ye men of Israel! do ye wonder
 That all your baffled valour hath recoil'd
 From the fierce Gentile onset? that your walls
 Are prostrate, and your last hath scarce repell'd
 But now the flush'd invader? 'T is from this—
 That the Holy City will not be defended
 By womanish men, and loose adulterers.
 Hear me, I say, this son of Gischala,
 This lustful tyrant, hath he not defiled
 Your daughters, in the open face of day
 Done deeds of shame, which midnight hath no darkness
 So deep as **■** conceal? It is his pride
 T' offend high heaven with crimes before unknown—
 Hath he not mock'd the austere and solemn fasts,
 And sabbaths of our Law, by revellings
 And most heaven-tainting wantonness? Yea, more,
 Hath he not made God's festivals **■** false
 And fraudulent pretext for his deeds of guilt?
 Yea, on the day of the Unleavened Bread,
 Even in the garb and with the speech of worship,
 Went he not up into the very Temple? (14)
 And there before the Veil, even in the presence
 Of th' Holy of Holies, did he not break forth
 With armed and infuriate violence?
 Then did the pavement, which was never red
 But with the guiltless blood of sacrifice,
 Reek with the indelible and thrice-foulest stain
 Of human carnage. Yea, with impious steel
 He slew the brethren that were kneeling with him
 At the same altar, uttering the same prayers.
 (Speak, Eleazar, was 't not so?—thou dar'st not
 Affirm, **■** canst deny thine own betrayal.)
 And since that cursed hour of guilty triumph
 There hath he held the palace of his lusts, (15)
 Turning God's Temple to a grove of Belial:
 Even till men wonder that the pillars start not
 From their fix'd sockets; that the offended roof
 Fall not at once, and crush in his own shame
 The blasphemous invader. Yea, not yet,
 I have not fathom'd yet his depth of sin.
 His common banquet is the Bread of Offering,
 The vessels of the altar **■** the cups
 From which he drains his riotous drunkenness.
 The incense, that was wont to rise to heaven
 Pure **■** **■** infant's breath, now foully stagnates
 Within the pestilent haunts of his lasciviousness.
 Can these things be, and yet our favour'd arms
 Be clad with victory? Can the Lord of Israel
 For us, the scanty remnant of his worshippers,
 Neglect to vindicate his tainted shrine,
 His sanctuary profaned, his outraged Laws?

JOHN.

Methinks, if Simon had but fought to-day
 As valiantly **■** Simon speaks, the foe
 Had never **■** to-morrow's onset—

SIMON.

Brethren,

Yet I demand your audience——

JEWS.

Hear him! hear

The righteous Simon!

SIMON.

Men of Israel!

Why stand ye thus in wonder? where the root
■ hollow, can the tree be sound? Man's deeds
 Are as man's doctrines; and who hopes for aught
 But wantonness and foul iniquity
 From that blaspheming and heretical sect,
 The serpent spawn of Sadoc, that corrupt
 The Law of Moses and disdain the Prophets?
 That grossly do defraud the eternal soul
 Of its immortal heritage, and doom it
 To rot for ever with its kindred clay
 In the grave's deep unbroken prison-house?
 Yea, they dispeople with their infidel creed
 Heaven of its holy Angels; laugh to scorn
 That secret band of ministering Spirits;
 That therefore, in their indignation, stand
 Aloof, and gaze upon our gathering ruin
 With a contemptuous and pitiless scorn.
 They that were wont to range around **■** towers
 Their sunlight-wing'd battalions, and to **■**
 Upon our part with adamantine arms.

JOHN.

Oh! impotent and miserable arguer!
 Will he that values not the stake as boldly
 Confront the peril as the man that feels
 His all upon the hazard? Men of Galilee,
 The cup of life hath sparkled to our lips,
 And **■** have drain'd its tide of love and joy,
 Till **■** veins almost burst with o'erwrought rapture;
 And well we know, that generous cup, **■** dash'd,
 Shall never mantle more to the cold lips
 Of the earth-bound dead. And therefore do we fight
 For life as for a mistress, that being lost,
 Is lost for ever. To be what we are
 Is all we hope or pray for; think ye, then,
 That we shall tamely yield the contest up,
 And calmly acquiesce in our extinction?
 We know that there stands yawning at our feet
 The gulf, where dark Annihilation dwells
 With Solitude, her sister; and we fix
 Our steadfast footing on the perilous verge,
 And grapple to the last with the fierce foe
 That seeks to plunge **■** down; and where's the strength
 That can subdue despair?—For the other charge,
 We look not, Simon, **■** the sky, **■** pray
 For sightless and impalpable messengers
 To spare us the proud peril of the war:
 Ourselves **■** our own Angels! **■** implore not
 Or supernatural or spiritual aid;
 We have our own good arms, that God hath given us,
 And valiant hearts to wield those mighty arms.

SIMON.

Oh heavens! oh heavens, ye hear it, and endure it!
 Outwearied by the all-frequent blasphemy
 To **■** indignant patience: and the just
 Still, still **■** suffer the enforced alliance
 Of **■** whose fellowship is death and ruin.

JOHN.

Why, thou acknowledged Prince of Murderers!
 Captain Assassin! Lord and Chief of Massacre!
 That pourest blood like water, yet dost deem
 That thou canst wash the foul and scarlet stain
 From thy polluted soul, **■** easily
 As from thy dainty ever-dabbling hands,
 That wouldst appease with rite and ordinance,

And festival, and slavish ceremony,
And prayers that weary even the ■■■■ thou kneel'st on,
The God whose image hourly thou effacest
With mangling and remorseless steel! 'T is well
That graves are silent, and that dead men's souls
Assert not the proud privilege thou wouldst give them;
For if they did, Heaven's vaults would ring so loudly
With imprecations 'gainst the righteous Simon,
That they would pluck by force a plague upon us,
To which the Roman, and the wasting famine,
Were soft and healing mercies.

SIMON.

Liar and slave!

There is no rich libation to the All-Just
So welcome ■■■■ the blood of renegades
And traitors——

MIRIAM (*apart.*)

Oh! I dare not listen longer!

The big drops stand upon his brow; his voice
Is faint and fails, and there 's no food at home.
The night is dark—I 'll go once more, or perish.

[Departs unperceived.]

SIMON.

What, John of Galilee! because my voice
Is hoarse with speaking of thy crimes, dost scoff,
And wag thy head ■■■■ me, and answer laughter?
Now, if thy veins run not pure gall, I 'll breach
Their tide, and prove if all my creed be false;
If traitors' reeking blood smell not to heaven
Like ■■■■ sweet sacrifice.

JOHN.

Why, ay! the victim

Is bound ■■■■ th' horns of th' altar! Strike, I say,
■■■■ waits thee—Strike!

HIGH-PRIEST.

Hold, Chiefs of Israel!

Just Simon! valiant John! ■■■■ more I dare
To cast myself between you, the High-Priest,
Who by his holy office calls on you
To throw aside your trivial private wrongs,
And vindicate offence more rank and monstrous.
Avenge your God! and then avenge yourselves!
The Temple is polluted—Israel's Lord
Mock'd in his presence. Prayers even thence have risen,
Prayers from the jealous holy Sanctuary,
Even to the Crucified Man our fathers slew.

JEWS.

The Crucified! the Man of Nazareth!

HIGH-PRIEST.

This morn, ■■■■ went, our maidens had gone up
To chant their suppliant hymn; and they had raised
The song that Israel ■■■■ the Red Sea shore
Took up triumphant; and they closed the strain,
That, like th' Egyptian and his car-borne host,
The billows of Heaven's wrath might overwhelm
The Gentile foe, and ■■■■ preserve Jerusalem;
When at the close and fall ■■■■ single voice
Linger'd upon the note, with, "Be it done
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son."
My spirit shrank within me; horror-struck,
I listen'd; all was silence! Then again
I look'd upon the veiled damsels, all
With one accord took up the swelling strain
To him that triumph'd gloriously. I turn'd
To the Ark and Mercy Seat, and then again
I heard that single, soft, melodious voice,

"Lord of Mercies, be it done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son."
Here, then, assembled Lords of Israel,
Whoever be the victim, I demand her;
Your wisdom must detect, your justice wreak
Fit punishment upon the accursed sacrilege.

■■■■ (*apart.*)

Miriam! Miriam! Ha!—She's fled.—Guilt! Guilt
Prophetic of the damning accusation
It doth deserve! Apostate! 't ■■■■ sin
Against Jerusalem and Heaven ■■■■ spare thee!

HIGH-PRIEST.

I do commend you, brethren, for your silence!
I see the abhorrence labouring in your hearts,
Too deep and too infuriate for words.

SIMON.

Now, if it were my child, my Sarah's child,
The child that she died blessing, I 'd not sleep
Till the stones crush her. Yea, thus, thus I 'd grasp,
And hurl destruction ■■■■ her guilty head.
Here, John, I pledge mine hand to thee, till vengeance
Seize on the false and insolent blasphemer.

(SALONE, half unveiled, rushing forward, stops irresolutely.)

Their eyes oppress me—my heart chokes my voice—
And my lips cling together——Oh! my mother,
Upon thy death-bed didst thou not beseech ■■■■
To love each other!

HIGH-PRIEST.

Veiled maid, what art thou?

SALONE.

Off! off! the blood of Abraham swells within me—
As I cast down my veil, I cast away
All fear, all tenderness, all fond remorse.
It is too good a death for ■■■■ guilty
To perish for Jerusalem——

[She stands unveiled.]

Salone!

HIGH-PRIEST.

The admired daughter of the noble Simon!

VOICE AT ■■■■ DISTANCE.

Israel! Israel!

HIGH-PRIEST.

Who is this, that speaks

With such a thrilling accent of command?

VOICE.

Israel! Israel!

JEWS.

Back! give place! the Prophet!

■■■■ (*the false prophet.*)

Israel! Israel!

HIGH-PRIEST.

Peace!

ABIRAM.

Ay! peace, I say!

The wounds ■■■■ bound; the blood is stanch'd! and hate
Is turn'd to love! and ■■■■ jealousy
To kindred concord! and the clashing swords
To bridal sounds! the fury of the feud
To revel and the jocund nuptial feast.

HIGH-PRIEST.

What means Abiram?

■■■■

■■■■ is from ■■■■ High.

Brave Amariah, son of John! Salone,
Daughter of Simon! thus I join their hands;
And thus I bless the wedded and the beautiful!
And thus I bind the Captains of Jerusalem
In the strong bonds of unity and peace.—

And where is now the wine for the bridegroom's rosy
cup? (16)

And the tabret and the harp for the chamber of the
bride?

Lo! bright ■ burnish'd gold the lamps are sparkling up,
And the odours of the incense ■ breathing far and
wide;

And the maidens' feet are glancing in the virgins' wed-
ding train;

And the sad streets of Salem ■ alive with joy again!

■ JEWS.

Long live Salone! Long live Amariah!

SALONE.

Am I awake?—how came I here unveil'd
Among the bold and glaring eyes of men?

THE JEWS.

Long live Salone! Long live Amariah!

SIMON.

He speaks from Heaven—accept'st thou, John of Galilee,
Heaven's ■ of peace?

JOHN.

From earth or heaven, I care not—

What says my boy?

AMARIAH.

Oh! rather let ■ ask,

What says the maid? Oh! raven-hair'd Salone,
Why dost thou crowd thy jealous veil around thee?
Look on ■ freely;auteous in thy freedom;
As when this morn I saw thee, on our walls,
Thy hair cast back, and bare thy marble brow
To the bright wooing of the enamour'd sun:
They were my banner, Beauty, those dark locks;
And in the battle 't ■ my pride, my strength,
To think that eyes like thine ■ gazing ■ ■

Oh no, thou saw'st me not!—Oh, Amariah!
What Prophets speak ■ ■ fulfill'd. 'T ■ vain
'T oppose ■ once ■ will ■ Heaven—and thee.

Now, if there be enough of generous food,
A cup of wine in all the wasted city,
We 'll have a jocund revel.

SIMON.

Prophet Abiram,

I have ■ question for thy secret ear.
Thou man, whose eyes are purged from earthly film,
Seest thou no further down the tide of time?
Beyond this bridal nothing?—Answer me!
For it should seem this designated union
Of two ■ noble, this conspiring blood
Of Israel's chiefs, portends some glorious fruit
To ripen in the deep futurity.

Simon, what meanest thou?

SIMON.

The Hope of Israel!

Shall it not dawn from darkness? Oh! begot
In Judah's hour of peril, and conceived

In her extreme of agony, what birth
So ■ and fitting for the great Discomfiter!

ABIRAM.

A light falls ■ ■

Prophet! what shall dye

The robe of purple with ■ bright a grain
As Roman blood? Before ■ gates are met
The lords of empire, and our walls may laugh
Their siege to scorn, even till the Branch be grown
That's ■ yet planted—Yea, the wrested sceptre
Of earth, the sole dominion—Back. Abiram,
To thy prophetic cave—kneel, pray, fast, weep;
And thou shalt bless ■ with far nobler tidings,
And we will kiss thy feet, thou Harbinger
Of Judah's glory—

Now lead ■ the Bridal.

Blow trumpets! shout, exulting Israel!
Shout Amariah! shout again Salone!
Shout louder yet, the Bridegroom and the Bride!
Rejoice, O Zion, now on all thy hills;
City of David, through thy streets rejoice!

Fountain of Siloe—Night—An approaching Storm.

MIRIAM.

He is not here! and yet he might have known
That the cold gloom of the tempestuous skies
Could never change a faithful heart like mine.
He might have known me not a maid to love
Under the melting moonlight, and soft stars,
And to fall off in darkness and in storm.
Ah! seal'd for ever be my slanderous lips!
Alas! it is the bitterest pang of misery
That it will force from us unworthy doubts
Of the most tried and true. Oh, Javan, Javan!
It ■ but now that with presumptuous heart
I did repine against the all-gracious heavens,
That wrapt me round in charitable darkness,
Because my erring feet had well-nigh miss'd
Their known familiar path.

JAVAN, MIRIAM.

JAVAN.

What's there? I ■

■ white and spirit-like gleaming—It ■ be!
I see her not, yet feel that it is Miriam,
By the indistinct and dimly visible grace
That haunts her motions; by her tread, that falls
Trembling and soft like moonlight on the earth.
What dost thou here? now—now? where every moment
The soldiers prowl, and meeting sentinels
Challenge each other? I have watch'd for thee
As prisoners for the hour of their deliverance;
Yet did I pray, love! that thou mightst not come,
Even that thou mightst be faithless ■ thy vows,
Rather than meet this peril—Miriam,
Why art thou here?

MIRIAM.

Does Javan ask me why?

Because I saw my father pine with hunger—
Because—I never hope to come again.

JAVAN.

Too true! this night, this fatal night, if Heaven
Strike ■ their conquering host, the foe achieves
His tardy victory. Round the shatter'd walls

There is the smother'd hum of preparation.
 With stealthy footsteps, and with muffled arms,
 Along the trenches, round the lowering engines,
 I ■■■ them gathering: men stood whispering men,
 As though revealing some portentous secret;
 At every sound cried, Hiat! and look'd reproachfully
 Upon each other. Now and then ■ light
 From some far part of the encircling camp
 Breaks suddenly out, and then is quench'd ■ suddenly.
 The forced unnatural quiet, that pervades
 Those myriads of arm'd and sleepless warriors,
 Presages earthly tempest; as yon clouds,
 That in their mute and ponderous blackness hang
 Over our heads, a tumult in the skies—
 The earth and heaven alike ■■■ terribly calm.

MIRIAM.

Alas! alas! give me the food! let's say
 Farewell ■ fondly ■ ■ dying man
 Should say it ■ a dying woman!

JAVAN.

Miriam!

It shall not be. *He, He* hath given command,
 That when the signs ■■ manifest, ■■ should flee (17)
 Unto the mountains.

MIRIAM.

Javan, tempt me not:

My soul is weak. Hast thou not said of old
 How dangerous 't is to wrest the words of truth
 To the excusing our own fond desires?
 There 's ■■ eternal mandate, unrepeal'd,
 Nor e'er ■ be rescinded, ■ Love thy Father!
 God speaks with many voices; ■■ in the heart,
 True though instinctive; one in the Holy Law,
 The first that 's coupled with a gracious promise.

JAVAN.

Yet ■■ his words, ■ Leave all, and follow me,
 Thou shalt not love thy father more than me:—
 Darest disobey them?

MIRIAM.

Javan, while I tread

The path of duty I ■■ following him;
 And, loving whom I ought ■ love, love him.

JAVAN.

■ thou couldst save or succour—if this night
 Were not the last—

MIRIAM.

Oh, dearest, think awhile!

It matters little ■■ what hour o' the day
 The righteous falls asleep; death cannot come
 To him untimely who is fit to die:
 The less of this cold world, the more of heaven;
 The briefer life, the earlier immortality.
 But every moment ■ the ■■ of guilt
 And bloodshed, one like—ah me! like my father,
 Each instant rescued from the grasp of death,
 May be a blessed chosen opportunity
 For the everlasting mercy—Think what 't is
 For time's minutest period ■ delay
 An infidel's death, a murderer's—

JAVAN.

Go! go, dearest!

If I ■■ dying, I would have thee go—
 Oh! thou inspher'd, unearthly loveliness!

1 Mat. xxiv, ■

2 Mat. x, 7.

Danger may gather round thee, like the clouds
 Round ■■ of heaven's pure stars, thou'lt hold within
 Thy ■■■ unsullied.

MIRIAM.

This is worse than all!

Oh! mock ■■ thus with wild extravagant praise
 A very weak and most unworthy girl.
 Javan, ■■ last, one parting word with thee—
 There have been times, when I have said light words,
 As maidens use, that made thy kind heart bleed;
 There have been moments, when I have seen thee sad,
 And I have cruelly sported with thy sadness:
 I have been proud, oh! very proud, ■ hear
 Thy fond lips dwell on beauty, when thine eyes
 Were ■■ this thin and wasted form of mine.
 Forgive me, oh! forgive me, for I deem'd
 The hour would surely come, when the fond bride
 Might well repay the maiden's waywardness.
 Oh! look not thus o'erjoy'd, for if I thought
 We e'er could meet again this side the grave,
 Trust me, I had been charier of my tenderness.
 Yet ■■ word more—I do mistrust thee, Javan,
 Though coldly thou dost labour to conceal it;
 Thou hast some frantic scheme to risk for mine
 Thy precious life—Beseech thee, heap not thou
 More ■■ ■■ on the o'erburthen'd.

JAVAN.

Think'st thou, then,

I have ■■ trust but in this arm of flesh
 To save thee?

MIRIAM.

Oh, kind Javan! pray not thou

That I may live, that is too wild a prayer;
 That I may die unspotted, be thy suit
 To Him who loves the spotless.

JAVAN.

Ha—the thought!

It pierces like a sword into my heart!

MIRIAM.

And think'st thou mine unwounded?—Fare thee well!
 Our presence does but rack each other's souls.
 Farewell! and if thou lovest when I am dead,
 May she be to thee, all I hoped to be.

JAVAN.

Go—go—

MIRIAM.

Thou bidst ■■ part, and yet detain'st ■■

With clinging grasp—ah no, 't is I clasp thee.
 I knew not that my fond unconscious hand
 Had been so bold—Oh, Javan! ■■ the morn
 'T will have no power 't offend thee—'t will be cold.

JAVAN.

Offend me! Miriam, when thou 'rt above
 Among the Saints, and I in the sinful world,
 How terrible 't will be if I should forfeit
 The hope of meeting thee in blessedness.

Forfeit! with faith like thine?

JAVAN.

Thou well rebukest ■■

To thy Redeemer I commit thee now,
 To leave thee here, or take thee to himself.
 Farewell, farewell! the life of this sad heart,—
 Dearer than life—I look for thee, and lo!
 Nought ■■ blind darkness—

Save where you mad city,

As though ■ peace and in luxurious joy,
 ■ hanging out her bright and festive lamps.

There have been tears from holier eyes than mine
 Pour'd o'er thee, Zion! yea, the Son of Man
 This thy devoted hour foresaw and wept.
 And I—can I refrain from weeping? Yes,
 My country, in thy darker destiny
 Will I awhile forget mine own distress.

I feel it now, the sad, the coming hour;
 The signs ■ full, and never shall the sun
 Shine on the cedar roofs of Salem more;
 Her tale of splendour now is told and done;
 Her wine-cup of festivity is spilt,
 And all is o'er, her grandeur and her guilt.

Oh! fair and favour'd city, where of old
 The balmy airs were rich with melody,
 That led her pomp beneath the cloudless sky
 In vestments flaming with the orient gold;
 Her gold is dim, and mute her music's voice;
 The Heathen o'er her perish'd pomp rejoice.

How stately then ■ every palm-deck'd street,
 Down which the maidens danced with tinkling feet;
 How proud the elders in the lofty gate!
 How crowded all her nation's solemn feasts
 With white-robed Levites and high-mitred Priests;
 How gorgeous all her Temple's sacred state!
 Her streets are razed, her maidens sold for slaves,
 Her gates thrown down, her elders in their graves;
 Her feasts ■ holden 'mid the Gentile's scorn,
 By stealth her Priesthood's holy garments worn;
 And where her Temple crown'd the glittering rock,
 The wandering shepherd folds his evening flock.

When shall the work, the work of death begin?
 When ■ the avengers of proud Judah's sin?
 Acceldama! accursed and guilty ground,
 Gird all the city in thy dismal bound,
 Her price is paid, and she ■ sold like thou;
 Let every ancient monument and tomb
 Enlarge the border of its vaulted gloom,
 Their spacious chambers ■ ■ wanted now.

But nevermore shall you lost city need
 Those secret places for her future dead;
 Of all her children, when this night is pass'd,
 Devoted Salem's darkest, and her last,
 Of all her children none is left to her,
 Save those whose house is in the sepulchre.

Yet, guilty city, who shall mourn for thee?
 Shall Christian voices wail thy devastation?
 Look down! look down, avenged Calvary,
 Upon thy late yet dreadful expiation.
 Oh! long foretold, though slow accomplish'd fate,
 "Her house is left unto her desolate;"
 Proud Caesar's ploughshare o'er her ruins driven,
 Fulfils at length the tardy doom of heaven;
 The wrathful vial's drops at length are pour'd
 On the rebellious race that crucified their Lord!

Streets of Jerusalem—Night.

Many Jews meeting.

FIRST JEW.

Saw ye it, father! saw ye what the city
 Stands gazing at? As I pass'd through the streets,
 There ■ pale women wandering up and down;
 And on the house-tops there were haggard faces
 Turn'd to the heavens, where'er the ghostly light
 Fell ■ them. Even the prowling plunderers,
 That break our houses for suspected food,
 Their quick and stealthful footsteps check, and gasp
 In wonder. They, that in deep weariness,
 Or wounded in the battle of the morn,
 Had cast themselves to slumber on the stones,
 Lift up their drowsy heads, and languidly
 Do shudder at the sight.

SECOND JEW.

What sight? what say'st thou?

FIRST JEW.

The star, the star, the fiery-tressed star,
 That all this fatal year hath hung in the heavens
 Above us, gleaming like ■ bloody sword,
 Twice hath it moved. Men cried aloud, "A tempest!"
 And there was blackness, as of thunder clouds:
 But yet that angry sign glared fiercely through them,
 And the third time, with slow and solemn motion,
 'T was shaken and brandish'd.

SECOND JEW.

Timorous boy! thou speak'st
 As though these things were strange. Why ■ ■ sleep
 With prodigies ablaze in all the heavens,
 And the earth teeming with portentous signs,
 As sound ■ when the moon and constant stars
 Beam'd quietly upon the slumbering earth
 Their customary fires. Dost thou remember,
 At Pentecost, when all the land of Judah
 Stood round the Altar, at the dead of night,
 A Light broke out, and all the Temple shone
 With the meteorous glory? 't was not like
 The light of sun or moon, but it was clear
 And bright as either, only that it wither'd
 Men's faces to a hue like death.

THIRD JEW.

'T ■ strange!

And, if I err not, on that very day,
 The Priest led forth the spotless sacrifice,
 And as he led it, it fell down, and ■
 Its young upon the sacred pavement.

Brethren,
 Have ye forgot the eve, when ■ broke out
 Even in the heavens? all the wide northern sky
 Was rocking with arm'd ■ and fiery chariots.
 With an abrupt and sudden noiselessness,
 Wildly, confusedly they cross'd and mingled,
 As when the Red Sea waves dash'd to and fro
 The crazed ■ of Pharaoh—

■ JEW.

Who comes here

In his white robes so hastily?

FIRST JEW.

'T ■ the Levite,
 The Holy Aaron.

Brethren! Oh, my Brethren!

JEW.

Speak, Rabbi, all our souls thirst for thy words.

LEVITE.

But now within the Temple, as I minister'd
There was a silence round us; the wild sounds
Of the o'erwearied war had fallen asleep.
A silence, even as though all earth were fix'd
Like ■ in adoration, when the gate,
The Eastern gate, with all its ponderous bars
And bolts of iron, started wide asunder,
And all the strength of ■ doth vainly toil
To close the stubborn and rebellious leaves.

THIRD JEW.

What now?

ANOTHER JEW.

What now? why all things sad and monstrous.
The Prophets stand aghast, and vainly seek,
Amid the thronging and tumultuous signs
Which crowd this wild disastrous night, the intent
Of the Eternal. Wonder breaks o'er wonder,
As clouds roll o'er each other in the skies;
And Terror, wantoning with man's perplexity,
No sooner hath infix'd the awed attention
On some strange prodigy, than it straight distracts it
To a stranger and more fearful.

THIRD JEW.

Hark! what's there?

Fresh horror!—

(At ■ distance.)

To the sound of timbrels sweet, (18)
Moving slow our solemn feet,
We have borne thee ■ the road,
To the virgin's hiest abode;
With thy yellow torches gleaming,
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,
And the canopy above
Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,
And the mirth and wine have ceas'd;
And now we set thee down before
The jealously-unclosing door;
That the favour'd youth admits
Where the veiled virgin sits
In the bliss of maiden fear,
Waiting our soft tread ■ hear;
And the music's brisker din,
At the bridegroom's entering in,
Entering in ■ welcome guest
To the chamber of his rest.

SECOND JEW.

It is the bridal song of Amariah
And fair Salome. In the house of Simon
The rites are held; ■ bears the Bridegroom home
His plighted Spouse, but there doth deek his chamber;
These perilous times dispensing with the rigour
Of ancient usage—

VOICE WITHIN.

Woe! woe! woe!

JEW.

Alas!

The son of Hananiah? is 't not he?

THIRD JEW.

Whom said'st?

SECOND JEW.

Art thou a stranger in Jerusalem,
That thou rememberest not that fearful man?

FOURTH JEW.

Speak! speak! we know not all.

SECOND JEW.

Why thus it was:

A rude and homely dresser of the vine,
■ had ■ up to the Feast of Tabernacles,
When suddenly ■ spirit fell upon him,
Evil ■ good we know not. Ever since
(And ■ seven years are past since it befell,
Our city then being prosperous and at peace),
He hath gone wandering through the darkling streets
At midnight under the cold quiet stars;
He hath gone wandering through the crowded market
At noonday under the bright blazing sun,
With that one ominous cry of «Woe, woe, woe!»
Some scoff'd and mock'd him, some would give him food;
He neither cursed the one, nor thank'd the other.
The Sanhedrim had scourge him, and myself
Beheld him lash'd, till the bare bones stood out
Through the maim'd flesh, still, still he only cried,
Woe ■ the City, till his patience wearied
The angry persecutors. When they freed him,
'T was still the same, the incessant Woe, woe, woe.
But when ■ siege began, awhile he ceased,
As though his prophecy were fulfill'd; till ■
We had not heard his dire and boding voice.

WITHIN.

Woe! woe! woe!

JOSHUA, the Son of Hananiah.

Woe! woe!

A voice from the East! a voice from the West!
From the four winds a voice against Jerusalem!
A voice against the Temple of the Lord!
A voice against the Bridegrooms and the ■!
A voice against all people of the land!

Woe! woe! woe!

SECOND JEW.

They ■ the very words, the very voice
Which we have heard so long. And yet, methinks,
There is a mournful triumph in the tone
Ne'er heard before. His eyes, that were of old
Fix'd on the earth, now wander all abroad,
As though the tardy consummation
Afflicted him with wonder—Hark! again.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine,
Bride of David's kingly line!
How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,
And thy shrouded eye resembleth
Violets, when the dew of eve
A moist and tremulous glitter leave
On the bashful sealed lid!
Close within the bride-veil hid,
Motionless thou sit'st and mute;
Save that at the soft salute
Of each entering maiden friend
Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark! a brisker, merrier glee!
The door unfolds,—'t is he, 't is he.
Thus we lift our lamps ■ meet him,
Thus ■ touch our lutes to greet him.
Thou shalt give ■ fonder meeting,
Thou shalt give ■ tenderer greeting.

JOSHUA.

Woe! woe!

A voice from the East! ■ voice from the West!
 From the four winds ■ voice against Jerusalem!
 ■ voice against the Temple of the Lord!
 A voice against the Bridegrooms and the Brides!
 A voice against all people of the land!

Woe! woe—— [*Bursts away, followed by Second Jew.*]

FIRST JEW.

Didst speak?

THIRD ■■■

No.

FOURTH JEW.

Look'd he on ■ ■ he spake?

FIRST JEW (*to the Second returning.*)

Thou follow'dst him! what now?

SECOND JEW.

"T ■ ■ True Prophet!

■■■ JEWS.

Wherefore? Where went he?

■■■■ JEW.

To the outer wall;

And there he suddenly cried out and sternly,
 • A voice against the ■■ of Hananiah!
 Woe, woe! ■ and ■ the instant, whether struck
 By a chance stone from the enemy's engines, down
 ■■ sank and died!——

THIRD JEW.

There's ■■■ one comes this way—

Art sure he died indeed?

LEVITE.

It is the High-Priest.

The ephod gleams through the pale lowering night;
 The breastplate gems, and the pure mitre-gold,
 Shine lamplike, and the bells that fringe his robe
 Chime faintly.

HIGH-PRIEST.

Israel, hear! I do beseech you,

Brethren, give ear!—

SECOND JEW.

Who's he that will not hear

The words of God's High-Priest?

HIGH-PRIEST.

■ was but now

I sat within the Temple, in the court

That's consecrate to mine office—Your eyes wander—

JEWS.

Go on!—

HIGH-PRIEST.

Why hearken, then—Upon ■ sudden
 The pavement seem'd to swell beneath my feet,
 And the Veil shiver'd, and the pillars rock'd.
 And there, within the very Holy of Holies,
 There, from behind the winged Cherubim,
 Where the Ark stood, noise, hurried and tumultuous,
 Was heard, ■ when ■ king with all his host
 Doth quit his palace. And anon, a voice,
 Or voices, half in grief, half anger, yet
 Nor human grief ■■ anger, even it seem'd
 As though the hoarse and rolling thunder spake
 With the articulate voice of man, it said,
 "LET US DEPART!"

JEWS.

Most terrible! What follow'd?

Speak on! speak on!

HIGH-PRIEST.

I know not why, I felt

As though an outcast from the abandon'd Temple,
 And fled.

JEWS.

Oh God! and Father of our Fathers,
 Dost thou desert us?

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND MAIDENS.

Under ■ happy planet art thou led,
 Oh, chosen Virgin! to thy bridal bed.
 So put thou off thy soft and bashful sadness,
 And wipe away the timid maiden tear,—
 Lo! redolent with the Prophet's oil of gladness,
 And mark'd by heaven, the Bridegroom Youth is here.

FIRST JEW.

Hark—hark! an armed tread!

SECOND JEW.

The bold Ben Cathla.

BEN CATHLA.

Ay, ye are met, all met, ■ in ■ mart,
 T' exchange against each other your dark ta ■
 Of this night's fearful prodigies. I know it,
 By the inquisitive and half-suspicious looks
 With which ye eye each other, ye do wish
 To disbelieve all ye have heard, and yet
 Ye dare not. If ye have ■■ the moon unsphered,
 And the stars fall; if the pale sheeted ghosts
 Have ■■ you wandering, and have pointed at you
 With ominous designation; yet I scoff
 Your poor and trivial terrors—Know ye Michol?

JEWS.

Michol!

■■■ CATHLA.

The noble lady, she whose fathers
 Dwelt beyond Jordan——

SECOND JEW.

Yes, we know her,
 The tender and the delicate of women, (19)
 That would not set her foot upon the ground
 For delicacy and very tenderness.

BEN CATHLA.

The same!—We had gone forth in quest of food:
 And ■■ had enter'd many ■ house, where ■■■
 Were preying upon meagre herbs and skins;
 And some were eating upon loathsome things
 Unutterable, the ravening hunger. Some,
 Whom ■■ had plunder'd oft, laugh'd in their agony
 To see ■■ baffled. At her door she met us,
 And ■ We have feasted together heretofore,
 She said, « most welcome warriors!» and she led us,
 And bade us sit like dear and honour'd guests,
 While she made ready. Some among ■ wonder'd,
 And some spake jeeringly, and thank'd the lady
 That she had thus with provident care reserved
 The choicest banquet for ■■ scarcest days.
 ■■ as she busily minister'd,
 Quick, sudden soba of laughter broke from her.
 At length the vessel's covering she raised up,
 And there it lay——

HIGH-PRIEST.

What lay?—Thou'rt sick and pale.

■■■ CATHLA.

By earth and heaven, the remnant of a child!
 A human child!——Ay, start! so started we——

Whereat she shriek'd aloud, and clapp'd her hands,
 • Oh! dainty and fastidious appetites!
 The mother feasts upon her babe, and strangers
 Loathe the repast—and then—• My beautiful child!
 The treasure of my womb! my bosom's joy!
 And then in her cool madness did she spurn
 Out of her doors.—Oh still—oh still I hear her,
 And I shall hear her till my day of death.

HIGH-PRIEST.

Oh, God of Mercies! this once thy city!

CHORUS.

Joy thee, beautiful and bashful Bride!
 Joy! for the thrills of pride and joy become thee;
 Thy curse of barrenness is taken from thee,
 And thou shalt see the rosy infant sleeping
 Upon the snowy fountain of thy breast;
 And thou shalt feel how mothers' hearts are blest
 By hours of bliss for moments' pain and weeping.
 Joy to thee!

The above, SIMON, JOHN.

SIMON.

Away! what do ye in our midnight streets?
 Go sleep! go sleep! or we shall have to lash you,
 When the horn to the morning's war,
 From out your drowsy beds—Away! I say.

HIGH-PRIEST.

Simon, thou knowst not the dark signs abroad.

JOHN.

Ay! is 't not fearful and most ominous
 That the sun shines not at deep midnight? Mark me,
 Ye men with gasping lips and shivering limbs,
 Thou mitred priest, and ye misnamed warriors,
 If ye infect with your pale aguish fears
 Our valiant city, we'll nor leave you limbs
 To shake, voices to complain—T' your homes.

SIMON, JOHN.

JOHN.

In truth, good Simon, I half your proselyte;
 Your angels, that do bear such excellent wine,
 Might shake a faith more firm than ours.

SIMON.

Brave John,

My soul is jocund. Expectation
 Before mine eyes, like to a new-sledged eagle,
 And stoopeth from her heavens with palms ne'er worn
 By brows of Israel. Glory mounts with her,
 Her deep seraphic trumpet swelling loud
 O'er Zion's gladdening towers.

JOHN.

Why, then, to sleep.

This fight by day, and revel all the night,
 Needs some repose—I'll to my bed—Farewell!

SIMON.

Brave John, farewell! and I'll to rest, and dream
 Upon the coming honours of to-morrow.

MIRIAM.

To-morrow! will that morrow dawn upon thee?
 I've warn'd them, I have lifted up my voice
 As loud as 't were an angel's, and well nigh
 Had I betray'd my secret: they but scoff'd,
 And ask'd how long I had been a prophetess?
 But that injurious John did foully taunt me,

As though I envied my lost sister's bridal.
 And when I clung to my dear father's neck,
 With the close fondness of a last embrace,
 He shook me from him.

But, ah me! how strange!

This moment, and the hurrying streets were full
 As at a festival, now all 's silent
 That I might hear the footsteps of a child.
 The sound of dissolute mirth hath ceased, the lamps
 Are spent, the voice of music broken off.
 No watchman's tread comes from the silent wall,
 There lights nor voices in the towers.
 The hungry have given up the idle search
 For food, the gazers the heavens are gone,
 Even fear 's rest—all still as in a sepulchre!
 And thou liest sleeping, oh Jerusalem!
 A deeper slumber could not fall upon thee,
 If thou wert desolate of all thy children,
 And thy razed streets a dwelling-place for owls.

I do mistake! this is the Wilderness,
 The Desert, where winds pass and make sound,
 And the populous city, the besieged
 And overhung with tempest. Why, my voice,
 My motion, breaks upon the oppressive stillness
 Like a forbidden and disturbing sound.
 The very air 's asleep, my feeblest breathing
 Is audible—I'll think my prayers—and then—
 —Ha! 't is the thunder of the Living God!
 It peals! it crashes! it comes down in fire!
 Again! it is the engine of the foe,
 Our walls are dust before it—Wake—oh wake—
 Oh Israel!—Oh Jerusalem, awake!
 Why shouldst thou wake? thy foe is in the heavens.
 Yea, thy judicial slumber weighs thee down,
 And gives thee, oh! lost city, to the Gentile
 Defenceless, unresisting.

It rolls down,

As though the Everlasting raged not now
 Against our guilty Zion, but did mingle
 The universal world in our destruction;
 And all mankind were destined for a sacrifice
 On Israel's funeral pile. Oh Crucified!
 Here, here, where thou didst suffer, I beseech thee
 Even by thy Cross!

Hark! now in impious rivalry

Man thunders. In the centre of our streets
 The Gentile trumpet, the triumphant shouts
 Of onset; and I,—I, a trembling girl,
 Alone, awake, abroad.

Oh, ye wake,

Now ye pour forth, and hideous Massacre,
 Loathing his bloodless conquest, joys you
 Thus naked and unarm'd—But where 's my father?
 Upon his couch in dreams of future glory.
 Oh! where 's my sister? in her bridal bed.

Many Jews.

FIRST JEW.

To the Temple! To the Temple! Israel! Israel!
 Your walls on the earth, your houses burn
 Like fires amid the autumnal olive grounds.
 The Gentile 's in the courts of the Lord's house.
 To the Temple! or perish with the Temple!

JEW.

To the Temple! haste, oh all ye circumcised!

Stay not for wife or child, for gold or treasure!
Pause not for light! the heavens — all on fire,
The Universal City burns!

THIRD JEW.

Arms! Arms!

Our women fall like doves into the nets
Of the fowler, and they dash upon the stones
Our innocent babes. Arms! Arms! before we die
Let 's reap a bloody harvest of revenge.
To the Temple!

FOURTH JEW.

Simon! lo, the valiant Simon.

The above, SIMON.

SIMON.

He comes! he comes! the black night blackens with him,
And the winds groan beneath his chariot wheels—
He comes from heaven, the Avenger of Jerusalem!
Ay, strike, proud Roman! fall, thou useless wall!
And veil your heads, ye towers, that have discharged
Your brief, your fruitless duty of resistance,
I've heard thee long, fierce Gentile! th' earthquake shocks
Of thy huge engines smote upon my soul,
And my soul scorn'd them. Oh! and hear'st not thou
One mightier than thyself, that shakes the heavens?

Oh pardon, that I thought that He, whose coming
Is promised and reveal'd, would calmly wait
The tardy throes of human birth. Messiah,
I know thee now, I know you lightning fire
Thy robe of glory, and thy steps in heaven
Incessant thundering.

I had brought mine arms,
Mine earthly arms, my breastplate and my sword,
To cover and defend me—Oh! but thou
Art jealous, nor endurest that human arm
Intrude on thy deliverance. I forswear them,
I cast them from me. Helmless, with nor shield
Nor sword, I stand, and in my nakedness
Wait thee, victorious Roman—

JEWS.

To the Temple!

SIMON.

Ay, well thou say'st, to the Temple—there 't will be
Most visible. In his own house the Lord
Will shine most glorious. Shall we not behold
The Fathers bursting from their yielding graves,
Patriarchs and Priests, and Kings and Prophets, met
A host of spectral watchmen, on the towers
Of Zion to behold the full accomplishing
Of every Type and deep Prophetic word?

Ay, to the Temple! thither will I too,
There bask in all the fulness of the day
That breaks at length o'er the long night of Judah.

Chorus, of Jews flying towards the Temple.

Fly! fly! fly!

Clouds, not of incense, from the Temple rise,
And there are altar-fires, but not of sacrifice.

And there are victims, yet nor bulls nor goats;
And Priests — there, but not of Aaron's kin;
And he that doth the murderous rite begin,

To stranger Gods his hecatomb devotes;
His hecatomb of Israel's chosen race
All foully slaughter'd in their Holy Place.

Break into joy, ye barren, that ne'er bore! (20)

Rejoice, ye breasts, where ne'er sweet infant hung!
From you, from you no smiling babes are wrung,
Ye die, but not amid your children's gore.
But howl and weep, oh ye that are with child,
Ye on whose bosoms unwean'd babes — laid;
The sword that 's with the mother's blood defiled
— with the infant gluts the insatiate blade.

Fly! fly! fly!

Fly not, I say, for Death is every where,
To keen-eyed Lust all places are the same:
There 's not a secret chamber in whose lair
Our wives can shroud them from th' abhorred shame.
Where the sword fails, the fire will find us there,
All, all is death—the Gentile or the flame.

On — the Temple! Brethren, Israel on!
Though every slippery street with carnage swims,
Ho! spite of famish'd hearts and wounded limbs,
Still, still, while yet there stands one holy stone,
Fight for your God, his sacred house to save,
Or have its blazing ruins for your grave!

The Streets of Jerusalem.

MIRIAM.

Thou hard firm earth, thou wilt not break before me,
And hide me in thy dark and secret bosom!
Ye burning towers, ye fall upon your children
With a compassionate ruin—not on me—
Ye spare me only, I alone am mark'd
And seal'd for life: death cruelly — to shun me,
Me, who am readiest and most wish to die.
Oh! I have sat me by the ghastly slain
In envy of their state, and wept a prayer
That I were cold like them, and safe from th' hands
Of the remorseless conqueror. I have fled,
And fled, and fled, and still I fly the nearer
To the howling ravagers—they are every where.
I've closed mine eyes, and rush'd I know not whither,
And still are swords and — and furious faces
Before me, and behind me, and around me.

But ah! the shrieks that — from out the dwellings
Of my youth's loved companions—every where
I hear some dear and most familiar voice
In its despairing frantic agonies.

Ah me! that I — struck with leprosy,
That sinful — might loathe me, and pass on.

And I might — have been by that sweet fountain
Where the winds whisper through the moonlight leaves,
I might have been with Javan there—Off, off—
These — not thoughts for — about to die—
Oh, Lord and Saviour Christ!

An Old Man, MIRIAM.

— MAN.

Who spake of Christ?

What hath that name — do with saving here?
He 's here, he 's here, the Lord of desolation,
Begirt with vengeance! in the fire above,
And fire below! in all the blazing city
Behold him manifest!

MIRIAM.

Oh! aged —

And miserable, — the verge of the grave

Thus lingering ■ behold thy country's ruin,
What know'st thou of the Christ?

OLD MAN.

I, I beheld him,
The Man of Nazareth whom thou mean'st—I saw him
When he went labouring up the accursed hill.
Heavily on his scourged and bleeding shoulders
Press'd the rough cross, and from his crowned brow
(Crown'd with ■ kingly diadem) the pale blood
Was shaken off, ■ with ■ patient pity
He look'd ■ us, the infuriate multitude.

MIRIAM.

Didst thou not fall and worship?

OLD MAN.

I had call'd
The curse upon my head, my voice had cried
Unto the Roman, - On ■ be his blood,
And on our children!—and on us it hath been—
My children and my children's children, all,
The Gentile sword hath reap'd them one by one,
And I, the last dry wither'd shock, await
The gleanings of the slaughterer.

MIRIAM.

Couldst thou see
The Cross, the Agony, and still hard of heart?

OLD MAN.

Fond child, I tell thee, ■ the Cross was raised
He look'd around him, even in that last anguish,
With such a majesty of calm compassion,
Such solemn adjuration to our souls—
But yet 't was not reproachful, only sad—
As though our guilt had been the bitterest pang
Of suffering. And there dwelt about him still,
About his drooping head and fainting limb,
A ■ of power; ■ though he chose to die,
Yet might have shaken off the load of death
Without an effort. Awful breathlessness
Spread round, too deep and too intense for tears.

MIRIAM.

Thou didst believe?—

OLD MAN.

Away! Men glared upon me
As though they did detect my guilty pity;
Their voices roar'd around me like ■ tempest,
And every voice ■ howling, - Crucify him!—
I dared not be alone the apostate child
Of Abraham—

MIRIAM.

Ah! thou didst not join the cry?

OLD MAN.

Woman, I did, and with a voice so audible
Men turn'd to praise my zeal. And when the darkness,
The noonday darkness, fell upon the earth,
And the earth's self shook underneath my feet,
I stood before the Cross, and in my pride
Rejoiced that I had shaken from my soul
The soft compunction.

MIRIAM.

Ha!—but now, oh! now,

Thou own'st him for the eternal Son of God,
The mock'd, and scourged, and crown'd and crucified.
Thou dost believe the blazing evidence
Of yon fierce flames! thou bow'st thyself before
The solemn preacher, Desolation,
That now on Zion's guilty ruins seated
Bears horrible witness.

OLD MAN.

Maiden, I believe them,
I dare not disbelieve; it is my curse,
My agony, that cleaves to ■ in death.

MIRIAM.

Oh! ■ ■ curse, it is ■ gracious blessing—
Believe, and thou shalt live!

OLD MAN.

Back, insolent!
What! wouldst thou school these grey hairs, and become
Mine age's teacher?

MIRIAM.

Hath not God ordain'd
Wisdom from babes and sucklings?

OLD MAN.

Back, I say;
I have lived a faithful child of Abraham,
And ■ will die.

MIRIAM.

For ever!—He is gone,
Yet he looks round, and shakes his hoary head
In dreadful execration 'gainst himself
And me—I dare not follow him.

What's here?

It is mine home, the dwelling of my youth,
O'er which the flames climb up with such fierce haste.
Lo, lo! they burst from that house-top, where oft
My sister and myself have sate and sang
Our pleasant airs of gladness! Ah, Salome!
Where art thou now? These, these are not the lights
That should be shining on ■ marriage-bed.
Oh! that I had been call'd to dress thy bier,
To pour sweet ointments on thy shrouded corpse,
Rather than thus to weave thee bridal chaplets
To be so madly worn, so early wither'd!
Where art thou? I dare only wish thee dead,
Even ■ I wish myself.

'T is she, herself!

Thank God, she hath not perish'd in the flames!
'T is she—she's here—she's here—the unfaded crown
Hanging from her loose tresses, and her raiment
Only the bridal veil wrapt round her—Sister!
Oh! by my mother's blessings on us both,
Stay, stay and speak to me—Salome!

SALOME.

Thee!

'T is all thy bitter envy, that hath made
The exquisite music cease, and hath put out
The gentle lamps, and with ■ jealous voice
Hath call'd him from me.

MIRIAM.

Seest thou not, Salome,
The city's all ■ fire, the foe's around us?

SALOME.

The fire! the foe! what's fire ■ foe to me?
What's ought but Amariah? He is mine,
The eagle-eyed, the noble and the brave,
The Man of Men, the glory of ■ Zion,
And ye have rent him from me.

MIRIAM.

Dearest, who?

SALOME.

I tell thee, he ■ mine, oh! mine so fondly,
And I ■ his—I had begun to dare
The telling how I loved him—and the night
■ ■ rapturously still around us—

When, even as though he heard a voice, and yet
There ~~was~~ no sound I heard, he sprung from ~~the~~
Unto the chamber-door, and he look'd ~~on~~
Into the city—

MIRIAM.

Well!—Nay, let not fall
Thy insufficient raiment—Merciful Heaven,
Thy bosom bleeds! What rash and barbarous hand
Hath—

SALOME.

He ~~came~~ back and kiss'd me, and he said—
I know not what he said—but there was something
Of Gentile ravisher, and his beauteous bride,—
Me, ~~he~~ he meant, he call'd me beauteous bride,—
And he stood o'er me with a sword so bright
My dazzled eyes did close. And presently,
Methought, he smote ~~me~~ with the sword, but then
He fell upon my neck, and wept upon me,
And I felt nothing but his burning tears.

MIRIAM.

She faints! Look up, sweet sister! I have stanch'd
The blood awhile—but her dim wandering eyes
Are fixing—she awakes—she speaks again.

SALOME.

Ah! brides, they say, should be retired, and dwell
Within in modest secrecy; yet here
Am I, a this night's bride, in the open street,
My naked feet on the cold stones, the wind
Blowing my raiment off—it's very cold—
Oh, Amariah! let me lay my head
Upon thy bosom, and so fall asleep.

MIRIAM.

There is no Amariah here—'t is I,
Thy Miriam.

SALOME.

The Christian Miriam!

MIRIAM.

Oh! that thou too wert Christian! I could give thee
A cold and scanty baptism of my tears.
Oh! shrink not from me, lift not up thy head,
Thy dying head, from thy loved sister's lap.

SALOME.

Off! ~~me~~ me free! the song is almost done,
The bridegroom's at the door, and I must meet him,
Though my knees shake and tremble. If he come,
And find ~~me~~ sad and cold, as I ~~am~~ now,
He will ~~love~~ love me ~~as~~ he did.

MIRIAM.

Too true,

Thou growest cold indeed.

SALOME.

Night closes round,
Slumber is on my soul. If Amariah
Return with morning, glorious and adorn'd
In spoil, ~~he~~ he is wont, thou 'lt wake me, sister?
—Ah! no, no, no! this is ~~my~~ waking sleep.
It bursts upon me—Yes, and Simon's daughter,
The bride of Amariah, may not fear,
Nor shrink from dying. My half-failing spirit
Comes back, my soft love-melted heart is strong:
I know it all, in mercy and in love
Thou 'st wounded me to death—and I will bless thee,
True lover! noble husband! my last breath
In thine in blessing—Amariah!—Love!

And yet thou shouldst have staid to close mine eyes,
Oh Amariah!—and ~~an~~ hour ago

I was a happy bride upon thy bosom,
And ~~am~~ am—Oh God, God! if he have err'd,
And should ~~come~~ back again, and find me—dead!

MIRIAM.

Oh, God of Mercies! she is gone ~~an~~ infidel,
An infidel unrepentant, ~~in~~ thy presence,
The partner of my cradle and my bed,
My own, my only sister!—oh! but thou,
Lord, knowest that thou hast not drawn her to thee,
By making the fond passions of the heart,
Like mine, thy ministers of soft persuasion.
She hath not loved a Christian, hath not heard
From lips, whose very lightest breath is dear,
Thy words of comfort.

I will cover her.

Thy bridal veil is ~~my~~ thy shroud, my sister,
And long thou wilt not be without a grave.
Jerusalem will bury all her children
Ere many hours are past.

There's ~~one~~ one comes—

A Gentile soldier—'t is the same who oft
Hath cross'd me, and I've fled and 'scap'd him. Now,
How ~~can~~ I fly, and whither? Will the dead
Protect me? Ha! whichever way I turn,
Are others fiercer and more terrible.
I'll speak to him,—there's something in his mien
Less hideous than the rest.

MIRIAM, the SOLDIER.

MIRIAM.

Oh! noble warrior,
I see not that thy sword is wet with blood:
And thou didst turn aside lest thou shouldst tread
Upon a dying man; and e'en but now,
When a bold ruffian almost seized on me,
Thou didst stand forth and scare him from his prey.
Hast thou no voice? perhaps thou art deaf too,
And I ~~am~~ pleading unto closed ears—
—Keep from me! stand aloof! I am infected.
Oh! ~~the~~ the devil, that haunts the souls of men,
They say, with lawless and forbidden thoughts,
If he possess thee, here I lift my voice—
By Jesus Christ of Nazareth, I adjure
The evil spirit to depart from thee.

Alas! I feel thy grasp upon mine arm,
And I ~~will~~ follow thee. Oh! thou hast surely
In thine own land, in thine ~~own~~ native home,
A wife, a child, a sister: think what 't were
To have a stranger's violent ~~grasp~~ around her.

Ha! every where ~~more~~ more—and this man's hand
Did surely tremble; at the holy name
He seem'd to bow his head. I'll follow thee,
Let me but kiss the body of my sister,
My dead lost sister—

~~Follow~~ thee! and thou 'lt spare me—

At least thou art less savage than the rest.
And ~~that~~ that had a virgin mother, ~~she~~
~~Will~~ surely listen to a virgin's prayer.
There's hope and strength within my soul; lead on,
I'll follow thee—Salome, oh that thou
Hadst ~~in~~ in thy cold marriage-bed for me!

The Front of the Temple.

They fight around the altar, and ~~the~~ ~~the~~
Heap the choked pavement. Israel tramples Israel,

And Gentile Gentile, rushing where the Temple,
Like to a pit of frantic gladiators,
Howling with the strife of men, that fight not
For conquest, but the desperate joy of slaying.
Priests, Levites, women, pass and hurry on,
At least die within the sanctuary.
I only wait without—I take my stand
Here in the vestibule—and though the thunders
High and aloof o'er the wide arch of heaven
Hold their calm march, nor deviate their vengeance,
On earth in holy patience, Lord, I wait,
Defying thy long lingering to subdue
The faith of Simon.

'T is but now I pass'd
The corpse of Amariah, that display'd
In the wild firelight all its wounds, and lay
Embalm'd in honour. John of Galilee
Prisoner; I beheld him fiercely gnashing
Ponderous chains. Of me they take no heed,
For I disdain to tempt them to my death,
And am not arm'd to slay.

The light within
Grows redder, broader. 'T is a fire that burns
To or destroy. On Sinai's top,
Oh Lord! thou didst appear in flames, the mountain
Burnt round about thee. Art thou here at length,
And must I close mine eyes, lest they be blinded
By the full conflagration of thy presence?

TITUS, PLACIDUS, TERENCE, Soldiers, SIMON.

TITUS.

Save, save the Temple! Placidus, Terentius,
Haste, bid the legions cease to slay; and quench
Yon ruining fire.

Who's this, that stands unmoved
'Mid slaughter, flame, and wreck, nor deigns to bow
Before the Conqueror of Jerusalem?
What art thou?

SIMON.

Titus, dost thou think that Rome
Shall quench the fire that burns within yon Temple?
Ay, when your countless and victorious cohorts,
Ay, when your Caesar's throne, your Capitol
Have fallen before it.

TITUS.

Madman, speak! what art thou?

SIMON.

The uncircumcised have known heretofore,
And thou mayst know hereafter.

PLACIDUS.

It is he—

The bloody Captain of the Rebels, Simon,
The Chief Assassin. Seize him, round his limbs
Bind straight your heaviest chains. An unhoped pageant
For Caesar's high ovation. We'll not slay him,
Till he have made a show to the wives of Rome
The great Hebrew Chieftain.

SIMON.

Knit them close,

That ye rivet well their galling links.

(Holding up the chains.)

And ye've no finer flax to gyve with?

TERENTIUS.

Burst these, and we will forge thee stronger then.

SIMON.

Fool, 't is yet the hour.

TITUS.

Hark! hark! the shrieks
Of those that perish in the flames. Too late
I spare, it wraps the fabric round.
Fate, Fate, I feel thou'rt mightier than Caesar,
Cannot save what thou hast doom'd! Back, Romans,
Withdraw your angry cohorts, and give place
To the inevitable ruin. Destiny,
Is thine own, and Caesar yields it to thee.
Lead off the prisoner.

SIMON.

Can it be? the fire
Destroys, the thunders cease. I'll believe,
And yet how dare I doubt?

A moment, Romans.

Is't then thy will, Almighty Lord of Israel,
That this thy Temple be a heap of ashes?
Is't then thy will, that I, thy chosen Captain,
Put on the raiment of captivity?
By Abraham, our father! by the Twelve,
The Patriarch Sons of Jacob! by the Law,
In thunder spoken! by the untouch'd Ark!
By David, and the Anointed Race of Kings!
By great Elias, and the gifted Prophets!
I here demand a sign!

'T is there—I see it.

The fire that rends the Veil!

We are then of thee

Abandon'd——not abandon'd of ourselves.
Heap woes upon us, scatter us abroad,
Earth's scorn and hissing; to the race of
A loathsome proverb; spurn'd by every foot,
And cursed by every tongue; our heritage
And birthright bondage; and our very brows
Bearing, like Cain's, the outcast mark of hate:
Israel will still be Israel, still will boast
Her fallen Temple, her departed glory;
And, wrapt in conscious righteousness, defy
Earth's utmost hate, and with scorn.

The Fountain of Siloe.

MIRIAM, the SOLDIER.

MIRIAM.

Here, here—not here—oh! any where but here—
Not toward the fountain, not by this lone path.
Thou wilt bear hence, I'll kiss thy feet,
I'll call down blessings, a lost virgin's blessings
Upon thy head. Thou hast hurried me along,
Through darkling street, and over smoking ruin,
And yet there seem'd a soft solicitude,
And an officious kindness in thy violence—
But I've not heard thy voice.

Oh, strangely cruel!

And wilt thou make me sit even on this stone,
Where I have sat oft, when the calm moonlight
Lay in its slumber the slumbering fountain?
Where art thou, thou that wert with me,
Oh Javan! Javan!

THE SOLDIER.

When was Javan call'd

By Miriam, that Javan answer'd not?
Forgive me all thy tears, thy agonies.
I dared speak to thee, lest the strong joy
Should overpower thee, and thy feeble limbs
Refuse bear thee in thy flight.

What's here?

Am I in heaven, and thou forehastest thither
To welcome me? Ah, no! thy warlike garb,
And the wild light, that reddens all the air,
Those shrieks—and yet this could not be earth,
The sad, the desolate, the sinful earth.
And thou couldst venture amid fire and death,
Amid thy country's ruins to protect me,
Dear Javan?

JAVAN.

'T is not the first time, Miriam,
That I have held my life a worthless sacrifice
For thine. Oh! all these later days of siege
I've slept in peril, and I've woke in peril.
For every meeting I've defied the cross,
On which the Roman, in his merciless scorn,
Bound all the of Salem. Sweet, I boast not;
But thank rightly our Deliverer,
We know all the extent of his deliverance.

And I only weep!

JAVAN.

Ay, thou shouldst weep,
Lost Zion's daughter.

MIRIAM.

Ah! I thought not then
Of my dead sister, and my captive father—
Said they not a captive—pass'd?—I thought not
Of Zion's ruin and the Temple's waste.
Javan, I fear that mine are tears of joy;
'T is sinful at such times—but thou art here,
And I am on thy bosom, and I cannot
Be, I ought, entirely miserable.

JAVAN.

My own beloved! I dare call thee mine,
For Heaven hath given thee me—chosen out,
As we two are, for solitary blessing,
While the universal curse is pour'd around us
On every head, 't were cold and barren gratitude
To stifle in our hearts the holy gladness.

But, oh Jerusalem! thy rescued children
May not, retired within their secret joy,
Shut out the mournful sight of thy calamities.

Oh, beauty of earth's cities! throned queen
Of thy milk-flowing valleys! crown'd with glory!
The envy of the nations! now
A city—One by one thy palaces
Sink into ashes, and the uniform smoke
O'er half thy circuit hath brought back the night
Which the insulting flames had made give place
To their untimely terrible day. The flames
That in the Temple, their last proudest conquest,
Now gather all their might, and furiously,
Like revellers, hold there exulting triumph.
Round every pillar, over all the roof,
On the wide gorgeous front, the holy depth
Of the far sanctuary, every portico,
And every court, once, concentrated,
As though to glorify and not destroy,
They burn, they blaze—

Look, Miriam, how it stands!

Look!

MIRIAM.

There are men around us!

JAVAN.

They are friends,

Bound here to meet me, and behold the last
Of our devoted city. Look, oh Christians!
Still Lord's house survives man's fallen dwellings,
And its ruin with a majesty
Peculiar and divine. Still, still it stands,
All one wide fire, and yet no stone hath fallen.

Hark—hark!

The feeble cry of expiring nation.

Hark—hark!

The awe-struck shout of the unboasting conqueror.

Hark—hark!

breaks—it severs—it is on the earth.
The smother'd fires are quench'd in their own ruins:
Like a huge dome, the vast and cloudy smoke
Hath cover'd all.

And it is no more,
Nor ever shall be to the end of time,
The Temple of Jerusalem!—Fall down,
My brethren, on the dust, and worship here
The mysteries of God's wrath.

Even shall perish,

its ashes, a more glorious Temple,
Yea, God's own architecture, this vast world,
This fated universe—the same destroyer,
The same destruction—Earth, Earth, Earth, behold!
And in that judgment look upon thine own!

HYMN.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
Oh Earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,
That secret coming of the Son of Man.
When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign:
When that Great Husbandman shall wave his fan,
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away:
Still to the noontide of that nightless day,
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain:
Still to the pouring out the Cup of Woe;
Earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And Heaven his presence own, all red with furnace heat.

The hundred-gated Cities then,
The Towers and Temples, named of
Eternal, and the Thrones of Kings;
The gilded Palaces,
The courtly bowers of love and ease,
Where still the Bird of pleasure sings;
Ask ye the destiny of them?
Go gaze on fallen Jerusalem!
Yea, mightier in the fatal roll,
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurl'd,
The skies shrivell'd like a burning scroll,
And the vast doom ensepulchres the world.

Oh! who shall then survive?

Oh! who shall stand and live?

When all that hath been, is more:

When for the round earth hung in air,

With all its constellations fair

the sky's canopy;

When for the breathing Earth, and sparkling Sea,
 ■ but a fiery deluge without shore,
 Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,
 A fiery deluge, and without an Ark.

Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
 On thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,
 That in its high meridian ■■■
 Needs not the perish'd sun nor ■■■

When thou art there in thy presiding state,
 Wide-acceptred Monarch o'er the realm of doom:
 When from the sea-depths, from earth's darkest womb,
 The dead of all the ages round thee wait:
 And when the tribes of wickedness ■■■ strewn
 Like forest leaves in the autumn of thine ire:
 Faithful and True! thou still wilt save thine own!
 The Saints shall dwell within th' unharmed fire,
 Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.
 Even safe ■ we, by this still fountain's side,
 So shall the Church, thy bright and mystic Bride,
 Sit ■ the stormy gulf ■ halcyon bird of calm.
 Yes, mid yon angry and destroying signs,
 O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines,
 We hail, ■ bless the covenant of its beam,
 Almighty ■ avenge, Almighty ■ redeem!

NOTES.

Note 1, page 155, col. 2.

Advance the eagles, Caius Placidus.

Placidus, though not expressly mentioned as one of the Roman generals engaged, had a command previously in Syria.

Note 2, page 156, col. 1.

■ mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles!

Τοῖς γε μὴν εἰσαρικνουμένοις ξένοις, πόρρωθεν
 ὁμοίως ὄρει χιόνος πλήρει καταρτίζετο, καὶ γὰρ καθὰ
 μὴ κεχρυσωτο λευκώτατος ἦν. JOSEPHUS, lib. v, c. 5.
 See the whole description.

Note 3, page 156, col. 2.

Thy brethren of the Porch, Imperial Titus.

■ Reginald Heber's «Stoic tyrant's philosophic pride» will occur to the memory at least of academic readers.

Note 4, page 156, col. 2.

Let this night
 Our wide encircling walls complete their circuit.

«The days shall come upon thee when thine enemies shall cast ■ trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side.» LUKE, xix, 43.

For the remarkable and perfect completion of this prophecy, ■ the description of the wall built by Titus.—JOSEPHUS, lib. v, ch. 12.

Note 5, page 158, col. 2.

I should give ■ the flame
 What'er opposed the sovereign sway of Caesar.

Terentius, or Turnus Rufus, is marked with singular detestation ■ the Jewish traditions.

Note 6, page 157, col. 1.

Sweet fountain, ■ again I visit thee!

The fountain of Siloe ■ just without the walls. The

upper city, occupied by Simon (JOSEPHUS, v, 6.), ended nearly on ■ line with the fountain. Though, indeed, Simon had possession of parts also of the lower city.—JOSEPHUS, v, 1.

Note 7, page 157, col. 2.

Let Gischala, let fallen Jotapata.

Gischala and Jotapata, towns before taken by the Romans.

Note 8, page 159, col. 1.

Our bridal songs, etc.

■ must be recollected, that the unmarried state was looked on with peculiar horror by the Jewish maidens. By marriage there ■ a hope of becoming the mother of the Messiah.

Note 9, page 161, col. 2.

Did old Machab hold.

Simon put to death Mathias the High Priest and his sons, by whom he had been admitted into the city.

Note 10, page 162, col. 1.

Ye want not testimonies to your mildness.

Titus crucified round the city those who fled from the famine and the cruelty of the leaders within.—(JOSEPHUS, v, ch. 13.) Sometimes, according to JOSEPHUS, (lib. v, c. 11,) 500 in ■ day suffered.

Note 11, page 162, col. 2.

Even on the hills where gleam your myriad spears.

The camp of Titus comprehended ■ space called the «Assyrian's Camp.»

Note 12, page 163, col. 1.

A javelin to his pale and coward heart!

Josephus gives more than one speech which he addressed to his countrymen. They only mocked and once wounded him.

Note 13, page 164, col. 1.

Behold, oh Lord! ■ Heathen tread, etc.

See Psalm lxxx, 7, etc.

Note 14, page 166, col. 1.

Even in the garb and with the speech of worship,
 Went he not up into the very Temple?

This was the mode in which John surprised Eleazar, who before ■ in possession of the Temple.

Note 15, page 166, col. 1.

There hath he ■ the palace of ■ lusts.

Γυναικεζόμενοι δὲ τὰς ὁφείας, ἐρόνων ταῖς διξιαῖς, θρυστόμενοι δὲ τοῖς βαδίσμασιν, ἐξαπλῆς ἐγένοντο πολεμισταί.—JOSEPHUS, lib. iv, c. 9. There is ■ long passage ■ the ■ effect.

Note 16, page 168, col. 1.

And where ■ the wine for the bridegroom's rosy cup.

■ the prophecy of our Saviour concerning the destruction of Jerusalem and that of the world, it is said that «as in the days of Noe, they shall marry and be given in marriage.»—MATTHEW, xxiv.

Note 17, page 169, col. 1.

That when the signs are manifest.

The prodigies are related by Josephus in ■ magnificent ■ of historic description.

Note 18, page 171, col. 1.

To the sound of timbrels sweet.

The bridal ceremonies ■ from Calmet, Harmer, and other illustrators of scripture. It is a singular tradition that the ■ of the crowns was discontinued after the fall of Jerusalem. A few peculiarities ■ adopted from an account of a Maronite wedding in Harmer.

Note 19, page 172, col. 1.

The tender and the delicate of ■

* The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be

evil toward the husband of her bosom, and toward her ■ and toward her daughter, and toward her young ■ that cometh out from between her feet, and toward her children which she shall bear: for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the siege and in the straitness, wherewith thine enemy shall distress thee in thy gates.* (Deuter. xxviii, 56 and 57.) See also Lamentations, ii. 20. The account of the unnatural mother is detailed in Josephus.

Note 20, page 174, col. 2.

Break into joy, ye barren that ne'er bore!

* And ■ unto them that ■ with child, and to them that give suck in those days.* —MATTHEW, xxiv, 19.

Miscellaneous Poems.

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO :

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED ■ ■ THEATRE, OXFORD, IN THE YEAR MDCCCXII.

HEARD ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry?
In settled majesty of calm disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heav'nly Archer stands — no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A God in strength, with more than godlike grace;
All, all divine — no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire:
Firm fix'd his tread, yet light, ■ when ■ high
He walks th' impalpable and pathless sky:
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian!¹ with ■ eagle's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
View'd the bright conclave of Heaven's blest abode,
And the cold marble leapt to life ■ God:
Contagious ■ through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bow'd before the work of man.
For mild he seem'd, ■ in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
Haughty, ■ bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair ■ worship, too divine to love.

¹ The Apollo ■ in the act of watching the ■ with which he slew ■ serpent Python.

² Agasias of Ephesus.

Yet ■ that form in wild delirious trance
With more than reverence gazed the Maid of France,
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought it solitude!
To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
Her one fond hope — to perish of despair.
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguiled,
Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble smiled:
Oft breathless list'ning heard, or seem'd to hear,
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she waned, and cold and senseless grown,
Closed her dim eyes, herself benumb'd to stone.
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied:
Once ■ she gazed, then feebly smiled and died.¹

JUDICIUM REGALE,

AN ODE.

I slept, and ■ in solemn judgment court
Amid a tall imperial city sate,
The sceptred of the world: their regal port
Show'd lords of earth; and ■ ■ empires' fate
They communed, grave each brow, and front ■;
Holy and high their royalty of mien:
Seem'd ■ pale passion, ■ ■ interest base
Within that kingly Sanhedrin had place.

Abroad ■ sounds ■ of a ■ gone past,
Or midnight ■ a dismal battle field;
Aye ■ drear trumpet spake its lonely blast,
Aye in deep distance sad artillery peal'd,
Booming their sullen thunders — then ensued
The majesty of silence — on her throne
Of plain or mountain, listening sate and lone
Each nation to those crowned Peers' decree;
And this wide world of restless beings rude
Lay ■ and breathless ■ ■ sea.

To the Universal Judge, that conclave proud
Their diadem-starr'd foreheads lowly bow'd:
When, ■ some viewless summoner's ■ call,
Uprose in place the Imperial Criminal.

¹ The foregoing fact is related ■ ■ work of M. Pinel ■ l'Insanité.

In that ■■■ face nor ancient majesty
 Left wither'd splendour dim, ■■■ old renown
 Lofty disdain in that sad sunken eye ;
 No giant ruin even in wreck elate
 Frowning dominion o'er imperious fate,
 But one to native lowliness cast down.
 A sullen, careless desperation gave
 The hollow semblance of intrepid grief,
 Not that heroic patience, nobly brave,
 That even from misery wrings ■ proud relief ;
 Nor the dark pride of haughty spirits of ill,
 That from the towering grandeur of their sin,
 Wear on the brow triumphant gladness still,
 Heedless of racking agony within ;
 Nor penitence ■■ there, nor pale remorse,
 Nor memory of his fall from kingly state,
 And warrior glory in his sun-like course,
 Fortune his slave, and Victory his mate.
 'T ■■■ doubt if that dark form could truly feel,
 Or were indeed a shape and soul of steel.

With that from North and South an ireful train
 *Forth ■■■ that mighty Culprit to arraign,
 The first was ■ a savage Horseman bold,
 Uncouth his rude attire, his bearing wild ;
 But gallant was his brow that lightly smiled,
 As seeming war some merry sport to hold :
 The air whereon his fleet steed seem'd to prance
 Flamed with the steely bickering of his lance.
 And on the waves of his broad banner's fold
 An old barbaric Capital he bore,
 Like ■■■ tall grove of pinnacle and spire,
 Or snowy white, or gleaming rich with gold :
 But the red havoc of unspringing fire
 A fatal flood of glory seem'd to pour ;
 And still from gilded roof or dome upbroke
 In dusky pillars huge the cloudy smoke.
 Nor word that Horseman spake, but ■ he came
 Waved his grim standard like a pall of flame.

And next ■■■ one all trim in fearful grace
 And tall majestic symmetry of war,
 Musquet and bayonet flashing bright and far ;
 Deliberate valour in his slow firm paces,
 And scorn of death—him at the portal arch
 Saluted blithe old Frederick's bugle march.
 Heavy his charge—of lordly King bow'd down
 In his own royal city to the frown
 Of the base minion to ■ despot's hate—¹
 Then blanch'd the Soldier's bronzed and furrow'd cheek,
 While of coarse taunting outrage he 'gan speak,
 To her the beautiful, the delicate,
 The queenly, but too gentle for a Queen—
 But in sweet pride upon that insult keen
 She smiled—then drooping mute, though broken-hearted,
 To the cold comfort of the grave departed.

The next like some old Baron's lordly son
 Bore what ■ rich imperial crown had been,
 But from its stars the pride of light ■■ gone ;
 The joy of vengeance ■■ that warrior's mien
 Was chasing the red hues of ancient shame :
 Not of Marengo's fair-fought field he told,
 Nor the wide waves of blood huge Danube roll'd ;
 But him that in strong Ulm play'd that foul game,

¹ Alluding ■ a governor being set over the King of Prussia ■ Berlin.

Bartering his country and his soul for gold :
 And that fair royal Maid, by battle won
 Like thing that hath ■ will ■ sense, and borne
 A bright and beauteous trophy ■ adorn
 The brittle grandeur of an upstart's throne.

Next ■■■ a stately Lady, once ■■ she
 Queen of the Nations : of her despot sway
 Earth boasted, every flood and every sea
 Water'd her tributary realms, and day
 Rose only on her empire : now it seem'd
 That she had cast her cumbrous crown away
 To slumber in her vales that basking lie
 In the luxurious ■■■ of her sky ;
 On Saint ■ Virgin, such as Raphael dream'd,
 In almost blameless fond idolatry,
 Speechless to gaze, and bow the adoring knee ;
 In the soul's secret chambers ■ prolong
 The rapturous ravishment of harp and song.
 Music was in her steps, and all her eye
 Was dark and eloquent with ecstasy.

Rapine her charge—of Florence' princely halls,
 And that fall'n Empress by old Tiber's side
 Reft of the sole sad relics of her pride ;
 For the iron conqueror ravish'd from her walls
 Those shapes that in their breathing colours warm
 In tall arcade or saintly chapel lived,
 And all wherein the soul of Greece survived
 The ■■■ than human of each marble form.

Of the proud bridegroom of the Adrian Sea,
 Once like his bride magnificent and free,
 Sunk to a bond-slave's desperate apathy.

And him the Holiest deem'd, the chosen of God,
 Beneath an earthly lord bow'd down ■■ kiss the rod.
 And next came one, the bravery of whose front
 Crested hereditary pride ; his arms
 Were dark and dinted by rude battle's brunt :
 Of Sovereign young he spake, by wizard charms
 Of hollow smiling treachery from the throne
 Of two fair worlds to felon durance lured,
 A King in narrow prison walls immured ;
 And ■■■ rude islander's soul-groveling son
 Set up to be a princely nation's Lord :—
 ■■ then the Spaniard with fierce brow and bright
 Brandish'd the cloudy flaming of his sword ;
 Full was his soul of Zaragoza's fight,
 And the high Pyrenean snows o'erleap'd,
 And other Parias with Frank carnage heap'd.

The brother of his wrongs and of his wrath
 Was with him in the triumph of his path.
 He of his exile Prince 'gan loudly boast ;
 To be a sceptred slave, ■ pageant King,
 ■■ scorn'd, and on his fleet bark's gallant wing
 For kingly freedom the wild ■■ crost.

Whom ■■ I then in port and pride ■ Queen,
 Come walking o'er her own obsequious sea ?
 I knew thee well, the valiant, rich, and free—
 As when old Rome, her Roman virtue tame,
 Gazed, when in ■■■ that bold Dictator ■■ ;
 With the iron ransom of her Capitol
 Startled ■ flight the fierce insulting Gaul—
 Camillus of mankind ! thy regal mien

Gladden'd all earth, the nations from their rest
 Joyful upleap'd : with modest front elate,
 Like ■■■ that hath proud conscience in her breast,
 Thou brakest the blank silence—• Woe and hate
 To this bad man for those my good and great,
 That sleep amid the Spaniard's mountains rude
 In the sad beauty of the hero's fate.
 To this bad ■■■ immortal gratitude,
 For he hath taught, who slaves the free of earth
 Fettereth the whirlwind : hath given glorious birth
 To deeds that dwarf my old majestic fame,
 Make BLAKE and MARLBOROUGH languid sound and
 tame

To NELSON and that Chief to whom defeat
 ■ like an undiscover'd star—hath shown
 More than the Macedonian victories vain
 To rivet on the earth the Oppressor's chain :
 As little will yon Sun's empyrean throne
 Endure a mortal seat, ■ this wide globe
 ■ one man's appanage ; ■ my fair isle,
 That precious gem in ocean's ■■ robe,
 Cast Freedom's banner down, by force ■ guile
 Master'd, and forfeit earth's ■■ and love,
 And her bright visions of high meed above.

Then all ■■■ did from all earth arise
 Fierce imprecations on that man of sin ;
 And all the loaded winds came heavy in
 With exultations and with agonies.
 From the lone coldness of the widow's bed,
 The feverish pillow of the orphan's head,
 From dying men earth's woful valleys heaping,
 From smouldering cities in their ashes sleeping,
 Like the hoarse tumbling of a torrent flood
 Mingled the dismal concord—• blood for blood.

But then ■■■ a faded shape and pale,
 Once had she been a peerless princely dame ;
 Downcast her grace of grief ; she seem'd to veil
 The mournful beauty of her face for shame.
 And is this she whose sprightly laughing mirth
 Was like the blithe spring on the festal earth ;
 Aye dancing ■ the moonlight close of day,
 'Mid purple vineyards, graceful, light, and gay ;
 Or in high pomp and gallant pride of port
 Holding rich revel in her gorgeous court ?—

Abrupt her speech and wild—• When I 'gan wake
 From that my sleep of madness, all around
 Of human blood a broad and livid lake
 Was in my splendid cities ; mound ■ mound
 Rose peopled with my noble princely dead :
 And o'er them the fell anarch, Murther, stood
 Grimly reposing in his weary mood—
 I turn'd, all trembling turn'd, my guilty head :
 There humankind had leagu'd their arms of dread
 'Gainst the Blasphemer of fair Freedom's name,
 Heaven gave ■ hope, for heaven I dared disclaim.

• High in the flaming ■ of Victory riding,
 From Alp to Alp his chamois warriors guiding,
 The peril of wild Lodi's arch bestriding,
 I saw yon Chieftain in his morn of fame ;
 Cities and armies ■ his beck sank down,
 And in the gaudy colours of ■■
 The fabling Orient vested his young ■■

The bright and baleful Meteor I adored,
 Low bow'd I down, and said—' Be thou my Lord !'

Like ■■ and ruinous towers, the ancient thrones
 Crumbled, and dynasties of elder time ;
 The banners of my conquest-plumed sons
 Flouted the winds of many ■ distant clime :
 On necks of vanquish'd kings I fix'd my seat,
 And the broad Rhine roll'd vassal at my feet.

Thrice did the indignant Nations league their might,
 Thrice the red darkness of the battle night
 Folded the recreant terror of their flight.
 Realms sack'd and ravaged empires sooth'd my toils,
 And Satrap Chiefs ■■ Monarchs from my spoils.
 In solitude of freedom that rich Queen
 Sate in her sanctity of ■■ serene.

From cliff and beach, dominion in their motion,
 I saw her stately navies' broad array,
 Like jealous lords at watch, that none but they
 Adulterate with their fair majestic ocean.
 And cries I heard like frenzy and dismay
 Of NELSON, NELSON deepening ■ their way.
 But what to me though red the western deep
 With other fires than of the setting sun ?
 And what to me though round Trafalgar's steep
 My haughty pennon'd gallies, ■■ by one,
 Come rolling their huge wrecks on the waves' sweep ?
 Go rule thy brawling and tumultuous sea,
 Briton, but leave the servile earth ■ me.
 And what to me though in my dungeons deep
 By this new Charlemagne dark deeds were done—
 Will the stones start and babble to the ■■
 How that bold Briton Wright, and Pichegru sleep ?

At noon of night I heard the drum of death,
 Like evil spirits on the blasted heath
 By the drear torchlight iron men were met.
 The mockery of justice ■■ was past ;
 Again the drum its dismal warning beat :
 Then flashing musquets deathful lustre cast
 ■ moment ■ the victim ; he sedate
 In calm disdain of ■■ a felon's fate,
 ■■ royal breast bared to the soldier's mark,
 Seeming to pity with his steady sight
 Those poor mechanic murderers—then 't was dark,
 All but yon crown'd Assassin's visage bright,
 Who waved his torch in horrible delight.
 O blood of Condé ! could thy spirit rest
 In thy tame country's cold ungrateful breast ?

Yet in my drunkenness of pride I mock'd
 Mean crimes that would a petty tyrant shame,
 For still in glory's cradle ■■ I rock'd,
 Mine eagle eyrie crown'd the steep of fame.
 Nought heeded I, that the proud Son of Spain,
 Like ■ fierce courser that has burst his chain,
 Shook the base slavery from his floating ■■
 And that ■■ British Arthur's virgin shield
 Won its rich blazon on Vimeira's field.

For lo, my cities throw their portals wide ;
 Gorgeous my festal streets, as when of old
 The monarchs met upon the plain of gold—
 Lo, on my throne ■ bright and royal bride.

Vain all my pomp, imperial beauty vain
The reveller in battles ■ restrain.

And ■ his word, as at the fabled wand
Of old magician, from the teeming land,
Myriad on myriad, harness'd warriors rise;
The earth was darkened with ■ of light,
Line after line, insufferably bright;
The black artillery, in their cloudy might,
Impious defiance launch'd against the skies.
With tamer sounds did that wild Heathen ■ vaunt
Amid his thund'rous heavens high Jove ■ daunt.
Day after day I ■ their pomp depart;
Then said the haughty frenzy of my heart,
When o'er this world thy victor wheels are driven,
Wilt thou go vanquish the bright ■ of Heaven?

And lo, the rival nations hurrying
To crowd beneath my passing eagle's wing;
Lo, 'mong my captains many a sceptred king.

Now, now the northern skies are all ■ fire
As with ■ mighty Empire's funeral pyre!
Why bring they not proud Catherine's trophies home?
I hear the sound of wheels—'They come, they come;'

A solitary sound—no pomp of war,
One dastard pale accomplice of his flight,
He comes, whom earth, and all earth's ■ obey,
The peerless and the paragon of might;
The pinnacle of the Persian runaway
Was glory ■ his lone and hurrying car.

I ask'd for those in fight, in triumph tried,
The partners of his peril and his pride.
He, in a tyrant's mockery of my woe,
Bade me go seek them in the Scythian snow.

Then felt I what a pitiful tame slave
Was I, who vaunted ■ mankind's sole queen,
The satellite of one man's wayward spleen—
The remnant of my fair, my young, my brave,
Were rent once more to forge the adamant chain
Burst by the nations, who with one accord
Shook the bright vengeance of the freeman's sword—
Another year—and the broad Rhine again
Shrouded the sceptred fugitive's pale train,
Then turn'd ■ rebel, roll'd her free ■ to the main.

And now the banners of the embattled world
Their folds of vengeance ■ my vales unfurl'd.
Oh, bloody was the evening of thine ire,
Thou gorgeous comet of disastrous fire!

I wot to see, ■ from ■ quiet star,
Deluging slaughter this fair earth o'erwhelm,
On the rich bosom of my sunny realm
Gave quarry ■ the ravening dogs of ■

But mercy shone upon the merciless!
Strong but ■ save and valiant but ■ bless,
■ ruthless Cæsars clad in blood and flame,
Royal in virtue the Avengers came.
Those whom I spoil'd, ■ spoilers ■ me,
Isaid, 'Be slave, O earth!' but they—'O France, be free.'

Salmoensis.

For yon dark chief of woe, and guilt, and strife,
■ sceptred Judges! punish him with life.
Fear not he seek with the old Roman pride,
That weakness to the noble soul allied,
To die as Cato, and as Brutus died.
Fear not that in his abject heart he show
That martyr fortitude, that smiles in woe.
By him shall that great ■ be betray'd,
Of what poor stuff are earth's dread tyrants made.
Oh, let him live ■ be despised, ■ see
France happy, and the glorious nations free;
Death were delight to that deep misery!—

Then did that kingly conclave, with one voice,
Pass the dread sentence on the gloomy man;
■ his soul's icy deadness he alone
By others' woes seem'd harden'd to his ■
From land to land the penal tidings ran;
Earth lifted up her rich face to rejoice,
The bright blue heavens bade wintry warring cease,
And spring ■ dancing o'er ■ world at peace.

ALEXANDER TUMULUM ACHILLIS INVISENS, POEMA,

CANCELLARIJ PRÆMIO DONATUM, ET IN THEATRO
SHELDONIANO RECITATUM ■ JUN. XXX^{mo}. A.D. 1813.

JAM puer Emathius Thebarum nigra favillâ
Mœnia, Cadmeamque arcem, jam Palladis urbem
Immemorem famæ, pronamque in jussa tyranni
Fregerat; at victas gentes partosque triumphos
Spernit atrox animi, et pacem fastidit inertem.
Europæ angusta pati confinia nescit
Mentito soboles Jove non indigna, novumque
Pocit in arma orbem; jam transilit Hellespontum,
Purpureique Asiæ procures atque agmina regum,
Scepترigeri quotquot stipant Babylonia Medi
Atria, Grajugenûm horrescunt ■ arma virorum,
Myrmidonumque graves, fatalia tela, sarissas,
Confertos clypeos, inconcussamque phalangen.—

At simul ac Phrygiæ campos, Priameia regna,
Conspicit, et Graiæ latè loca conscia famæ
Gramineosque ducum tumulos, subit undique Achivum
Gloria et adversis bellantia numina in armis,
Et Lacedæmonia sævæ pro conjuge clades.
Omne igitur lustrare juvat, quod mente dolores
Ilisos renovet, Danaumque resuscitet iras.
Spumeus hic Xanthus nemorosâ pronus ab Idâ,
Non galeas, ■ scuta virûm, sed proruta saxa
Arboreosque rapit violento flumine truncos.
Hic, ubi luxuriat flaverit campus aristâ,
Laomedonteum fuit Ilion, undique nullæ
Reliquiæ apparent muri, fractæve columnæ,
Oblita ■ musco viridanti saxa, Pelasgi
Usque adeo miseræ Trojæ invidere ruinas.
Rhæteasque procul rupes, tumulumque capacem,
Ajacis, vastâ elatum super æquora mole
Cernere erat—sed nulla quies—sed fervidus Heros
Stare loco nescit, flagratque cupidine pugnæ.
Devenit at tandem, Sigeo ubi littore collis
Eminet aprius, quem suavè olentia circum
Serpilla, et viridi cingunt dumeta coronâ.
Hunc et Abydenus ■ mollem navita Lesbos,
Pampineamve Chion, Samiæve altaria Divæ

Invisit, radiante orientis lumine solis
 Prospicit ardentem, remoque acclinis, Homeri
 Suave aliquod carmen ■■■■ meditatur, ■■■■ haret
 Ingentem tumulum, et Manes veneratus Achillis.

Qualis Mæonii divino in carmine vatis
 Stat torvus vultu, et cœlestibus horret in armis,
 Fulmineosque agitatur currus sublimis, et ■■■■
 Hectora, per trepidas unum petit Hectora turmas:
 Haud aliter cæcâ Æacides tellure videtur,
 Ceu lituo fremituque armorum excitus amato,
 Tollere se, juvenique ingens gratatier umbra.
 Hunc videt, et viso gaudet, quin totus inani
 Figitur in specie, quamque ipse effûxerat umbram
 Esse putat veram, mutoque immobilis ■■■■
 Stat Macedo; ast Asiæ fines atque ultimus orbis
 Sentit Alexandri requiem, tardataque fata.

Tum lecti comites instaurant sacra, et odori
 Rite coronatis fumant altaribus ignes.
 Fervet opus, latices pars vivo ■■■■ fonte, Lyæo
 Immistos roseo, sinceraque flumina lactis
 Auratis libant pateris, pars florea circum
 Serta, et odoriferos dispergunt veris honores.
 Quin et gramineam niveus mactatur ad aram
 Taurus, et humectat sacratam sanguine arenam.

At procul Idæo spectat de vertice pompam
 Turba Phrygum, mistaque irâ et formidine mussat,
 Hos ■■■■ angit honos et adhuc invisus Achilles.
 Atque aliqua in trepida mater stat mœsta catervâ
 Andromachen animo reputans, Ithacique cruentâ
 Astyanacta manu dejectum mœnibus ælis,
 Dilectumque premit pavefacta ad pectora natum.
 Stat virgo, mœstosque fovet sub corde timores,
 Ne ■■■■ materno direpta Polyxena collo
 Placet Achilleos infando sanguine Manes.

At Rex Emathius nodosæ innititur hastæ
 Majestate minax tacitâ, ceu numine plenus
 Fatidico vates, e pectore protinus ■■■■
 Excutit illi Deum, pulcher furor occupat ora,
 Terror ■■■■ oculis, procerior amicat ingens
 Forma viri, fluitant agitatæ in casside cristæ.

« ■■■■ quoque, me, » clamat, « belli post mille labores,
 Post fractas urbes, post regna hæc prorpta dextrâ
 Ultima cantabit tellus, gens nulla silebit
 Nomen Alexandri, sobolemque fatebitur Hammon.
 Te, magne Æacida, decimus te viderit ■■■■
 Iliacas arces et debita Pergama fatis
 Oppugnantem armis, me Sol mirabitur ire
 Victorem, cursuque suos prævertere currus.
 Jam Susa, et præclara auro niveoque elephanto
 Ecbatana, et frustra patriorum ope freta Deorum
 Persepolis (tristes inhiant ceu nubibus atris
 Agricolaë dubii quos fulmine proterat agros
 Jupiter) expectant ruiturum in mœnia Martem;
 Servitium quibus ■■■■ salus, quibus ultima et una est
 Gloria Alexandri dextrâ meruisse ruinam.
 Adsum ego, jam Babylon æratas pandere portas
 Festinat, patiturque superbo flumine pontem
 Euphrates, Graidumque minax strepit ungula equorum,

■ Larisseus super ardua mœnia currus;
 Quo ferus Hystaspes, quo tramite Cyrus adegit
 Quadrijugos, Lydoque equitavit fulgidus auro,
 ■ non formineis animosa Semiramis armis.
 Deinde coloratos, qualis Jovis ales, ad Indos,
 ■ matutinæ ■■■■ incunabula lucis
 Deferor, auriferos Macedo bibit impiger amr. ■.
 Atque ubi Pellæis tellus jam deficit armis,
 Nec superest ■■■■ gens non indigna triumpho,
 Unus Alexander victo dominabitur orbi.

« Jamque procul Martis strepitus, jam pervenit aures
 Ferrea ■■■■ belli, jam dira ad prælia Medus
 Aureus accingit galeam gladiumque coruscat
 Impatiens fati, et Graiæ vim provocat ultro
 Cuspide, ardentique superbit barbarus ostro—
 Non æquas, Dariæ, malo petis omine pugnas!
 Ibat ■■■■ ferrum Argolicis flammisque carinis
 Insanâ virtute ferens Priameius Hector.
 Illum ergo Iliacæ rediturum vespere sero
 Speravere nurus, Pelide cæde madentem
 Atque Agamemnonios agitantem ad Pergama currus.
 Speravere diu—crines procul ille venustos
 Formosumque caput fœdabat pulvere in atro
 Sordidus, Argivisque dabat ludibria nautis.

« Tartarcas fauces reserabit et horrida claustra
 Rex Erebi, utque meam videat coram invidus hastam,
 Myrmidonumque feros referentia bella parentes,
 Ad superas ingentem auras emittit Achillem.
 Ille mihi pugnas inter fremitumque, furoremque
 Addit ■■■■ comitem, et curru famulatur ovari.
 Vidi egomet, nisi ■■■■ oculos illusit imago,
 Spicula crispaniem, atque minaci cassida fronte,
 Nutantem, quæ luce vagos tremefecit ahenâ
 Priamidas, nigrumque auratis Memnona bigia.
 Vili egomet, neque vana fides, atroque sub Orco
 Immortalem animam tangit laus sera nepotum,
 Famaque Tartarcis sonat laud ingrata sub umbris.
 Felix Æacida! tacitas inglorius isses
 Ad sedes Erebi, cæcâque oblivia nocte
 Invida pressissent nomen, quod barbarus Istri
 Potor, et Herculeis gens si qua admota columnis
 Novit, ■■■■ Æthiopes ■■■■ æquo Sole calentes.
 At tibi Mæonides, ■■■■ quis Deus, aurea Olympi
 Regna procul linquens, cæci senis induit ora,
 ■■■■ plus quàm mortale melos, bellumque, tumultumque
 Infremuit, divina tuæ præconia laudis,
 Æternumque dedit viridem frondescere famam.

« Et nobis quandoque dabunt hæc ultima dona
 Dii, quibus Emathium decus et ■■■■ gloria curæ.
 Exoriare aliquis, nostrum qui nomen, Homerus,
 Pellæosque feras ad sæcula sera triumphos,
 Exoriare, ■■■■ plectro non deerit Achilles.»—

Hæc fatus, clypeo fremuit, dirosque dedere
 Æra sonos, quassisque armis exercitus omnis
 Intonuere, simul nemorosa remugit Ida.
 Quos sonitus, Granice, tuum ad fatale fluentum,
 Persarumque acies et pictis Medus in armis
 Agnovere procul, solio Darius eburno
 Exsiluit, fatique pavens præsagia iniqui
 Non audituro fudit vota irrita cœlo.

FORTUNE.

ITALIAN OF GUIDI.

A LADY, like to Juno in her state,
 -Upon the air her golden [] streaming,
 And with celestial eyes of [] beaming,
 Enter'd whilere my gate.
 Like a Barbaric Queen
 On the Euphrates shore,
 In purple and fine linen [] she pall'd,
 Nor flower [] laurel green,
 Her tresses for their garland []
 The splendor of the Indian emerald.
 But through the rigid pride and pomp unbending
 Of beauty and of haughtiness,
 Sparkled a flattery [] and condescending;
 And from her inmost bosom sent,
 Came accents of most wonderful gentleness,
 Officious and intent
 To thrall my soul in soft imprisonment.

And a Place, she said, a thy hand within my hair,
 And all around thou 'lt []
 Delightful chances fair
 On golden feet [] dancing unto thee.
 Me Jove's daughter shalt thou own,
 That with my sister Fate
 Sit by his side on state
 On the eternal throne.
 Great Neptune to my will the [] gives;
 In vain, in well-appointed strength secure,
 The Indian and the Briton strives
 The assaulting billows to endure;
 Unless their flying sails I guide
 Where over the smooth tide
 On my sweet spirit's wings I ride.
 I banish [] their bound
 The [] of dismal sound,
 And o'er them take my stand with foot []
 The Æolian [] under
 The wings of the rude winds I chain,
 And with my hand I burst asunder
 The fiery chariot wheels of the hurricane:
 And in its fount the horrid restless fire
 I quench [] it aspire
 To Heaven, [] colour the red Comet's train.

« This is the hand that forged [] Ganges' shore
 The Indians' empire; by Orontes []
 The royal tiar the Assyrian wore;
 Hung jewels on the brow of Babylon,
 By Tigris wreath'd the Persian's coronet,
 And [] the Macedonian's foot bow'd every throne.
 It was my lavish gift,
 The triumph and the song
 Around the youth of Pella loud uplift,
 When he through Asia swept along,
 A torrent swift and strong;
 With me, with [] the Conqueror []
 To where the Sun his golden [] began;
 And the high Monarch left on earth
 A faith unquestion'd of his heavenly birth;
 By valour mingled with the Gods above,
 And made a glory of himself to his great Father Jove.

My royal spirits oft
 Their solemn mystic round
 On Rome's great birth-day wound:
 And I the haughty Eagles sprung aloft
 Unto the Star of Mars upborne,
 Till, poising on their plumed sails,
 They 'gan their native vales
 And Sabine palms [] scorn:
 And I on the [] hills to sway
 That Senate House of Kings convened,
 On [] their guide and stay
 Ever the Roman counsels lean'd
 In danger's lofty way.
 I guerdon'd the [] delay
 Of Fabius with the laurel crown,
 And hot Marcellus' fiercer battle tone;
 And I on the Tarpeian did deliver
 Afric a captive, and through [] flow'd
 Under the laws of the great Latin river;
 And of his bow and quiver
 The Parthian rear'd a trophy high and broad:
 The Dacian's fierce inroad
 Against the gates of iron broke,
 Taurus and Caucasus endured my yoke:
 Then my vassal and my slave
 Did every native land of every wind become,
 And when I had o'ercome
 All earth beneath my feet, I gave
 The vanquish'd world in one great gift to Rome.

« I know that in thine high imagination,
 Other daughters of Great Jove
 Have taken their Imperial station,
 And queen-like thy submissive passions move;
 From them thou hopest a high and godlike fate,
 From them thy haughty [] presages
 An everlasting way o'er distant []
 And with their glorious rages
 Thy mind intoxicate,
 Seems 't is in triumphal motion,
 On [] fleet, [] winged bark,
 Over earth and [] ocean;
 While in shepherd hamlet dark
 Thou livest, with want within, and raiment [] with-
 out;
 And none upon thy [] hath thrown
 Gentle regard; I, I alone
 To new and lofty venture call thee out;
 Then follow, thus besought,
 Waste not thy soul in thought;
 Brooks [] sloth [] lingering
 The great [] the wing.»

« A [] lady and immortal, born
 From the eternal mind of Deity
 (I answer'd, bold and free),
 My soul hath in her queenly care;
 She mine imagination doth upbear,
 And sleeps it in the light of her rich morn,
 That overshades and sicklies all thy shining;
 And though my lowly hair
 Presume not to bright crowns of thy entwining,
 Yet in my mind I hear
 Gifts nobler and []
 Than the kingdoms thou [] lavish,
 Gifts thou [] nor give [] ravish:

And though my spirit may not comprehend
 Thy chances bright and fair,
 Yet neither doth her sight offend
 The aspect pale of miserable care:
 Horror to her is not
 Of this coarse raiment, and this humble cot;
 She with the golden Muses doth abide,
 And oh! the darling children of thy pride
 Shall then be truly glorified,
 When they may merit to be wrapt around
 With my Poesy's eternal sound."

She kindled at my words and flamed, as when
 A cruel star hath wide dispread
 Its locks of bloody red,
 She burst in wrathful menace then:
 "Me fears the Dacian, — the band
 Of wandering Scythians fears,
 Me the rough mothers of Barbaric kings;
 In woe and dread amid the rings
 Of their encircling spears
 The purple tyrants stand;
 And a shepherd here forlorn
 Treats my proffer'd boons with scorn.
 And fears he not my wrath?
 And knows he not my works of scathe;
 Nor how with angry foot I went,
 Of every province in the Orient
 Branding the bosom with deep tracks of death?
 From three Empresses I rent
 The tresses and imperial wreath,
 And buried them to the pitiless element.
 Well I remember when his armed grasp
 From Asia stretch'd, rash Xerxes took his stand
 Upon the formidable bridge to clasp
 And manacle sad Europe's trembling hand:
 In the great day of battle there was I,
 Busy with myriads of the Persian slaughter,
 The Salaminian sea's fair face to dye,
 That yet admires its dark and bloody water;
 Full vengeance wreak'd I for the affront
 Done Neptune at the fetter'd Hellespont.

"To the Nile then did I go,
 The fatal collar wound
 The fair neck of the Egyptian Queen around;
 And I the merciless poison made to flow
 Into her breast of snow.
 Ere that within the mined cave,
 I forced dark Afric's valour stoop
 Confounded, and its dauntless spirit droop,
 When to the Carthaginian brave,
 With mine own hand, the hemlock draught I gave.

"And Rome through me the ravenous flame
 In the heart of her great rival, Carthage, cast,
 That went through Lybia wandering, a scorn'd shade:
 Till, sunk to equal shame,
 Her mighty enemy at last
 A shape of mockery made:
 Then miserably pleased,
 Her fierce and ancient vengeance she appeased;
 And drew a sigh
 Over the ruins vast
 Of the deep-hated Latin majesty.
 I will not call to mind the horrid sword

Upon the Memphian shore,
 Steep'd treasonously in great Pompey's gore;
 Nor that for rigid Cato's death abhor'd;
 Nor that which in the hand of Brutus wore
 The first deep colouring of a Caesar's blood.
 Nor will I honour thee with my high mood
 Of wrath, that kingdoms doth exterminate;
 Incapable art thou of my great hate,
 As my great glories. Therefore shall be thine
 Of my revenge a slighter sign;
 Yet will I make its fearful sound
 Hoarse and slow rebound,
 Till — the gentle pipings low
 To equal the fierce trumpet's brazen glow."

Then sprang she on her flight,
 Furious, and at her call,
 Upon my cottage did the storms alight,
 Did hurricanes and thunders fall.
 But I, with brow serene,
 Beheld the angry hail
 And lightning flashing pale,
 Devour the promise green
 Of my poor native vale.

THE MERRY HEART.

I would not from the wise require
 The lumber of their learned lore;
 Nor would I from the rich desire
 A single counter of their store.
 For I have ease, and I have health,
 And I have spirits, light as air;
 And — than wisdom, more than wealth,—
 A merry heart, that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of my kind,
 I've struggled for dame Fortune's favour,
 And sometimes have been half inclined
 To rate her for her ill-behaviour.
 But life was short—I thought it folly
 To lose its moments in despair;
 So slipp'd aside from melancholy,
 With merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

And once, 't is true, two 'witching eyes,
 Surprised me in a luckless season,
 Turn'd all my mirth to lonely sighs,
 And quite subdued my better reason.
 Yet 't was but love could make me grieve,
 And love you know 's a reason fair,
 And much improved, as I believe,
 The merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

So now from idle wishes clear,
 I make the good I may not find;
 Adown the stream I gently steer,
 And shift my sail with every wind.
 And half by nature, half by reason,
 Can still with pliant heart prepare,
 The mind, attuned to every season,
 The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
 Ye social feelings of the mind,
 Give, sometimes give, your sunny gleam,
 And let the rest good-humour find.

Yes, let me hail and welcome give
To every joy my lot may share,
And pleased and pleasing let me live
With merry heart, that laughs at care.

THE TAKING OF TROY.

CHORUS FROM THE TROADES OF EURIPIDES.

A sad, unwonted song,
O'er Ilion, Muse! prolong,
Mingled with tears of woe,
The funeral descant slow.

I too, with shriek and frantic cry
Take up the dismal melody;
How, lost through that strange four-wheel'd car,
Stern Argo's captive chains I wear,
What time the Greek, or ere he fled,
Left at our gate the armed steed,
Menacing the heavens with giant height,
And all with golden housings bright.

Shouted all the people loud,
On the rock-built height that stood,—
"Come," they sang, and on they prest,—
"Come, from all our toils released,
Lead the blest image to the shrine
Of her, the Jove-horn Trojan maid divine!"

Linger'd then what timorous maid?
Her age his tardy steps delay'd;—
With gladsome shout, and jocund song,
They drew their treacherous fate along!
And all the Phrygian rout
Through every gate rush'd out.
On the dangerous gift they lead,
The beauty of th' unyoked, immortal steed,
With its ambush'd warrior freight,
Argos' pride and Ilion's fate.
Round the stately horse, and round
Cord and cable soon they wound;
And drag it on, like pinnace dark
Of some tall and stately bark,
To the temple's marble floor,
Soon to swim with Trojan gore.

O'er the toil, the triumph, spread
Silent night her curtain'd shade;
But Lybian pipes still sweetly rang,
And many a Phrygian air they sang;
And maidens danced with airy feet,
To the jocund measures sweet.
And every house blazing bright,
As the glowing festival light
Its rich and purple splendour stream'd,
Where the mantling wine-cup gleam'd.

But I, the while, the palace-courts around,
Hymning the mountain queen, Jove's virgin daughter,
Went with blithe dance, and music's sprightly sound,—
When, all at once, the frantic cry of slaughter
All through the wide and startled city ran!
The shudd'ring infants from their mothers' breasts
Clung with their hands, and cower'd within their vests.
Forth stalk'd the mighty Mars, and the fell work began,

The work of Pallas in her ire!—
Then round each waning altar-fire,
Wild Slaughter, drunk with Phrygian blood,
And murderous Desolation strew'd;
Where, on her couch of slumber laid,
Was to rest the tender maid,
To warrior Greece the crown of triumph gave,
The last full anguish to the Phrygian slave!

THE SLAVE SHIP.

[Founded on the following fact:—The *Rodour*, mentioned by Lord Lansdowne. A dreadful ophthalmia prevailed among the slaves on board this ship, which communicated to the crew, so that there was but a single man who could see to guide the vessel into port.—*Quart. Rev.* vol. 26, p. 71.]

Old, sightless man, unwont art thou,
As blind men use, at noon
To sit and sun thy tranquil brow,
And hear the birds' sweet tune.

There's something heavy at thy heart,
Thou dost not join the pray'r;
Even at God's word thou 'lt writhe and start,
"Oh! man of God, beware!"

"If thou didst hear what I could say,
'T would make thee doubt of grace,
And drive me from God's house away,
Lest I infect the place."

"Say on; there's nought of human sin,
Christ's blood may not atone :"
"Thou canst not read what load's within
This desperate heart."—"Say on."

"The skies were bright, the seas were calm,
We ran before the wind,
That, bending Afric's groves of palm,
Came fragrant from behind.

"And merry sang our crew, the cup
Was gaily drawn and quaff'd,
And when the hollow groan came up
From the dark hold, we laugh'd.

"For deep below, and all secure,
Our living freight was laid,
And long with ample gain, and sure,
We had driven our awful trade.

"They lay, like bales, in stifling gloom,
Man, woman, nursling child,
As in some plague-struck city's tomb
The loathsome dead are piled.

"At one short gust of that close air
The sickening cheek grew pale;
We turn'd away—'t was all our care,
Heaven's sweet breath to inhale.

"Mid howl and yell, and shuddering moan,
The scourge, the clanking chain,
The cards were dealt, the dice were thrown,
We staked our share of gain.

• Soon in smooth Martinico's moor,
Our welcome moor,
Or underneath the citron-groves
That Cuba's shore.

• 'T was strange, many days gone,
How still grew all below,
The wailing babe heard alone,
Or low sob of woe.

• Into the dusky hold we gazed,
In heaps them lie,
And dim, unmeaning looks raised
From many a blood-red eye.

• And helpless hands were groping round
To catch their scanty meal;
Or at some voice's well-known sound,
Some well-known touch to feel.

• And still it spread, the blinding plague
That seals the orbs of sight;
The eyes rolling, wild and vague;
Within black night.

• They dared not move, they could weep,
They could but lie and moan;
Some, not in mercy, to the deep,
Like damaged wares, were thrown.

• We cursed the dire disease that spread,
And cross'd our golden dream;
Those goldless did quake with dread,
To hear us thus blaspheme.

• And so we drank, and drank the more,
And each man pledged his mate;
Here's better luck, from Gambia's shore,
When next we load freight.

• Another morn, but one—the bark
Lurch'd heavy on her way—
The steersman shriek'd, 'Hell's not so dark
As this dull murky day.'

• We look'd, and red through films of blood
Glared forth his angry eye:
Another, he mann'd the shroud,
Came toppling from high.

• Then each alone his hammock made,
As the wild beast his lair,
Nor friend his nearest friend would aid,
In dread his doom to share.

• Yet every eye eyes did close
Upon the sunset bright,
And when the glorious morn arose,
It bore to them light.

• Till I, the only man, the last
Of that dark brotherhood,
To guide the helm, to rig the mast,
To tend the daily food.

• I felt it film, I felt it grow,
The dim and misty scale,
I could not see the compass now,
I could not see the sail.

• The sea was all a wavering fog,
The sun a hazy lamp,
As on pestilential bog,
The wandering wild-fire damp.

• And there we lay, and we drove,
Heaved up, and pitching down;
Oh! cruel grace of Him above,
That would not let drown.

• And some began to pray for fear,
And some began to swear;
Methought it was most dread to hear
Upon such lips the prayer.

• And some would fondly speak of home,
The wife's, the infant's kiss;
Great God! that parents e'er should come
On such trade this!

• And I heard plunge down beneath,
And drown—that could I:
Oh! how my spirit yearn'd for death,
Yet how I fear'd to die!

• We heard the wild and frantic shriek
Of starving men below,
We heard them strive their bonds to break,
And burst the hatches now.

• We thought we heard them the stair,
And trampling the deck,
I almost felt their blind despair,
Wild grappling at my neck.

• Again I woke, and yet again,
With throat as dry as dust,
And famine in my heart and brain,
And,—speak it out I must,—

• A lawless, execrable thought,
That scarce could be withstood,
Before my loathing fancy brought
Unutterable food.

• No more, my brain can bear no more,—
Nor more my tongue tell;
I know I breathed no air, but bore
A sick'ning grave-like smell.

• And all, save I alone, could die—
Thus death's verge and brink
Thoughtless, feelingless, could lie—
I still feel and think.

• At length, when ages had pass'd o'er,
Ages, it seem'd, of night,
There came a shock, and then a roar
Of billows in their might.

• I know not how, when next I woke,
The numb waves wrapp'd round,
And in my loaded there broke
A dizzy, bubbling sound.

• Again I woke, and living men
Stood round—a Christian crew;
The first, the last, of joy was then,
That since those days I knew.

• I've been, I know, since that black tide,
Where raving madmen lay,
Above, beneath, on ev'ry side,
And I — mad — they.

• And I shall be where never dies
The worm, — slakes the flame,
When those two hundred souls shall rise,
The judge's wrath — claim.

• I'd rather rave in that wild room
Than — what I have seen;
I'd rather meet my final doom,
Than be—where I have been.

• Priest, I've not seen thy loathing face,
I've heard thy gasps of fear;—
Away—no word of hope or grace—
I may not—will not hear!—

THE LOVE OF GOD.

SONNETS.

I.

Love Thee!—oh, Thou, the world's eternal Sire!
Whose palace is the vast infinity,
Time, space, height, depth, oh God! — full of Thee,
And sun-eyed seraphs tremble and admire.
Love Thee!—but Thou art girt with vengeful fire,
And mountains quake, and banded nations flee,
And terror shakes the wide unfathom'd sea,
When the heavens rock with thy tempestuous ire.
Oh, Thou! too vast for thought to comprehend,
That wast — time,—shalt be when time is o'er;
Ages and worlds begin—grow old—and end,
Systems and suns thy changeless throne before,
Commence and close their cycles:—lost, I bend
To earth my prostrate soul, and shudder and adore!

II.

Love Thee! —oh, clad in human lowliness,
—In whom each heart its mortal kindred knows—
Our flesh, our form, our tears, our pains, — woes,—
A fellow-wanderer o'er earth's wilderness!
Love Thee! whose every word but breathes to bless!
Through Thee, from long-seal'd lips, glad language flows;
The blind their eyes, that laugh with light, unclose;
And babes, unchid, Thy garment's hem caress.
—I see Thee, doom'd by bitterest pangs to die,
Up the sad hill, with willing footsteps, move,
With scourge, and taunt, and wanton agony,
While the cross nods, in hideous gloom, above,
Though all—even there—he radiant Deity!
—Speechless I gaze, and my whole soul is Love!

DEBORAH'S HYMN OF TRIUMPH.

Thus sang Deborah and Barak, son of Abinoam,
In the day of victory thus they sang:
That Israel hath wrought her mighty vengeance,
That the willing people rush'd to battle,
Oh, therefore, praise Jehovah!

Hear, ye kings! give ear, ye princes!
I to Jehovah, I will lift the song,
I will sound the harp to Jehovah, God of Israel!

Jehovah! when thou wentest forth from Seir!
When thou marchest through the fields of Edom!
Quaked the earth, and pour'd the heavens,
Yea, the clouds pour'd down with water:
Before Jehovah's face the mountains melted,
That Sinai before Jehovah's face,
The God of Israel.

In the days of Shamgar, son of Anath,
— Jael's days, untrodden were the highways,
Through the winding by-path stole the traveller;
Upon the plains deserted lay the hamlets,
Even till that I, till Deborah arose,
Till I arose in Israel — mother.

They chose new gods:
War — in all their gates!
Was buckler seen, or lance,
'Mong forty thousand — of Israel?

My soul is yours, ye chiefs of Israel!
And ye, the self-devoted of the people,
Praise ye the Lord with me!
Ye that ride upon the snow-white asses;
Ye that sit to judge on rich divans;
Ye that plod on foot the open way,
Come, meditate the song.

For the noise of plundering archers by the wells of water,
Now they meet and sing aloud Jehovah's righteous acts;
His righteous acts the hamlets sing upon the open plains,
And enter their deserted gates the people of Jehovah.

Awake, Deborah! awake!
Awake, uplift the song!
Barak, awake! and lead your captives captive,
Thou — of Abinoam!

With him a valiant few — down against the mighty,
With me Jehovah's people went down against the strong.

First Ephraim, from the Mount of Amalek,
And after thee, the bands of Benjamin!
From Machir came the rulers of the people,
From Zebulon those that bear the marshal's staff;
And Issachar's brave princes came with Deborah,
Issachar, the strength of Barak:
They burst into the valley on his footsteps.

By Reuben's fountains there was deep debating—
Why sat'st thou idle, Reuben, 'mid thy herd-stalls?
Was it to hear the lowing of thy cattle?
By Reuben's fountains there was deep debating—

And Gilead linger'd on the shores of Jordan—
And Dan, why dwell'd he among his ships?—
And Asser dwell'd in his sea-shore havens,
And sate upon his rock precipitous.
But Zebulon — a death-defying people,
And Naphtali from off the mountain heights.

Came the kings and fought,
Fought the kings of Canaan;
By Tannach, by Megiddo's waters,
For the golden booty that they won not.

From the heavens they fought 'gainst Sisera,
In their courses fought the stars against him:

The torrent Kishon swept them down,
That ancient river Kishon.
So trample thou, my soul, upon their might.

Then stamp'd the clattering hoofs of prancing horses
At the flight, at the flight of the mighty.

Curse ye Meroz, saith the angel of the Lord,
Curse, a twofold curse upon her daard sons:
For they came ■ to the succour of Jehovah,
To the succour of Jehovah 'gainst the mighty.

Above all women blest be Jael,
Heber the Kenite's wife,
O'er all the women blest, that dwell in tents.

Water he ask'd—she gave him milk,
The curded milk, in her costliest bowl.

Her left hand to the nail she set,
Her right hand ■ the workman's hammer—
Then Sisera she smote—she clave his head;
She bruised—she pierced his temples.
At her feet he bow'd; he fell; he lay;
At her feet he bow'd; he fell;
Where he bow'd, there he fell dead.

From the window she look'd forth, she cried,
The mother of Sisera, through the lattice:
"Why is his chariot so long in coming?
Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?"
Her prudent women answer'd her—
Yea, she herself gave answer to herself—
"Have they not seized, not shared the spoil?
One damsel, or two damsels to each chief?
To Sisera a many-coloured robe,
A many-coloured robe, and richly broider'd,
Many-colour'd, and broider'd round the neck."

Thus perish all thine enemies, Jehovah;
And those who love thee, like the sun, shine forth,
The sun in all its glory.

DOWNFALL OF JERUSALEM; FROM THE BOOK OF JEREMIAH.

How solitary doth she sit, the many-peopled city!
She is become a widow, the great among the Nations;
The Queen among the provinces, how is she tributary!

Weeping—weeps she all the night; she tears ■ on her
cheeks;
From among all her lovers, she hath ■ comforter;
Her friends have all dealt treacherously; they ■ be-
come her foes. i. 1, 2.

The ways of Sion mourn: none ■ up ■ her feasts,
All her gates ■ desolate; and her Priests do sigh;
Her virgins wail! herself, she is in bitterness.—i. 4.

He hath pluck'd up his garden-hedge, ■ hath destroy'd
His Temple;

Jehovah hath forgotten made the solemn feast and Sab-
bath;

And in the heat of ire ■ hath rejected King and Priest.

* ■ the above translation an attempt is made ■ preserve some-
thing like a rhythmical flow. It adheres to the original language,
excepting where an occasional ■ is, but rarely, inserted, ■
the sake of perspicuity.

The Lord his altar hath disdain'd, abhorred his Holy
place,

And ■ the adversary's hand given up his palace walls;
Our foes shout in Jehovah's house, as on ■ festal day.
ii. 7, 8.

Her gates are sunk into the earth, he hath brok' through
her bars;

Her Monarch and her Princes are now among the
Heathen;

The Law hath ceased; the Prophets find no vision from
Jehovah. ii. 10.

My eyes do fail with tears; and troubled are my bowels;
My heart's blood gushes on the earth, for the daughter
of my people;

Children and suckling babes lie swooning in the squares—

They say unto their Mothers, where is corn and wine?
They swoon as they were wounded, in the city squares;
While glides the soul away into their Mother's bosom.
ii. 11, 12.

Even dragons, with their breasts drawn out, give suck
■ their young;

But cruel is my people's daughter, ■ the ostrich in the
desert;

The tongues of sucking infants to their palates cleave
with thirst.

Young children ask for bread, and no man breaks it
for them;

Those that fed on dainties are desolate in the streets;
Those brought up in scarlet, even those embrace the
dunghill. iv. 3, 4, 5.

Behold, Jehovah, think to whom thou e'er hast deal'd
thus!

Have ■ ever eat their young, babes fondled in
their hands?

Have Priest and Prophet e'er been slain in the Lord's
Holy place?

In the streets, upon the ground, lie slain the young and
old;

My virgins and my youth have fallen by the sword;
In thy wrath thou 'st slain them, thou hast had no
mercy.

Thou hast summon'd all my terrors, ■ to ■ solemn
feast;

None 'scaped, and none ■ left in Jehovah's day of
wrath;

All that mine arms have borne and nursed, the enemy
hath slain. ii. 20. 1, 2.

Remember, Lord, what hath befallen,
Look down on our reproach.

Our heritage is given to strangers,
Our home to foreigners.

Our water have we drank for money,
Our fuel hath its price.—v. 1, 2, 3.

We stretch our hands to Egypt,
To Assyria for our bread.

At ■ life's risk we gain our food,
From the sword of desert robbers.

Our skins ■ like an oven, parched,
 By the fierce heat of famine.
 Matrons in Sion have they ravish'd,
 Virgins in Judah's cities.
 Princes were hung up by the hand,
 And age had ■ respect.
 Young men are grinding at the mill,
 Boys faint 'neath loads of wood.
 The Elders from the gate have ceased,
 The young men from their music.
 The crown is fallen from our head,
 Woe! woe! that we have sinn'd.
 'T is therefore that our hearts ■ faint,
 Therefore our eyes are dim.
 For Sion's mountain desolate,
 The foxes walk on it.

HYMNS FOR CHURCH SERVICE.

SECOND SUNDAY ■ ADVENT.

The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire:
 Self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
 And the Heavens with the burthen of Godhead are bow'd.

The glory! the glory! by myriads are pour'd
 The hosts of the Angels to wait ■ their Lord,
 And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
 And all who the palin-wreath of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
 Lo the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel ■ stirr'd:
 From the sea, from the land, from the south and the
 north,
 The vast generations of man are come forth.

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
 Where the Lamb and the white-vested Elders are met!
 All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
 And the doom of eternity hangs ■ His word!

Oh mercy! oh mercy! look down from above,
 Creator! on ■ thy sad children, with love!
 When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
 May our sanctified souls find ■ mansion in heaven!

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Lord! Thou didst arise and say
 To the troubled waters ■ peace, ■
 And the tempest died away.
 Down they sank, the foamy seas;
 And ■ calm and heaving sleep
 Spread o'er all the glassy deep,
 All the azure lake serene
 Like another heaven was seen!

Lord! Thy gracious word repeat
 To the billows of the proud!
 Quell the tyrant's martial heat,
 Quell the fierce and changing crowd!
 Then the earth shall find repose
 From its restless strife and woes;
 And an imaged Heaven appear
 On our world of darkness here!

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

The angel comes, he comes to reap
 The harvest of the Lord!
 O'er all the earth with fatal sweep
 Wide waves his flamy sword.

And who ■ they, in sheaves to bide
 The fire of Vengeance bound?
 The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride
 Choked the fair crop around.

And who are they, reserved in store
 God's treasure-house to fill?
 The wheat, ■ hundred-fold that bore
 Amid surrounding ill.

O King of Mercy! grant us power
 Thy fiery wrath to flee!
 In thy destroying angel's hour,
 O gather us to Thee!

QUINQUAGESIMA.

Lord! we sit and cry to Thee,
 Like the blind beside the way:
 Make our darken'd souls to see
 The glory of thy perfect day!
 Lord! rebuke our sullen night,
 And give Thyself unto our sight!

Lord! we do not ask to gaze
 On our dim and earthly sun;
 But the light that still shall blaze
 When every star its course hath run:
 The light that gilds thy blest abode,
 The glory of the Lamb of God!

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

Oh help us Lord! each hour of need
 Thy Heavenly succour give;
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.

Oh help us, when our spirits bleed
 With contrite anguish sore,
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 Oh help us, Lord, the more.

Oh help us, through the prayer of faith
 More firmly ■ believe;
 For still the ■ the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.

If strangers to Thy fold we call,
 Imploring at Thy feet
 The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
 'T is all we dare entreat.

But be it, Lord of Mercy, all,
 So Thou wilt grant but this;
 The crumbs that from Thy table fall
 Are light, and life, and bliss.

Oh help ■ Jesus! from on high,
We know ■ help but Thee;
Oh! help ■ ■ ■ live and die
As thine in Heaven ■ be.

SIXTH SUNDAY ■ LENT.

Ride on! ride ■ in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry!
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Oh Christ! Thy triumphs ■ begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd Sin!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice!

Ride on! ride ■ in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son!

Ride on! ride ■ in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain!
Then take, oh God! Thy power, and reign!

GOOD FRIDAY.

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side ■ deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man! 't is Thou! 't is Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the ■ ■ noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ■ He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord! ■ suppliant knees ■ bow,
Son of God! 't is Thou! 't is Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who ■ He?
By the last and bitter cry
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body ■ ■
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners ■ ■ to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! ■ know ■ ■ now;
Son of Man! 't is Thou! 't is Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
« Lord! they know not what they do! »
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died ■ save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 't is Thou! 't is Thou!

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lord! have mercy when ■ strive
To save through Thee ■ souls alive!
When the pamper'd flesh is strong,
When the strife is fierce and long;
When our wakening thoughts begin,
First to loathe their cherish'd sin,
And our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale,
Oh then have mercy! Lord!

Lord! have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh,
Sigh for Death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill;
When all other hope is gone;
When our course is almost done;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come,
Oh then have mercy! Lord!

Lord! have mercy when ■ know
First how vain this world below;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of Thy bright but distant Heaven!
When our darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex and fears distress,
And our saddened spirits dwell
On the open gates of Hell,
Oh then have mercy! Lord!

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

When our heads are bow'd with woe,
When ■ bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For ■ own departed souls;
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bow'd the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast fill'd ■ mortal bier:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GREAT God of Hosts! come down in thy glory!
Shake earth and heaven with thine awful tread:
Seal Thou the book of our world's dark story:
Summon to judgment the quick and the dead!

Great God of Hosts! come down to rule o'er us!
Long have we pray'd for thy peaceful reign:
Change this sad earth to an Eden before us;
Make it the mansion of bliss again!

Great God of Hosts! the dreadful, the glorious!
Come and sit up thy kingly Throne:
Over the legions of Hell victorious,
Rule in the world of thy saints alone!

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WHEN God came down from Heav'n—the living God—
What signs and wonders mark'd his stately way?
Brake out the winds in music where He rode?
Shone o'er the heav'ns a brighter, softer day?

The dumb began to speak, the blind to see,
And the lame leap'd, and pain and paleness fled;
The mourner's sunken eye grew bright with glee,
And from the tomb awoke the wondering dead!

When God came back to heav'n—the living God—
Rode He the heavens upon a fiery car?
Waved seraph-wings along his glorious road?
Stood still to wonder each bright wandering star?

Upon the cross He hung, and bow'd the head,
And pray'd for them that smote, and them that curst;
And, drop by drop, his slow life-blood shed,
And his last hour of suffering was his worst!

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LORD, have mercy, and remove us
Early to thy place of rest,
Where the heavens are calm above us,
And calm each sainted breast!

Holiest, hear us! by the anguish
On the cross Thou didst endure,
Let more our sad hearts languish
In this weary world obscure!

Gracious!—yet if our repentance
Be not perfect and sincere,
Lord, suspend thy fatal sentence,
Leave us still in sadness here!

Leave us, Saviour! till our spirit
From each earthly taint is free,
Fit thy kingdom to inherit,
Fit to take its rest with Thee!

THE END.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

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Memoir of William Lisle Bowles.

THE Rev. William Lisle Bowles, for the poet is a clergyman, ■ descended from a parentage of clergymen for two generations at least; his grandfather having been vicar of Brackley, in Northamptonshire, and his father also being in orders. He is the eldest of a family of ■ children. His ancestry ■ of the county of Wilts, and considered one of the oldest there. ■ received his education at Winchester school, where he ■ placed in 1776. In five years he rose ■ be senior boy in that seminary. At this school he ■ particularly noticed by Dr Wharton, the master. The want of ■ vacancy in the ■ year alone prevented his succeeding to the college, having been first on the roll. He was entered at Trinity College, Oxford, where Dr Wharton's brother, Dr Thomas Wharton, was tutor and also a fellow. Here he obtained the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem ■ the Siege of Gibraltar, which was publicly recited in the university, and will be found in the present edition of his Works. It shows great ability, if we consider the age at which it was written.

In 1792 Bowles took his degree as Master of Arts, and, his father dying, he quitted Oxford, entered into holy orders, and took upon himself the duties of a curacy in Wiltshire. ■ 1797 he married a daughter of Dr Wake, prebendary of Westminster, which turned out ■ most fortunate and happy union. Lord Somers, ■ after, presented him with the living of Dumbleton in Gloucestershire. In 1803 he was made ■ prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral, and Archbishop Moore presented him with the rectory ■ where he has constantly resided since, in the character of a parish-priest, assiduous in the duties of his station, and highly respected ■ an amiable ■ and a zealous minister of the church.

Bowles is fond of rural life, and ■ of his occupations has been ■ embellish his rectory and the circumjacent grounds. ■ He has improved the garden, and amused himself by planting. The situation is on the southern declivity of a gentle hill, having the command of a fine and very extensive prospect, highly diversified and beautiful. This fondness for retirement may be discovered in all the poet's productions, and it has been ■ him a fruitful ■ of comfort and

rational pleasure. The name of this abode of poesy and domestic happiness is Bremhill.

The life of Bowles, ■ that of country clergymen in general, has been little diversified by incident. A close attention ■ the duties of the ministry, ■ careful watchfulness ■ their flocks, and ■ life of tranquil usefulness, keeping ■ the noiseless tenor of their way, ■ is that which ■ especially becomes the dignity of their office, and is precisely that which furnishes the biographer with the fewest materials for his pen. One or two circumstances, however, have drawn out Bowles before the public: the first of them ■ ■ literary dispute respecting the ■ invariable ■ principles of poetry. Bowles, in ■ edition of Pope's works, advanced certain doctrines, which, if admitted, tended to injure Pope as a poet; in fact to make him, as some of the Lake School have declared him to be, ■ poet at all. With the truth or fallacy of these principles, then, the whole reputation of Pope ■ connected. If Bowles ■ correct, the great poet stood degraded, and the suffrages of the public in his favour for a century were erroneous. Campbell first began the controversy on behalf of Pope, and then, with his characteristic aversion to literary labour and dispute, remained silent. Byron also took the side of Pope; while ■ host of pamphleteers on both sides of the question completely occupied the public attention, and kept alive the literary warfare. Bowles, it must be allowed, pushed his doctrines too far, and laid them down in too unqualified ■ manner. The ■ invariable principles, ■ as they ■ styled in this controversy, and ■ they were supported by Bowles, ■ by ■ means new. In Germany and Italy, in another form, the ■ subject has been the theme of long and animated discussion; and the principles espoused by Bowles have had, for a considerable period, a manifest ascendancy with a certain class of critics and poets in England. His principles, then, ■ but the reiteration of opinions which have been elsewhere ■ emphatically expressed, and even exhibited in practice. Bowles said in this celebrated controversy, that images drawn from the sublime and beautiful in nature ■ more poetical than any drawn from art; and that those passions of the human heart which belong to nature in

general, are, *per se*, adapted to the higher species of poetry than those which are derived from incidental and transient manners. Thus far Bowles had the decided advantage in the argument, and he would, assuredly, have come off triumphant, had he stood only on this ground; but when he insisted that the presence of such images, and the selection of such passions, are to decide the merit of a poet, with little or no consideration of the skill and power displayed in working up the materials, every reflective mind must absolutely dissent from so unfair a mode of estimating poetical excellence. It levels at once all distinctions between the loftiest and meanest capacity, and takes from the poet the very essence of all poetry. Bowles did not confine himself to the fact, that, from objects sublime and beautiful in themselves, genius will produce more beautiful creations than from those which are poor and insignificant; though, indeed, around the last the touch of genius will frequently throw a splendour of unrivalled taste; but he shot beyond the mark. Thus, when the contest commenced with well-grounded anticipations of victory, the combat ended in a drawn battle. This renowned dispute, however, did infinite credit to the talent and perseverance of Bowles, who disputed the ground inch by inch, and was not dismayed by the lofty names and widely-extended fame of some of his antagonists.

Bowles has also appeared before the public in other but less important subjects of dispute. One of these was a defence of public schools, in reply to the *«Edinburgh Review,»* which had attacked them. Here he decidedly fell short, as any individual who tries to defend what is indefensible. The management of the public schools of England was and is notoriously defective, and in trying to uphold the discipline and instruction of Winchester school against Brougham, he was acted upon by attachment to the place of his education rather than by discretion.

Although a clergyman, Bowles is a magistrate of the county of Wilts, after the most unseemly practice of England. No two duties can be more incompatible; but, to the credit of the poet, he has always exhibited the most assiduous attention to the duties of the office; and once incurred the censure of some of his brother magistrates for a most honourable exertion in the name of humanity and justice, by remonstrating against a sentence of unparalleled severity, which had been inflicted by a magistrate on an unfortunate female for a very trifling theft. The poet's conduct on this occasion did him very high honour, and inhibited the close alliance there always is in genius with the better and clearer feelings of the head and heart. His conduct in this affair met the

approbation of Lord Lansdowne, then Secretary of State for the home department, as well as that of every thinking and honourable mind.

The first publication of Bowles was his *«Sonnets,»* published in quarto in 1789. This was followed by *«Verses on Howard's Description of Prisons,»* and by the *«Grave of Howard.»* In 1801, after many minor pieces had appeared from his pen, the *«Sorrows of Switzerland»* was published. In 1805 *«The Spirit of Discovery»* came out, perhaps his best work. His edition of Pope, which gave rise to the celebrated controversy, was published in 1807, in ten volumes. On the authority of Medwin, Byron spoke of Bowles and the *«invariable principles»* as follows:—*«I once met Bowles at Rogers's, and thought him a pleasant, gentlemanly man—a good fellow for a parson. When we meet after dinner, the conversation takes a certain turn. I remember he entertained me with some good stories. The reverend gentleman pretended, however, to be much shocked at Pope's Letters to Martha Blount. I put him and his 'invariable principles' at rest. He did attempt an answer, which was no reply; at least nobody read it. I believe he applied to some lines in Shakspeare. A man is very unlucky who has a name that can be punned upon; and his own did not escape.»* Perhaps this version of what Byron said may be misrepresented: still that in the main it is correct there can be no doubt; it is quite a sketch in the idle way of the great poet, and can reflect no discredit upon Bowles, notwithstanding his animosity to Pope.

Bowles has written much, but he ranks only as a second-rate writer of English poetry. He keeps too to the line of mediocrity, and yet all is good in style and pure in sentiment. His works are the productions of a virtuous and reflective mind too little acted upon by passion, too little susceptible of high emotions, to yield *«thoughts that breathe and words that burn.»* He is tender, but not impassioned; easy, but still somewhat touched with the cold correctness of the scholar; attentive to the arrangement and purity of style rather than to the elevation and novelty of his thoughts. He cannot play with the thunderbolt or ride upon the storm: he cannot hurry on with *«spurs of speed;»* but his path is in the tranquil sunshine, and his pace regular and measured, even and sedate. He writes nothing to startle and surprise, but he frequently engages the kindlier feelings of the heart, and enlists the social affections of the reader on his side.

Bowles has distinguished himself in polemics, and, resting on the infallibility of his own church, as his brother clergy are accustomed to do, he has attacked the sectarians, and those who be-

Heve not in the doctrines of his pale, with ■ the zeal of episcopalian orthodoxy. Perhaps he was more successful in this respect than in his arguments against Pope, and in the disposition under which he attacked the poet's moral character. No one, however, in either case, will accuse Bowles of making assertions he did not believe, or of ■ conscientiously dealing out the censure by which he incurred the censure of others. A ■ amiable, and upright, and humane man, does not exist. His opinions are his own, and the free expression of them on every subject, his birth-right, ■ well ■ that of all other Englishmen. If he has not acted wisely in his disputes, according to the notions of some persons, he has obtained the applause of his ■ party, and no one hesitates to allot him purity of motive and good intention, which the dispute respecting "invariable principles" will never impugn, and whenever it may, for it will still be ■ theme for literary disputation for long years ■ come.

Bremhill is situated not far from Bowood (near Devizes, Wilts), the fine seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who is accustomed to deal out the rites of hospitality to his' neighbours with ■ sparing hand. Bowles forms one of the social circle at the house of this munificent nobleman. Moore, who also resides in the neighbourhood, is

■ frequent inmate there. Bremhill too, the poet's charming residence, boasts frequently of its select and elegant society; so that, though in the country, he is not secluded. It is the custom of Bowles to pay ■ annual visit to the metropolis, to keep up his intercourse with the great world, and run ■ even race with the tide of human existence. He then goes back to his retirement with new ideas, and ■ double zest for those delights which he who really loves ■ country life ■ alone appreciate.

Coleridge, who is by no ■ wanting in the offices of friendship, speaks of Bowles ■ an individual of the most excellent disposition. "It ■ ■ double pleasure to me, and still remains ■ tender recollection, that I should have received, from ■ friend so revered, the first knowledge of ■ poet, by whose works, year after year, I was ■ enthusiastically delighted and inspired." And the same writer alluding to the poetry of Bowles, speaks of himself ■ having been withdrawn from some mental errors "by the genial influence of a style of poetry, so tender and yet ■ manly; so natural and real, and yet so dignified and harmonious ■ the Sonnets," etc. This is a handsome tribute from a friend whose judgment many persons hold in very high estimation.

POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

The Spirit of Discovery by Sea;
A DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL POEM.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES,

This Poem,

ON ■ SUBJECT CONNECTED WITH THE GREATNESS AND RENOWN OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE,

■ HUMBLY ■ GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S DEVOTED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

DORSET, Nov. 3, 1804.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

I ■ not perhaps inform the reader, that I had before written a Canto ■ the subject of this poem; but I was dissatisfied with the metre, and felt the necessity of ■ connecting idea that might give it a degree of unity and coherence.

This difficulty I considered ■ almost inseparable from the subject; I therefore relinquished the design of making ■ extended poem ■ events, which, though highly interesting and poetical, were too unconnected with each other ■ unite properly in ■ regular whole. But on being kindly permitted to peruse the sheets of Mr Clarke's valuable work on the History of Navigation, I conceived (without supposing *historically* with him that all ideas of navigation were derived from the ark of Noah) that I might adopt the circumstance *poetically*, ■ capable of furnishing a unity of design; besides which it had the advantage of giving a more serious cast and character to the whole.

To obviate such objections ■ might be made by those who, from ■ inattentive survey, might imagine there ■ any *carelessness of arrangement*, I shall lay before the reader a *general analysis* of the several books; and, I trust, he will readily perceive ■ leading principle, ■ which the poem begins, proceeds, and ends.

I feel almost a necessity for doing this in *justice* to myself, as some compositions have been certainly misunderstood, where the *connection* might, by the least attention, have been perceived. In going ■ part of the same ground which I had taken before, I could ■ always avoid the ■ of similar expressions.

I trust I need not apologize for having, in ■ instances, departed from strict historical facts. It is not

true that Camoens sailed with Da Gama, though, from the authority of Voltaire, it has been sometimes supposed. There are other circumstances for which I may have less reason to expect pardon. The Egyptians ■ never, or but for a short time, a maritime nation. In answer to this, I must say, that *history* and *poetry* ■ two things; and though the poet has no right to *contradict* the historian, yet, if he find two opinions upon points of history, he may certainly take that which is ■ susceptible of poetical ornament, particularly if it have sufficient plausibility, and the sanction of respectable names.

In deducing the first maritime attempts from Thebes, so called from Thebath, the Ark, founded by the sons of Cush, who first inhabited the caves on the granite mountains of Ethiopia, I have followed the idea of Bruce, which has many testimonies, particularly that of Herodotus, in its favour. In making the ships of Ammon first pass the straits of Babelmandel, and sail to Ophir, I have the authority of Sir Isaac Newton. But still these points must, from their nature, be obscure; the poet, however, has a right to build upon them, whilst what he advances is ■ in *direct contradiction* to all historical admitted facts. He may take what is *shadowy*, if it be *plausible*, poetical, and coherent with his general plan. Having said ingenuously thus much, I hope I shall not be severely accused for having admitted, *en passant*, some ideas (which may be thought visionary) in the notes, respecting the allusion to the ark in Theocritus, the situation of Ophir, the temple of Solomon, and the algum-tree.

I must also submit to the candour of the critic, the necessity I sometimes felt myself under of varying the verse, and admitting, when the subject seemed particularly to require it, a break into the ode measure, as

where the Siege of Acre is introduced. He will ■■■der, as this poem is neither didactic, nor epic, that might lead on the mind by diversity of characters, and of prospects, it was therefore necessary (at least I thought myself at liberty so to do) to break the uniformity of the subject by digression, contrast, occasional change of verse, etc. But after all, at ■ time so unfavourable to long poems, I doubt whether the reader will have patience to accompany me to the end of my *circumnavigation*. If he do, and if this much larger poetical work than I have ever attempted, should be ■ favourably received as what I have before published has been, I shall sincerely rejoice.

At all events, in an age which I think has produced genuine poetry, if I cannot say « *Ed io, anchi, sono pittore* ; » it will be a consolation to me to reflect, that I have no otherwise courted the muse, but as the consoler of sorrow, the painter of scenes romantic and interesting, the hand-maid of GOOD SENSE, UNADULTERATED FEELINGS, and RELIGIOUS HOPE.

It was at first intended that the Poem should consist of six books; one book being assigned to Da Gama, and another to Columbus. These have been compressed; which I was the ■■■ inclined to do, ■ the great subject of the Discovery of America is in the hands of such poets as Mr Southey and Mr Rogers.

There are some inaccuracies and verbal errors, which the author need not point out. He has, however, no objection to the strictest investigation of the faults of this Poem, if it be pursued in the spirit of *fair criticism*, and the opinions conveyed in the language of a GENTLEMAN!

ANALYSIS.

BOOK I.

THE Book opens with the resting of the Ark ■ the mountains of the great Indian Caucasus, considered by many authors as Ararat: the present state of the *inhabited* world, contrasted with its melancholy appearance immediately after the flood. The poem returns to the situation of our forefathers on leaving the ark; beautiful evening described. The angel of destruction appears to Noah in a dream, and informs him that although he and his family alone have escaped, that the very Ark, which was the ■■■ of his present preservation, shall be the cause of the future triumph of Destruction.

In his dream, the evils in consequence of the discovery of America, the slave-trade, etc. are set before him. Noah, waking from disturbed sleep, ascends the summit of Caucasus. An angel appears, tells him the appearance in his dream was permitted by the Almighty; that he is commissioned to explain every thing: he presents to his view the *shadow of the world* as it exists; regions are pointed out; the dispersion of mankind; the rise of superstition; the birth of ■ Saviour, and the triumph of Charity: that navigation shall be the ■■■ of extending the knowledge of God over the globe; and though some evils must take place, happiness and love shall finally prevail upon the earth.

BOOK II

Commences with an ardent wish, that as our Forefather viewed the world clearly displayed before him in

■ vision, ■ we of these late days might be able, through the clouds of time, to look back upon the early ages of the globe; ■ might then see, in their splendour, Thebes, Edom, etc.; but the early history of mankind is obscure, the only certain light is from the sacred writings. By these we are informed of the *dispersion* of earth's first inhabitants, after the flood. The descendants of Ham, after this dispersion, according to Bruce, having first gained the summits of the Ethiopian mountains, there form subterraneous abodes. In process of time they descend, people Egypt, build Thebes; obscure tradition of the Ark; first make voyages, etc.

Ophir is not long afterwards discovered. This Bruce places, with most respectable authority, at Sofala; I ■■ ventured to place it otherwise, but still admitting ■■ general idea, that when the way to it over-land was attended with difficulties, an easier course was at last opened by sea. As to Ammon's exploits, I must shelter myself under the authority of Sir Isaac Newton. After a sacrifice, by the Egyptians, the monsoon sets in. The ships follow its direction, ■ the mariners imagine a God leads them. Hence the discovery of so much of the world by sea. Reflection on Commerce. The voyage of Solomon. A description of the glory of Tyre, the ■■ commercial mart of the early world. Tyrian discoveries in the Mediterranean; voyages to the coast of Italy and Spain, to the Straits, and from thence to Britain.

Tyre is destroyed, and the thought naturally arises, that Britain, which, at the time of the splendour of the *maritime Tyrians*, was an obscure island, is now at the summit of *maritime renown*; while Tyre is a place where only « the fisherman dries his net. » This leads to a eulogium on England; and the book concludes with the triumphs of her fleets and armies on that very shore where science, and art, and commerce, and maritime renown, first arose.

This digression, introducing the siege of Acre, appeared to the author not only natural, but in some measure necessary, to break the uniformity of the subject.

BOOK III

Commences with the feelings excited by the conclusion of the last, by a warm wish that England may for ages retain her elevated rank. This leads to the consideration of her naval opulence, which carries ■ back ■ the subject we had left—the fate of Tyre.

The history of the empires succeeding Tyre is touched on: the fall of her destroyer, Babylon; the succession of Cyrus; the character of Cyrus, and his want of enlarged policy, having so many means of encouraging commerce; his ill-fated expedition to the East-Indies.

Alexander the Great first conceives the idea of establishing ■ vast maritime empire: in his march of conquest, proceeds to the last river of the Panjab, the Hyphasis, which descends into the Indus, the sources of which ■■ the mountains of Caucasus, where the ark rested.

The Indian account of the Deluge, it is well known, resembles most wonderfully the history of Moses. When Alexander can proceed no further, poetical fiction introduces the person of a Brahman, who relates the history of the Deluge: viz. that *one sacred man* was, in this part of the world, *miraculously preserved by an ark*; the farther march of the conqueror, towards the holy

spot, is deprecated: his best glory shall be derived from the sea, and from uniting either world in commerce. Alexander is animated with the idea; and his fleet, under Nearchus, proceeds down the Indus to the sea. This forms a middle, connected with the account of the deluge, book first.

BOOK IV.

Nearchus' voyage being accomplished, and Alexandria now complete, Commerce is represented standing on the Pharos, and calling to all nations. The tide of commerce would have flowed still in the track pointed out by the sagacity of Alexander, but a wider scene, beyond the ancient world, opens to the view of Discovery. The use of the magnet is discovered; and Henry of Portugal prosecutes the plan of opening a passage along the coast of Africa to the East. One of his ships in its return from the expedition has been driven from Cape Bojador (the formidable boundary of the Portuguese research) by a storm at sea. The isle, afterwards called Porto Santo, is discovered. The circumstance related; but the extraordinary appearance of a supernatural shade over the waters at a distance excites many fears and superstitions. The attempt, however, to penetrate the mystery, is resolved on. Zarco reaches the island of Madeira; tomb found; which introduces the Episode. At the tomb of the first discoverer (whether this be fanciful, or not, is nothing to poetry) the Spirit of Discovery casts her eyes over the globe; she pursues Da Gama to the East; history of Camoens touched on; Columbus; with triumph the discovery of a new world, and from thence extends her ideas till the great globe is encompassed; after which she returns to the "tranquil bosom of the Thames," with Drake, the first circumnavigator, whose ship, after its various perils, being laid up in the Thames, gives rise to some brief concluding reflections.

BOOK V.

Hitherto we have described only the triumphs of Discovery; but it appears necessary that many incidental evils, particular and general, should be mentioned. Fate, and miserable end, of great commanders,—of our gallant and benevolent countryman, Cook. After the natural feelings of regret, the mind is led to contemplate the great advantages of his voyages: the health of seamen; the accessions to geographical knowledge; the spirit of humanity and science; his exploring the east part of New-Holland; and being the first to determine the proximity of America to Asia. This circumstance leads us back from the point whence we set out—the ark of Noah; and hence we are partly enabled to solve, what has been for many ages unknown, the difficulty respecting the earth's being peopled from one family.

The Poem having thus gained a middle and end, the conclusion of the whole is, that as this uncertainty in the physical world has been by Discovery cleared up, so all the apparent contradictions in the moral world shall be reconciled. We have yet many existing evils to deplore; but when the Supreme Disposer's plan shall have been completed, then the earth, which has been explored and enlightened by discovery and knowledge, shall be destroyed; but the mind of man, rendered at

last perfect, shall endure through all ages, and justify his ways from whom it sprung.*

Such is the outline and plan of the following Poem. I have felt myself obliged to give this hasty Analysis, thinking that self-defence almost required it, lest a careless reader might charge me with carelessness of arrangement.

I must again beg it to be remembered, that History and Poetry are two things; and that the Poet has a right to build his system, not on what is exact truth, but what is, at least, plausible; what will form, in the clearest manner, a whole; and what is most susceptible of poetical ornament.

BOOK I.

AWAKE a louder and a loftier Strain!
Beloved Harp, whose tones have oft beguiled
My solitary sorrows, when I left
The scene of happier hours, and wander'd far,
A pale and drooping stranger; I have sat
(While evening listen'd to the convent's bell)
On the wild margin of the Rhine, and woo'd
Thy sympathies, "a-weary of the world,"
And I have found with thee sad fellowship,
Yet always sweet, where'er my languid hand
Pass'd carelessly o'er the responsive wires,
While unambitious of the laurel'd mood
That crowns the gifted bard; I only ask'd
Some stealing melodies the heart might love,
And a brief sonnet to beguile my tears!

But I had hope that one day I might wake
Thy strings to higher utterance; and now
Bidding adieu to glens, and woods, and streams,
And turning where, magnificent and vast,
Main Ocean bursts upon my sight, I strike,—
Rapt in the theme on which I long have mused,—
Strike the loud lyre, and as the blue waves rock,
Swell to their solemn roar the deep'ning chords.

Lift thy indignant billows high, proclaim
Thy terrors, Spirit of the hoary seas!
I sing thy dread dominion, amid wrecks,
And storms, and howling solitudes, to Man
Submitted: awful shade of Camoens!
Bend from the clouds of Heav'n!

By the bold tones³
Of minstrelsy, that o'er the unknown surge
(Where never daring sail before was spread)
Echoed, and startled from his long repose
Th' indignant Phantom⁴ of the stormy Cape; (1)
O let me think now in the winds I hear
Thy animating tones, whilst I pursue
With ardent hopes, like thee, my vent'rous way,

¹ Shakespeare.

² See the beautiful Naval Poem of CAMOENS.

³ I hope this idea may be allowed, though Camoens did not sail with Da Gama, and it is not historically true.

⁴ See his description of the dreadful Phantom in the Cape of Good Hope.

And bid the ■■■ resound my song! And thou,
 Father of Albion's streams, majestic Thames,
 Amid the glittering scene, whose long-drawn wave
 Goes noiseless, yet with conscious pride, beneath
 The thronging vessels' shadows (nor through scenes
 More fair, the yellow Tagus, or the Nile,
 « That ancient river, » winds). Thou to the strain
 Shall haply listen, that records the might
 Of ocean, like a Giant at thy feet
 Vanquish'd, and yielding to thy gentler state
 The ancient sceptre of his dread domain!

All ■■■ one waste of waves, that buried deep
 Earth and its multitudes: the Ark alone,
 High on the cloudy van of Ararat,
 Rested; for now the death-commission'd storm
 Sinks silent, and the eye of day looks out
 Dim through the haze, while short successive gleams
 Flit o'er the face of deluge as it shrinks,
 Or the transparent rain-drops, falling few,
 Distinct and larger glisten. So the Ark
 Rests upon Ararat; (2) but nought around
 Its inmates can behold, save o'er th' expanse
 Of boundless waters, the Sun's orient orb
 Stretching the hull's long shadow, or the Moon
 In silence, through the silver-cinctured clouds,
 Sailing, ■■■ she herself were lost, and left
 In Nature's loneliness!

But oh, sweet Hope!
 Thou bidst a tear of holy ecstasy
 Start to their eye-lids, when at night the Dove,
 Weary, returns, and lo! an olive leaf
 Wet in her bill: again she is put forth,
 When the seventh morn shines on the hoar abyss:—
 Due evening comes: her wings are heard ■■■ more!
 The dawn awakes, not cold and dripping sad,
 But cheer'd with lovelier sunshine; far away
 The dark-red mountains show their naked peaks
 Upheave above the waste: Imaus (3) gleams:
 Fume the huge torrents on his desert sides:
 Till at the awful voice of Him who rules
 The storm, the ancient Father and his train
 « On the dry land descend.»

Here let ■■■ pause.—
 No noise in the vast circuit of the globe
 Is heard; no sound of human stirring; ■■■
 Of pasturing herds, ■■■ wandering flocks; ■■■ song
 Of birds that solace the forsaken woods.
 From morn till eve; nor echo of a voice
 Or footstep:—In that spot alone that holds
 The sacred Ark, there the glad sounds ascend,
 And Nature listens to the breath of Life.
 The fleet horse bounds, high-neighing to the wind
 That lifts his streaming mane; the heifer lows;
 Loud sings the lark amid the rainbow hues;
 The lion ramps in muttering joyance: Man
 Comes forth; he kneels on earth—he kisses it;
 And to the God who stretch'd the radiant bow,
 Raises his trembling transports:

From one spot
 Alone of earth such sounds ascend: How changed

¹ Part of the mountainous range of the vast Indian Caucasus,
 where the Ark rested.

The human prospect! when from realm to realm,
 From shore to shore, from isle to farthest isle
 Flung to the stormy main, man's murmuring race,
 Various and countless as the shells that strew
 The ocean's winding marge, are spread; from shores
 Sinensian,¹ where the passing proas gleam
 Innum'rous mid the floating villages;²
 To Acapulco west, where laden deep
 With gold and gems rolls the superb galleon,
 Shadowing the smooth Pacific: from the North,
 Where ■■■ some snowy promontory's height
 The Lapland wizard beats his drum, and calls
 The spirits of the winds, ■■■ th' utmost South,
 Where savage Fuego³ shoots its cold white peaks,
 Dreariest of lands, and the poor Pecherais⁴ (4)
 Shiver and moan along its waste of snows.
 So stirs the Earth; and for the Ark that pass'd
 Alone and darkling o'er the dread abyss,
 Ten thousand and ■■■ thousand barks ■■■ seen
 Fervent and glancing on the friths and sounds;
 From the Bermudian⁵ that, with masts inclined,
 Shoots like ■■■ dart along, to the tall ship
 That, like a stately swan, in conscious pride,
 Breasts beautiful the rising surge, and throws
 The gather'd waters back, and seems to move
 A living thing, along her lucid way
 Streaming in silent glory to the sun!
 Some waft the treasures of the East; some bear
 Their country's dark artillery o'er the surge
 Frowning;—some in the Southern solitudes,
 Bound ■■■ discovery of new regions, spread,
 'Mid rocks of driving ice, that crash around,
 Their weather-beaten mainsail; or explore
 Their perilous way from isle to isle, and wind
 The tender social tie; connecting man,
 Wherever scatter'd, with his fellow man.

How many ages roll'd away, ere thus,
 From Nature's general wreck the world's great scene
 Was tenanted! See from their dark abode,
 At Heav'n's dread voice (heard, mid the solitude,
 As in beginning of created things).
 The sad survivors of a buried world
 Come forth: on them, though desolate their seat,
 The day looks down as sweet, as now the sun,
 That to the West slopes his untired career,
 Hangs o'er the water's brim. The aged Sire,
 Slow rising from his evening sacrifice,
 Amid his offspring stands, and lifts his eyes,
 Moist with a tear to the bright bow: the fire
 Yet ■■■ the altar burns, whose trailing fume
 Goes slowly up, and marks the lucid cope
 Of the soft sky, where distant clouds hang still
 And beautiful. So placid Evening steals
 After the lurid storm, like ■■■ sweet form
 Of fairie following a perturbed shape
 Of giant terror, that in darkness strode.
 Slow sinks the lord of day; the clust'ring clouds
 More ardent burn; confusion of rich hues,

¹ China.

² Owing ■■■ the great population of China, many live almost constantly in boats, which form a sort of village on the water.

³ The farthest inhabited land to the South of the American Continent; perhaps the most horrid spot in the globe.

⁴ See BOUGAINVILLE'S Voyage.

⁵ The swiftest of all vessels, built at Bermudas; the masts are short, and inclining towards the stern.

Crimson, and gold, and purple, bright inlay
 Their varied edges; till before the eye,
 As their last lustre fades, small silver stars
 Succeed; and twinkling each in its own sphere,
 Thick as the frost's unnumber'd spangles, strew
 The slowly-paling heavens.

Now sunk in sleep
 Reclines the Father of the world; the Moon
 Meantime mounts high in beauty; every cloud
 Retires, as in the blue space she moves on
 Amid the fulgent orbs supreme, and looks
 The queen of heav'n and earth. Stilly the streams
 Retiring sound; midnight's high hollow vault
 Faint echoes—stilly sound the distant streams.—

When hark, a strange and mingled wail, and cries
 As of ten thousand thousand perishing!
 A Phantom, mid the shadows of the dead,
 Before the holy Patriarch, he slept,
 Stood terrible:—Dark a storm it stood
 Of thunder and of winds, like hollow seas
 Remote; meantime a voice heard:—Behold,
 Noah, the foe of thy weak race! my name
 Destruction! whom thy in yonder plains
 Shall worship, and all grim, with mooned horns
 Paint fabling! When the flood from off the earth
 Before it swept the living multitudes,
 I rode amid the hurricane; I heard
 The universal shriek of all that lived.
 In vain they climb'd the rocky heights:—I struck
 The adamantine mountains, and like dust
 They crumbled in the billowy foam. My hall,
 Deep in the centre of the seas, received
 The victims as they sunk! Then, with dark joy
 I sat amid ten thousand carcasses,
 That welter'd at my feet! But thou and thine
 Have braved my utmost fury: What remains
 But Vengeance, Vengeance on thy hated race!—
 And be that sheltering shrine the instrument!
 Thence, taught stem the wild when it roars,
 In after-times to lands remote, where roam'd
 The naked man and his poor progeny,
 They, instructed in the fatal use
 Of arts and arms, shall ply their way; and thou
 Wouldst bid the great deep cover thee to
 The sorrows of thy miserable sons:
 But turn, and view in part the truths I speak.»

He said, and vanish'd with a dismal sound
 Of lamentation from his grisly troop.

Then saw the just in his dream what seem'd
 A new and savage land: Huge forests stretch'd
 Their world of wood, shading like night the banks
 Of torrent-foaming rivers, many a league
 Wand'ring and lost in solitudes; green isles
 Here shone, and scatter'd but beneath the shade
 Of branching palms were seen; whilst in the
 A naked infant playing, stretch'd his hand
 To reach a speckled snake, that through the leaves
 Oft darted, or its shining volumes roll'd
 Amusive.

¹ See account of Hsiangraiva, the Eastern god of action, in MAURICE'S *Indian Antiquities*.

From the woods a sable man
 Came, as from hunting; in his arms he took
 The smiling child, that with the feathers play'd
 Which nodded his brow; the sheltering hut
 Received them, and the cheerful smoke went up
 Above the silent woods.

Anon was heard
 The sound as of strange thunder, from the mouths
 Of hollow engines, (5) as, with white sails spread,
 Tall vessels, hull'd like the great Ark, approach'd
 The verdant shores:—They, in a woody cove
 Safe-station'd, hang their pennants motionless
 Beneath the palms. Meantime, with shouts and song,
 The boat rows hurrying to the land; nor long
 Ere the great sea for many a league is tinged,
 While corpse on corpse, down the red torrent roll'd, (6)
 Floats, and the inmost forests murmur «Blood.»

Now vast savannahs meet the view, where high
 Above the arid grass the serpent lifts
 His tawny crest:—Not far a vessel rides
 Upon the sunny main, and to the shore
 Black savage tribes a mournful captive urge,
 Who looks at Heav'n with anguish. Him they cast
 Bound in the rank hold of the prison-ship,
 With many a sad associate in despair,
 Each panting chain'd to his allotted space;
 And moaning, whilst their wasted eye-balls roll.

Another sight appears: the naked slave
 Writhes to the bloody lash; but more to view
 Nature forbade, for starting from his dream
 The just Man woke. Shuddering he gazed around;
 He the earliest beam of morning shine
 Slant on the hills without; he heard the breath
 Of placid kine, but troubled thoughts and sad
 Arose. He wander'd forth; and now far on,
 By heavy musings led, reach'd a ravine
 Most wild amid the tempest-riven rocks,
 Through whose dark pass he saw the flood remote
 Grey-spread, while the mists of morn went up.
 He paused; when on his lonely path-way flash'd
 A light, and sounds as of approaching wings
 Instant were heard. A radiant form appear'd
 Celestial, and with gentle accent said—
 «Noah, I come commission'd from above,
 Where Angels move before the eternal throne
 Of Heav'n's great King in glory, to dispel
 The mists of darkness from thy sight; for know,
 Not unpermitted of the Eternal One
 The shadows of thy melancholy dream
 Hung o'er thee slumbering: Mine the task to show
 Futurity's faint scene;—now follow me.»

He said; and up to the unclouded height
 Of that great Eastern mountain,¹ (7) that surveys
 Dim Asia, they ascended. Then his brow
 The Angel touch'd, and clear'd with whisper'd charm
 The mortal mists before his eyes:—At once
 (As in the skiey mirage,² when the seer
 From lonely Kilda's (8) western summit
 A wondrous scene in shadowy vision rise)
 The nether world, with and shores, appear'd

¹ The Indian Caucasus.

² Illusion of Vision.

Submitted to his view: but not — then
 A melancholy waste, deformed and sad,
 But fair as now the green earth spreads, with woods,
 Champaign, and hills, and many-winding streams
 Robed, the magnificent illusion rose.
 He saw in mazy longitude devolved
 The mighty Brahma-Pooter; (9) to the East,
 Thibet and China, and the shining sea
 That sweeps the inlets of Japan, and winds
 Amid the Curile and Aleutian isles, (10)
 High to the North. Siberia's snowy scenes
 Are spread; Jenisca and the freezing Ob
 Appear, and many a forest's shady track
 Far — the Baltic, and the utmost bounds
 Of Scandinavia; thence the eye returns;
 And lo! great Lebanon, abrupt and dark
 With pines, and airy Carmel, rising slow
 Above the midland main, where hang the capes
 Of Italy and Greece: swart Africa,
 Beneath the parching sun, her long domain
 Reveals, the mountains of the Moon, (11) the source
 Of Nile, (12) the wild mysterious Niger, (13) lost
 Amid the torrid sands; and to the South
 Her stormy cape. Beyond the misty main
 The weary eye scarce wanders, when behold
 Plata, through vaster territory pour'd; (14)
 And Andes, (15) sweeping the horizon's tract!
 Mightiest of mountains! Thou whose waste of snows
 Feels not the nearer sun; whose umbrage chills
 The unheard ocean; whose volcano-fires
 A thousand nations view, hung like the moon
 High in the middle waste of heaven; thy range,
 Shading far off the southern hemisphere,
 Then but a dusky line appear'd.

So spread

Before our great Forefather's view the globe
 Appear'd; with seas, and shady continents,
 And verdant isles, and mountains lifting dark
 Their forests, and indenting rivers, pour'd
 In silvery maze. And « lo! » the Angel said,
 « These scenes, O Noah! thy posterity
 Shall people; but remote and scatter'd wide,
 They shall forget their God, and see — trace,
 Save dimly, of their Great Original.
 Rude caves shall be their dwelling: till with noise
 Of multitudes, imperial cities rise.
 But the Arch Fiend, the foe of God and man,
 Shall fling his spells; and 'mid illusions drear,
 Blear Superstition shall arise, the earth
 Eclipsing:—Deep in caves, vault within ~~fault~~ (16)
 Far winding; or in night of thickest woods,
 Where no bird sings; or 'mid huge circles grey
 Of uncouth stone, her aspect wild, and pale
 As the terrific flame that near her burns,
 She her mysterious rites, 'mid hymns and cries,
 Shall wake, and to her shapeless idols, vast
 And smear'd with blood, or shrines of lust, shall lead
 Her vot'ries maddening — she waves her torch
 With visage more expanded to the groans
 Of human sacrifice.

• Nor think that love

And happiness shall dwell in vales remote:
 The naked man shall see the glorious sun,
 And deem it but enlightens his poor isle,

laid in the watery waste; cold — his limbs
 The ocean-spray shall beat; his Deities
 Shall be the stars, the thunder, and the winds:
 And if a stranger — his rugged shores
 Be cast, his offer'd blood pollutes the strand.

• O wretched man! who then shall raise thee up
 From this thy dark estate, forlorn and lost? »
 The Patriarch said:

The Angel answer'd mild,
 « His God, who destined him to noblest ends!
 But mutual intercourse shall stir at first
 The sunk and groveling spirit, and from sleep
 The sullen energies of man rouse up,
 As of a slumb'ring giant. He shall walk
 Sublime amid the works of Heaven; the earth
 Shall own his wide dominion; the great sea
 Shall — in vain its roaring waves; his eye
 Shall scan the bright orbs as they roll above,
 Glorious, and his expanding heart shall burn,
 As wide and wider in magnificence
 The vast scene opens; in the winds and clouds,
 The seas, and circling planets, he shall see
 The shadow of a dread Almighty move.
 Then shall the Day-spring rise, before whose beam
 The darkness of the world is past: for, hark!
 Seraphs and Angel-choirs with symphonies
 Acclaiming of ten thousand golden harps,
 Amid the hursting clouds of heaven reveal'd,
 At once in glory jubilant—they sing
 God the Redeemer liveth! He who took
 Man's nature — him, and in human shroud
 Veil'd his immortal glory! He is risen—
 God the Redeemer liveth! and behold
 The gates of life and immortality
 Open'd to all that breathe!

• O might the strains

But win the world to love! meek Charity
 Should lift her looks, and smile; and with faint voice
 The weary pilgrim of the earth exclaim,
 As close his eye-lids, 'Death, where is thy sting?
 O Grave! where is thy victory?'

• And ye,

Whom ocean's melancholy wastes divide,
 Who slumber to the sullen surge, awake,
 Break forth into thanksgiving, for the bark
 That roll'd upon the desert deep, shall hear
 The tidings of great joy to all that live,
 Tidings of life and light. »

« O! were those men

(The Patriarch raised his drooping looks, and said)
 Such in my dream I saw, who to the isles
 And peaceful sylvan scenes o'er the wide seas
 Went buoyant; then their murderous instruments
 Lifted, that flash'd to the indignant sun,
 Whilst the poor native died:—O! were those Men
 Instructed in the laws of holier love
 Thou hast display'd? »

The Angel meek replied,
 « Call rather Fiends of Hell those who abuse
 The mercies they receive: that such, indeed,

On whom the light of clearer knowledge beams,
Should wander forth, and for the tender voice
Of Charity, should scatter crimes and woe,
And drench, where'er they pass, the earth with blood,
Might make e'en Angels weep!

• But the poor tribes
That groan'd and died, deem not them innocent
As injured; more ensanguined rites and deeds
Of deepest stain were theirs; and what if God,
So to approve his justice, and exact
Most even retribution, blood for blood,
Bid forth the Angel of the storm of death!

• Thou saw'st, indeed, (17) the seeming innocence
Of Man the savage; but thou saw'st not all.
Behold the scene more near! Hear the shrill whoop
Of murderous war! See tribes on neighbour tribes
Rush howling, their red hatchets wielding high,
And shouting to their barb'rous Gods. Behold
The captive, bound, yet vaunting direst hate,
And mocking his tormentors, while they gash
His flesh unshrinking, tear his eyeballs, burn
His beating breast! Hear the dark temples ring
To groans and hymns of murderous sacrifice;
Where the stern priest, the rites of horror done,
With hollow-mutter'd hymn lifts up the heart
Of the last victim, mid the yelling throng,
Quivering, and red, and reeking to the sun! (18)

• Reclaim'd by gradual intercourse, his heart
Warm'd with new sympathies, the forest-chief
Shall cast the bleeding hatchet to his gods
Of darkness, and one Lord of all adore—
Maker of Heaven and earth.

• Let it suffice,
He hath permitted evil for awhile
To mingle its deep hues and sable shades
Amid life's fair perspective, as thou saw'st
Of late the black'ning clouds; but in the end
All these shall roll away, and evening still
Come smilingly, while the great sun looks down
On the illumined scene. So Charity
Shall smile on all the earth, and Nature's Lord
Look down upon his works; and while far off
The shrieking night-fiends fly, ■■■ voice shall rise
From shore to shore, from isle to farthest isle,
Glory to God on high, and ■■■ earth peace,
Peace and good-will to Men.

• Thou rest in hope,
And Him with meekness and with trust adore!

He said, and spreading bright his ampler wing,
Flew to the heav'n of heav'ns; the meek man bow'd
Adoring, and, with pensive thoughts resign'd,
Bent from the aching height his lonely way.

1 The bloody rites of the Mexicans, their cruelties to their prisoners, their butchering sacrifices, seemed to call down the vengeance of Heaven.

2 Such ■■■ the horrid customs and rites of the native Americans.

BOOK H.

On for a view, ■■ from that cloudless height
Where the great Patriarch gazed upon the world,
His offspring's *future seat*, back ■■ the vale
Of years departed! We might then behold
Thebes, from her sleep of ages, awful rise,
Like an imperial shadow, from the Nile,
To airy harpings; (19) and with lifted torch
Scatter the darkness through the labyrinths
Of death, where rest her kings, without a name,
And light the winding ■■■ and pyramids
In the long night of years! We might behold
Edom, (2) in towery strength, majestic rise,
And awe the Erythrean, to the plains
Where Migdol frown'd, and Baal-zephon stood, (3) (20)
Before whose ■■■ shrine the Memphian host
And Pharaoh's pomp was shatter'd!—As her fleets
From Ezion went seaward, to the sound
Of shouts and brazen trumpets, we might say,
• How glorious, Edom, in thy ships art thou,
And mighty ■■ the rushing winds! •

But night
Is on the mournful scene: a voice is heard,
As of the dead, from hollow sepulchres,
And echoing caverns of the Nile, • so pass
The shades of mortal glory! • One pure ray
From Sinai bursts (where God of old reveal'd
His glory, through the darkness terrible
That sat ■■ the dread mount), and we descry
Thy sons, O Noah, peopling wide the scene,
From Shinaar's plain ■■ Egypt.

Let the song
Reveal, who first • went down to the great sea
In ships, • and braved the stormy element.

The Sons of Cush. 4—Still fearful of the flood, (21)
They on the marble range and cloudy heights
Of that vast mountainous barrier (that tow'rs
High o'er the Red Sea coast, and stretches on
With the sea-line of Africa's Southern bounds
To Sofala) delved in the granite mass
Their dark abode, spreading from rock to rock
Their subterranean cities, while they heard,
Secure, the rains of vext Orion rush.
Embolden'd they descend, and now their fances
On Egypt's champaign darken, whilst the noise
Of caravans ■■ heard, and pyramids
In the pale distance gleam: Imperial Thebes (22)
Starts, like a giant, from the dust; as when
Some dread enchanter waves his wand, and tow'rs,
And palaces, far in the sandy wilds
Uprise! and still, her sphinxes, huge and high,
Her marble wrecks colossal, seem to speak
The work of ■■■ great ■■■ invisible,

1 Allusive to the harps found in the caverns of Thebes.

2 Edom, whose navigators ■■■ Ammonians had her port to the Western, prior ■■ that on the Eastern branch of the Red Sea.

3 The only certain history of the earliest state of man is the Mosaic.

4 The Cothites inhabited the granite rocks stretching along the Red ■■■, bordering Ethiopia. Their caves are seen ■■ this day.—See BRUCE.

Surpassing human strength; while toiling Time,
That sways his desolating scythe ■ vast,
And weary Havoc murmuring at his side,
Smite them in vain. (23) Heard ye the mystic song
Resounding from her caverns, as of yore?

« Sing ■ Osiris, (24) for his ark
No more in night profound,
Of ocean, fathomless and dark,
Typhon has sunk! (25) Aloud the sistrums ring—
Osiris!—To our god Osiris sing!—
And let the midnight shore our rites of joy resound! »¹

Thee,² great restorer of the world, the song
Darkly described, and that mysterious shrine (26)
That bore thee o'er the desolate abyss,
When the earth sunk with all its noise!

So taught,

The hord'ers of the Erythrean launch'd
Their barks, and to the shores of Araby
First their brief voyage stretch'd, and thence return'd
With aromatic gums, or spicy wealth
Of India. Prouder triumphs yet await,
For lo! where Ophir's gold unburied shines (27)
New to the sun; but perilous the way,
O'er Ariana's spectred wilderness, (28)
Where scarce the patient Camel—scarce endures
The long long solitude and rocks and sands,
Parch'd, faint, and sinking, in his mid-day track.

But see! upon the shore, great Ammon³ stands,
« Be the deep open'd. » At his voice the deep
Is open'd; and the shading ships that ride
With statelier masts and ampler hulls the seas,
Have pass'd the Straits, and left the rocks and gates
Of Death.⁴ Where Asia's cape the autumnal surge
Throws black'ning back, beneath a hollow cove,
Awhile the mariners their fearful course
Ponder, ere yet they tempt the further deep;
Then plunged into the sullen main, they cast
The youthful victim,⁵ (29) to the dismal Gods
Devoted, whilst the smoke of sacrifice
Slowly ascends:

« Hear, King of Ocean, hear,
Dark Phantom! whether in thy secret cave
Thou sittest, where the deeps are fathomless,
Nor hear'st the water's hum, though all above
Is uproar loud; or ■ the widest waste,
Far from all land, movest in the noon-tide sun
With dread and lonely shadow; or on high
Dost ride upon the whirling spires, and fume
Of that enormous volume, that ascends
Black to the skies, and with the thunder's roar
Bursts while the waves far on ■ still: O hear,
Dread Power, and save! lest hidden eddies whirl

¹ When the Egyptians found the Ark, their expression ■ « Let
■ rejoice, we have found the lost Osiris. »

² Osiris—Noah.

³ Ammon, according to Sir ■ Newton, ■ the first that ■
large ships, and passed the Straits.

⁴ The entrance into the Red ■ ■ called the Gate of affliction,
and the rocks the Place of burial, alluding to the dangers of the na-
vigation. —Bayer.

⁵ The Egyptians sacrificed a beautiful youth, a stranger.—See
PLUTARCH *de Iside et Osir.*

The helpless vessels down,—down to the deeps
Of night, where thou, O Father of the Storm!
Dost sleep; or thy vast stature might appear
High o'er the flashing waves, and (as thy beard
Stream'd to the cloudy winds) pass o'er their track,
And they are seen no more; or monster-birds
Dark'ning, with pennons lank, the morn, might bear
The victims to ■ desert rock, and leave
Their scatter'd bones to whiten in the winds! »

The Ocean-Gods, with sacrifice appeased,
Propitious smile: the thunder's roar is ceased,¹
Smooth and in silence o'er the azure realm
The tall ships glide along, for the South-West
Cheerly and steady blows, and the blue ■
Beneath the shadow sparkle; on they speed.
The long coast varies ■ they pass, from cove
To sheltering cove, the long coast winds away;
Till now embolden'd by the unvarying gale,
Still urging to the East, the sailors deem
Some God² inviting swells their willing sails,
Or Destiny's fleet dragons through the surge
Cut their mid-way, yoked to the beaked prows
Unseen!

Night after night the heav'ns' still cope,
That glows with stars, they watch, till morning bears
Airs of sweet fragrance o'er the yellow tide;
Then Malabar her green declivities
Hangs beauteous, beaming to the eye afar
Like scenes of pictured bliss, the shadowy land
Of soft enchantment. Now Salmala's peak³
Shines high in air, and Ceylon's dark-green woods
Beneath are spread; while, as the strangers wind
Along the curving shores, sounds of delight
Are heard; and birds of richest plumage—red
And yellow, glance along the shades; or fly
With morning twitter, circling o'er the mast,
As singing welcome to the weary crew.
Here rest, till westerling gales⁴ again invite.
Then o'er the line of level seas glide ■
(As the green deities of ocean guide)
Till Ophir's distant hills spring from the main,
And their long labours cease.

Hence Asia slow
Her length unwinds; and Siam and Ceylon
Through wider channels pour their gems and gold
To swell the pomp of Egypt's kings, or deck
With new magnificence the rising dome⁵
Of Palestine's Imperial Lord. (30)

His wants
To satisfy; « with comelier draperies,
To clothe his shivering form; to bid his arm
Burst, like the Patagonian's,⁶ the vain cords (31)
That bound his untried strength; to nurse the flame
Of wider heart-ennobling sympathies,—
For this young Commerce roused the energies

¹ The breaking up of the Monsoon.

² Nec Deus interit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.

³ The lofty rock of Ceylon, called the Foot of Adam.

⁴ Change of the Monsoon.

⁵ Temple of Solomon.

⁶ Alluding ■ the story of Patagonians bursting their cords when
taken.

Of man; else rolling back, stagnant and foul,
 Like the great element on which his ships
 Go forth, without the currents, winds and tides
 That swell it, ■ with awful life, and keep
 From rank putrescence the long-moving mass:
 And He, the sovereign Maker of the world,
 So to excite man's high activities,
 Bade various climes their various produce pour:
 On Asia's plain, mark where the cotton-tree
 Hangs elegant its golden gems; the date
 Sits purpling the soft lucid haze, that lights
 The still, pale, sultry landscape; breathing sweet
 Along old Ocean's billowy marge, the Eve
 Bears spicy fragrance far; the bread-fruit shades
 The Southern isles; and gems, and richest ore,
 Lurk in the cavern'd mountains of the West,¹
 With ampler shade the Northern oak uplifts
 His strength, itself a forest, and descends
 Proud to the world of waves, ■ hear afar
 The wealth collected, ■ the swelling tides
 To every land:—Where Nature seems to mourn
 Her rugged outcast rocks, there Enterprise
 Leaps up; he gazes, like a god around:
 He ■ on other plains rich harvests wave;
 He marks far off the diamond blaze; he burns
 To reach the glittering prize; he looks; he speaks;
 The pines of Lebanon fall at his voice;
 He rears the tow'ring mast; o'er the long main
 ■ wanders, and becomes, himself though poor,
 The sovereign of the globe.

So Sidon rose;

And Tyre, yet prouder o'er the subject waves
 (When in his manlier might the Ammonian spread²
 Beyond Philistia to the Syrian sands),
 Crown'd on her rocky citadel, beheld
 The treasures of all lands pour'd at her feet.
 Her daring prow the inland main disclosed—
 Freedom and Glory, Eloquence, and Arts,
 Follow their track, upspringing where they pass'd;
 Till lo! another Thebes, an Athens springs,
 From the Egean shores, and airs are heard,
 As of no mortal melody, from isles
 That strow the deep around! on to the Straits
 Where tow'r the brazen pillars³ to the clouds,
 Her vessels ride. But, ah! what shivering doubt
 Quell'd their bold hopes when on their watch by night
 The mariners first saw the distant flames
 Of Aetna, and its red portentous glare
 Streaking the midnight waste! 'Tis not thy lamp,
 Astartè, hung in the dun vault of night,
 To guide the wanderers of the main! Aghast
 They eye the fiery cope, and wait the dawn.
 Huge pitchy clouds up shoot, and bursting fires
 Flash through the horrid volume as it mounts;
 Voices are heard, and thunders muttering deep.
 Haste—snatch the oars—fly o'er the glimm'ring surge—
 Fly far—already louder thunders roll,
 And ■ terrific flames arise. O spare,
 Dread Power! for ■ some Deity abides
 Deep in the central earth, amidst the reek
 Of sacrifice, and thick sulphureous fume

Involved. Perhaps the living Moloch¹ there
 Rules in his horrid empire, amid flames,
 Thunders, and black'ning volumes, that ascend
 And wrap his burning throne!

So was the track,
 To those who first the cheerless ocean roam'd,
 Darken'd with dread and peril. Scylla here,
 And ■ Charybdis, on their whirling gulf
 Sit, like the sisters of despair, and howl,
 As the devoted ship, dash'd on the crags,
 Goes down: and oft the neighbour shores are strew'd
 With bones of strangers sacrificed, whose bark,
 Beneath the watch-tower's melancholy light, (32)
 Was founder'd: Hence mysterious fear, and tales
 Of Polyphemus and his monstrous rout;
 And warbling Syrens (33) on the fatal shores
 Of soft Parthenope;—Yet oft the sound
 Of sea-conchs through the night from some rude rock
 Is heard, to ■ the wand'ring passenger
 Of fiends that lurk for blood!

These dangers past,
 The ■ puts ■ new beauties: Italy,
 Beneath the blue soft sky beaming afar,
 Opens her azure bays; Liguria's gulf
 Is past; the Bætic rocks,² and ramparts high,
 That close the world, appear. The dashing bark
 Bursts through the fearful frith: Ah! all is now
 One boundless billowy waste; the huge-heaved wave
 Beneath the keel turns more intensely blue;
 And vaster rolls the surge, that sweeps the shores
 Forsaken of the green Hesperides,³
 And populous Atlantis,⁴ whether sunk
 Now to the bottom of the ■ monstrous world; (34)
 Or was it but a shadow of the mind,
 Vapoury and baseless, like the distant clouds
 That ■ the promise of an unknown land
 To the pale-eyed and wasted mariner,
 Cold on the rocking mast? The pilot plies
 Now, toss'd upon Bayona's mountain-surge,⁵
 High to the North his way; when lo! the cliffs
 Of Albion, o'er the sea-line rising calm
 And white, and Marazion's woody mount⁶
 Lifting its dark romantic point between.

So did thy ships to Earth's wide bounds proceed,
 O Tyre! and thou wert rich and beautiful
 In that thy day of glory. Carthage rose,
 Thy daughter and the rival of thy fame,
 Upon the sands of Lybia; princes were
 Thy merchants; on thy golden throne thy state
 Shone, like the orient ■ Dark Lebanon
 Waved all his pines for thee: (35) for thee the oaks
 Of Bashan tower'd in strength; thy galleys cut
 Glittering the sunny surge; thy mariners,
 On ivory benches, furl'd the broider'd sails,

¹ Moloch, whose rites of blood ■ well known, worshipped along the coast of Syria.

² ■ the Southern coast of Spain, where were rich mines, supposed by ■ ■ ■ Tarshish.

³ Mr. Falconer's ingenious dissertation, and subsequent geographical inquiries, have, I think, clearly established the truth of the account of Hanno's voyage.—See PERIPLUS HANNONIS.

⁴ The Island described by Plato; by ■ supposed America.

⁵ Bay of Biscay.

⁶ Marazion, still called Market-Jew, St Michael's Mount.

¹ America.

² The Cuthites, spreading from Egypt along the coast of Syria, formed the great Ammonian nation.

³ Pillars of Hercules.

That looms of Egypt wove, ■ to the oars,
That measuring dipp'd, their choral sea-songs sung—
The multitude of isles did shout for thee,
And cast their emeralds ■ thy feet, and said,
"Queen of the Waters, who is like to thee?"

So wert thou glorious on the seas, and said'st,
"I am a God, and there is none like me."
But the dread voice prophetic is gone forth.
"Howl, for the whirlwind of the desert ■ !
Howl ye for Tyrus, for her multitude
Of sins and dark abominations cry
Against her," saith the Lord; "In the mid-seas
Her beauty shall be broken; I will bring
Her pride to ashes; she shall be no more."
The distant isles shall tremble at the sound
When thou dost fall; the princes of the ■
Shall from their thrones ■ down, and cast away
Their broder'd robes; for thee they shall take up
A bitter lamentation, and shall say,
"How art thou fall'n, renowned city! thou
Who wert enthroned glorious ■ the seas,
To rise no more." 1

So visible, O God,
■ thy dread hand in all the earth! Where Tyre
In gold and purple glitter'd o'er the scene,
Now the poor fisher dries his net, nor thinks
How great, how rich, how glorious, ■ she ■ !
Meantime the farthest isle, cold and obscure,
Whose painted natives roam'd their woody wilds,
From all the world cut off, that wond'ring mark'd
Her stately sails approach, now, in her turn,
Rises a star of glory in the West—
ALBION, the wonder of the illumined world.
See there a Newton wing the highest Heav'ns:
See there a Herschell's 2 daring hand withdraw
The luminous pavilion, and the throne
Of the bright sun reveal: There hear the voice
Of holy truth amid her cloister'd fane,
As the clear anthem swells: See Taste adorn
Her palaces; and Painting's fervid touch
That bids the canvas breathe: Hear angel-strains,
When Handel, or melodious Purcell, pour
■ harmonies: ■ Poetry
Open her vales romantic, and the ■
Where Fancy, ■ enraptured votary, ■
At eve: and hark! 't was Shakspeare's voice! ■ sits
Upon ■ high and charmed rock alone,
And like the genius of the mountain, gives
The rapt song to the winds, while Pity weeps,
Or Terror shudders ■ the changeful tones,
As when his Ariel soothes the storm! Then pause,
For the wild billows answer, "Lycidas
■ dead, young Lycidas, dead ere his prime," 3
Whelm'd in the deep, beyond the Orcades,
Or where the "vision of the guarded Mount,
Belerus holds." 4

Nor skies, nor earth, confine
The march of England's glory; on she speeds—

1 See the awful ■ striking language ■ Isaiah, Ezekiel, etc.

2 Herschell's wonderful discoveries relating ■ the sun.

3 Milton's exquisite Lycidas, here introduced, rather than the sublime *Paradise Lost*, on account of its maritime ■

4 "The dread vision of the guarded Mount."—Milton.

The unknown barriers of the utmost deep
Her prow has burst, where the dread genius slept
For ages undisturb'd, save when he walk'd
Amid the darkness of the storm! Her fleet
E'en ■ along the East rides terrible,
Where early-rising commerce cheer'd the scene!
Heard ye the thunders of her vengeance roll,
As Nelson, through the battle's dark-red haze
Aloft upon the burning prow directs,
Where the dread hurricane, with sulph'rous flash,
Shall burst unquenchable, while from the grave
Osiris ampler seems ■ rise? Where thou,
O Tyre! didst ■ the subject ■ of yore,
Acre e'en now, and ancient Carmel hears
The cries of conquest: 'mid the fire and smoke
Of the war-shaken citadel, with eye
Of temper'd flame, yet resolute command,
■ brave sword beaming, and his cheering voice
Heard 'mid the onset's cries, his dark-brown hair
Spread ■ his fearless forehead, and his hand
Pointing to Gallia's baffled chief, behold
The British Hero stand! Why beats my heart
■ kindred animation? The warm tear
Of patriot triumph fills mine eye! I strike
A louder strain unconscious, while the harp
Swells to the bold involuntary song.

■ ON THE SIEGE OF ACRE.

FLY, SON OF TERROR, fly!
Back o'er the burning desert he is fled!
In heaps the gory dead
And livid in the trenches lie!
His dazzling files no more
Flash ■ the Syrian sands,
As when from Egypt's ravaged shore,
Aloft their gleamy falchions swinging,
Aloud their victor-pæans singing,
Their onward way the Gallic legions took.
Despair, dismay, are on their alter'd look,
Yet hate indignant low'rs;
Whilst high on Acre's fuming towers
The shade of English Richard seems to stand;
And frowning far, in dusky rows,
A thousand archers draw their bows!
They join the triumph of the British band,
And the ■ watch-tow'r echoes to the cry,
Heard o'er the rolling surge,—"They fly, they fly!"

Now the hostile fires decline,
Now through the smoke's deep volumes shine!
Now above the bastions grey
The clouds of battle roll away;
Where with calm, yet glowing mien,
Britain's victorious Youth 1 is seen!
■ lifts his eye
His country's ensigns wave through smoke on high,
Whilst the long-mingled shout is heard,—"They fly,
they fly!"

Hoary Carmel, witness thou,
And lift in conscious pride thy brow;
As when upon thy cloudy plain
Baal's prophets cry'd in vain!

1 Sir Sidney Smith.

They gash'd their flesh, and leap'd, and cried,
 From morn till ling'ring even-tide.
 Then stern Elijah on his foes
 Strong in the might of Heav'n arose!—
 On Carmel's top he stood,
 And while the black'ning clouds and rain
 Came sounding from the Western main,
 Raised his right hand that dropp'd with impious blood.
 Ancient Kiahon prouder swell,
 On whose banks they how'd, they fell—
 The mighty _____ of yore, when, pale with dread,
 Inglorious Sisera fled!
 So let them perish, Holy Lord!
 Who for oppression lift the sword;
 But let all those, who, arm'd for freedom, fight,
 «Be _____ the Sun who goes forth in his might.»¹

BOOK III.

My heart has sigh'd in secret, when I thought
 That the dark tide of time might one day close,
 England! o'er thee, _____ long since it has closed
 On Egypt and _____ Tyre: that ages hence
 From the Pacific's billowy loneliness,
 Whose tract thy daring search reveal'd, some isle
 Might rise in green-hair'd beauty eminent,
 And like a goddess, glittering from the deep,
 Hereafter sway the sceptre of domain
 From pole to pole; and, such _____ now thou art,
 Perhaps New-Holland be. For who shall say
 What the OMNIPOTENT ETERNAL ONE,
 That made the world, hath purposed? Thoughts like
 these,
 Though visionary, rise; and sometimes _____
 A moment's sadness, when I think of thee,
 My Country, of thy greatness, and thy name,
 Among the nations; and thy character
 (Though _____ few spots be _____ thy flowing robe)
 Of loveliest beauty: I have never pass'd
 Through thy green hamlets on a summer's morn,
 Or heard thy sweet bells ring, or _____ the youths
 And smiling maidens of the villagery
 Gay in their Sunday tire, but I have said,
 With passing tenderness, «Live, happy land!
 Where the poor peasant feels, his shed though small,
 An independence and _____ pride, that fill
 His honest heart with joy—joy such _____ they
 Who crowd the mart of men may _____ feel.»
 Such, England, is thy boast: When I have heard
 The roar of _____ bursting round thy rocks,
 Or seen _____ thousand thronging masts aspire,
 Far _____ the eye could reach, from every port
 Of every nation, streaming with their flags
 O'er the still mirror of the conscious Thames.
 Yes, I have felt _____ proud emotion swell
 That I was British-born; that I had lived
 A witness of thy glory, my most loved
 And honour'd country; and a silent pray'r
 Would rise to Heav'n, that fame and peace, and love
 And liberty, might walk thy vales, and sing
 Their holy hymns, while thy brave arm repell'd

¹ Song of Deborah.

Hostility, e'en _____ thy guardian cliffs
 Repel the dash of that dread element
 Which calls me, ling'ring on the banks of Thames,
 On _____ my destined voyage; by the shores
 Of Asia, and the wreck of cities old,
 Ere yet we burst into the wilder deep,
 With Gama; or the huge Atlantic waste
 With bold Columbus stem; or view the bounds
 Of field-ice, stretching _____ the Southern pole,
 With thee, benevolent, lamented Cook!

Tyre be _____ more! said the Almighty's voice:
 But thou too, monarch of the world!¹ whose arm
 Rent the proud bulwarks of the golden queen
 Of cities, throned on her subject _____
 Art thou too fall'n?

The whole earth is _____ rest:²
 «They break forth into singing:» Lebanon
 Waves all his hoary pines, and seems to say,
 «No feller now comes here!» Hell from beneath
 Is moved to meet thy coming; it stirs up
 The dead for thee; the chief _____ of the earth,
 Tyre and the nations, they all speak, and say,
 Art thou become like us? Thy pomp brought down
 E'en to the dust! The noise of viols ceased,
 The worm spread under thee, the crawling worm
 To cover thee? How art thou fall'n from heav'n,
 Son of the morning! In thy heart thou saidst,
 I will ascend to Heav'n: I will exalt
 «My throne above the stars of God!» Die—Die,
 Blasphemer! As a carcass under foot,
 Defiled and trodden, _____ be thou cast out!
 And she, the great, the guilty Babel—she
 Who smote the wasted cities, and the world
 Made as a wilderness—she, in her turn,
 Sink to the gulf oblivious _____ the voice
 Of Him who sits in judgment _____ her crimes!
 Who, o'er her palaces and buried tow'rs,
 Shall bid the owl hoot, and the bittern scream;
 And on her pensile groves and pleasant shades
 Pour the deep waters of forgetfulness.

On that _____ night, when with a cry she fell
 (Like her _____ mighty idol dash'd _____ earth),
 There was a strange eclipse, and long laments
 Were heard, and muttering thunders o'er the tow'rs
 Of the high palace, where his wassail loud
 Balthazar kept, mocking the God of heaven,
 And flush'd with impious mirth; for Bel³ had left.
 With sullen shriek his golden shrine, and sat,
 With many a gloomy apparition girt,
 Nisrock and Nebo chief, in the dim sphere
 Of moon'd Astoreth, whose orb _____ roll'd.
 In darkness:—They their earthly empire mourn'd.
 Meantime the host of Cyrus through the night
 Silent advanced more nigh; and at that hour,

¹ Nebuchadnezzar, the destroyer of Tyre.² _____ the sublime passages of Scripture, I have thought it best, as much more dignified and impressive, to preserve, _____ as possible, the very expressions. The attentive reader will not think this description a digression, when he considers that after Tyre, the destruction of the monarchies of Babylon and Persia led to the stupendous naval plans of Alexander. The brief introduction therefore of the fall of Babylon, and the policy of Cyrus, appeared not extraneous.³ Assyrian deities.

In the torch-blazing hall of revelry,
The fingers of ■ shadowy hand distinct
Came forth, and unknown figures mark'd the wall,
« Searing the eye-balls » of the starting king :
Tyre is avenged ; — Babel is fall'n, is fall'n —
Bel and her gods are shatter'd !

Prince, to thee

Call'd by the voice of God ¹ to execute
His will ■ earth, and raised to Persia's throne,
Cyrus, all hearts pay homage. Touch'd with tints
Most clear, by the historian's ² magic art,
Thy features wear a gentleness and grace
Unlike the stern cold aspect and the frown
Of the dark chiefs of yore, the gloomy clan
Of heroes, from humanity and love
Removed : In thee a sweeter character
Appears — high dignity, unbending truth —
Yet Nature ; not that lordly apathy
Which confidence and human sympathy
Represses, but a soul that bids all hearts
Smiling approach : We almost burn in thought
To kiss the hand that loosed Panthea's chains, ³
And bless him with a parent's husband's, tear
Who stood a guardian angel in distress
To the unfriended, and the beautiful,
Consign'd a helpless slave. Thy portrait, touch'd
With tints of softest light, thus wins all hearts
To love thee ; but severer policy,
Cyrus, pronounce otherwise : She hears
No stir of commerce on the sullen marge
Of waters, that along thy empire's verge
Beat cheerless ; no proud moles arise ; no ships,
Freighted with Indian wealth, glide o'er the main
From cape to cape. But on the desert sands
Hurtles thy numerous host, ⁴ seizing, in thought
Rapacious, the rich fields of Indostan,
As the poor savage fells the blooming tree
To gain its tempting fruit, ⁵ But woe the while !
For in the wilderness the noise is lost
Of all thy archers ; — they have ceased ; — the wind
Blows o'er them, and the voice of judgment cries,
« So perish they who grasp with avarice
Another's blessed portion, and disdain
That interchange of mutual good, that ■■■■■
The slow ■■■■ toll of commerce.»

It was thine,

Immortal son of Macedon, to hang
In the high fane of Maritime renown
The fairest trophies of thy fame, and shine,
Then only like ■ god, ⁶ when thy great mind
Sway'd in its master council the deep tide
Of things, predestining the eventful roll
Of commerce, and uniting either world, ⁷
Europe and Asia, in thy vast design.

'T was when the Victor, in his proud career,
O'er ravaged Indostan, had now advanced

¹ « I have called upon Cyrus. » — ISAIAH.

² Xenophon's exquisite *Kypovnatōia*.

³ See the enchanting story of Panthea and Abradatas.

⁴ Cyrus, instead of encouraging commerce, [sent his armies to penetrate into India ; but they perished in the desert.

⁵ Images from Montesquieu.

⁶ Alexander assumed the character of a God.

⁷ Great design of Alexander, in making Egypt the emporium of the world.

Beyond Hydaspes ; (36) ■ the flow'ry banks
Of Hyphasis, (37) with banners throng'd, his camp ¹
Was spread. On high he bade the altars rise, ²
The awful records to succeeding years
Of his long march of glory, and to point
The spot, where, like the thunder, roll'd away,
■ army paused. Now shady eve came down —
The trumpet sounded to the setting sun,
That look'd from his illumed pavilion, calm
Upon the scene of arms, as if, all still,
And lovely as his parting light, the world
Beneath him roll'd ; nor clangors, nor deep groans,
Were heard, nor vict'ry's shouts, nor sighs, ■ shrieks,
Were ever wafted from a bleeding land,
After the havoc of a Conqueror's sword.
So calm the sun declined ; when from the woods
That shone to his last beam, ■ Brahmin old
Came forth. His streaming beard shone in the ray,
That slanted o'er his feeble frame ; his front
Was furrow'd. To the sun's last light he cast
A look of sorrow, then in silence bow'd,
Before the conqueror of the world. At once
All, ■ in death, was still. The victor chief
Trembled, he knew not why ; the trumpet ceased
Its clangor, and the crimson streamer waved
No more in folds insulting to the Lord
Of the reposing world. The pallid front
Of the meek man seem'd for a moment calm,
Yet dark and thronging thoughts appear'd to swell
His beating heart. — He paused — and then abrupt,

« Victor, avant ! » he cried,

« Hence ! and the banners of thy pride
Bear to the deep ! Behold ■ high
Yon range of mountains ³ mingled with the sky :

It is the place

Where the Great Father of the human race
Rested, when all the world and all its sounds
Ceased, and the ocean that surrounds
The earth, leap'd from its dark abode
Beneath the mountains, and enormous flow'd,
The green earth deluging ! List, soldier, list !
And dread his might no mortal may resist :

« Great Brahma rested (38) hush'd in sleep,

When Hayagraiva ⁴ came

With mooned horns and eyes of flame,
And bore the holy Vedas ⁵ to the deep.
Far from the sun's rejoicing ray,
Beneath the huge abyss, the buried treasures lay,
Then foam'd the billowy desert wide,

And all that breathed — they died,
Sunk in the rolling waters : such the crime
And violence of earth. But He above,
Great Vistnoo, mov'd with pitying love,
Preserved the pious king, whose ark sublime

Floated, in safety borne :

For his stupendous horn, ■

Blazing like gold, and many ■ rood
Extended o'er the dismal flood,

¹ ■■ Macedonians refused to proceed.

² Are Alexandri, placed ■ the boundary of his conquests.

³ The Indian Caucasus, where the Ark rested. — See Indian account of the Deluge.

⁴ Haygriva, the evil spirit of the ocean.

⁵ The sacred writings of the Hindoos.

⁶ See Note 38.

The precious freight sustain'd, till on the crest
Of Himakeel, ¹ yon mountain high,
That darkly mingles with the sky,
Where many a griffin roams, the hallow'd ark found rest.

And Heav'n decrees that here
Shall cease thy slaughter's ring spear.
Enough we bleed, enough we weep,
Hence, Victor, to the deep!
E'en ² along the tide
I ³ thy ships triumphant ride;
I ⁴ the world of trade emerge
From ocean's solitude! What fury fires
My breast! The flood, the flood retires, ⁵ (39)
And owns its future sovereign. Urge
Thy destined way; what countless pennants stream!

(Or is it but the shadow of a dream?)
E'en now old Indus hails
Thy daring prow in long array,
That o'er the lone seas gliding,
Around the sea-gods riding, (40)
Speed to Euphrates' shores their destined way.

Fill high the bowl of mirth!
From west to east the earth
Proclaims thee Lord; shall the blue main
Confine thy reign?
But tremble, tyrant! hark in many a ring,
With language dread
Above thy head,
The dark Assoors ³ thy death-song sing. (41)
What mortal blow
Hath laid the king of nations low?
No hand, his own despair. ⁴—
But shout, for the canvas shall swell to the air,
Thy ships explore
Unknown Persia's winding shore,
While the great dragon rolls his arms in vain.
And see, uprising from the level main,
A new and glorious city springs—
Hither speed thy woven wings,
That glance along the azure tide;
Asia and Europe own thy might;—
The willing ⁵ of either world unite.—
Thy name shall consecrate the sands,
And glittering to the sky the mart of nations stands.*

He spoke, and rush'd into the thickest wood.
With flashing eyes th' impatient monarch cried,
"Yes, by the Lybian Ammon and the Gods
Of Greece, thou bidst me on, the self-same track
My spirit pointed; and, let death betide, ⁵
My name shall live in glory."

At his word
The pines descend; the thronging masts aspire;
The novel sails swell beauteous o'er the curves

¹ Caucasus.

² Alluding to the astonishment of Alexander's soldiers, when they first witnessed the effects of the tide.

³ Assoors, the evil genii of India.

⁴ Alluding to the death of Alexander.

⁵ Alexander commenced the foundation of Alexandria before his expedition to India.

Of Indus; to the Moderators' song ¹
The ² keep time, while bold Nearchus guides
Aloft the galleys: On the foremost prow
The monarch from his golden goblet ³ pours
A full libation to the Gods, and calls
By ⁴ the mighty rivers, (42) through whose course
He seeks the sea. To Lybian Ammon loud
The songs ascend; the trumpets ring; aloft
The streamers fly, while on the evening wave
Majestic to the main the fleet descends.

BOOK IV.

Stand on the gleaming Pharos, ³ (43) and aloud
Shout, Commerce! to the kingdoms of the earth;
Shout, for thy golden portals are set wide,
And all thy streamers o'er the surge, aloft,
In pomp triumphant wave. The weary way
That pale Nearchus ⁴ (44) pass'd, from creek to creek
Advancing slow, no longer hounds the track
Of the advent'rous mariner, who steers
Steady, with eye intent upon the stars,
To Elam's echoing port: Meantime, more high
Aspiring, o'er the Western main her tow'rs
The Imperial city lifts, the central mart
Of nations, and beneath the calm clear sky
At distance, from the palmy marge displays
Her clust'ring columns whitening ⁵ the morn.

Damascus' fleece, Golconda's gems, are there.
Murmurs the haven with one ceaseless hum—
The hurrying camel's bell, the driver's song,
Along the sands resound. Tyre, art thou fall'n?
A prouder city crowns the inland sea,
Raised by his hand who ⁶ thee; as if thus,
His mighty mind ⁷ sway'd, to recompense
The evil of his march through cities storm'd,
And regions wet with blood! and still had flow'd (45)
The tide of commerce through the destined track,
Traced by his mind sagacious, who survey'd
The world he conquer'd with a sage's eye,
As with a soldier's spirit; but a scene
More awful opens!—ancient world, adieu!
Adieu, cloud-piercing pillars, ⁸ erst its bounds;
And thou, whose aged head once seem'd to prop
The Heav'ns, huge Atlas, sinking fast, adieu!
What though the seas with wilder fury rave,
Through their deserted realm; though the dread Cape, ⁹
Sole-frowning o'er the war of waves below,
That bar the seaman's search, horrid in air
Appear with giant amplitude; his head
Shrouded in clouds, the tempest at his feet,
And standing thus terrific, seem to say,
Incensed, "Approach who dare!" What though the
fears

Of superstition people the vast space
With spirits unblest, that lamentations make

¹ Moderators were people stationed on the poop, ² excite with songs ³ maritime ardour, while the oars kept time.

² From the historical account, by Arrian.

³ Pharos was not erected by Alexander, but Alexandria is here supposed ⁴ to be finished.

⁴ So called, because he was emaciated by his toils.

⁵ Pillars of Hercules.

⁶ Cape Bojador.

To the sad surge beyond—yet Enterprise,
Not now ■ darkling Cyclop on the sands
Striding, but led by Science, and advanced
To ■ more awful height, on the wide ■
Looks down commanding.

Does ■ shudd'ring thought
Of danger start, ■ the tumultuous ■
Tosses below? Calm Science, with a smile,
Displays the wond'rous index,¹ (46) that still points,
With nice vibration trem'lous, to the Pole.
• And such, « she whispers, » is the just man's hope
In this tempestuous scene of human things,
Ev'n as the constant needle to the North
Still points, so Piety and meek-eyed Faith
Direct, though trembling oft, their constant gaze
Heaven-ward, ■ ■ their lasting home, nor fear
The night, fast-closing on their earthly way.

• And, guided by this index, thou shall pass
The world of seas ■ ■ Far from all land,
Where not ■ sea-bird wanders; where nor star,
Nor ■ appears, nor the bright noon-day sun,
Safe in the wild'ring storm, ■ when the breeze
Of summer gently blows; through day, through night,
Where sink the well-known stars, and others rise
Slow from the South, the victor bark shall ride.»

Henry, thy ardent mind first pierced the gloom
Of dark disastrous ignorance, that sat
Upon the Southern wave, like the deep cloud
That lower'd upon the woody skirts, and veil'd
From mortal search, with umbrage ominous,
Madeira's unknown isle. But look the morn
■ kindled on the shadowy offing; streaks
Of clear cold light on Sagres' battlements
Are cast, where Henry watches, list'ning still
To the unwearied surge; and turning still
His anxious eyes to the horizon's bounds.
A sail appears—it swells, it shines: more high
Seen through the dusk it looms; and now the hull
Is black upon the surge, whilst she rolls on
Aloft—the weather-beaten ship—and now
Streams by the watch-tow'r!

• Zarco, from the deep (47)

What tidings?»

« The loud storm of night prevail'd,
And swept ■ vessel from Bojador's rocks
Far out to sea; ■ sylvan isle² received
Our sails, so will'd the Almighty—He who speaks,
And all the waves are still!»

• Hail, » Henry cried,

• The omen: ■ have burst the sole barrier—
Prosper our wishes, Father of the world—
We speed to Asia.»

Soon upon the deep
The brave ship rolls again.—Bojador's rocks
Arise at distance, frowning o'er the surf—
That boils for many ■ league without. Its ■
The vessel keeps; till lo! the beauteous isle,

¹ Mariner's compass.

² Porto Santo.

That shielded late the sufferers from the storm,
Springs o'er the ■ again. Here they refresh
Their wasted strength, and lift their vows to Heav'n.
■ Heav'n denies their farther search; for ah!
What fearful apparition, pall'd in clouds,
For ■ sits upon the western wave,
Like night, and in its strange portentous gloom
Wrapping the lonely waters, seems the bounds
Of Nature? ■ it sits, day after day,
The ■ mysterious vision. Holy saints!
■ it the dread abyss where all things cease?
Or haply, hid from mortal search, thy isle,
Cipango! and that unapproached seat
Of peace, where ■ the Christians whom the hate
Of Moorish pride pursued. What'er it be,
Zarco, thy holy courage bids thee on,
To burst the gloom, though dragons guard the shore,¹
Or beings more than mortal pace the sands.

The fav'ring gales invite; the bowsprit bears
Right onward to the fearful shade; more black
The cloudy spectre tow'rs; (48) already fear
Shrinks at the view aghast and breathless. Hark!
'T ■ ■ than the deep murmur of the surge
That struck the ear; while through the lurid gloom
Gigantic phantoms seem to lift in air
Their misty arms;—yet, yet—bear boldly on—
The mist dissolves,—seen through the parting haze,
Romantic rocks, like the depicted clouds,
Shine out; beneath a blooming wilderness
Of varied wood is spread, that scents the air;
Where fruits of « golden rind, » thick interposed
And pendent, through the mantling umbrage gleam
Inviting: Cypress here, and stateliest pine,
Spire o'er the nether shades, ■ emulous
Of sole distinction where all nature smiles.
Some trees, in sunny glades alone, their head
And graceful stem uplifting, mark below
The turf with shadow, whilst in rich festoons
The flow'ry lianes braid their boughs; meantime
Choirs of innumerable birds of liveliest song
And radiant plumage, flitting through the shades,
With nimble glance are seen; they, unalarm'd,
Now near in airy circles sing, then speed
Their random flight back to their shel'ring bow'rs.
Whose silence, broken only by their song,
From the foundation of this busy world,
Perhaps had never echo'd to the voice,
Or heard the steps, of Man. What rapture fired
The strangers' bosoms, ■ from glade ■ glade
They pass'd, admiring all, and gazing still
With ■ delight. But solitude is round,
Deep solitude, that on the gloom of woods
Primæval, fearful hangs: a green ■
Now opens in the wilderness; gay flow'rs
Of unknown name purple the yielding sward;
The ring-dove murmurs o'er their head, like one
Attesting tenderest joy; but mark the trees,
Where, slanting through the gloom, the sunshine rests,—
Beneath, ■ moss-grown monument appears,
O'er which the green banana gently waves

¹ I have called ■ three islands of Madeiras the Hesperides, who, in ancient mythology, are the three daughters of Atlas; ■ I consider the orange-trees and mysterious shade, with the rocks discerned through it on a ■ approach, to be the best solution of the fable of the golden fruit, the dragon, and the three daughters of Atlas.

Its long leaf; and an aged cypress near
Leans, ■ if list'ning ■ the streamlet's sound,
That gushes from the adverse bank; but pause—
Approach with reverence! Maker of the world,
There is ■ Christian's Cross! and on the stone
A name, yet legible amid its moss,—
« Anna.»

In that remote and sever'd spot,
Shut ■ it seem'd from all the world, and lost
In boundless seas, ■ trace a name, to mark
The emblems of their holy faith, from all
Drew tears! while ev'ry voice faintly pronounced
« Anna!» But thou, loved harp, whose strings have rung
To louder tones, oh! let my hand, awhile,
The wires ■ softly touch, whilst I rehearse
Her name and fate, who in this desert deep,
Far from the world, from friends, and kindred, found
Her long and last abode, there where no eye
Might shed ■ tear ■ her remains, ■ heart
Sigh in remembrance of her fate:

She left

The Severn's side, and fled with him she loved
O'er the wide main; for he had told her tales
Of happiness in distant lands, where care
Comes not, and pointing to the golden clouds
That shone above the waves, when ev'ning came,
Whisper'd, « Oh! are there not sweet scenes of peace,
Far from the murmurs of this cloudy mart,
Where gold alone bears sway, scenes of delight,
Where Love may lay his head upon the lap
Of Innocence, and smile at all the toil
Of the low-thoughted throng, that place in wealth
Their only bliss? Yes, there ■ scenes like these.—
Leave the vain chidings of the world behind,
Country, and hollow friends, and fly with me
Where love and peace in distant vales invite.
What wouldst thou here? O shall thy beauteous look
Of maiden innocence, thy smile of youth, thine eyes
Of tenderness and soft subdued desire,
Thy form, thy limbs—oh, madness!—be the prey
Of ■ decrepid spoiler, and for gold?—
Perish his treasure with him. Haste with me,
We shall find out some sylvan nook, and then
■ thou shouldst sometimes think upon these hills,
When they ■ distant far, and drop a tear,
Yes—I will kiss it from thy cheek, and clasp
Thy angel beauties closer to my breast,
And while the winds blow o'er us, and the ■
Goes beautifully down, and thy soft cheek
Reclines on mine, I will infold thee thus,
And proudly cry, my friend—my love—my wife!»

So tempted he, and soon her heart approved,
Nay woo'd, the blissful dream; and oft at eve,
When the ■ shone upon the wand'ring stream,
She paced the castle's battlements, that threw
Beneath their solemn shadow, and, resign'd
To fancy and to tears, thought it most sweet,
To wander o'er the world with him she loved.
Nor was his birth ignoble, for he shone
'Mid England's gallant youth in Edward's reign—
With countenance erect, and honest eye
Commanding (yet suffused in tenderness
At times), and smiles that like the lightning play'd

On his brown cheek,—so nobly ■ he stood,
Accomplish'd, gen'rous, gentle, brave, sincere,—
Robert a Machin. (49) But the sullen pride
Of haughty D'Arfet scorn'd all other claim
To his high heritage, save what the pomp
Of amplest wealth, and loftier lineage gave.¹
Reckless of human tenderness, that seeks
One loved, one honour'd object, wealth alone
He worshipp'd; and for this he could consign
His only child, his aged hope, to loathed
Embraces, and ■ life of tears! Nor here
His hard ambition ended; for he sought,
By secret whispers of conspiracies,
His sovereign ■ abuse, bidding him lift
His arm avenging, and upon ■ youth
Of promise close the dark forgotten gates
Of living sepulture, and in the gloom
Inhume the slowly-wasting victim.—

So

He purposed, but in vain: the ardent youth
Rescued her—her whom ■ than life he loved,
E'en when the horrid day of sacrifice
Drew nigh. He pointed to the distant bark,
And while he kiss'd a stealing tear that fell
On her pale cheek, as trusting she reclined
Her head upon his breast, with ardour cried,
« Be mine, be only mine; the hour invites;
Be mine, be only mine.» So won, she cast
A look of last affection on the towers
Where she had pass'd her infant days, that now
Shone to the setting sun—« I follow thee,»
Her faint voice said; and lo! where in the air
A sail hangs tremulous, and ■ her steps
Ascend the vessel's side: The vessel glides
Down the smooth current, as the twilight fades,
Till soon the woods of Severn, and the spot
Where D'Arfet's solitary turrets rose,
Is lost—a tear ■ to her eye—she thinks
Of him whose grey head to the earth shall bend,
When he speaks nothing:—but he all, like death,
Forgotten. Gently blows the placid breeze,
And oh! that ■ some fairy pinnace light
Might slit along the wave (by no seen pow'r
Directed, save when Love,² ■ blooming boy
Gather'd or spread with tender hand the sail),
That now some fairy pinnace, o'er the surge
Silent, ■ in ■ summer's dream, might waft
The passengers upon the conscious flood
To scenes of undisturbed joy.

But hark!

The wind is in the shrouds—the cordage sings
With fitful violence—the blast now swells,
Now sinks. Dread gloom invests the farther wave,
Whose foaming ■ alone is seen, beneath
The veering bowsprit.

■ retire ■ rest,

Maiden, whose tender heart would beat, whose cheek
Turn pale ■ ■ another thus exposed:—
Hark! the deep thunder louder peals—O save—
The high ■ crashes; but the faithful ■

¹ Machin was of the ■ order of nobility.

² Image ■ from Ovid's Sappho to Phaeon.

Of love is o'er thee, and thy anxious eye,
Soon as the grey of morning peeps, shall view
Green Erin's hills aspiring!

The sad morn
Comes forth; but Terror ■ the sunless wave
Still, like a sea-fiend, sits, and darkly smiles
Beneath the flash that through the struggling clouds
Bursts frequent, half revealing his scathed front,
Above the rocking of the waste that rolls
Boundless around:—

No word through the long day
She spoke:—Another slowly came:—No word
The beauteous drooping mourner spoke. The ■
Twelve times had sunk beneath the sullen surge,
And cheerless rose again:—Ah where are now
Thy havens, France? But yet—resign not yet—
Ye lost sea-farers—oh, resign not yet
All hope—the storm is pass'd; the drenched sail
Shines in the passing beam! Look up, and say,
• Heav'n, thou hast heard ■ prayers!—

And lo! scarce seen,
A distant dusky spot appears;—they reach
An unknown shore, and green and flow'ry vales,
And azure hills, and silver-gushing streams,
Shine forth, a Paradise, which Heav'n alone,
Who saw the silent anguish of despair,
Could raise in the waste wilderness of waves.—
They gain the haven—through untrodden scenes,
Perhaps untrodden by the foot of man
Since first the earth arose, they wind: The voice
Of Nature hails them here with music, sweet,
As waving woods retired, or falling streams,
Can make; most soothing to the weary heart,
Doubly ■ those who, struggling with their fate,
And wearied long with watchings and with grief,
Sought but a place of safety. All things here
Whisper repose and peace; the very birds
That 'mid the golden fruitage glance their plumes,
The songsters of the lonely valley, sing
• Welcome from ■ of sorrow, live with us.—

The wild wood opens, and a shady glen
Appears, embow'r'd with mantling laurels high,
That sloping shade the flowery valley's side;
A lucid stream, with gentle murmur, strays
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves,
Till gaining, with soft lapse, the nether plain,
It glances light along its yellow bed;—
The shaggy inmates of the forest lick
The feet of their new guests, and gazing stand.—
A beauteous tree upshoots amid the glade
Its trembling top; and there upon the bank
They rest them, while the heart o'erflows with joy.

Now evening, breathing richer odours sweet,
Came down: a softer sound the circling seas,
The ancient woods resounded, while the dove,
Her murmurs interposing, tenderness
Awaked, yet more endearing, in the hearts
Of those who, sever'd far from human kind,
Woman and man, by vows sincere betrothed,
Heard but the voice of Nature. The still moon
Arose—they saw it not—check was to check

Inclined, and unawares ■ stealing tear
Witness'd how blissful ■ that hour, that seem'd
Not of the hours that time could count. A kiss
Stole on the list'ning silence; never yet
Here heard: they trembled, e'en as if the Pow'r
That made the world, that planted the first pair
In Paradise, amid the garden walk'd,—
This since the fairest garden that the world
■ witness'd, by the fabling ■ of Greece
Hesperian named, who feign'd the watchful guard
Of the scaled Dragon, and the Golden Fruit.
Such ■ this sylvan Paradise; and here
The loveliest pair, from a hard world remote,
Upon each other's neck reclined; their breath
Alone ■ heard, when the dove ceased on high
Her plaint; and tenderly their faithful ■
Infolded each the other.

Thou, dim cloud,
That from the search of ■ these beauteous vales
Hast closed, oh doubly veil them! But alas,
How short the dream of human transport! Here,
In vain they built the leafy bower of love,
Or cull'd the sweetest flow'rs and fairest fruit.
The hours unheeded stole! but ah; not long—
Again the hollow tempest of the night
Sounds through the leaves; the inmost woods resound;
Slow comes the dawn, but neither ship nor sail
Along the rocking of the windy waste
Is seen: the dash of the dark-heaving wave
Alone is heard. Start from your bed of bliss,
Poor victims! never more shall ye behold
Your native vales again; and thou, sweet child;
Who, list'ning to the voice of love, hast left
Thy friends, thy country,—oh may the wan hue
Of pining memory, the sunk cheek, the eye
Where tenderness yet dwells, atone (if love
Atonement need, by cruelty and wrong
Beset), atone e'en now thy rash resolves.
Ah, fruitless hope! Day after day thy bloom
Fades, and the tender lustre of thy eye
Is dimm'd; thy form, amid creation, seems
The only drooping thing.

Thy look was soft,
And yet most animated, and thy step
Light ■ the roc's upon the mountains. Now,
Thou sittest hopeless, pale, beneath the tree
That fann'd its joyous leaves above thy head,
Where love had deck'd the blooming bower, and strew'd
The sweets of summer: Death is on thy cheek,
And thy chill hand the pressure scarce returns
Of him, who, agonized and hopeless, hangs
With tears and trembling o'er thee. Spare the sight,—
She faints—she dies:—

He laid her in the earth,
Himself scarce living, and upon her tomb
Beneath the beauteous tree where they reclined,
Placed the last tribute of his earthly love.

INSCRIPTION. ANNA D'ARFET.

• O'er my poor Anna's lowly grave
No dirge shall sound, ■ knell shall ring,
But Angels, ■ the high pines wave,
Their half-heard *miserere* sing!

« No flow'rs of transient bloom at eve
The maidens on the turf shall strew;
Nor sigh, as the sad spot they leave,
Sweets to the sweet! a long adieu!

« But in this wilderness profound,
O'er her the dove shall build her nest;
And ocean swell with softer sound
A requiem to her dreams of rest!

« Ah! when shall I as quiet be,
When not a friend, a human eye,
Shall mark beneath the mossy tree
The spot where we forgotten lie.

« To kiss her name on the cold stone,
Is all that now on earth I crave;
For in this world I am alone—
Oh lay me with her in the grave.»

« Robert à Machin, 1344.—*Miserere nobis, Domine.*»

He placed the rude inscription on her stone,
Which he with faltering hands had graved, and soon
Himself beside it sunk—yet ere he died,
Faintly he spoke: « If ever ye shall hear,
Companions of my few and evil days,
Again the convent's vesper bells, O think
Of me! and if in after-times the search
Of men should reach this far removed spot,
Let sad remembrance raise a humble shrine,
And virgin choirs chaunt duly o'er our grave—
Peace, Peace.» His arm upon the mournful stone
He dropp'd—his eyes, ere yet in death they closed,
Turn'd to the name, till he could see no more—
« ANNA.» His pale survivors, earth to earth,
Weeping consign'd his poor remains, and placed
Beneath the sod where all he loved was laid;
Then shaping a rude vessel from the woods,
They sought their country o'er the waves, and left
The scenes again to deepest solitude.
The beautiful Ponciana¹ hung its head
O'er the grey stone; but never human eye
Had mark'd the spot, or gazed upon the grave
Of the unfortunate, but for the Voice
Of Enterprise, that spoke, from Sagre's tow'rs,
« Through ocean's perils, storms, and unknown wastes,
Speed we to Asia!»

Here, Discovery, pause,—
Then from the tomb of him who first was cast
Upon this Heav'n-appointed isle, thy gaze
Uplift, and far beyond the Cape of Storms
Pursue Da Gama's track: Mark the rich shores
Of Madagascar, till the purple East
Shines in luxuriant beauty wide disclosed.
But cease thy song, presumptuous muse, a bard²
In tones, whose patriot sound shall never die,
Has struck his deep shell, and the glorious theme
Recorded.

Say what lofty meed awaits
The triumph of his victor conch, that swells
Its music on the yellow Tagus' side,

¹ Ponciana pulcherrima, the most beautiful plant, a native of Madeira.

² Camoens.

As when Arion with his glitt'ring harp
And golden hair, sullied from the main,
Bids all the high rocks listen to his voice
Again. Alas! I see an aged form,
An old man by penury, his hair
Blown white upon his haggard cheek, his hand
Emaciated, yet the strings with thrilling touch
Soliciting; but the vain crowds pass by—
His very countrymen, whose fame his song
Has raised to heav'n, in stately apathy
Wrapt up, and nursed in Pride's fastidious lap,
Regard him. As he plays, a sable man
Looks up, but fears to speak, and when the song
Is ceased, kisses his master's feeble hand.
Is that cold wasted hand, that haggard look,
Thine, Camoens? O shame upon the world!
And is there none, none to sustain thee found
But he, himself unfriended, who so far
Has follow'd, sever'd from his native isles,
To scenes of gorgeous cities, o'er the sea,
Thee and thy broken fortunes?

God of worlds!

Oh! whilst I hail the triumph and high boast
Of social life, let me not wrong the sense
Of kindness, planted in the human heart
By man's great Maker: therefore I record
Antonio's faithful, gentle, generous love (50)
To his heart-broken master, that might teach,
High as it bears itself, a polish'd world
More charity.

Discovery! turn thine eyes.

Columbus' toiling ship is on the deep,
Stemming the mid-Atlantic:

Waste and wild

The view! On the same sunshine o'er the sea
The murm'ring mariners, with languid eye,
E'en till the heart is sick, gaze day by day!
At midnight in the wind sad voices sound!
When the slow morning o'er the offing dawns,
Heartless they view the same drear wastefulness
Of seas: and when the sun again goes down
Silent, Hope dies within them, and they think
Of parting friendship's last despairing look!

See too, dread prodigy! the needle veers (51)
Its trembling point—will Heav'n forsake them too?
But lift thy sunk eye, and thy bloodless look,
Despondence! Milder airs at morning breathe:—
Below the slowly-parting prow the sea
Is dark with weeds; and birds of land are seen
To wing the desert tract, hasting on
To the green valleys of their distant home.
Yet morn succeeds to morn—and nought around
Is seen, but dark weeds floating many a league,
The sun's sole orb, and the pale hollowness
Of heav'n's high arch streak'd with the early clouds.
Watchman! what from the giddy mast?

A shade

Appears on the horizon's hazy line.
« Land—Land!» aloud is echo'd; but the spot
Fades as the shouting crew delighted gaze—
It fades—and there is nothing—nothing now
But the blue sky, and clouds, and surging seas.

As one, who in the desert, faint with thirst,
Upon the trackless and forsaken sands
Sinks dying; him the burning haze deceives,
As mocking his last torments, while it
To his distemper'd vision, like th' expanse
Of lucid waters cool. So falsely smiles
Th' illusive land, upon the water's edge,
To the long-straining eye, showing what
Its headlands and its distant trending shores;—
But all is false, and like the pensive dream
Of poor imagination, 'mid the
Of troubled life, deck'd with unreal hues,
And ending soon in emptiness and tears.

'T is midnight, and the thoughtful chief, retired
From the vex'd crowd, in his still cabin hears
The surge that rolls below; he lifts his eyes,
And casts a silent anxious look without.

'It is a light—great God—it is a light!
It upon the shore!—Land—there is Land!'

He spoke in secret, and a tear of joy
Stole down his cheek, when his knees he fell;
Thou, who hast been his guardian in the wastes
Of the hoar deep, accept his tears, his pray'rs;
While thus he fondly hopes, the purer light
Of thy great truths (52) the benighted world
Shall beam.

The ling'ring night is past—the sun
Shines out, while now the red-cross streamers wave
High up the gently-surfing bay. From all
Shouts, songs, and rapturous thanksgiving loud,
Burst forth: 'Another world!' entranced they cry,
'Another living world!'—Awe-struck and mute
The gazing natives stand, and drop their spears,
In homage to the gods!

So from the deep
They hail emerging—sight more awful far
Than ever yet the wond'ring voyager
Greeted,—the prospect of a new-found world,
Now from night of dark uncertainty
At reveal'd in living light!

How beats
The heart! What thronging thoughts awake! Whence
sprung

The roaming nations? From that ancient
That peopled Asia—Noah's sons? How, then,
Pass'd they the long and lone expanse between
Of stormy ocean, from the elder earth
Cut off, and lost, for unknown ages, lost
In the vast deep? But whilst the awful view
Stands in thy sight reveal'd, Spirit, awake
To prouder energies! E'en now, in thought,
I see thee opening bold Magellan's track!
The straits are pass'd! Thou, the expand,
Pausest a moment, when beneath thine eye
Blue, vast, and rocking, through its boundless rule,
The long Pacific stretches. Nor here cease

¹ Magellan's ship first circumnavigated globe, passing through
straits, called by his name, into the South-Sea, and proceed-
ing to East-India. himself, our revered Cooke,
perished in enterprise.

Thy search, but with De Quiros¹ to the South
urge thy way, if yet some continent
Stretch its dusky pole, with nations spread,
Forests, and hills, and streams.

So be thy search
With ampler views rewarded, till, at length,
Lo, the round world is compass'd! Then return
Back the bosom of the tranquil Thames,
And hail Britannia's victor ship,² that now
From many a storm restored, winds its slow way
Silently up the current, and so finds,
Like a time-worn pilgrim of the world,
Rest, in that haven where all tempests cease.

BOOK V.

SUCH thy views, DISCOVERY! The great world
Rolls to thine eye reveal'd; to thee the Deep
Submits its awful empire; Industry
Awakes, and Commerce to the echoing marts
From East to West unwearied pours her wealth.
Man walks sublimer; and Humanity,
Matured by social intercourse, more high,
More animated, lifts her sov'reign mien,
And waves her golden sceptre. Yet the heart
Asks trembling, is no evil found? O turn,
Meek Charity, and drop a human tear
For the sad fate of Afric's injured sons,
And hide, for ever hide, the sight of chains,
Anguish, and bondage! Yea, the heart of
Is sick, and Charity turns pale, to think
How soon, for pure religion's holy beam,
Dark crimes, that sullied the sweet day, pursued,
Like vultures, the Discoverers' ocean track,
'Screaming for blood,' to fields of rich Peru,
Or ravaged Mexico, while 'gold, more gold!
The cavern'd mountains echo'd 'gold, more gold!'

Then see the fell-eyed prowling buccaneer, (53)
Grim a libbard! He his jealous look
Turns to the dagger at his belt, his hand
By instinct grasps a bloody scymitar,
And ghastly is his smile, as o'er the woods
He sees the smoke of burning villages
Ascend, and thinks e'en now he counts his spoil.

See thousands destined to the lurid mine, (54)
Never to the sun again; all
Of husband, sire—all tender charities
Of love, deep buried with them in that grave,
Where life is as a thing long pass'd; and hope
No its sickly ray, cheer the gloom,
Extends.

Thou, too, dread Ocean, toss thy arms,
Exulting, for the treasures and the gems

¹ Quiros first discovered the New Hebrides, in the South-Sea; afterwards explored by Cooke, who bears testimony to the accuracy of De Quiros. These islands were supposed part of a great continent stretching to the South pole, called *Terra Australis Incognita*.

² Drake's ship, in which he sailed round the world, was laid at Deptford—Hence Ben Johnson, in *Every Man in his Humour*, 'O Coz, it cannot be altered, go not about it; Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again.'

That thy dark oozy realm emblaze; and call
The pale procession of the dead, from caves
Where late their bodies welter'd, to attend
Thy kingly sceptre, and proclaim thy might,
Lord of the hurricane! Bid all thy winds
Swell, and destruction ride upon the surge,
Where, after the red lightning flash that shows
The lab'ring ship, all is at once deep night
And long suspense, till the slow dawn of day
Gleams on the scatter'd of the dead,
That strew the sounding shore!

Then think of him,

Ye who rejoice with those you love, at eve,
When winds of winter shake the window-frame,
And more endear your fire—O think of him,
Who, saved alone from the destroying storm,
Is cast ■■■■ deserted rock, (55) who ■■■■
Sun after sun descend, and hopeless hears
At ■■■■ the long surge of the troubled main,
That beats without his wretched cave, meantime
He fears ■■■■ wake the echoes with his voice,
So dread the solitude!

Let Greenland's snows (56)

Then shine, and mark the melancholy train
There left to perish, whilst the cold pale day
Declines along the farther ice, that binds
The ship, and leaves in night the sinking scene.
Sad winter closes on the deep; the smoke
Of frost, that late amusive to the eye
Rose o'er the coast, is pass'd, and all is now
One torpid blank; the freezing particles
Blown blis'ring, and the white bear seeks her cave.
Ill-fated Outcasts! when the morn again
Shall streak with feeble beam the frozen waste,
Your air-bleach'd and unburied carcasses
Shall press the ground, and, ■■■■ the stars fade off,
Your stony eyes glare 'mid the desert snows!

These triumphs boast, fell Demon of the Deep!¹
Though never more the universal shriek
Of all that perish thou shalt hear, as when
The deep foundations of the guilty earth
Were shaken at the voice of God, and ■■■■
Ceased in his habitations; yet the ■■■■
Thy might tempestuous still, and joyless rule,
Confesses. Ah! what bloodless shadows throng
E'en now, slow rising from their oozy beds,
From Mete,² and ■■■■ those gates of burial
That guard the Erythrean; from the vast
Unfathom'd caverns of the Western main
Or stormy Orcades; whilst the sad shell
Of poor Arion,³ to the hollow blast,
Slow seems to pour its melancholy tones,
And faintly vibrate, as the dead pass by.
I see the chiefs, who fell in distant lands,
The prey of murderous savages, when yells,
And shouts, and conchs, resounded through the woods.

¹ See Book I.

² Mete, in the Arabic, according to Bruce, signifies « the place of burial.» The ■■■■ of the Red-Sea was ■■■■ called, from the dangers of the navigation. See Bruce.

³ Alluding to the pathetic poem of the Shipwreck, whose author, Falconer, described himself under the name of Arion, and who ■■■■ afterwards lost in the Aurora.

Magellan and De Solis ■■■■ ■■■■ lead
The mournful train: Shade of Peyrouse, (57) O say,
Where, in the tract of unknown seas, thy bones
The insulting surge has swept?

■■■■ who is he,
Whose look, though pale and bloody, ■■■■ the trace
Of pure philanthropy? The pitying sigh
Forbid not; he ■■■■ dear ■■■■ Britons, dear
To ev'ry beating heart, far as the world
Extends; and my faint falt'ring touch e'en now
Dies ■■■■ the strings, when I pronounce thy name,
O lost, lamented, gen'rous, hapless Cook! (58)

But ■■■■ the ■■■■ complaint; turn from the shores
Wet with his blood, Remembrance! cast thy eyes
Upon the long seas, and the wider world,
Display'd from his research. Smile, glowing Health!
For now no ■■■■ the wasted seaman sinks,
With haggard eye and feeble frame diseased;
No more with tortured longings for the sight
Of fields and hillocks green, madly he calls
On Nature, when before his swimming eye
The liquid long expanse of cheerless seas
Seems all one flow'ry plain. Then frantic dreams
Arise; his eye's distemper'd flash is seen
From the sunk socket, as a demon there
Sat mocking, till he plunges in the flood,
And the dark wave goes o'er him.

Nor wilt thou,
O Science, fail to deck the cold *Morai*!¹
Of him who wider o'er earth's hemisphere
Thy views extended. On, from deep to deep,
Thou shalt retrace the windings of his track;
From the high North to where the field-ice binds
The still Antarctic: Thence, from isle to isle,
Thou shalt pursue his progress; and explore
New Holland's eastern shores,² where now the sons
Of distant Britain, from her lap cast out,
Water the ground with tears of penitence,
Perhaps, hereafter, in their destined time,
Themselves ■■■■ rise pre-eminent. Now speed,
By Asia's eastern bounds, still to the North,
Where the vast continents of either world (59)
Approach:⁴ Beyond, 't is silent boundless ice,
Impenetrable barrier, where all thought
Is lost; where never yet the eagle flew,
Nor roam'd so far the white-bear through the waste.

But thou, dread Power, whose voice from chaos call'd
The earth, who badest the Lord of light go forth,
E'en ■■■■ a giant, and the sounding ■■■■
Roll at thy fiat: may the dark deep clouds
That thy pavilion shroud from mortal sight,
So pass away, ■■■■ now the mystery,
Obscure through rolling ages, is disclosed;
How man, from ■■■■ great Father sprung, his race
Spread ■■■■ that sever'd continent!⁵ (60) Ev'n so,
Father, in thy good time, shall all things stand
Reveal'd to knowledge.

¹ See Cooper's description of ■■■■ Calcutra.

² « *Morai* » is ■■■■ grave.

³ Botany-Bay.

⁴ America.

⁵ The continents of Asia and America approach ■■■■ near that the peopling ■■■■ America ■■■■ be easily accounted for, across the straits of Anian.

As the mind revolves

The change of mighty empires, and the Fate
Of Him, whom thou hast made, back through the dust
Of ages, contemplation turns her view:
We mark, — from its infancy, the world
Peopled again, from that mysterious shrine
That rested on the top of Ararat,
Highest of Asian mountains; spreading on,
The Cutlites from their mountain caves descend—
Then before God the sons of Ammon stood
In their gigantic might, and first the seas
Vanquish'd: But still from clime to clime the groan
Of sacrifice, and Superstition's cry,
Was heard; but when the Day-Spring rose of Heav'n,
Greece's hoar forests echo'd « the great Pan
Is dead!» From Egypt and the rugged shores
Of Syrian Tyre, the Gods of Darkness fly;
Bel is cast down, and Nebo, horrid king,
Bows in imperial Babylon: But ah!
Too soon, the Star of Bethlehem, whose ray
The host of Heav'n hail'd jubilant, and sung
« Glory to God on high, and on earth peace, »
With long eclipse is veil'd.

Red Papacy (61)

Usurp'd the meek dominion of the Lord
Of love and charity: vast — a fiend
She rose, Heaven's light was darken'd with her frown,
And the earth murmur'd back her hymns of blood,
As the meek martyr at the burning stake
Stood, his last look uplifted to his God!
But she is now cast down, her empire left.
They who in darkness walk'd, and in the shade
Of death, have seen a new and holy light.
As in the umbrageous forest, through whose boughs,
Mossy and damp, for many a league, the morn
With languid beam scarce pierces, here and there
Touching — solitary trunk, the rest
Dark waving in the noxious atmosphere;
Through the thick-matted leaves the serpent winds
— way, to find — spot of casual sun;—
The gaunt hyenas through the thickets glide
At eve: Then, too, the couched tiger's eye
Flames in the dusk, and oft the gnashing jaws
Of the fell crocodile — heard. At length,
By man's superior energy and toil,
The sunless brakes — clear'd; the joyous —
Shines through the opening leaves; rich culture smiles
Around; and howling to their distant wilds
The savage inmates of the wood retire.
Such is the scene of human life, till want
Bids Man his strength put forth; then slowly spreads
The cultured stream of mild humanity,
And gentler virtues, and more noble aims
Employ the active mind, till beauty beams
Around, and nature wears her richest robe,
Adorn'd with lovelier graces. Then the charms
Of Woman, fairest of the works of heav'n,
Whom the cold savage, in his sullen pride,
Scorn'd, — unworthy of his equal love,
With more attractive influence — the heart
Of her protector: Then the names of sire,
Of home, of brother, and of children, grow
More sacred, more endearing; whilst the eye,
Lifted beyond this earthly scene, beholds
A Father who looks down from heav'n — all!

O Britain! my loved country, dost thou rise
Most high among the nations? Do thy fleets
Ride o'er the surge of ocean, that subdued
Rolls in long sweep beneath them? Dost thou wear
Thy garb of gentler morals gracefully?
Is widest science thine, and the fair train
Of lovelier arts? While commerce throngs thy ports
With her ten thousand streamers, is the track
Of the undeviating ploughshare white,
That rips the reeking furrow, follow'd soon
With plenty, bidding all the scene rejoice,
E'en like a cultured garden? Do the streams
That steal along thy peaceful vales, reflect
Temples, and Attic domes, and village tow'rs?
— beauty thine, fairest of earthly things,
Woman? and doth she gain that liberal love
And homage, which the meekness of her voice,
The rapture of her smile, commanding most
When she seems weakest must demand from him,
Her master; whose stern strength at once submits
In manly, but endearing confidence,
Unlike his selfish tyranny who sits
The Sultan of his Haram?

O then think

How great the blessing, and how high thy rank
Amid the civilized and social world!

But hast thou no deep failings, that might turn
Thy thoughts within thyself? Ask, for the sun
That shines in heav'n hath seen it, hath thy power
Ne'er scatter'd sorrow over distant lands?
Ask of the East, have never thy proud sails
Borne plunder from dismember'd provinces,
Leaving « the groans of miserable men »
Behind! And free thyself, and lifting high
The charter of thy freedom, bought with blood,
Hast thou not stood, in patient apathy,
A witness of the tortures and the chains
That Africa's injured sons have known? Stand up—
Yes, thou hast visited the caves, and cheer'd
The gloomy haunts of sorrow; thou hast shed
A beam of comfort and of righteousness
On isles remote; has bid the bread-fruit shade
The Hesperian regions, and has soften'd much
With bland amelioration, and with charms
Of social sweetness, the hard lot of man.
But weigh'd in truth's firm balance, ask, if all
Be even: Do not crimes of ranker growth
Batten amid thy cities, whose loud din,
From flashing and contending cars, ascends
Till morn? Enchanting, as if aught — sweet
Ne'er faded, do thy daughters wear the weeds
Of calm domestic peace and wedded love;
Or turn, with beautiful disdain, — dash
Gay pleasure's poison'd chalice from their lips
Untasted? Hath not sullen atheism,
Weaving gay flow'rs of poesy,¹ so sought
To hide the darkness of his wither'd brow
With faded and fantastic gallantry
Of roses, thus to win the thoughtless smile
Of youthful ignorance? Hast thou with awe
Look'd up — Him whose power is in the clouds,
Who bids the storm rush, and sweeps to earth

¹ — the « Temple of Nature, » Loves of the Plants.

The nations that offend, and they are gone,
Like Tyre and Babylon? Well weigh thyself—
Then shalt thou rise undaunted in the night
Of thy Protector, and the gather'd hate
Of hostile bands shall be but ■ the sand
Blown on the everlasting pyramid.

Hasten, O Love and Charity! your work,
E'en now whilst it is day; far as the world
Extends, may your divinest influence
Be felt, and more than felt, to teach mankind
They all are brothers, and to drown the cries
Of superstition, anarchy, ■ blood.
Not yet the hour is come: on Ganges' banks
Still Superstition hails the flame of death.
Behold, gay dress'd, as in her bridal tire,
The self-devoted beauteous victim, (62) slow
Ascend the pile where her dead husband lies:
She kisses his cold cheeks, inclines her breast
On his, and lights herself the fatal pile
That shall consume them both!

On Egypt's shore,
Where science rose, now Sloth and Ignorance
Sleep like the huge Behemoth in the sun!
The turban'd Moor still stains with stranger's blood
The inmost sands of Afric. But all these
The light shall visit, and that vaster tract
From Fuego to the farthest Labrador,¹
Where roam the outcast Esquimaux, shall hear
The voice of social fellowship; the chief,
Whose hatchet flash'd amid the forest gloom,
Who ■ his infants bore the bleeding scalp
Of his fall'n foe, shall weep unwonted tears!

Come, Faith; come, Hope; come, meek-eyed Charity;
Complete the lovely prospect: every land
Shall lift up ■ Hosannah;² every tongue
Proclaim thee Father, Infinite, and wise,
And good. The shores of palmy Senegal
(Sad Afric's injured sons no more enslaved)
Shall answer « Hallelujah; » for the Lord
Of truth and mercy reigns—reigns King of Kings—
Hosannah—King of Kings—and Lord of Lords!

So may his kingdom come, when all the earth,
Uniting thus ■ in one hymn of praise,
Shall wait the end of all things. This great globe,
His awful plan accomplish'd, then shall sink
In flames, whilst through the clouds, that wrap the place
Where it had roll'd, and the sun shone, the voice
Of the Archangel, and the trump of God,
Amid Heav'n's darkness rolling fast away,
Shall sound!

Then shall the sea give up its dead;—
But man's immortal mind, all trials past
That shook his feverish frame, amidst the scenes
Of peril and distemper, shall ascend
Exulting to its destined seat of rest,
And « justify his ways, » from whom it sprung.

¹ America.

² See Cowper's truly sublime strain on this subject:—
« Earth rolls the rapturous Hosannah round. »

NOTES.

Note 1, page 3, col. 2.

The giant Phantom of the stormy Cape.

CAMOENS' description of the spectre that appeared to Da Gama off the Cape of Good-Hope, is very poetical and sublime; perhaps, however, ■ would have been more sublime, if the painting of the image had been somewhat less distinct. ■ was necessary ■ give ■ peculiar African appearance and character, but the minuteness with which ■ is described, takes off the real grandeur; I allude to the « blue ■ of teeth. » For the sake of those who may not have read Camoens, or seen the elegant and masterly translation, the description from Mickle is added:—

« Now prosperous gales the bending canvass swell'd;
From these rude shores our fearless course we bold:
Beneath the glistening wave the God of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hover'd: nor appear'd from ■
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly-twinkling star;
So deep a gloom the lowering vapour cast,
Transfixt with awe the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile a hollow-bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;
Nor had the black'ning wave, nor frowning heav'n
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
Amazed we stood—(1) Then, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God, I cried;
Or through forbidden climes advent'rous stray'd,
Have we the secrets of the deep survey'd,
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
Were doom'd ■ hide from man's unbellow'd eye?
Whatever this prodigy, it threatens ■
Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.

« I spoke, when rising through the darken'd air,
Appall'd we saw an hideous Phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
And thwart our ■ with sullen aspect tower'd:
An earthy paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of wither'd red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoint'd, his gnashing teeth's blue rows:
His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by with'ring lightnings scared,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His eyes, red glowing from their dusky caves,
Shot livid fires: Far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the cavern'd shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrill'd each hero's breast,
Our bristling hair and tott'ring knees confest
Wild dread, the while with savage ghastly wail,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began. »

Note 2, page 4, col. 1.

Rests upon Ararat.

The reader is referred for information on this subject to Mr Clark's able introduction ■ his valuable History of Navigation. From that work I beg ■ transcribe the interesting passage relating ■ the spot where the Ark rested.

« To ascertain the particular part of Asia where this memorable event of the resting the Ark took place, is of the utmost importance, etc. On this subject I have ventured to differ from general and received opinions, and have preferred the opinion of Ben Gorion and Sir

Walter Raleigh, who place Ararat at the sources of the river Indus. This opinion is certainly worthy of more attention than it has received, and is approved by the learned Patrick in his commentary. The great Sir Walter Raleigh gives a variety of cogent reasons for believing that the long ridge of mountains which runs through Armenia, Mesopotamia, Assyria, Media, and Susiana, that is, from Cilicia to Parapontus, called by Moses *Ararat*, and by Pliny *Taurus*.

The words of Raleigh are, "We must understand that Ararat, named by Moses, is not one hill called: All that long ledge of mountains, which Pliny calleth by one name, *Taurus*; and Ptolomie, both *Taurus*, *Niphates*, *Coatras*, etc. until they the mountains of the great *Imaus*; are of one name, and called the mountains of Ararat, or Armenia; because from thence, or thereabouts, they to arise. So all these mountains of Hyrcania, Armenia, Caspia, Scythia, etc. thus diversely called by Pliny and others, Ptolomy calls by name—*Caucasus*, lying between the seas *Caspian* and *Euxinus*; and these mountains of Ararat run East and West, do the marvellous mountains of *Imaus* stretch themselves North and South, etc. All the mountains of Asia, both the less and the greater, have three general names—*Taurus*, *Imaus*, *Caucasus*; drawing near their ways' end they first make themselves the South border of *Bactria*, and are then honoured with the title of *Parapontus*, and lastly of *Caucasia*, even where the famous river of *Indus*, with his principal companions, *Hydaspes* and *Zaradna*, spring forth. And here do these mountains build themselves exceeding high, equal the strong hills called *Imaus*, of *Scythia*."

The reader is referred to Mr Clarke and Sir Walter Raleigh for their cogent arguments upon this subject; I must, however, quote Major Reynell's words:—"The highest contiguous ridge of this part appears to be that which passes by the South-East of the *Caspian Sea* and *Hyrcania*; between Asia on the North, and *Drangiana* the South; and from thence between *Bactriana* and the Indian provinces; where, it approaches *Imaus*, which, has been said, forms a part of a yet more elevated region, it swells a great bulk and height. All this is properly the Indian *Caucasus* of the Greeks, in modern language *Hindoo Rho*."—*Geo. of Herodotus*. Quoted from CLARKE.

Note 3, page 4, col. 1.

Imaus gleams.

The testimony of Captain Wilford on this subject, from the *Asiatic Researches*, may also be quoted:

"The appellation (*Caucasus*), at least in its present state, is not Sanscrit; and as it is not of Grecian origin, it is probable the Greeks received it through their intercourse with the Persians. In this supposition the real name of this famous mountain should be *Casus*, or *Cas*; for *Cau* or *Con* in Persian signifies a mountain. The true Sanscrit name is *Chagigi*, or the mountain of the *Chasas*, most ancient and powerful tribe, who inhabited this mountain, etc. This denomination is now confined to a few spots, etc. The immense range is constantly called in Sanscrit *Himachel*, or snowy mountain, and *Himalaga*, the abode of snow; from *Hima*, the Greeks made *Imaus*, etc.

"The natives look upon *Bameyan*, and the adjacent countries, as the place of abode of the progenitors of

mankind, both before and after the flood, etc. By *Bami-gan* and the adjacent countries they understand all the country, from *Sistan* to *Samerchand*, reaching towards the East as far as the *Ganges*. This tradition is of great antiquity; for it is countenanced by Persian authors, and the sacred books of the *Hindus*, etc. The summit of the *Chaisa-ghar* is always covered with snow; in the midst of which are seen several streaks of reddish hue, supposed by pilgrims to be the mark or impression made by the feet of the Dove, which Noah let out of the Ark. For it is the general and uniform tradition of the country, that Noah built the Ark upon the summit of this mountain, and there embarked: that when the flood assuaged, the summit of it appeared first above the waters, and the resting-place of the Dove. The Ark itself rested about half way up the mountain, on a projecting plain of a very small extent; and there a place of worship was erected."—CLARKE'S *Introduction to Navigation*, p. 23.

I add a passage from St Jerom:—"By the mountains of Ararat, on which the Ark rested, we are not to understand the mountains of Armenia, but the highest mountains of *Taurus*, etc." The same opinion may be found in Varenus, etc. Bishop Cumberland has these words:—"Before I leave this country, I must call mind what Dionysius Halicar. tells us, that Atlas was their first king, and that he came from the mount *Caucasus*, which we know to be in the Northern parts of Asia, and to belong to that vast ridge of mountains among which the rest of the Ark was."—CUMBERLAND'S *Sanchoniathos*.

Note 4, page 4, col. 2.

Pecherais.

"During our absence, some of the natives, in four small canoes, had visited the ship. They were described as wretched and poor, but inoffensive; contrary to the custom of all the natives in the South Sea, they were silent on their approach to the ship, and when alongside hardly pronounced any other word than *Passeray*. Those whom M. de Bougainville saw in the straits of *Magelhains*, far from hence, used the same word, from whence he gave them the general name of '*Pecherais*.' The children were perfectly naked, and, like their mothers, huddled about the fire in each canoe, shivering with cold, and rarely uttering any other word than *Passeray*, which sometimes sounded like a word of endearment, and sometimes seemed to be an expression of complaint.

"It is very probable that they are the miserable outcasts of some neighbouring tribe, which enjoys a more comfortable life; and that being reduced to live in this dreary inhospitable part of *Terra del Fuego*, they have gradually lost every idea but those which their most urgent wants give rise to. They ramble, perhaps, in quest of food, from one inlet or bay to another, and take up their winter residence in the most uncomfortable spot in this horrid country."—FOSTER'S *Voyage with Cook, in the years 1772, 3, 4, 5*.

Note 5, page 5, col. 2.

Of hollow engines, etc.

Let it be remembered, however, to the honour of Columbus, that his conduct was unstained by cruelties; it the crimes of his successors that made America, after its discovery, a scene of horror and carnage.

Note 6, page 5, col. 2.

While course on course down the red torrent roll'd.

«Neither did the other islands fare better: The Lusaix they brought to an utter desolation; and shipping multitudes of men for the mines in Hispaniola, wanting food for them, the third part commonly perished by the way; ■ that an unskilful pilot might have learned his way by sea by those floating marks of Indian carcasses. This Spanish pestilence spread further to the continent, where they spoiled the shores and the inland countries of people. From Dariena to Nicaragua they slew four hundred thousand people with dogs, sword, fire, and divers tortures.»—*Puachas, from Barth. Casas, an eye-witness.*

Who can read the horrid account of the cruelties of the Spaniards in America, without exclaiming with the moral and pathetic Cowper—

Then what is Man! And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a Man!

Note 7, page 5, col. 2.

Great Eastern mountain.

«That tremendous Caff, (according to the Indian superstition) inhabited by spirits, demons, and the griffin Simorg.»

Note 8, page 5, col. 2.

Lonely Kilda.

Alluding to the second sight in the highlands of Scotland and the Hebrides. The reader will remember Thomson's fine description in the *Castle of Indolence*:

As when a shepherd of the Hebride isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that aerial halcyon sometimes deign
To stand, embodied, ■ our senses plain),
Sees ■ the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ■ Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

«The West of ■ Kilda is six hundred fathom above the surface of the sea.»—*Description of St Kilda.*

Note 9, page 6, col. 1.

Brahma-Pooter.

The ■ magnificent river of the East; unknown to the ancients.

Note 10, page 6, col. 1.

Curle and Aleutian Isles.

Discovered by the Russians, in the Northern Archipelago, between America and Asia.—*See COXE's Russian Discoveries.*

Note 11, page 6, col. 1.

The mountains of the Moon.

Mountains of Abyssinia, from whence the Nile was supposed ■ have taken its rise.

Note 12, page 6, col. 1.

The source of Nile.

■ gens si qua later, nascant conscia Nilo,
LECAN.

See Lobo and Bruce.—It appears, however, from Brown, that the true source of the Nile was not visited by them.

What a poetical ■ has Theocritus made of the idea of the undiscovered ■ of the Nile! Nothing can illustrate more forcibly the circumstance of obscurity being ■ cause of the sublime. *Idyll. vii.*

Note 13, page 6, col. 1.

The will ■ mysterious Niger.

How singular does it appear, that the real course of the Niger should have been unknown for ■ many centuries! After ■ obscurity of ages, this celebrated river is descried flowing, as ■ Parke expresses, «with a majestic ■ from the West ■ the East.» Mr Parke's description of this «long-lost» river, when he first came in sight of it, is very striking:

«Looking forwards, I ■ with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission—the long-sought-for majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad ■ the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward. I hastened to the brink, and, having drank of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things, for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success.»

The account of Herodotus is thus at last confirmed, and for this, as well ■ many other interesting geographical discoveries, we are indebted to that learned, liberal, and truly valuable establishment, the African Society. I need not mention the recent discovery of the temple of Jupiter Ammon in the Oasis of Siwah, by Hornemann, under the auspices of that respectable and enlightened body.

I cannot help wishing that the toil, the danger, and the enterprise of travellers, who have done so much service to learning in general, should be remunerated, not by a private society, however liberal, but by the State.

Note 14, page 6, col. 1.

Plata, through ■ territory pour'd.

Rio de la Plata rises in the heart of South-America, and, after receiving many streams in its immense course, rushes with such violence into the ocean, that it renders the waters fresh for many leagues.—*GUTHRIE.*

Note 15, page 6, col. 1.

Andes.

The Andes, or Cordilleras, the highest range of mountains on the globe; they have several volcanos, and divide the whole southern parts of America, running parallel with the Pacific Ocean nearly four thousand three hundred miles.

Note 16, page 6, col. 1.

Deep in caves, vault within vault.

Caverns, labyrinths, dark and mysterious groves, were the dreadful sanctuaries of early superstition in the first ages of the world, particularly in the East and in Egypt. Such ■ the stupendous caverns of Elephantia and Salsette. Groves sacred to religion and science were famous all ■ the East. Abraham is said to have planted a grove in Beersheba, and ■ have called there upon the ■ of the lord: but his degenerate posterity afterwards prostituted the hallowed grove to purposes of the basest devotion. They were upbraided by the prophets with burning incense, and offering oblations, under every oak and green tree, to the gods of the Phœnicians; it ■ against the groves, polluted by such sacrifices, that the ■ awful anathe-

■ of offended Heaven were denounced.—MAURICK'S *Indian Antiquities*.

Note 17, page 7, col. 1.

Thou saw'st, indeed, etc.

See the account of tortures inflicted ■ their captives by the Americans.

Note 18, page 7, col. 1.

Quivering, and red, and reeking to the ■

Much as the heart revolts at the accounts of the Spanish cruelties in America, we ought to remember at the same time the bloody character of the Peruvians and Mexicans. The captives taken in war, in every tribe, ■ murdered and devoured. "Who that views Mexico, steeped in her own blood, can restrain the emotion which whispers to him—The punishment she suffered was the hand of heaven? By the number of these sacred butcheries, one would think that cruelty was the greatest amusement of Mexico. At the dedication of the temple of Vitzuliputzli, A. D. 1486, sixty-four thousand and eighty human victims were sacrificed in four days. The skulls of the victims sometimes were hung on strings, which reached from tree to tree around their temples; and sometimes were built up in temples, and cemented with lime. In ■ of these towers Andrew de Tapia one day counted one hundred and thirty-six thousand skulls. During the war with Cortez they increased their usual sacrifices, till priest and people were tired of their bloody religion. The method of sacrificing was thus: Six priests laid the victim on the altar, which was narrow at top, when five bending him across, the sixth cut up his stomach with ■ sharp flint; and while he held up his heart reeking to the sun, the others tumbled the carcass down a flight of steps, near the altar, and immediately proceeded to the next sacrifice. See Acosta, Gomara, etc.—From NICOLE'S *Introduction to the Lusiad*, p. 7.

Note 19, page 7, col. 2.

To airy harpings, etc.

Alluding ■ the pictures of the harps in the caverns of Thebes, described by Bruce.—See BRUCE'S *Travels*, and BUNNEY'S *History of Music*.—It is singular, that Denon, visiting the same cavern, and drawing the ■ harps, should not have mentioned Bruce; the coincidence of the copies, however, sufficiently establishes Bruce's veracity.

Note 20, page 7, col. 2.

Baalzephon, etc.

A sea-idol, generally considered the guardian of the coast. I suppose, that after ancient Thebes ■ destroyed by the first shepherds, its scattered inhabitants formed ■ naval station on the Heropolitic gulf, or Western branch of the Red Sea, at Suez, the ancient Arsinoë. Afterwards the Edomites fortified ports ■ either branch, as at Elioth and Ezion-Geber. Migdol ■ a fortress that guarded the pass of Egypt; Moses speaks of a nation possessing this country before the descendants of Esau. In the earliest ages Edom must have been ■ rich and powerful city and territory. David says, "who will lead me into Edom, the strong city?"

The Horites, whom Moses mentions, Gen. xxxvi, 20, ■ be in possession of Edom before the ■ of Esau, (of Shem's line), ■ probably of the line of Ham, from Egypt, who first established navigation.

The Philistines worshipped Dagon their "sea-idol;" having ■ idea, derived from Egypt, of ■ deity connected with the ■. Now the Philistines certainly are reckoned by Moses among the sons of Misram; and Jeremiah, chapter xlvii, tells us, the Philistines were a remnant of the country of Caphtor; which the learned Bishop Cumberland considered as the place called Sin, he thinks the ancient Pelusium in Egypt. It is probable, therefore, that the Horites in Edom were of the ■ stock.

Note 21, page 7, col. 2.

The sons of Cush.—Still fearful of the flood.

• It is a tradition among the Abyssinians, which they say they have had from time immemorial, and which is equally received among the Jews and Christians, that almost immediately after the flood, Cush, grandson of Noah, with his family, passing through Athara, from the low country of Egypt, then without inhabitants, came to the ridge of mountains which still separates the flat country of Athara from the more mountainous high-land of Abyssinia.

• By casting his eye upon the map the reader will see a chain of mountains, beginning at the Isthmus of Suez, that ■ all along like a wall, about forty miles from the Red Sea, till it divides in lat. 13°, into two branches. The one goes along the Northern frontiers of Abyssinia, crosses the Nile, and then proceeds Westward, through Africa, towards the Atlantic Ocean. The other branch goes Southward, and then East, taking the form of the Arabian Gulf; after which, it continues Southward all along the Indian Ocean, in the same manner ■ it did in the beginning all along the Red Sea, that is parallel to the coast.

• Their tradition says, that, terrified with the late dreadful event, the flood, still recent in their minds, and apprehensive of being again involved in ■ similar calamity, they chose for their habitations caves in the sides of these mountains, rather than trust themselves again on the plain. It is more than probable, that, soon after their arrival, meeting here with the tropical rains, which, for duration, still exceed the days which occasioned the flood, and observing, that going through Athara, that part of Nubia between the Nile and Astaboras, afterwards called Mero, from ■ dry climate at first, they had after fallen in with rains; as those increased in proportion to their advancing Southward, they chose to stop at the first mountains, where the country ■ fertile and pleasant, rather than proceed farther, at the risk of involving themselves, perhaps, in a land of floods, that might prove as fatal to their posterity as that of Noah had been to their ancestors.

• This is ■ conjecture from probability, only mentioned for illustration, for the motives that guided them cannot certainly be known; but it is ■ undoubted fact, that here the Cushites, with unparalleled industry, and with instruments utterly unknown to us, formed for themselves commodious, yet wonderful habitations, in the heart of mountains of granite and marble, which remain entire to this day, and promise ■ to do till the consummation of all things.

Note 22, page 7, col. 2.

Imperial Thebes.

Upper Egypt ■ peopled, according to Herodotus, from Ethiopia. He mentions, that before the Egyptians

descended into the plains watered by the Nile, which formed impenetrable morasses, they dwelt on the mountains bordering on the cataracts. Bruce says, "it is probable, that immediately upon their [redacted] at Meroc, they (the Cuthites) lost no time in stretching on to Thebes."—Pocock's description is curious, as illustrating the idea of Thebes having been built by the original possessors of the abodes cut [redacted] of the marble rocks [redacted] the mountains of Abyssinia. [redacted] says, "when [redacted] proceeded a mile to the north, [redacted] came to a kind of street, for the rocky ground [redacted] each side about ten feet: it had [redacted] of rooms cut in it, [redacted] of them supported by pillars; and [redacted] there is not the least sign of raised buildings, I could not help imagining that in the earliest times these [redacted] might serve [redacted] houses."

Note 23, page 8, col. 1.

Smite them in vain.

There is something very grand, allowing for French exaggeration, in Denon's description of the army halting involuntarily at the sight of the ruins of Thebes.

"At nine o'clock, turning the end of a chain of mountains which formed a promontory, the French suddenly beheld the [redacted] of the antique Thebes, in all its development; Thebes, of which Homer has painted the extent in a single word, the *hundred-gated* Thebes—a poetic and empty expression, confidently repeated through a series of ages. Described in a few pages dictated to Herodotus by the Egyptian priests, and copied [redacted] since by all other historians; celebrated for a succession of kings whose wisdom has placed them in the rank of gods, for laws which were revered without being understood, for sciences confided to pompous and enigmatic inscriptions (those learned and earliest monuments of the arts, which time itself has foreborne to injure); this abandoned sanctuary, insulated by barbarism, and returned to the desert whence it was conquered; this city, in a word, perpetually wrapped in that veil of mystery by which [redacted] colossuses are magnified; this exiled city, which the mind [redacted] longer discovers but through the mists of time, [redacted] still a phantom [redacted] gigantic to [redacted] imagination, that the army, at the sight of its scattered ruins, halted of itself, and, by one spontaneous impulse, grounded its arms, as if the possession of the remains of this capital had been the object of its glorious labours, had completed the conquest of the Egyptian territory."

Note 24, page 8, col. 1.

Sing [redacted] Osiris.

Thebes, [redacted] called according to [redacted] from the Hebrew, *Thebath*, an ark. The hieroglyphics on the walls are evidently allusive [redacted] the great event of one family preserved in a vessel; and Osiris is proved, I think beyond doubt, by Bryant and Mr Maurice, [redacted] have been Noah. A [redacted] source of investigation has indeed been opened from the sacred books of the Brahmins; the account of the Eastern countries is [redacted] accurate; and "all our researches," [redacted] Sir William Jones says, "have confirmed the Mosaic account of the primitive world." On this interesting subject I must refer the reader more particularly to Bryant's learned, though in many parts fanciful, *Analysis*; and Mr Maurice's *Indian Antiquities*. The chief points are most judiciously brought together, explained, and illustrated by Mr Clarke, in

his interesting work on Navigation, as far as relates to this subject. Nothing appears clearer, from late researches, than that Noah and the ark were the foundation of many Pagan rites and ceremonies; and that many particulars attending the early worship of all nations were derived obscurely from the tradition of that awful circumstance described in the book of Genesis. In Mr Maurice's words: "Whatsoever objections may have been urged by certain persons, at all times more inclined to cavil than to commend, against particular portions of the *Analysis of Ancient Mythology*, in my humble conception, no facts can be more firmly established than the following are, in that most learned and laudable undertaking; I mean, that the general deluge [redacted] the grand epocha of every kingdom of the ancient world; that the first post-diluvian king in every country, under whatever title he may have been distinguished, was the Mosaic Nuh, or Noah; and that the most ancient monuments and principal memorials of all nations allude to the ruin of mankind by the former event, and to the renewal of the world in [redacted] family. Every additional step which my subject leads me to take on that hallowed ground of antiquity, which Mr Bryant has so ably traversed, confirms my belief, that in all their varied mythology we must look upon the great patriarch [redacted] the ultimate, in whom the history finally determines. He was the Niathrus of Chaldea, the venerable Kpsvo; of the Phœnicians, the supreme Osiris of Egypt; the ancient Fohi of China; the great Dionusus, or Bacchus of the Greeks; and, doubtless, the Satyaurata, or seventh Menu of India."

Note 25, page 8, col. 1.

Typhon has sunk.

"Typhon is considered by Bryant, etc., [redacted] signifying the general deluge, from whose rage the ark of Osiris was preserved; hence the great Egyptian festival, and the acclamations, *Euphuxamev, Zuyxapomev!* 'We have found the lost Osiris, let us rejoice together.' Among many circumstances corroborative of his position, not the least convincing is the very ceremony adopted during the efforts of the priests to find the missing object of the research; that of a number of their body going down by night to the sea-shore, bearing a sacred scyphus, in which was a golden vessel, in the form of a ship or boat, and into which they poured some water of the river; that this being performed, the shout of tumultuous joy above-mentioned burst forth from the crowd, and that then Osiris [redacted] supposed to be found. He (Mr Bryant) winds up the whole of his argument, by proving from Plutarch, that this ceremony of inclosing Osiris in his tomb or ark, in memory of his having been in his life-time thus concealed, in order to avoid the fury of Typhon (their known symbol of the ocean), took place precisely on the seventeenth day of the second month after the autumnal equinox; that is, in fact, upon the very day on which the true Osiris entered the ark, which, in Scripture, is said to have taken place in the sixth hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, and on the seventeenth day of that month."—MAURICE.

The word Typhon is no doubt derived from the Arabic, *Al Tufan*, an inundation. Some authors consider it as relating to the Red Sea closing over the Egyptian host. Others consider it [redacted] the destructive wind of the desert: as Savary, Denon, etc. Colonel

Capper is of opinion, that it means the Khumseen wind. That the Greeks understood it in the sense of a wind, I think is clear from these remarkable words:

Εκ δὲ Τυφώος ἐστὶ ἀνεμῶν μένος ὑγρῶν αἰνῶν,
Νοσφί Νότου, Βορέω τε, καὶ Ἀργιστέω, Ζεφυροῦ τε.
HESIODI Theog.

It must be observed that Hesiod — the word ὑγρῶν, wet.

From Typhon sprung the might of the wet winds, etc.

Hesiod's description of the terrible deity is very sublime:

Ὀπλοτάτον τέκε παῖδά Τυφῶα γαῖα πέλωρη,
Ταρταροῦ, etc.

HESIODI Theog.

The youngest son of the great earth arose,
Huge Typhon, by the diabolical Tartarus
Begot: his hands for mightiest deeds form'd;
His feet no toil could tire; a hundred heads
Of dragons from his shoulders sprung, that black
Darted their tongues; dread-flashing from his eyes
A living flame — rills burnt; each head
Dire voices utter'd, and a — of sounds
Ineffable, that ev'n the Gods might hear.

W. L. D.

It is probable the general deluge gave rise to the allegorical fiction of this terrific deity; that the word was afterwards applied to storms in general, and particularly, at the equinoctial season, to the Khumseen wind, which blows with such devastating fury.

Note 26, page 8, col. 1.

Thou, great restorer of the world, the song
Darkly described, and that mysterious shrine, etc.

Among the more curious and particular circumstances that seem to point to the deluge, in profane history, Bryant quotes Homer, who, speaking of the rainbow, has the remarkable passage—

Which Jove amid the clouds
Placed as a token to man.

Bryant, by using the word «desponding», makes it approach more — to the Mosaic account:

Which Jove amid the clouds
Placed as a — — desponding —

But in Homer there is nothing like the word «desponding»; the words are—

Ἀς τε Κρονίων
Ἐν νεφεί στήριξε, τεραξ μεροπῶν ἀνθρώπων. Book λ.

«Which Jove placed as a sign to distinctly-pronouncing mortals.»

However visionary some of these coincidences may be thought to be, I cannot help stating one circumstance, allusive to the great event of the flood, and the particular history of Noah, among the ancient writers, which I have never heard mentioned; and which seems to me, all things considered, to be the most striking circumstance that has been observed. It is in the 7th Idyll of Theocritus. I will endeavour to explain it.

I believe it will be granted, that the rites of Cabiri, of Ceres, or the great Demeter, are commemorative of the deluge. I refer — Bryant, to Allwood's Antiquities of Greece, etc. It will be granted, that the tradition of this — prevailed particularly in Egypt, from the — of Cush being settled there. Let us then, in the first

place, recollect the subject of this eclogue, and that Theocritus, who wrote in praise of Ptolemy, might naturally be supposed to know something of the peculiar Egyptian traditions. The subject of the eclogue is a party going to the «Feast of the mother of the Gods,» — Demeter; which, I believe, is allowed to be commemorative of the deluge. On their way the subject of the song of the shepherds is, — might be expected, if the feast of Cybele related to the deluge, nautical. Instead of the Sicilian streams, mountains, forests of Pan, goat-herds, and shepherds, we have, abruptly and contrary — the general turn of Theocritus' eclogues,

I wish the navigation to
Mytilene may be safe.

This coincidence would be nothing of itself; but let — go a step farther. After the song of the first shepherd, another, — excited by — subject that reminded him of other traditions connected with the rites they were to celebrate, and the nautical strain he had just heard, begins a song upon the love of a shepherd, whose heart, he says, «wasted away» like the snow upon *Hæmus*, or the very extremest *Caucasus*—*Καυκάσον εσχάτοισιν*.

Having mentioned these mountains, and last the «extreme Caucasus,» he introduces a peculiar circumstance, so remote and distinct from any general subject of pastoral, that it appears altogether extraordinary, unless it may obscurely relate to the ark. I beg the reader to bear in mind the connection of one thing with the other; for that which, taken singly, might appear trifling, when considered with all its circumstances, might strike the mind very differently. We have already noted the feast of Ceres; Theocritus' knowledge of Egypt; the navigation; the extreme Caucasus, where the ark rested. The shepherd, having mentioned Caucasus, now relates a remarkable tradition: That — was confined, being alive (*ζῶον εόντα*), in a capacious ark (*εὐρεα λαρναξ*): that he was confined for exactly one whole year; and that he was fed there by the bees, and preserved. The shepherd ardently wishes that this Divine Comata had lived in his days. And to conclude, the observation of the other shepherd, after he has heard the tradition, is, — that he also knows songs, the fame of which go even to the throne of Jupiter.*

Ἄσαι δ' ὥς ποτ' ἔδεικτο τὸν αἰπόλον εὐρεα λαρναξ
ζῶον εόντα, γαλακτὶν ατασθαλῖαισιν ἀνακτός·
Ὡς τε νῦν αἰ σίμαι λειμῶνοθε φέρβον ιοῖσαι
Κεῶρον ἐς κάσιαν μαλακοῖς ἀνθρώποι μελίσσαι.
Καὶ τὸ κατελκασθῆς ἐς λαρνακὰ, καὶ τὸ μελίσσαι
Κηρία φερόμενος, εἰς ὤριον ἐξέτελεσσας.

THEOCRITUS, b. ζ. l. 78, etc.

I have hastily stated these coincidences, and though I am fully aware of the deceptiveness of such things, yet being on the subject, I could not avoid pointing them out. I am no farther tenacious of their probability — plausibility.

Note 27, page 8, col. 1.

For lo! where Ophir's gold unburied shines.

When I first wrote this part, I was inclined to follow the received opinion, that Sofala, — the coast of Africa, — the ancient Ophir; an opinion supported by such authorities — Huet, Milton, Montesquieu, D'Anville, Bruce, Vincent, etc.

Nothing can be ~~more~~ plausible than Bruce's account of the voyage of Solomon, as performed by monsoons, ~~at~~ Sofala, and taking up the exact time mentioned in Scripture, three years. He says very justly, "looking for Ophir we must abide by the words of Scripture; the voyage to it must take up three years, neither more nor less; it must abound with mines of gold and especially silver." Sofala produces peacocks, ivory, and apes; but Bruce says nothing of a peculiar tree, the alghum-tree, which must have been of very extraordinary value, ~~as~~ it ~~was~~ brought from so great ~~a~~ distance.

Now I will go farther than Bruce, in pointing out what I should think absolutely necessary to be required to mark the situation of Ophir. 1. The voyage must take up three years. 2. The country must exhibit the marks of great mines and excavations. 3. It must abound with gold, silver, precious stones, peacocks, apes, and the alghum-tree. These things ~~are~~ absolutely necessary, but Bruce does not mention all. There are other designations which I should require.

That the country should be inhabited by people possessed of certain arts and civilization, from high antiquity. That it should have some great temples, or remains of such, if possible, correspondent with those that are described by the Scripture in the country whither the gold of Ophir ~~was~~ carried. That it should also have something correspondent in customs and in manners with the earlier race of mankind who peopled the earth after Noah. That it should produce, besides peacocks, elephants, and apes (of which it must be the native country) peculiar timber fit for the most durable purposes of building.

There are other incidental, but minute circumstances, which, if all added together, would tend very much to put the question out of doubt. These I shall enumerate; but I beg it ~~be~~ be remembered, I do it with great deference and respect for those who differ from me, and whose learning and habits of inquiry are infinitely superior to my own.

Bruce's opinion, I confess, had the greatest weight with me, as his account of the monsoons is so clear and plausible. But I considered, that for ~~a~~ fleet to take advantage of them, it would be necessary to go three leagues off shore (I believe this is the case); that the crossing the line must have been ~~a~~ most formidable barrier, though I do not forget what is said by Herodotus; that if so remarkable ~~a~~ thing had happened, ~~as~~ crossing the line, it is probable ~~as~~ hint would have been given of it in Scripture; and that Sofala, though it produces the appearances of ancient mines, may have abounded with gold, silver, etc., still it is not the peculiar country of peacocks, nor does it more than several other countries abound with elephants. There is, moreover, ~~an~~ appearance of ancient magnificence; no marks of former arts and civilization; no correspondence in character, customs, antiquities, and traditions with the Eastern countries; and there is no particular tree, unknown to the other parts of the world, calculated for durability, valuable ~~a~~ timber, and capable of the highest and most beautiful polish.

All these things, and many other singular and corroborative circumstances, are to be found in Ava, and the Birman empire, of which we have ~~a~~ particular and interesting ~~a~~ account by Colonel Symes.

That Pegu and Siam ~~are~~ the country of Ophir was the opinion of Purchas, certainly a learned and respect-

able authority. "The Ophirian voyage," he says, "it is probable, comprehended all the gulf of Bengal, from Zeulana to Sumatra, ~~on~~ both sides: but the region of Ophir we make to be all from Ganges ~~at~~ Menan, and most properly the large kingdom of Pegu; from whence it is likely, in process of time, the most Southerly parts, even to Sumatra inclusively, ~~are~~ peopled before Solomon's time."—P. 32.

This is, perhaps, too extensive; but still I am inclined to place Ophir in this part of the world. If I might venture ~~an~~ opinion, I should, perhaps, place it on the sea-coast between Point Negrals (the Temala province of Ptolemy) and Junkceilon; or it might have extended to Malacca. But all the commodities from Ava and the inland countries might be conveyed down the rivers Ava and Pegu (the Sabiaricus and Besinga) into the Sabaric gulf, and the communication would not have been remote from Siam: or the produce of that country might easily have been conveyed across the narrow peninsula to Merghli, the Berohe of Ptolemy.

I see it placed in the ~~map~~ by Herbert, the early English traveller, but he considers Malacca as the port of Ophir. "Malacca ~~is~~ known of old by the name of *Aurea Chersonesus*; and the same, if my ayme deceive me not, Ptolemy calls *Facola*, and more likely to be part of Ophir (from such abundance of gold as from Pegu, Siam, Borneo, and Sumatra, is and has ever been ravished); and in that Ophir and Havilar, sons of Jectan, have resided, etc." This old ~~map~~ of Tzetzes (p. 314) points at it:

*Insula est Indica quem poete auream vocant,
Alii vero peninsulam vocant, sed ~~est~~ insulam:
Hebraei ~~est~~ Ophyr linguae sua ~~est~~ ut,
Habet enim montes auri, et lapides smaragdinos.*

Some years' travels in Africa and Asia, by THOMAS HERBERT, Esq; Jos. Blanc, printer, 1638.

Nothing can be ~~more~~ singular than the passage cited by Herbert:—"There is an Indian island which the poets call the Golden; but others call it ~~a~~ peninsula, not an island. The Hebrews call it in their own tongue Ophyr; it has gold and all sorts of precious stones." This opinion at ~~that~~ time pretty generally prevailed, but I hasten to the consideration of some remarkable circumstances in Colonel Symes's book; begging however the reader to keep in mind, that the names of countries were called after the first inhabitants. That this country abounds with gold, silver, and precious stones, much more than any other part of the known world, I imagine, is admitted ~~on~~ all hands. In this situation is marked by Ptolemy *regio aurea, regio argentea*; he has also designated places on the coast ~~as~~ *emporea*: but besides, there are many peculiarities, according to Colonel Symes's account, in the manners, antiquities, and customs of the people, which seem to me to corroborate the idea that this, after all, may be the country of Ophir; and if Tarshish do ~~not~~ signify the ~~same~~ in general, I should be inclined to place it ~~at~~ Ceilon.

Let us first look ~~at~~ the present ~~state~~ of the people and country:—Here is ~~a~~ great and powerful empire; people comparatively in ~~a~~ high state of cultivation, boasting a period of great antiquity, yet unconnected in a great degree with the ~~most~~ civilized part of the world. Such they now are, and such have existed through a long succession of ages. Here ~~are~~ records of their earliest history in numerous sacred books; monuments of undoubted antiquity, and hieroglyphical representations of the

same nature with those of Egypt and India. Here are magnificent edifices of a peculiar character and appearance, distinct from the generally-known specimens of architecture, which are covered with what is called the Tee, an umbrella, an object of particular veneration. These temples are all gilt, overlaid with gold, in a more sumptuous and singular manner, than we read of in any other temples, except the temple of Solomon; they are built upon massy pillars, over which is an extensive kind of platform, on which the majestic and glittering superstructure is erected, and crowned with the sacred Tee. Here are peacocks and apes, natives of the country, and none more beautiful than the birds are called, which go wild and in flocks. Here is also a particular sort of timber in these forests, not found, I believe, elsewhere, which is called the Teak-tree; particularly calculated for shipping, and works of durability. As for ivory, it is so distinguished for its elephants, that one of the King's titles is «master of the white elephants.» The word gold is used as the designation of supreme excellence. The king is called the «golden feet.» The great temple of Shoo-Madoo is called the GOLDEN SUPREME! The tradition relating to it is, that it was built by merchants.

ALL these things put together seem to mark the country as the very region of gold, the Ophir of Solomon. The almug-tree, which has puzzled commentators so long, I cannot help thinking might have been the teak-tree. The almug, an algum, is certainly timber of the greatest durability, as it is used for pillars. The words are (Kings, x). «The navy of Hiram which brought gold from Ophir, brought in from Ophir great plenty of almug-trees; and the king made of the almug-trees pillars for the house of the Lord, and for the king's house.» The great quantities of gold brought from Ophir were used in overlaying the temple of Solomon, as is the custom this day in Ava.

These considerations I suggest with diffidence, and I put them down as they occur. I take this opportunity of saying, that all we read, and the more knowledge we receive of the eastern countries, confirm more the Mosaic history relating to the restoration and dispersion of mankind.

I cannot, however, omit a remarkable circumstance of the Tee, an covering, the consecration of which is an act of high religious solemnity (perhaps an idea primarily derived from the covering of the sacred ark); and another striking ceremony, that on the 12th of April (which corresponds with the time assigned to the cessation of the waters that covered the earth) the women have a custom of throwing water on every person they meet, which the men retort. A custom so singular, and preserved with so much attention and regularity, must have had an extraordinary foundation, and might possibly regard the restoration of the world from that awful event, traced in the tradition of every nation, and alluded to by so many circumstances and ceremonies of antiquity.

It remains to say something concerning the time taken up in the voyage to Ophir. Bruce's account is ingenious; but I cannot, for want of the reasons already assigned, think Ophir was on the South-East coast of Africa. Ceylon has been considered too near, and the country of Pegu is distant, for I do not think a voyage of America to China. But might not a vessel, with the North wind, proceed down the Arabian Gulf to

the mouth of Babelmandel; wait the change of the monsoon, and receive the South-West to carry her to the coast of Malabar and Ceylon; wait six months till the monsoon, which would take her to the coast of Ava; she would wait there till the change of the regular wind, which would be a year and a half; and in the same time make her return.

This is hastily thrown out, but I think one ought not to reject so many other corroborating circumstances, because the account of the navigation may be attended with some difficulty.

Hippalus, by accidentally discovering the regularity of the monsoons, boldly stretched across the bay of Bengal, why might the same discovery have been made before, and have suggested the same course? Let us consider the remarkable words on this subject of a very able judge: «Many of the Arabs still cross the open sea to India without a compass; and indeed when it is considered that the Indian sea during half the year is perfectly calm and still; that the sun remains only a short time below the horizon; that the nights are exceedingly serene, because the brightness of the stars are never obscured by vapours or clouds; that the wind blows invariably from one quarter; and that the currents never change their course; it will readily appear such a passage may be happily effected without the help of that useful instrument.»—PAOLO DE SAN BARTOLOMEU.

Whether these observations are well founded or not, there is, however, sufficient *verisimilitude* for poetry.

I suggest also, but with hesitation, whether the Andaman islands, called the Islands of Good Fortune (*Bonæ Fortunæ*) by Ptolemy, and which are directly in the course, might not have had the same appellation, like the Cape of Good Hope, from their being touched at in the passage to the richer regions of the Chersonese.

Note 28, page 8, col. 1.

Ariana's spectral wilderness.

The desert of Ariana, along the sea-coast, where the army of Cyrus, attempting to penetrate to India, perished. The long and dreary desert, however, was constantly passed by caravans from the earliest periods of known intercourse with India.—Bruce.

Note 29, page 8, col. 1.

The youthful victim.

Ζωντας ἀνθρώπου; κατέκτεψαν Τυφώνιους
καλοντες.—PLUTARCH *de Iside*.

Note 30, page 8, col. 2.

Palestine's Imperial Lord.

Annexed to Lobo's voyage to Abyssinia (printed, in French, at Paris, and at the Hague, by Fosse and J. Neaulme, 1728) there are many ingenious dissertations on subjects relating to navigation—one on Solomon's voyage to Sofala, by Le Grand. It does not, however, give any account of the monsoons, which Bruce, with so much ingenuity, brings forward to prove, that a voyage from Eziongeber to Sofala must take up three years exactly; and could not have been performed in more or less. The other writer's remarks only prove, that the distance and the imperfection of navigation would require a great length of time to perform the voyage. His remarks are nothing like so satisfactory as Bruce's. He mentions the commodities—gold, silver; peacocks there are none, but the word *Thuck kiin* might

be used equally to signify parroquets, of which there are abundance; and he says there are forests of trees of great magnitude and beauty; but they are not specified, and we have no means to imagine that they are of a sort not found in as great plenty in other parts of the world.—*Relation Historique d'Abyssinia*.

Let me add, in corroboration of what I have before said about Ophir, that the language of the South-west part of Ceylon, though remote from Siam, is derived from the language of Siam, not, as might be imagined, from India.

Note 31, page 8, col. 2.

Burst, like the Patagonians, the vain cords.

From Magellan's account of the first appearance of the Patagonians:—“They remained for some time in this desolate region, St Julian's bay, forty-nine degrees South of the line (America), without seeing a human creature. They judged the country to be utterly uninhabitable, when one day they were approaching, as if he had been dropped from the clouds, a man of enormous stature, dancing and singing, and putting dust upon his head, as they supposed in token of peace. Being treated with kindness he returned with more of the same stature, two of whom the mariners decoyed on ship-board. Nothing could be more gentle in the beginning; they considered the fetters prepared for them as ornaments, but when they found for what purpose they were intended, they instantly exerted their amazing strength, and burst them in pieces.”—Quoted from GOLDSMITH.

Note 32, page 9, col. 2.

Beneath the watch-tower's melancholy light.

Ammonian light-houses, placed in difficult passes.

Note 33, page 9, col. 2.

Warbling Syrens, etc.

In the syrens, when their real history is considered, another and a tremendous obstacle was opposed to the enterprise of ancient mariners. Like the cruel Lamii, these syrens were Cuthite or Canaanitish priests and priestesses, who lived chiefly in their temples on the coast of Campania; and particularly on three small islands, that were called after them. The fame of these temples was considerable, on account of the women who officiated; their cruelty and profligacy beyond description. The shores on which they resided were described by Virgil as being covered with the bones of mariners, seduced thither by the plaintive harmony of the Canaanites, which was exquisitely expressed in the artful warblings of these syrens. Their sacred hymns, accompanied by this ancient music, were too often fatal to the passing crew: Circe, therefore, advised Ulysses to avoid their places of resort.—CLARKE.

Note 34, page 9, col. 2.

Atlantis, whether sunk

Now on the bottom of the monstrous world.

The celebrated passage in Plato referring to the vast island Atlantis is this:—“These writings relate what prodigious strength your city formerly repressed, when a mighty warlike power, rushing from the Atlantick Sea, spread itself with hostile fury over Europe and Asia; for at that time the Atlantick Sea was navigable, and had an island before the mouth, which is called by you the pillars of Hercules; but this island was greater than both Lybia and all Asia together, etc. In this Atlantick

island a combination of kings was formed, who, with mighty and wonderful power, subdued the whole island, together with many other islands, and part of the continent; and, besides this, subjected to their dominion all Lybia, as far as Egypt; and Europe, as far as the Tyrrhene Sea. And when they were collected in a powerful league, they endeavoured to enslave all our regions and yours; and besides this, all those places situated within the mouth of the Atlantick sea. Then it was, O Solon! that the power of your city was conspicuous in all men for its virtue and strength, etc. But in succeeding times prodigious earthquakes and deluges taking place, and bringing with them desolation in the space of one day and night, all that warlike race of Athenians were merged under the earth, and the Atlantick island itself, being absorbed in the sea, entirely disappeared, etc.

“This, O Socrates! is the substance of what the elder critics repeated from the narration of Solon.”—TAYLOR'S translation of *Timæus*.

Note 35, page 9, col. 2.

Lebanon

Waved all its pines for thee.

There were very few of her majestic cedars standing, when this celebrated mountain was visited by Rauwolf. Volney and later travellers mention, I believe, not above four or five remaining. Rauwolf's account is as follows:—“We found ourselves to be upon the highest point of the mountain, and saw nothing higher, but only a small hill before us, all covered over with snow, at the bottom whereof the high cedar-trees were standing; some whereof King Solomon ordered to be cut down, to be employed for the use of building of the temple in Jerusalem: and although the hill hath in former ages been covered over with cedars, yet they are since much decreased, that I could tell more than twenty-four, that stood round about in a circle, and two others, the branches whereof are quite decayed for age.”—RAUWOLF'S *Travels*, p. 229.

Note 36, page 12, col. 2.

Hydaspes, etc.

Alexander passed the Hydaspes, the first river of the Panjab (the fertile part of India, so called from its five rivers), during a hurricane, and in the midst of thunder and lightning; on which account he was considered as a supernatural being.

Note 37, page 12, col. 2.

Hyphasis, etc.

The most Eastern river of the Panjab: the Macedonians, when they came to it, refused to proceed any farther. Here Alexander erected his monuments, called, in the ancient maps, *Alexandri*. The reader will keep in mind the chief circumstance that gives unity to the poem—I mean the resting of the ark, supposed to be upon the mountains of Caucasus, which extend towards the mouth of the Indus.

Note 38, page 12, col. 2.

Great Brahma rested, etc.

THE ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE.

—Near the close of the Calpa (a period of duration of astronomical origin, stated in the Syrya Siddhanta as equal to a thousand maha yugs, or grand revolutions),

Brahma, fatigued with the care of ■ many worlds, ■ into a profound slumber. During this slumber of the Creator, the strong demon, or giant Hayagraiva, ■ near him, and stole the Vedas; those four sacred volumes which originally flowed from the lips of the quadruple deity. With this inestimable treasure he retired into the deep and secret bosom of the ocean, etc. Deprived of the vigilant care of Brahma, the world fell into disorder; no longer guided by the light of the sacred books, the human race became to the last degree corrupt. They were all consequently destroyed in a vast deluge, except a pious king and his family, which consisted of ■ persons, who floated on the waters in a vessel fabricated according to the express direction of Vistnu. For this pious monarch, ■ day performing his devotions on the sea-shore, was forewarned of the approaching calamity by that preserving deity; and having prepared ■ vessel as commanded, at the appointed time Veeshnu appeared again in the form of a fish, blazing like gold, and extending ■ million of leagues, with one stupendous horn, to which the king fastened the vessel, by ■ cable composed of ■ vast serpent, and was thus towed in safety along the surface of the raging elements. When the waters abated, he and his companions were safely again landed.—MAURICE'S *Indian Antiquities*, vol. ii, p. 276.

Note 39, page 13, col. 1.

The flood, the flood retires, etc.

Alluding to the astonishment of the soldiers of Alexander, when they first saw the effects of the tide.

« Being come nearer ■ the sea, a circumstance, new and unheard of by the Macedonians, threw them into the utmost confusion, and exposed the fleet to the greatest danger; and this was the ebbing and flowing of the ocean. Forming a judgment of this vast sea from that of the Mediterranean, the only one they knew, and whose ebbs and flows are imperceptible, they were astonished when they saw it rise to a great height, and overflow the country; and considered it a mark of the anger of the gods to punish their rashness.»

Note 40, page 13, col. 1.

Around the sea-gods riding.

This refers ■ the appearance of the vast inhabitants of the deep, that sported round the vessel, and astonished the sailors of Nearchus on their voyage. As the circumstance is romantic, I give it from Clark's Abstract of Nearchus's Voyage, taken from Dr Vincent's learned dissertation.

« Nearchus says, that the morning he was off Kyiza, they were surprised by observing the sea thrown up to a great height in the air, ■ it were carried by ■ whirlwind. The people inquired the cause, and were informed it ■ owing to the blowing of whales. This report by no ■ quieted them; the ■ dropt from their hands. Nearchus encouraged them, and pointed the heads of the vessels to the creatures, ordering his sailors to attack them, ■ they would ■ enemy, if they approached. The fleet formed as if going to engage; when shouting all together, ■ loud as they could, *Alala*, or the cry of war, and dashing the water with their oars, the trumpets sounding at the ■ time, they saw the enemy give way, for the monsters sunk a-head before the vessels, and ■ again a-stern, where they continued blowing, without exciting farther alarm.»

Note 41, page 13, col. 1.

Assoors thy death-song sing.

Assoors ■ the evil genii of India. After his Indian expedition, Alexander became superstitious and subject to melancholy, which continued to his death.

Note 42, page 13, col. 2.

And calls by name the mighty rivers, etc.

This is copied from the historical account.—« Taking his station conspicuously on the prow of the ship, the king then poured libations from a golden goblet, and solemnly invoked the great rivers, the Hydaspes, the Acesinas, and the Sindus, down whose stream he was to descend to the ocean. Hercules also, and Jupiter Ammon, he endeavoured to render propitious by renewed sacrifices. Immediately, all the trumpets sounding by signal, the fleet unmoored, and under the guidance of that experienced mariner, who undertook their construction, glided leisurely and majestically down the tranquillized current.»—ARBIAN.

Note 43, page 13, col. 2.

Stand ■ the gleaming Pharos, etc.

The magnificent and beautiful Pharos, of white marble, esteemed one of the wonders of the world, was erected by Ptolemy Philadelphus, who carried into execution Alexander's original design.

Note 44, page 13, col. 2.

Pale Nearchus, etc.

So called, because, after his maritime expedition from the Indus to Euphrates, Nearchus was ■ worn down by fatigue and anxiety, that he was not known by the soldiers whom Alexander sent to meet him.

Note 45, page 13, col. 2.

And still had commerce flow'd, etc.

During the existence of the Grecian empire, and amidst all its revolutions, through a period of eighteen hundred years, to the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, ■ commerce, particularly that of the East-Indies, flowed through the channel which had been traced by the sagacity and foresight of Alexander.—ROBERTSON.

Note 46, page 14, col. 1.

The wondrous index, etc.

The following is ■ sketch or summary of CHURCHMAN'S *History and Theory of the Magnet*; for which I am indebted to my valued friend L. Huddleston, esq. of Shaftesbury:—

« The attractive quality of the loadstone was known to Orpheus, Homer, Plato, Pythagoras, Pliny, etc., but not its polarity. Du Val says, in his general History of China, that the magnetic needle (and of course its polarity) was known there 1040 years before Christ. Guyot de Provens, ■ French writer, about the year 1180, speaks of the loadstone and compass as then used in navigation; although Dr Gilbert ascribes the introduction of the invention from China into Italy to Marco Paulo, a Venetian, about the year 1260.

« When first discovered, the needle was supposed to point due North, till Columbus observed its variation from that point in the year 1492.

« Dr Halley's opinion at first was, that the whole earth ■ great magnet, having four magnetic poles, or points of attraction; two of which coincided

nearly with the North and South poles of the globe; and that in parts of the world adjacent to any one of the four poles, the needle is chiefly governed thereby, the nearer predominating over the more remote. But after making observations during two voyages undertaken for the purpose, in the year 1699, he adopted another hypothesis, viz. The external part of the earth is a shell, including a nucleus, or inner globe (with a fluid medium between), which turns its axis like the earth, though not exactly in the same time. He also supposes, that the fixed poles are those of the earth; and that the other two are the poles of the nucleus, the motion of which he supposes to be westward.

«Churchman's theory is, that there are only two magnetic poles; that they are not diametrically opposite to each other, and that the northern moves faster, and the southern slower than the earth; that the apparent motion of the former is from West to East, and that of the latter the reverse. He also concludes, that there is a relation between the *Aurora Borealis* and the magnetic poles; for when the northern magnetic pole was last on the same side of the earth with England, the phenomenon of the *Aurora Borealis* was very frequent there for many years. He also conceives that the occasional encroachment of the sea on divers parts of the earth, and its receding again within its former bounds, are regulated by the periodical revolutions of the magnetic poles.

«He concludes, by calculating from a known change of the variation of the needle in a certain number of years, that the periodical revolution of the northern magnetic pole round the North pole of the earth is performed in about 1096 years, that of the southern in about 2289 years.»

Note 47, page 14, col. 1.

Zaron, from the deep, etc.

John Gonzalez Zarco, with Tristan Vaz, both gentlemen of Prince Henry's household, were employed by him to conduct the enterprise of discovery along the Western coast of Africa. They were instructed to double Cape Bojador, and then to steer towards the South. They, according to the mode of navigation which then prevailed, held their course along the shore; and by following that direction they must have encountered almost insuperable difficulties in attempting to pass Cape Bojador; but fortune came in aid to their want of skill, and prevented the voyage from being altogether fruitless. A sudden squall of wind arose, drove them out to sea, and when they expected every moment to perish, landed them on an unknown island, which, from their happy escape, they named Porto-Santo. In the infancy of navigation the discovery of this small island appeared a matter of such moment, that they instantly returned to Portugal with the good tidings, and were received by Henry with the applause and honour due to fortunate adventurers. This faint dawn of success filled a mind, ardent in the pursuit of a favourite object, with such sanguine hopes, as encouraged to proceed. Next year Henry sent out three ships, under the commanders, to whom he joined Bartholomew Perestreto, in order to take possession of the island which they had discovered. When they began to settle in Porto-Santo, they observed towards the South a fixed spot in the horizon, like a small black cloud; by degrees they led to conjecture it might

be land, and steering towards it they arrived at a considerable island, uninhabited, and covered with wood, which, on that account, they called Madeira.»

Note 48, page 14, col. 2.

The cloudy spectre towers, etc.

Respecting the darkness, the interesting account from Alcaforado, in Astley's Collection of Voyages, is as follows:—«Gonzalvo, in his way, touched at Porto-Santo, where there went a current report among the Portuguese, (left there by him two years before) that to the North-East of the island a thick impenetrable darkness constantly hung upon the sea, and extended itself upwards towards the heavens; that it diminished, but seemed to be guarded by a strange noise (proceeding from some natural cause), which sometimes heard at Porto-Santo: and because at that time they durst not sail far from land, for want of the astrolabe, and other instruments invented since, it was judged impossible, without a miracle, to return from thence, after having lost sight of it. In consequence of this ignorance in navigation it was called by some an abyss, or bottomless gulf; and by others the mouth of hell, from the opinion of certain simple timorous divines; and the historians, who pretended to be more learned, absolutely pronounced it to be the ancient island of Cipango, kept by Providence under this mysterious veil, whither they believed the Spanish and Portuguese bishops, and other Christians, had retired from the slavery and oppression of the Moors and Saracens; that it was a great crime to dive into this secret, since it had not pleased God to reveal it by the signs which ought to precede the discovery, and are mentioned by the ancient prophets who speak of this wonder. Gonzalvo, however, had a short and prosperous voyage to Porto-Santo, from whence he, as well as the islanders, observed this dreadful shade; which, however, John de Morales, at first sight, judged to be a sure sign of the land they were in search of. Notwithstanding this, upon a full consultation, it was agreed they should stay here till the change of moon, to see what effect that would have upon the shade; when, perceiving no alteration any way in it, the general panic seized the adventurers also, and the whole design had dropped here, had not the pilot De Morales stood firm in his opinion; insisting, that according to the information he had from the English, and the course they held, the hidden land could not be far off. He supported what he said, by observing to Gonzalvo, that the ground there being continually shaded from lofty thick trees, there exhaled from it a thick moisture, which, rising in vapours, spread itself through the sky; from whence proceeded the dark cloud they saw, and were so much afraid of. After much contest, last these reasons swaying with the captain, who had more resolution than the rest, he put to sea one morning, without communicating his design to any body but John de Morales. That he might have daylight to make a full discovery, he crowded all his sails, and turned the ship's head directly facing the dark cloud. The boldness of Gonzalvo did but serve to increase the fear of the rest; for the more they advanced, the more high and thick the gloom appeared; insomuch that at last it grew very horrible to behold. At noon they heard the roaring of the sea, which filled the whole horizon. This new-imagined danger made them all cry out, intreating the captain instantly to change his

course, and save their lives. Hereupon he made them a speech, composed of solid arguments, which quite removed their fears, and reconciled them to his measures. The weather being calm, and the wind very rapid, Gonzalvo caused his ship to be towed by two shallops along the cloud. The noise of the sea served them for a mark which they approached or retired from, according to it more or less loud. By degrees the cloud appeared less, and became not so thick on the East side, but the waves still rolled frightfully, when they at length perceived through the gloom something blacker than it, though, being at too great a distance, they could not see it distinctly; however some affirmed they saw giants of a prodigious size, which afterwards they found to be the rocks wherewith the shores were covered. The sea already appeared more clear, and the waves abated, a sure sign of their being near land; which, after, to their great joy, they plainly discerned, when they least expected it. The first thing that appeared was a little point, to which Gonzalvo then gave the name of St. Laurence's point; doubling this, they found the Southward rising land, which the cloud then vanishing left open the view a great way up the mountain.

Note 49, page 15, col. 2.

Robert à Machin.

The following is the romantic story of Machin, extracted from *Alcafarado*, from which I have taken the poet's liberty, in a few instances, to depart.

"In the reign of Edward III, of England, one Robert Machin, falling in love with a beautiful young lady, of a noble family, and making his addresses to her, soon won her affections. Her parents, not brooking the thoughts of an inferior alliance, produced a quarrel from the king, and kept Robert in custody until they had married the lady to a certain nobleman, who, as soon as the ceremony was over, took the bride with him to his castle at Bristol.

"Thus all being secured, as they thought, Machin easily obtained a discharge from his confinement; but stung with a high sense of the injury, and at the same time spurred on by love, he engaged some of his friends to assist him, and carried them down after the newly-married couple. One of them he got introduced into the family, in the capacity of a groom, and by his means acquainted the lady with his design, and the measures he proposed to take; to all which she yielded a ready compliance.

"When all things were prepared, she rode out on the day appointed, under pretence of airing, attended only by her groom, who brought her to the sea-side, when she was handed into a boat, and carried into a vessel that lay ready for the purpose. As soon as Machin had got his treasure on board, he, with his associates, immediately set sail, and got out of pursuit, intending for France; but being ignorant of the sea, and the wind blowing hard, they missed their port, and the next morning found themselves in the middle of the ocean. In this miserable condition they were tossed about at the mercy of the waves, without a pilot, for thirteen days; at the end of which they chanced at day-break to descry something very near them, that looked like land, which, as the sun rose, they could distinctly discern to be such, being covered with trees. They were no less surprised with several unknown birds, that

off land, and perched upon the masts and rigging, without the least sign of fear.

"As soon as they could get the boat out, some of them went to search the coast, who, returning with a good report of the place, though uninhabited, were long before our adventurer, attended by his best friends, carried his mistress on shore, leaving the rest to take possession of the ship. The country, upon their landing, appeared agreeably diversified with hills and valleys; the first thickly shaded with a variety of unknown trees, the latter enriched with cooling rivulets of fresh water. Several wild beasts were about them, without offering them any violence. Thus encouraged, they marched further into the land, and presently came to an opening, encircled with a border of laurels, watered by a small rivulet, which, in a very fine bed of sand, ran through it from the mountains. Here, also, upon an eminence, they found a most beautiful tree, whose shade inviting them they concluded to take up their abode for a while at least, and accordingly, with boughs, built themselves huts. In this place they passed their time very agreeably, making further discoveries of the country, and admiring its productions; but their happiness was of short duration, for three days after it blew a storm, at North-East, which, driving the ship from her anchor, threw her upon the coast of Morocco, where suffering shipwreck, all the company were taken for slaves by the Moors, and sent to prison.

"Next morning those on land missing the ship, concluded she had foundered. This new calamity drove them all to despair, and so much affected the lady, that she did not long survive it; the ill success of their first setting out had sunk her spirits, and she continually fed her grief by sad presages of the enterprise ending in a tragical catastrophe. But the shock of this last disaster struck her dumb, and she expired three days after.

"This loss was too great for her lover to survive; he died within five days, notwithstanding all his companions could do to comfort him; begging them at his death to place his body in the same grave with her, at the foot of an altar they had erected under the beautiful lofty tree above-mentioned. They afterwards raised a large wooden monument upon it, and placed there an inscription by Robert himself, which contained a succinct account of this whole adventure, and concluded with a prayer to Christians, if they should come there to settle, to build a church in that place to Jesus the Saviour.

"Thus deprived of their leader, the rest immediately prepared to depart, and fitting out the boat, set sail, intending for England; but happening to take the same route their companions had been forced upon, unfortunately arrived on the same coast, and accordingly met with the like fate, being carried to the same prison."

Note 50, page 17, col. 2.

Antonio's faithful, gentle, generous love, &c.

As a contrast to the character of the ignorant and haughty grandee of Portugal, who suffered Camoens to starve, it is with pride an Englishman reflects, that the fairest monument to the memory of the unfortunate bard has been raised by a British nobleman. I need not say, I mean the amiable and accomplished Lord Strangford, whose beautiful translation of Camoens' smaller poems evince congenial delicacy of sentiment, command of language, and purity of taste. From

his preface I extract the interesting account of Antonio:

« One friend alone remained to smooth his downward path, and guide his steps to the grave, with gentleness and consolation. It ■ Antonio, his slave, ■ native of Java, who had accompanied Camoens to Europe, after having rescued him from the waves, when shipwrecked ■ the mouth of the Mecon. This faithful attendant ■ ■ ■ seek alms throughout Lishon, and ■ night shared the produce of the day with his poor and broken-hearted master. Blessed, for ever blessed, be the memory of this amiable Indian! But his friendship ■ employed in vain; Camoens sunk beneath the pressure of penury and disease, and died in ■ alms-house early in the year 1579. ■ was buried in the church of ■ Anne of the Franciscans. Over his grave Goncalo Coutinho placed the following inscription, which, for comprehensive simplicity, the translator ventures to prefer ■ almost any production of ■ similar kind:

■■■■■■■■■■ LUIS DE CAMOENS,
■■ EXCELLED ALL ■■■■ OF ■■ AGE.
■■ LIVED POOR AND MISERABLE;
■■ ■■ DIED SO.

Note 51, page 17, col. 2.

The needle veers, etc.

« When he had sailed fifty leagues further Westward, on the 13th of December he found at night-fall the needle varied half a point toward the North-East, and at day-break half a point more; by which he understood that the needle did not point at the North star, but at some other fixed and visible point. This variation no man had observed before, and therefore he had occasion to be surprised at it,» etc.—*Description of the Discovery of the West Indies.*

Note 52, page 18, col. 1.

The great truths, etc.

I trust I need not make any apology for occasionally varying, for the sake of poetical effect, from the strict historical account. Columbus ■ the light at ten o'clock ■ night, and calls two persons into the cabin to witness it. The reflection concerning the light of religious truth was his own. Alas! how little his bloody followers seemed to have considered this. The following is the literal account:

« About ten o'clock ■ night, ■ the Admiral ■ in the great cabin, he ■ ■ light on shore, but said it ■ so blind he could not affirm it ■ he land; though he called up one Peter Gutierrez, and bid him observe whether he ■ the ■ light? Who said he did. But presently after they called one Roderick Sanches, of Segovia, to look that way, but he could not ■ it; nor did they see it afterwards above once ■ twice, which made them judge it might be a candle or torch belonging ■ some fisherman or traveller, etc.

■ Being now very much upon their guard, they still held on, till ■ in the morning, the Pinta being far a-head gave signal of the land, which ■ first discovered by ■ sailor, whose ■ ■ Roderick de Triana, ■ leagues from shore: but the reward was given to the Admiral, who first ■ the light in the midst of darkness, signifying the spiritual light he was

then spreading in those dark regions.»—*Account of the West Indies.*

Note 53, ■ 18, col. 2.

Baccaboer.

See the account of the cruelties and depredations of the « Free-booters» (as they were called) ■ the west- ■ coast of America.

Note 54, page 13, col. 2.

Lurid mine.

Forty or fifty thousand slaves ■ annually imported from Africa, to work in the mines of Brazil.

Note 55, page 19, col. 1.

Is cast on some deserted rock.

See the account of four sailors left ■ the coast of South America, in Byron's Narrative. We ■ particularly struck with the circumstance of their *cheering* their late companions (from whom they were parted, never to meet in this world) ■ they slowly passed along the mountains of the inhospitable coast, such ■ immense distance from their country, and without hopes of meeting ■ again the habitations of civilized man.

« Having lost the yawl, and being too many for the barge to carry off, ■ were compelled to leave *four* of our men behind. They were all marines, who seemed to have no great objection to the determination made with regard to them, so exceedingly worn-out and disheartened were they with the distresses and dangers they had already gone through. And, indeed, I believe, it would be a matter of indifference to the greatest part of the rest whether they should embark ■ take their chance. The captain distributed to these poor fellows, arms, ammunition, and some other necessaries. When we parted, they stood upon the beach, giving ■ three cheers, and crying out, *God bless the King.*

« We saw them a little after setting out upon their *forlorn hope*, and helping ■ another over a hideous tract of rocks: but considering the difficulties attending this only way of travelling left them; for the woods are impracticable, from their thickness, and the deep swamps every where to be met in them; considering too, that the coast here is rendered so inhospitable, by the heavy seas that ■ constantly tumbling upon it, ■ not to afford a *little shell-fish*; it is probable they all met with a miserable end!»—*Byron's Narrative.*

There is another striking sketch in HARRIS's *Journal*: « When the spring advanced, the Esquimaux went to the continent; ■ their visiting Marble Island again, in the summer of 1722, they only found five of the English alive, the remains of ■ crew shipwrecked there two years before, under Mr Knight, aged 80: three died in a few days, and the other two, though very weak, made shift to bury them. The two survived *many days after the rest*, and frequently went to the top of ■ adjacent rock, and earnestly looked ■ the South and East, as if in expectation of ■ vessel coming to their relief. After continuing there ■ ■ siderable time, and nothing appearing in sight, they sat down close together, and wept bitterly. At length one of the two died, and the other's strength ■ so far exhausted, that he ■ down and died also in attempting ■ dig a grave for his companion.»—*Introduction to HARRIS's Journal from Hudson's Bay.*

« P. S. The skulls, and other large bones, of these two

men, are now lying above-ground close to the house."
—HEARNE, 1769.

Note 56, page 19, col. 1.

Greenland's snows.

In Churchill's collection of voyages there is a most affecting narrative of the men who were left to perish in Greenland. I should wish to quote part of it, as the book is in few hands, but have it not by me. I would particularly point out ■■■ simple and touching verses left by one of the men, relating their melancholy fate.

Note 57, page 19, col. 2.

Peyrouse.

A circumstance has been lately related in the papers of ■■■ of the Astronomers who went out with Peyrouse, having been found on an island, where he had dragged on a miserable and solitary existence for nine years.

Note 58, page 19, col. 2.

Cook.

The mournful fate of this great and self-instructed navigator; the numerous advantages resulting from his extensive surveys; the accessions to knowledge; and the alleviations of the hardships of a sea-life derived from his humanity and care; ■■■ too well know ■■■ be enlarged on.

Note 59, page 19, col. 2.

Continents of either world.

The proximity of the great continents Asia and America ■■■ each other was long problematical. Salmon *acutely* observes, « that some merry map-makers have ■■■ placed them.» But it happens the merry map-makers were right, and the sage Salmon in the wrong. Mr Coxe, in his valuable account of the Russian discoveries, informs us, that « the first project for making discoveries, in that tempestuous sea, which lies between Kamtschatka and America, was conceived and planned by Peter I.» The survey was completed by Cook, Clerke, and King.

Note 60, page 19, col. 1.

How man, from one great Father sprang, his ■■■
Spread ■■■ that sever'd continent.

Every accession of knowledge from the East, and from the West, tends ■■■ confirm the Mosaic history. The

Gentoo account of the deluge has been seen in Book III. The tradition of the Chapewyans, a numerous tribe on the north-west ■■■ of America, respecting the origin of the world, and the remote country from whence they came, is too singular to be omitted:—

« They believe, that at first the globe was one *vast and entire ocean*, inhabited by ■■■ living creature except a mighty Bird, whose eyes were fire, whose glances were lightning, and the clapping of whose wings were thunder. On his descent to the ocean, and touching it, the earth instantly rose, and remained on the surface of the waters. This omnipotent bird then called forth all the variety of animals from the earth, etc.

« They have also a tradition among them, that they originally ■■■ from another country, inhabited by very wicked people, and had traversed ■■■ great lake, which ■■■ narrow, shallow, and full of islands, where they suffered great misery, it being always *winter*, with *ice and deep snow*. They believe, likewise, that in ancient times, their ancestors *lived* till their feet were worn ■■■ ■■■ walking, and their throats with eating. They describe a deluge, when the waters spread over the whole earth, except the highest mountains, on the tops of which they preserved themselves.» — MACKENZIE'S *Voyage from Montreal to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans*, p. 118.

The ■■■ careless reader cannot but be struck with the resemblance in this singular narrative to the Mosaic history. It evidently conveys an idea of the creation, preservation, and dispersion of man.

Note 61, page 20, col. 1.

Red Papacy.

I trust this expression will not give offence to any liberal-minded Catholic, many of whom I know and whose private characters I respect. They will lament, with me, the many unjust and merciless outrages which have taken place under the horrid banners of the Inquisition, inscribed with the profaned words,

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

Note 62, page 21, col. 1.

Self-devoted victim.

This horrid custom, which is so shocking to the imagination, it is hoped, will at last give way, ■■■ the blessings of wider knowledge and of Divine Truth, ■■■ extended over the East.

The Missionary; A POEM.

DEDICATION.

TO THE MOST ■■■

HENRY, MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, ETC. ETC.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHEN this poem appeared without ■■■ name, your Lordship ■■■ the first among those who favoured it with approbation.

Such testimony, and that of others, whose praise I might well be proud of, will be a consolation to me,

should it, now my ■■■ is avowed, have to encounter severer criticism; and in truth, flattering as its reception has been, I ■■■ not unconscious how many things are wanting to render it worthy of your Lordship's sanction, and the public eye.

But, whatever may be its fate, if it be gratifying to me ■■■ reflect ■■■ the testimony of such approbation as it has already received; I hope I may be allowed to say, without vanity, it must be much more so, to have the honour of liberal intercourse in private life with those who are ■■■ less illustrious for talent than station, and

are at the same time distinguished by every domestic and social virtue.

I have the honour to be, with unfeigned respect,
Your Lordship's most obliged, and faithful servant,
W. L. BOWLES.

BAEMHILL, June 5, 1815.

PREFACE.

THE circumstance on which this poem is founded, that a Spanish commander, with his army in South America, was destroyed by the Indians, in consequence of the treachery of his page, who was a native, and that only a priest was saved, is taken from history. The time is two months. The first four books are many days and nights. The rest of the time is taken up by the Spaniards' march, the assembly of warriors, etc.

The place, where the scene is laid, was selected, because South America has of late years received additional interest, and because the ground was at once new, poetical, and picturesque.

From old-fashioned feelings, perhaps, I have admitted some aerial agents, or what is called machinery. It is true the spirits cannot be said to accelerate or retard the events, but surely they may be allowed to show a sympathy with the fate of those, among whom poetical fancy has given them a prescriptive ideal existence. They may be farther excused, as relieving the narrative, and adding to the imagery.

The which induced me to publish this poem without a name, induced me also to attempt it in a versification which I have been least accustomed, which, to my ear, is most uncongenial, and which is, in itself, the most difficult. I mention this, that, if some passages should be found less harmonious, the candour of the reader might pardon them.

It may be proper to add, that the poem was written before the disastrous and disgraceful consequences which have followed the glorious career of our arms in Spain, an Epilogue, or kind of poetical Peroration, is now added, connecting the poem with its general political and religious moral, and the circumstances of the present age.

SCENE.—SOUTH AMERICA.

Characters.—Valdivia, commanding the Spanish armies—Lautaro, his page, a native of Chili—Anselmo, the Missionary—Indiana, his adopted daughter, wife of Lautaro—Zarinel, the wandering minstrel.

Indians.—Attacpac, father of Lautaro—Olola, his daughter, sister of Lautaro—Canpolican, chief of the Indians—Indian Warriors.

The chief event of the poem turns upon the conduct of Lautaro; but the Missionary acts so distinguished a part, and as the whole of the moral depends upon him, it was thought better to retain the title which was originally given to the poem.

THE MISSIONARY.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN o'er the Atlantic wild, rock'd by the blast,
Sad Lusitania's exiled Sovereign pass'd,
Reft of her pomp, from her paternal throne
Cast forth, and wandering in a clime unknown,
To seek a refuge in that distant shore,
That her country's legions dyed with gore;—
Sudden, methought, high-tow'ring o'er the flood,
Elesperian world! thy mighty Genius stood:
Where spread, from cape to cape, from bay to bay,
Serenely blue, the vast Pacific lay;
And the huge Cordilleras, to the skies,
With all their burning summits' seem'd to rise.

Then the stern Spirit spoke, and to his voice
The waves and woods replied—Mountains, rejoice!
Thou solitary sea, whose billows sweep
The margin of my forests, dark and deep,
Rejoice! the hour is come: the mortal blow,
That smote the golden shrines of Mexico,
In Europe is avenged! and thou, proud Spain,
Now hostile hosts insult thy own domain;
Now fate, vindictive, rolls, with reflux flood,
Back thy shores the tide of human blood,
Think of my murder'd millions! of the cries
That once I heard from all my kingdoms rise;
Of Famine's feeble plaint, of Slavery's tear;
Think, too, if Valour, Freedom, Fame, be dear,—
How my Antarctic sons,¹ undaunted, stood,
Exacting groan for groan, and blood for blood;
And shouted, (may the sounds be hail'd by thee!)
Tyrants, the virtuous and the brave are free!²

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

ONE DAY AND PART OF NIGHT.

Valley in the Andes—Old Indian Warrior—Loss of his Son and Daughter.

BENEATH aerial cliffs, and glittering snows,
The rush-roof of an aged Warrior rose,
Chief of the mountain tribes: high overhead,
The Andes, wild and desolate, were spread,
Where cold Sierras shot their icy spires,
And Chillan³ trail'd its smoke, and smould'ring fires.

A glen beneath—a lonely spot of rest—
Hung, discover'd, like an eagle's nest.

Summer in its prime;—the parrot-flocks
Darken'd the passing sunshine in the rocks;

¹ Range of volcanoes on the summits of the Andes.

² The natives of Chili, who were never subdued.

³ A volcano in Chili.

The chrysol¹ and purple butterfly,
Amid the clear blue light, wand'ring by;
The humming-bird, along the myrtle bowers,
With twinkling wing, is spinning o'er the flowers,
The woodpecker is heard with busy bill,
The mock-bird sings—and all beside is still.
And look! the cataract that bursts high,
As not to mar the deep tranquillity,
The tumult of its dashing fall suspends,
And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends,
Through whose illumined spray and sprinkling dews,
Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues.

Check'ring, with partial shade, the beams of noon,
And arching the grey rock with wild festoon,
Here, its gay net-work, and fantastic twine,
The purple cogul³ threads from pine to pine,
And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe,
Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath.
There through the trunks, with moss and lichens white,
The sunshine darts its interrupted light,
And, 'mid the cedar's darksome boughs, illumes,
With instant touch, the Lori's scarlet plumes.

So smiles the scene;—but can its smiles impart
Aught to console yon mourning Warrior's heart?
He heeds not now, when beautifully bright,
The humming-bird is circling in his sight;
Nor e'en, above his head, when air is still,
Hears the green woodpecker's resonating bill;
But gazing on the rocks and mountains wild,
Rock after rock, in glittering masses piled
To the volcano's cone, that shoots high
Grey smoke whose column stains the cloudless sky,
He cries, 'Oh! if thy spirit yet be fled
To the pale kingdoms of the shadowy dead,—
In yonder tract of purest light above,
Dear long-lost object of a father's love!
Dost thou abide? or like a shadow come,
Circling the scenes of thy remember'd home,
And passing with the breeze? or, in the beam
Of evening, light the desert mountain stream?
Or at deep midnight thine accents heard,
In the sad of that melodious bird,⁴

¹ The chrysol¹ is a insect, of which the young of Chili make necklaces.

² The parrot butterfly, peculiar to this part of America, the largest and brilliant of its kind—*Papilio poliochus*.

³ A most beautiful climbing plant. The vine is of the size of packthread: it climbs on the trees without attaching itself to them: when it reaches the top, it descends perpendicularly; and as it continues to grow, it extends itself from tree to tree, until it offers to the eye a confused tissue, exhibiting a resemblance to the rigging of a ship.—MOLINA.

⁴ But because I cannot describe all the American birds, which differ not a little from ours, not only in kind, but also in variety of colour, as rose-colour, red, violet, white, ash-colour, purple, etc.; I will in length describe one, which the Barbarians so observe and esteem, that they will not only not hurt them, but suffer them not to escape unrevenged who do them any wrong. It is of the figure of a pigeon, and of an ash-colour. The Tonoupinambaiti hear her more often in the night than in the day, with a mournful voice; and believe that it is sent from their friends and kindred unto them, and also declareth good luck; and especially, that it encourageth and admonisheth them to behave themselves valiantly in the against their enemies. Besides, they verily think, that if they rightly observe these divinations, it shall to pass that they should vanquish their enemies in this life, and after death their souls should fly beyond the mountains to their ancestors, perpetually dance there.

⁵ I chanced once to lodge in a village, named Upec by the

Which, as I listen with mysterious dread,
Brings tidings from my friends and fathers dead?

• Perhaps, beyond those summits, far away,
Thine eyes yet view the living light of day;
Sad, in the stranger's land, thou mayst sustain
A weary life of servitude and pain,
With wasted eye gaze the orient beam,
And think of these white rocks and torrent-stream,
Never hear the summer cocoa wave,
Or weep upon thy father's distant grave.*

Ye who have waked, and listen'd with a tear,
When cries confused, and clangours roll'd more near:
With murmur'd prayer, when Mercy stood aghast,
As War's black trump peal'd its terrific blast,
And o'er the wither'd earth the arm'd giant pass'd!
Ye, who his track with terror have pursued,
When some delightful land, all blood-imbrued
He swept; where silent is the champaign wide,
That echo'd to the pipe of yester-tide,
Save, when far off, the moonlight hills prolong
The last deep echoes of his parting gong;
Nor aught is seen, in the deserted spot
Where trail'd the smoke of many a peaceful cot,
Save livid corpses that unburied lie,
And conflagrations, reeking to the sky;—
Come listen, whilst the causes I relate
That bow'd the warrior to the storms of fate,
And left these smiling scenes forlorn and desolate.

■ other days, when, in his manly pride,
Two children for a father's fondness vied,—
Oft they essay'd, in mimic strife, to wield
His lance, or laughing peep'd behind his shield.
Oft in the sun, or the magnolia's shade,
Lightsome of heart as gay of look, they play'd,
Brother and sister. She, along the dew,
Blithe as the squirrel of the forest flew;
Blue rushes wreathed her head; her dark brown hair
Fell, gently lifted, on her bosom bare;
Her necklace shone, of sparkling insects made,
That flit, like specks of fire, from sun to shade;
Light was her form; a clasp of silver braced
The azure-dyed ichella¹ round her waist;
Her ankles rung with shells, as, unconfined,
She danced, and sung wild carols to the wind.
With snow-white teeth, and laughter in her eye,—
So, beautiful in youth, she bounded by.

Yet kindness sat upon her aspect bland,—
The tame Alpaca² stood and lick'd her hand;
She brought him gather'd moss, and loved to deck
With flow'ry twine his tall and stately neck,

Frenchman: there, in the night, I heard these birds, not singing, but making a lamentable noise. I saw the Barbarians most attentive, and being ignorant of the whole matter, reproved their folly. When I smiled a little upon a Frenchman standing by me, a certain old man, severely enough, restrained me with these words: 'Hold your peace, lest you hinder me who attentively hearken to the happy tidings of our ancestors. For as often as we hear these birds, so often also are we cheered, and our strength receiveth increase.'—CALLENDER'S Voyage.

¹ The ichella is a short cloak, of a greenish-blue colour, of wool, fastened before with a silver buckle.—MOLINA.

² The Alpaca is perhaps the most beautiful, gentle, and interesting of living animals: he was in London in 1812.

Whilst he with silent gratitude replies,
And bends to her ■■■ his large blue eyes.

These children danced together in the shade,
Or stretch'd their hands to ■■■ the rainbow fade;
Or sat and mock'd, with imitative glee,
The parroquet, that laugh'd from tree ■ tree;
Or through the forest's wildest solitude,
From glen to glen, the marmozet pursued;
And thought the light of parting day too short,
That call'd them, ling'ring, from their daily sport.

In that fair ■■■ of awak'ning life,
When dawning youth and childhood ■ at strife;
When on the verge of thought gay boyhood stands
Tiptoe, with glist'ning eye and outspread hands;
With airy look, and form and footsteps light,
And glossy locks, and features berry-bright,
And eye like the young eaglet's, to the ray
Of noon, unblenching, as he sails away;
A brede of sea-shells ■ his bosom strung,
A small stone hatchet o'er his shoulders slung,
With slender lance, and feathers, blue and red,
That, like the heron's ¹ crest, waved on his head,—
Buoyant with hope, and airiness, and joy,
Lautaro was the loveliest Indian boy:
Taught by his sire, ev'n now he drew the bow,
Or track'd the jagguar on the morning snow;
Startled the Condor, on the craggy height;
Then silent sat, and mark'd its upward flight,
Lessening in ether to a speck of white.

But when th' impassioned Chieftain spoke of war,
Smote his broad breast, or pointed to a scar,—
Spoke of the strangers of the distant main,
And the proud banners of insulting Spain,—
Of the barb'd horse and iron horseman spoke,
And his red Gods, that wrapt in rolling smoke,—
Roar'd from the guns,—the Boy, with still-drawn
breath,
Hung ■ the wond'rous tale, as mute ■ death;
Then raised his animated eyes, and cried,
« O let ■■ perish by my father's side! »

Once, when the moon, o'er Chillan's cloudless height,
Pour'd, far and wide, its soft and mildest light,
A predatory band of mailed ■■■
Burst ■ the stillness of the shelter'd glen;
They shouted « Death, » and shook their sabres high,
That shone terrific to the moonlight sky:
Where'er they rode, the valley and the hill
Echo'd the shrieks of death, till all again ■■ still.

The Warrior, ere he sunk in slumber deep,
Had kiss'd his son, soft-breathing in his sleep,
Where on ■ Llama's skin he lay, and said,
Placing his hand, with tears, upon his head,
« Aerial nymphs! ² that in the moonlight stray,
Oh, gentle spirits! here awhile delay;
Bless, ■ ye pass unseen, my sleeping boy,
Till blithe he wakes to daylight and to joy.

¹ Ardea cristata.

² Every warrior of Chili, according to Molina, has his attendant « nymph » or fairy—the belief of which is nearly similar to the popular and poetical idea of those beings in Europe.—Menken is the benevolent spirit.

■ the Great Spirit will, in future days
O'er the fall'n foe his hatchet he shall raise,
And, 'mid a grateful nation's high applause,
Avenge his violated country's cause! »

Now, ■■■ points of spears, and many a cone
Of moving helmets, in the moonlight shone,
As, clanking through the pass, the band of blood
Sprung, like hyenas, from the secret wood.
They rush—they seize their unresisting prey—
Ruthless they ■ the shrieking Boy away;
But, not, till gash'd by many a sabre wound,
The Father sunk, expiring, on the ground.
He waked, from the dark trance, to life and pain,
But ■■ his darling child again.

Sev'n ■■■ had fall'n, and sev'n green summers
pass'd,
Since here he heard that son's loved accents last.
Still his beloved daughter soothed his cares,
While time began to strew with white his hairs.
Oft ■ his painted feathers he unbound,
Or gazed upon his hatchet on the ground,
Musing with deep despair, nor strove to speak,
Light she approach'd, and climb'd to reach his cheek,
Held with both hands his forehead, then her head
Drew smiling back, and kiss'd the tear he shed.

But late, to grief and hopeless love ■ prey,
She left his side, and wander'd far away.
Now in this still and shelter'd glen, that smiled
Beneath the crags of precipices wild,
Wrapt in a stern yet sorrowful repose,
The Warrior half forgot his country's woes,—
Forgot how many, impotent to save,
Shed their best blood upon a father's grave;
How many, ■■ from wife and children, pine
In the dark ■■■ of the hopeless mine,
Never ■ see again the blessed morn—
Slaves in the lovely land where they were born;
How many, ■ sad sun-set, with a tear,
The distant ■■ of sullen cannons hear,
Whilst evening seems, ■ dies the sound, to throw
A deadlier stillness on a nation's woe!

So the dark Warrior, day succeeding day,
Wore in distemper'd thought the noons away;
And still, when weary evening came, he sigh'd,
« My son, my son! » or, with emotion, cried,
« When I descend to the cold grave alone,
Who shall be there to mourn for me?—Not one? »

The crimson orb of day, now west'ring flung
His beams, and o'er the vast Pacific hung;
When from afar a shrilling sound was heard,
And, hurrying o'er the dews, ■ Scout appear'd.
The starting Warrior knew the piercing tones,
The signal-call of war, from human bones.—
« What tidings? » with impatient look, he cried—
« Tidings of war, » the hurrying Scout replied;
Then the sharp pipe ³ with shriller summons blew,
And held the blood-red arrow high in view. ■

¹ I have taken ■ line from the conclusion of the celebrated speech of the old North-American warrior, Logan. « WHO IS THERE TO ■■ LOGAN? NOT ONE! »

² Their pipes of ■■ are made of the bones of their enemies, who have been sacrificed.

³ The way in which the warriors are summoned is something like

CHIEF.

« Where speed the foes?»

INDIAN.

« Along the southern main
Have pass'd the vultures of accursed Spain.»

CHIEF.

« Ruin pursue them on the distant flood,
And be their deadly portion—blood for blood!»

INDIAN.

« When, round and red, the ■■■■ shall next arise,
The chiefs attend the midnight sacrifice
In Encol's wood, where the great wizard dwells,
Who wakes the dead man with his thrilling spells;
Thee Ulmen¹ of the Mountains, they command
To lift the hatchet, for thy native land;
Whilst in dread circle, round the sere-wood smoke,
The mighty gods of vengeance they invoke;
And call the spirits of their fathers slain,
To nerve their lifted arm, and curse devoted Spain.»
So spake the Scout of War;—and o'er the dew,
Onward along the craggy valley, flew.

Then the stern Warrior sung his song of death—
And blew his conch, that all the glens beneath
Echo'd, and rushing from the hollow wood,
Soon at his side three hundred warriors stood.

WARRIOR.

« Children, who for his country dares to die?—
Three hundred brandish'd spears shone to the sky.—
« We perish, or we leave our country free;
Father, our blood for Chili and for thee!»
Their long, lank hair hung wild: with clashing sound,
They smote their shields, and stamp'd upon the ground!
The eagle, from his unapproach'd retreat,
Scared at their cries, has left his craggy seat.

« Enough!» the warrior cried, « retire to-night:—
Let the same spirit fire us in the fight,
That the proud Spaniard, 'mid his guards, may know
How dire it is to have one race his foe,
One poor, brave race, ■■■■ their loved country true,
Which all his glittering hosts shall ne'er subdue!»

The Mountain-chief essay'd his club to wield,
And shook the dust indignant from the shield.
Then spoke:—

« O Thou! that with thy ling'ring light
Dost warm the world, till all is hush'd in night;
I look upon thy parting beams, O Sun!
And say, 'Ev'n thus my course is almost run.' »

« When thou dost hide thy head, as in the grave,
And sink to glorious rest beneath the wave,
Dost thou, majestic in repose, retire,
Below the deep, to unknown worlds of fire?
Yet though thou sinkest, awful, in the main,
The shadowy moon comes forth, and all the train

the «running the cross» in Scotland, which is so beautifully described by Walter Scott. The scouts ■■■■ this occasion bear an ■■■■ bound with red fillets.

¹ Ulmen is the ■■■■ as Cacique, or chief.

Of stars, that shine with soft and silent light,
Making ■■■■ beautiful the brow of night.
Thus, when I sleep within the narrow bed,
The light of after-fame around shall spread;
The ■■■■ of distant Ocean, when they see
The grass-green heap beneath the mountain-tree,
And hear the leafy boughs at evening wave,
Shall pause and say, 'There sleep in dust the brave!'

« All earthly hopes my lonely heart have fled!
Stern Guacuba,¹ angel of the dead,
Who laughest when the brave in pangs expire,
Whose dwelling is beneath the central fire
Of yonder burning mountain; who hast pass'd
O'er my poor dwelling, and with one fell blast
Scatter'd my summer-leaves that cluster'd round,
And swept my fairest blossoms to the ground;
Angel of dire despair, O ■■■■ not nigh,
Nor ■■■■ thy red wings o'er me where I lie!
But thou! O mild and gentle spirit! stand,
Angel² of hope and peace, at my right hand,
(When blood-drops stagnate on my brow) and guide
My pathless voyage o'er the unknown tide,
To scenes of endless joy—to that fair isle,
Where bow'rs of bliss, and soft savannahs smile;
Where my forefathers oft the light renew,
And Spain's black visionary steeds pursue;
Where, ceased the struggles of all human pain,
I may behold thee—thee—my son, again.»

He spoke, and whilst at evening's glimmering close
The distant mist, like the grey ocean, rose,
With patriot sorrows swelling at his breast,
He sunk upon a jaguar's hide to rest.

'T was night—Remote on Caracalla's bay,
Valdivia's army, hush'd in slumber, lay.
Around the limits of the silent camp,
Alone was heard the steed's patrolling tramp
From line to line, whilst the fix'd centinel
Proclaim'd the watch of midnight—« All is well!»
Valdivia dreamt of millions yet untold,
Villica's gems, and El Dorado's gold!—
What different feelings, by the scene impress'd,
Rose, in sad tumult, o'er Lautaro's breast!

On the broad ocean, where the moonlight slept,
Thoughtful he turn'd his waking eyes, and wept,
And whilst the thronging forms of mem'ry start,
Thus holds communion with his lonely heart:—
« Land of my fathers! still I tread your shore,
And ■■■■ the shade of hours that are no more;
Whilst night-airs, like remember'd voices, sweep,
And murmur from the undulating deep.
Was it thy voice, my Father?—thou art dead—
The green rush waves on thy forsaken bed.
Was it thy voice, my Sister?—gentle maid,
Thou too, perhaps, in the dark cave art laid;
Perhaps, ev'n now thy spirit sees me stand,
A homeless stranger in my native land;
Perhaps, ev'n now, along the moonlight sea,
It bends from the blue cloud, rememb'ring me.

¹ Guacuba is the Evil Spirit of the Chilians.

² They have their evil and good spirits.

• Land of my Fathers! yet—O yet forgive,
That with thy deadly enemies I live.
The tenderest ties (it boots not to relate)
Have bound ■ to their service, and their fate;
Yet, whether on Peru's war-wasted plain,
Or visiting these sacred shores again,
Whate'er the struggles of this heart may be,
Land of my Fathers! it shall beat for thee!*

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

THE SECOND DAY.

Night-Spirit of the Andes — Valdivia — Lautaro — Missionary — The Hermitage.

THE night ■ still, and clear—when, o'er the snows,
Andes! thy melancholy Spirit rose,—
A shadow stern and sad: He stood alone,
Upon the topmost mountain's burning cone;
And whilst his eyes shone dim, through surging smoke,
Thus to the Spirits of the Fire he spoke:—

• Ye, who tread the hidden deeps,
Where the silent earthquake sleeps;
Ye, who track the sulph'rous tide,
Or on hissing vapours ride,—
Spirits, come!

• From worlds of subterraneous night;
From fiery realms of lurid light;
From the ore's unfathom'd bed;
From the lava's whirlpools red,—
Spirits, come!

• On Chili's foes rush with vindictive sway,
And sweep them from the light of living day!

• Hark! heard ye not the rav'nous brood?
They flap their wings, they scream for blood:—
On Peru's devoted shore
Their murderous beaks are red with gore:
Hither, impatient for new prey,
Th' insatiate vultures track their way!
Rise, Chili, rise! scatter the bands
That swept remote and peaceful lands!—
Let them perish! Vengeance cries—
Let them perish! Death replies.
Spirits, now your caves forsake!—
Hark! ten thousand warriors wake!—
Spirits, their high cause defend!—
From your caves ascend! ascend!*

As thus the vast terrific Phantom spoke,
The trembling mountain heaved with darker smoke;
Flashes of red and angry light appear'd,
And moans, and momentary shrieks were heard;
The cavern'd deeps shook through their vast profound,
And Chimborazo's height roll'd back the sound.

With lifted arm, and tow'ring stature high,
And aspect frowning to the middle sky

(Its misty form dilated in the wind),
The Phantom stood,—till, less and less defined,
Into thin air it faded from the sight,
Lost in the ambient haze of slow-returning light.
Its feathery-seeming crown,—its giant spear,—
Its limbs of huge proportion,—disappear;
And the bare mountains, to the dawn, disclose
The same long line of solitary snows.

The morning shines,—the military train,
In warlike muster on the tented plain,
Glitter, and cuirasses, and helms of steel,
Throw back the sun-beams, ■ the horsemen wheel:
Thus, with arms glancing to the eastern light,
Pass, in review, proud steeds and cohorts bright;
For all the host, by break of morrow grey,
Wind back their march to Penco's northern bay.
Valdivia, fearful lest confederate foes,
Ambush'd and dark, his progress might oppose,
Marshals, to-day, the whole collected force,—
File and artillery, cuirassier and horse:
Himself yet lingers ere he joins the train,
That move, in order'd march, along the plain,
While troops, and Indian slaves beneath his eye,
The labours of the rising city ply:
Wide glows the general toil—the mole extends,
The watch-tower o'er the desert surge ascends;
And battlements, and rising ramparts, shine
Above the ocean's blue and level line.

The sun ascended to meridian height,
And all the northern bastions shone in light;
With hoarse acclaim, the gong and trumpet rung,—
The Moorish slaves aloft their cymbals swung,—
When the proud victor, in triumphant state,
Rode forth, in arms, through the portcullis-gate.

With neck high-arching, ■ he smote the ground,—
And restless pawing to the trumpet's sound,—
With mantling mane, o'er his broad shoulders spread,—
And nostrils blowing, and dilated red,—
The coal-black steed, in rich caparison
Far-trailing to the ground, went proudly on:
Proudly he tramp'd, as conscious of his charge,—
And turn'd around his eye-balls, bright and large,
And shook the frothy boss, as in disdain;
And toss'd the flakes, indignant, of his mane;
And, with high-swelling veins, exulting pressed
Proudly against the barb his heaving breast.

The fate of empires glowing in his thought,—
Thus arm'd, the tented field Valdivia sought.
On the left side his poised shield he bore,
With quaint devices richly blazon'd o'er;
Above the plumes, upon his helmet's cone,
Castile's imperial crest illustrious shone;
Blue in the wind th' escutcheon'd mantle flow'd,
O'er the chain'd mail, which tinkled ■ he rode.
The barred visor raised, you might discern
His clime-changed² countenance, though pale yet stern,
And resolute as death,—whilst, in his eye
Sat proud Assurance, Fame and Victory.

Lautaro, now in manhood's rising pride,
Rode, with a lance, attendant, at his side,

* The city Valdivia.

² He had served in the wars of Italy.

In Spanish mantle gracefully array'd :
 Upon his brow a tuft of feathers play'd :
 His glossy locks, with dark and mantling grace,
 Shaded the noon-day sun-beams on his face.
 Though pass'd in tears the day-spring of his youth,
 Valdivia loved his gratitude and truth :
 He in Valdivia, own'd a nobler friend ;
 Kind to protect, and mighty to defend.
 So, on he rode : upon his youthful mien
 A mild but sad intelligence ■ seen :
 Courage was on his open brow, yet Care
 Seem'd like ■ wand'ring shade, ■ linger there ;
 And though his eye shone, as the eagle's bright,
 ■ beam'd with humid, melancholy light.

When ■ Valdivia ■ th' embattled line,
 Helmets, and swords, and shields, and matchlocks, shine,
 Now the long phalanx still and steady stand,
 Fix'd every eye, and motionless each hand,—
 Then slowly-clustering, into columns wheel,
 Each with the red-cross banners of Castile ;—
 While trumps, and drums, and cymbals to his ear,
 Made music such ■ soldiers love ■ hear,
 While horsemen check'd their steeds,—or, bending low,
 With levell'd lances, o'er the saddle-bow,
 Rode gallantly at tilt,—and thunders broke,
 Instant involving ■ and rear in smoke.
 Till winds th' obscuring volume roll'd away,
 And the red file, stretch'd out in long array,
 More radiant moved beneath the beams of day,
 While ensigns, arms, and crosses, glitter'd bright,—
 « Philip ! »¹ he cried, « seest thou the glorious sight,
 And dost thou deem the tribes of this poor land
 Can men, and arms, and steeds, like these, withstand ? »

« Forgive ! »—the Youth replied, and check'd a tear,—
 « The land where my forefathers sleep is dear !—
 My native land !—this spot of blessed earth,
 The ■ where I, and all I love, had birth !—
 What gratitude, fidelity can give,
 ■ yours, my Lord !—you shielded—bade ■ live,
 When, in ■ circuit of the world so wide,
 I had but one, one only friend beside.
 I bow'd—resign'd ■ Fate ; I kiss'd the hand,
 ■ with the hot blood of ■ Father's land ! »
 But mighty as thou art, Valdivia, know,
 Though Cortez' desolating march laid low
 The shrines of rich, voluptuous Mexico,—
 With carcasses, though proud Pizarro strew
 The Sun's imperial temple in Peru,—
 Yet the rude dwellers of this land ■ brave,
 And the last spot they lose, will be their grave ! »

A moment's crimson cross'd Valdivia's cheek—
 Then o'er the plain he spur'd, nor deign'd to speak,
 Waving the youth, ■ distance, to retire :
 None ■ the eye that shot terrific fire :—
 As their commander sternly rode along,
 Troop after troop, halted the martial throng ;
 And all the pennon'd trumps a louder blast
 Blew, ■ the Southern World's great victor pass'd.

Lautaro turn'd, ■ heeding, from the view,
 And from the noise of trumps and drums withdrew ;

¹ Lautaro had been baptized by that name.

² Valdivia had before been in Chili.

And now, while troubled thoughts his bosom swell,
 ■ the grey Missionary's humble cell.

Fronting the ocean, but beyond the ken
 Of public view, and sounds of murm'ring men,—
 Of unbewn roots composed, and knarled wood,
 A small and rustic Oratory stood :
 Upon ■ roof of reeds appear'd a cross,
 The porch within ■ lined with mantling moss ;
 A crucifix and hour-glass, on each side—
 One ■ admonish seem'd and One ■ guide ;
 This, ■ impress how soon life's race is o'er ;
 And that, to lift our hopes where time shall be ■ more.
 O'er the rude porch, with wild and gadding stray,
 The clust'ring copu weaved its trellis gay :
 Two mossy pines, high bending, interwove
 Their aged and fantastic ■ above.
 In front, amid the gay surrounding flowers,
 A dial counted the departing hours,
 On which the sweetest light of ■ shone,—
 A rude and brief inscription mark'd the stone :—

« To count, with passing shade, the hours,
 I placed the dial 'mid the flowers ;
 That, ■ by one, came forth, and died,
 Blooming, and with'ring, round its side.
 Mortal, let the sight impart
 Its pensive moral to thy heart ! »

Just heard to trickle through a covert near,
 And soothing, with perpetual lapse, the ear,
 A fount, like rain-drops, filter'd through the stone,—
 And, bright as amber, on the shallows shone.
 Intent his fairy pastime ■ pursue,
 And, gem-like, hovering o'er the violets blue,
 The humming-bird, here, its unceasing song
 Heedlessly murmur'd, all the summer long,
 And when the winter came, retired to rest,
 And from the myrtles hung its trembling nest.
 No sounds of a conflicting world were near ;
 The noise of ocean faintly met the ear,
 That seem'd, as sunk ■ rest the noon-tide blast,
 But dying sounds of passions that were past ;
 Or closing anthems, when, far off, expire
 The lessening echoes of the distant choir.

Here, every human sorrow hush'd ■ rest,
 ■ pale hands meekly cross'd upon his breast,
 Anselmo sat : the sun, with west'ring ray,
 Just touch'd his temples, and his locks of grey.
 There was no worldly feeling in his eye ;—
 The world to him ■ as a thing gone by.

Now, all his features lit, he raised his look,
 Then bent it thoughtful, and unclasp'd the book ;
 And whilst the hour-glass shed its silent sand,
 A ■ opossum lick'd his wither'd hand.
 That sweetest light of slow-declining day,
 Which through the trellis pour'd its slanting ray,
 Resting ■ moment on his few grey hairs,
 Seem'd light from heaven ■ down to bless his prayers.

When the trump echo'd to the quiet spot,
 ■ thought upon the world, but mourn'd it not ;

¹ A small and beautiful species, which is domesticated.

Enough if his meek wisdom could control,
And bend to mercy, one proud soldier's soul;
Enough, if while these distant [] he trod,
[] led one erring Indian [] his God.

«Whence comes my son [] with kind complacent look
He ask'd, and closed again the embossed book.

«I come to thee for peace!» the Youth replied.
«Oh! there is strife, and cruelty, and pride,
In this sad Christian world; my native land
Was happy, [] the soldier, with his hand,
Of fell destroyers, like a vulture, came,
And gave the peaceful [] to blood and flame.
When will the turmoil of Earth's tempests cease?
Father, I come to thee for peace—for peace!»

«Seek peace,» the Father cried, «with God above:
In his good time, all will be peace and love.

«We mourn, indeed, that grief, and toil, and strife,
Send [] deep murmur from the walks of life,
That yonder Sun, when Evening paints the sky,
Sinks, besetuous, on [] world of misery;
The [] of wide destruction to withstand
We lift our feeble voice—our trembling hand;
But still, how'd low, or smitten to the dust,
Father of mercy! still in thee we trust!
Through good or ill, in poverty or wealth,—
In joy or woe, in sickness or in health,—
Meek Piety thy awful hand surveys,
And the faint [] turns to prayer and praise!
We know—whatever evils we deplore—
'Thou hast permitted, and we know no more!
Behold, illustrious on the subject plain,
Some tower'd city of imperial Spain!
Hark! 't [] the earthquake! clouds of dust alone
Ascend from earth, where tower and temple shone.

«Such is the conqueror's dread path: the grave
Yawns for its millions where his banners wave;
But shall vain man, whose life is but a sigh,
With sullen acquiescence, gaze and die?
Alas, how little of the mighty maze
Of Providence, [] mortal ken surveys!
Heaven's awful Lord, pavilion'd in the clouds,
Looks through the darkness that all nature shrouds;
And, far beyond the tempest and the night,
Bids man his course hold on to [] of endless light.»

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

[] NIGHT OF THE SAME DAY.

Anselmo's Story—Converted Indians—Confession of the
Wandering Minstrel—Night-Scene.

ANSELMO'S TALK.

«COME,—for the sun yet hangs above the bay,—
And whilst our time may brook [] brief delay
With other thoughts,—and, haply, with [] tear,
An old man's tale of sorrow thou shalt hear.

¹ No part of [] world is so subject [] earthquakes [] Peru.

I wish'd [] reveal it—thoughts that dwell
Deep in the lonely bosom's inmost cell
Unnoticed, and unknown, too painful wake,
And like a tempest, the dark spirit shake,
When starting, from [] slumb'rous apathy,
We gaze upon the [] of days gone by.
Yet, if a moment's irritating flush,
Darkens thy cheek¹ as thoughts conflicting rush,
When I disclose my hidden griefs, the tale
May more than wisdom or reproof prevail.
Oh, may it teach thee, [] all trials cease,
To hold thy course, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
Still looking up [] Him, the soul's best stay,
Who Faith and Hope shall crown, when worlds are
swept away!

«Where fair Seville's² Morisco turrets gleam
On Guadalquivir's gently-stealing stream,
Whose silent waters, seaward as they glide,
Reflect the wild-rose thickets on its side,
My youth was pass'd.—Oh, days for ever gone!
How touch'd with Heaven's own light your mornings
shone!

«E'en now, when lonely and forlorn I bend,—
My weary journey hast'ning to its end,—
A drooping exile [] a distant shore,—
I [] the hours of youth that are no more.
The tender thought amid my prayers has part,
And steals, [] times, from heav'n my aged heart.

«Forgive the cause, O God!—forgive the tear
That flows, ev'n now, o'er Leonora's bier;
For, 'midst the innocent and lovely, none
More beautiful than Leonora shone.

«As by her widow'd mother's side she knelt,
A sad and sacred sympathy I felt.
At Easter-tide, when the high [] was sung,
And, fuming high, the silver censer swung,—
When rich-hued windows, from the arches' height,
Pour'd o'er the shrines a soft and yellow light,—
From aisle to aisle, amid the service clear,
When 'Adoremus' swell'd upon the ear—
(Such as to heav'n thy rapt attention drew
First in the Christian churches of Peru),
She seem'd, methought, some Spirit of the sky,
Descending to that holy harmony.

«Boots not [] say, when life and hope were new,
How by degrees the soul's first passion grew:
I loved her, and I won her virgin heart,
But Fortune whisper'd, We, awhile, [] part.

«The minster toll'd the middle hour of night
When waked to agony and wild affright,
I heard the words, words of appalling dread—
'The Holy Inquisition!'—from the bed
I started; snatch'd my dagger, and my cloak—
'Who dare [] me?'—none, in answer, spoke.—
The dæmons seized, in silence, on their prey,
And [] me from my dreams of bliss away.

¹ Indians of Chili are of the lightest class, called by [] «white Indians.»

² [] architects.

How frightful ■ their silence, and their shade,
In torch-light, ■ their victim they convey'd,—
By dark-inscribed, and massy-window'd walls,
Through the dim twilight of terrific halls;
(For thou hast heard me speak of that foul stain
Of pure religion, and the rites of Spain)—
Whilst the high windows shook to night's cold blast,
And echoed to the foot-fall ■ we pass'd!

They left me, faint and breathless with affright,
In ■ cold cell, to solitude and night;
Oh! think, what horror through the heart must thrill
When the last bolt ■ barr'd, and all ■ once was still.

Nor day nor night was here, but ■ deep gloom,
Sadder than darkness, wrapt the living tomb.
Some bread and water, nature to sustain,
Duly ■ brought when eve return'd again;
And thus I knew, hoping it ■ the last,
Another day of ling'ring life ■ pass'd.

Five years immured in the deep den of night,
I never ■ the sweet sun's blessed light.
Once as the grate, with sullen sound, was barr'd,
And ■ the bolts the inmost cavern jarr'd,—
Methought I heard, ■ clang'd the iron door,
A dull and hollow echo from the floor;
I stamp'd: the vault, and winding caves around
Return'd ■ long and melancholy sound.
With patient toil I raised a massy stone,
And look'd into a depth of shade unknown;
The murky twilight of the lurid place
Served me, at length, a secret way to trace.
I enter'd, step by step; explored the road,
In darkness, from my desolate abode;
Till, winding through long passages of night,
I saw, at distance, a dim streak of light:—
It was the sun—the bright, the blessed beam
Of day! I knelt—I wept—the glitt'ring stream
Roll'd soft beneath me, ■ I left the cave,
Conceal'd in woods above the winding wave.

I rested on a verdant bank awhile,
I saw around the ■ landscape smile.
I gain'd a peasant's hut; ■ dared to leave,
Till, with slow step, advanced the glimmering eve.
Remembering still affection's fondest hours,
I turn'd my footsteps to the city towers;—
In pilgrim's dress, I traced the streets unknown:
No light in Leonora's lattice shone.

The morning came; the busy tumult swells;
Knolling to church, I heard the minster bells:
Involuntary to that scene I stray'd,
Disguised, where first I saw my faithful maid.
I saw her, pallid, at the altar stand,
And yield, half-shrinking, her reluctant hand:
She turn'd her look—she ■ my hollow eyes,
And knew me,—wasted, wan, and in disguise;
She shriek'd, and fell—breathless, I left the fane
In agony—nor saw her form again;
And from that day—her voice, her look—was given—
Her name, her memory,—to the winds of heaven.

Far off I bent my melancholy way,
Heart-sick and faint, and, in this gown of grey,

From every human eye my sorrows hid,
Unknown, amidst the tumult of Madrid.
Grief in my heart, despair upon my look,
With no companion save my beads and book,
My morsel with Affliction's sons to share,
To tend the sick and poor, my only care—
Forgotten, thus I lived—till day by day
Had worn nigh thirteen years of grief away.

One winter's night, when I had closed my cell,
And bid the labours of the day farewell,
An aged crone approach'd, with panting breath—
She bade ■ hasten to the house of Death.

I came—with moving lips intent to pray,
A dying ■ on a pallet lay;
Her lifted hands were wasted to the bone,
And ghastly on her look the lamp-light shone;
Beside the bed ■ pious daughter stands
Silent—and, weeping, kisses her pale hands.

Feebly she spoke, and raised her languid head,
'Forgive, forgive!—they told me he was dead!—
But in the sunshine of that dreadful day,
That gave me to another's arms away,—
I saw him,—like a ghost, with deadly stare;—
I saw his wasted eye-balls' ghastly glare;
I saw his lips—(O hide them, God of love!)
I ■ his livid lips, half-muttering, move,
To curse the maid—forgetful of her vow:—
Perhaps he lives to curse—to curse me now!
'He lives to bless!' I cried; and, drawing nigh,
Held up the crucifix: Her heavy eye
She raised, and scarce pronounced—'Does he yet live?
Can he his lost, his dying child forgive?—
Will God forgive—the Lord who bled—will He?
Ah, no!—there is no mercy left for me!'

Words were in vain, and colours all too faint,
The awful moment of despair to paint.
She knew me—her exhausted breath, with pain,
Drawing, she press'd my hand, and spoke again.

'By a false guardian's cruel wiles deceived—
The tale of fraudulent falsehood I believed;—
And thought thee dead! he gave the stern command—
And bade ■ take the rich Antonio's hand.—
I knelt,—implored—embraced my guardian's knees—
Ruthless inquisitor! he held the keys
Of the dark torture-house. Trembling for life,—
Yes—I became a sad, heart-broken—wife!
Yet ■ me not!—of every human care
Already my full heart has had its share.
Abandon'd—left in youth ■ want and woe!
Oh! let these tears, that agonizing flow,
Witness how deep ev'n ■ my heart is rent:—
Yet one is lovely—one is innocent!
Protect—protect—(and faint in death she smiled)
When I am dead—protect—my orphan child!'

The dreadful prison, that so long detain'd
My wasting life, her dying words explain'd.
The wretched priest, who wounded me by stealth,
Barter'd her love, her innocence, for wealth.

Perhaps it may not be improper to mention, that Seville ■
the first place in Spain in which the inquisition ■ established, in
1481.

« I laid her bones in earth: the chanted hymn
Echo'd along the hollow cloister dim:
I heard, far off, the bell funereal toll,
And, sorrowing, said, 'Now peace be with her soul!'

« Far o'er the Western Ocean I convey'd,
And Indiana call'd—the orphan maid:
Beneath my eye she grew—and, day by day,
Seem'd, grateful, every kindness ■ repay.

« Renouncing Spain, her cruelties and crimes,
Amid untutor'd tribes, in distant climes,
'T was mine to spread the light of truth, or save
From stripes and torture the poor Indian slave.
I saw thee, young and innocent—alone,
Cast on the mercies of ■ race unknown;
I saw, in dark Adversity's cold hour,
Thy virtues blooming, like ■ winter's flow'r;
From chains and slavery I redeem'd thy youth,
Pour'd on thy sight the beams of heav'nly truth;
By thy warm heart and mild demeanour won,
Call'd thee my other child—my age's son.
I need not say the sequel—not unmoved
Poor Indiana heard thy tale, and loved—
Some sympathy ■ kindred fate might claim;
Your years, your fortunes, and your friend the same;
Both early of a parent's care bereft,
Both strangers in a world of sadness left,
I mark'd each slowly-struggling thought—I shed
A tear of love paternal on each head,
And, while I saw her timid eyes incline,
Bless'd the affection that has made her thine!

« Here let the murmurs of despondence cease:
There is a God—believe—and part in peace!»

Rich hues illumed the tract of parting day
As the great ■ sunk in the western bay,
And only its last light yet ling'ring shone,
Upon the highest palm-tree's feathery cone;
When at a distance, ■ the dewy plain,
In mingled group appear'd an Indian train—
Men, women, children, round Anselmo press,—
« Farewell!» they cried.—He raised his hand to bless,
And said, « My children, may the God above
Still lead you in the paths of peace and love:
To-morrow, and we part,—when I ■ gone,
Raise on this spot a cross, and place ■ stone,—
That tribes unborn may some memorial have—
(When I far off ■ mould'ring in the grave)—
Of that poor messenger, who tidings bore,
Of Gospel-mercy, to your distant shore.»

The crowd retired—along the twilight grey,
The Condor swept its solitary way,—
The fire-flies shone, when to the Hermit's cell
Who hastens but the minstrel Zarinel?
In foreign lands, far from his native home,
'T was his, a gay, romantic youth to roam,—
With a light cittern o'er his shoulders slung,
Where'er he pass'd he play'd, and loved, and sung;
And thus accomplish'd, late had join'd the train
Of gallant soldiers on the southern plain.—
« Father,» he cried, « uncertain of the fate
That may to-morrow's toilsome march await,—

For long will be the road,—I would confess
Some secret thoughts that on my bosom press!
They ■ of one I left—an Indian maid,
Whose trusting love my careless heart betray'd,
Say, may I speak?»

« Say on—» the father cried;
« Nor be to penitence all hope denied.»

« Then hear, Anselmo! From a very child
I loved all fancies marvellous and wild—
I turn'd from truth, to listen to the lore
Of many an old and fabling Troubadour.
Thus, with impassion'd heart, and wayward mind,
To dreams, and shapes of shadowy things resign'd,
I left my native vales, and village home,
Wide o'er the world ■ minstrel boy to ■

« I never shall forget the day—the hour,—
When, all my soul resign'd to fancy's power,
First, from the snowy Pyrenees, I cast
My labouring vision o'er the landscape vast,
And saw beneath my feet long vapours float,
Streams, mountains, woods, and ocean's mist remote.
My mountain-guide, ■ soldier, poor and old,
Who tales of Cortez and Balboa told,
Won my young ear, when pausing to survey
Th' Atlantic, white in sunshine far away,
He spoke of this new world,— rivers like seas,
Mountains to which the mighty Pyrenees
Were but ■ sand-hills—ancient forests rude,
In measureless extent of Solitude,
Stretching their wild and unknown world of shade!
Full blithe he then described the Indian maid—
Graceful and agile ■ the marmozet,
Whose eyes of radiance and whose locks of jet,
Though bow'd by want and age, he never could forget.

« My ardent fancy follow'd while he spoke
Of Lakes, Savannas, or the Cataract's smoke,
Or some strange tale of perilous wand'ring told,
By waters, through remotest regions roll'd:
How shone the woods with pomp of plumage gay,
And how the green bird mock'd and talk'd all day!

« Imagination thus, in colours new,
This distant world presented to my view—
Young, and enchanted with the fancied scene,
I cross'd the toiling seas that roar'd between,
And with ideal images impress'd,
Stood ■ these unknown shores, a wondering guest.

« Still to romantic fantasies resign'd,
I left Callao's crowded port behind,
And climb'd the mountains, which their shadow threw
Upon the lessening summits of Peru.
Some sheep, the armed peasants drove before,
That all ■ food, through the wild passes bore,
Had wander'd in the frost-smoke of the morn,
Far from the track—I blew the signal horn—
But echo only answer'd—'Mid the snows,
Wilder'd and lost, I saw the evening close.
The ■ was setting in the crimson west—
In all the earth I had no home of rest—
The last sad light upon the ice-hills shone—
I seem'd forsaken in a world unknown—

How did my cold and sinking heart rejoice,
 When! hark! methought I heard a human voice.
 It might be some wild Indian's roving troop,
 Or the dread echo of their distant whoop—
 Still it was human, and I seem'd to find
 Again some commerce with remote mankind.
 The voice is nearer, rising through the shade—
 Is it the song of a rude mountain-maid?
 And now I heard the tread of hast'ning feet,
 And, in the western glen, a llama bleat.
 I listen'd—all is still—but hark! again
 Near and more near it heard the welcome strain—
 It is a wild maid's carolling, who seeks
 Her wand'ring llama midst the snowy peaks.
 'Truant!' she cried, 'thy lurking place is found'—
 With languid touch I waked the cittern's sound,
 And soon a maid, by the pale light, I saw
 Gaze breathless with astonishment and awe—
 What instant terrors to her fancy rose!
 Ha! is it not the Spirit of the snows?
 But when she saw me, weary, cold, and weak,
 Stretch forth my hand—(for I could not speak)
 She pitied—raised me from the snows, and led
 My falt'ring footsteps to her father's shed—
 The llama followed with her tinkling bell—
 The dwelling rose within a craggy dell,—
 O'erhung with icy summits:—to be brief,
 She was the daughter of an aged Chief;
 He, by her gentle voice to pity won,
 Show'd mercy, for himself had lost a son.
 The father spoke not:—by the pine-wood blaze,
 The daughter stood—and turn'd a cake of maize.
 And then, as sudden shone the light, I saw
 Such features as no artist hand might draw.
 Her form, her face, her symmetry, her air—
 Father! thy age must such recital spare—
 She saved my life—and kindness, if not love,
 Might sure in time the coldest bosom move—
 Mine was not cold—she loved to hear me sing,
 And sometimes touch'd with playful hand the string—
 And when I waked some melancholy strain,
 She wept, and smiled—and bade me sing again;
 And sometimes on the turf inclined, I tried
 Her erring hand along the wires to guide;
 Then chiding, with a kiss, the rude essay,
 Taught her some broken saraband to play—
 Whilst the loud parrot, from the neighbouring tree,
 On laughing Echo call'd to join in glee.

• I built our hut of the wild-orange boughs,
 And pledged—oh! perjury—eternal vows!
 She raised her eyes with tenderness, and cried,
 'Shall poor Olola be the white man's bride?
 Yes! we will live—live and be happy here—
 When thou art sad, I will kiss off the tear:
 Thou shalt forget thy father's land, and
 A friend, a sister, and a child—in me.'
 So many a happy day, in this deep glen,
 Far from the noise of life, and sounds of men,
 Was pass'd! Nay! father, the sad sequel hear—
 'T now the leafy spring-time of the year—
 Ambition call'd me: True, I knew, to part,
 Would break her generous and her trusting heart—
 True, I had vow'd—but now estranged and cold,
 She my look, and shudder'd to behold—

She would go with me—leave the lonely glade
 Where she grew up, but my stern voice forbade—
 She hid her face and wept,—'Go then away,'
 (Father, methinks, ev'n now I hear her say)—
 'Go thy distant land—forget this tear—
 Forget these rocks,—forget I once was dear.—
 Fly to the world, o'er the wide ocean fly,
 And leave me unremember'd here to die!
 Yet to my father should I all relate,
 Death, instant death, would be a traitor's fate!'

« Nor Fear, nor Pity, moved my stubborn mind,
 I left her sorrows and the scene behind—
 I sought Valdivia on the southern plain,
 And join'd the careless military train—
 Oh! ere I sleep, thus, lowly on my knee,
 Father, I absolution crave from thee.»

Anselmo spoke with look and voice severe—
 « Yes! thoughtless youth, my absolution hear.
 First, by deep penitence the wrong atone,
 Then absolution ask from God alone!
 Yet stay, and to my warning voice attend—
 Oh, hear me as a father, and a friend!
 Let Truth severe be wayward Fancy's guide,
 Let stern-eyed Conscience o'er each thought preside—
 The passions, that on noblest natures prey,
 Oh! cast them, like corroding bonds, away!
 Disdain to act mean falsehood's coward part,
 And let religion dignify thine art.

« If, by thy bed, thou seest at midnight stand
 Pale Conscience, pointing, with terrific hand,
 To deeds of darkness done, whilst, like a corse,
 To shake thy soul, uprises dire Remorse—
 Fly, to God's mercy—fly, ere yet too late—
 Perhaps one hour marks thy eternal fate—
 Let the warm tear of deep contrition flow,
 The heart obdurate melt, like softening snow,
 The last vain follies of thy youth deplore,
 Then go—in secret weep—and sin no more!»

The stars innumerable in their watches shone—
 Anselmo knelt before the cross alone.
 Ten thousand glowing orbs their pomp display'd—
 Whilst, looking up, thus silently he pray'd:—
 « Oh! how oppressive to the aching sense,
 How fearful were this vast magnificence,
 This prodigality of glory, spread
 From world to world, above an emmet's head,
 That toil'd his transient hour upon the shore
 Of mortal life, and then was seen no more—
 A man beheld, on his terrific throne,
 A dark, cold, distant Deity, alone!
 Felt relating, no endearing tie,
 That hope might upwards raise her glist'ning eye,
 And think, with deep unutterable bliss,
 In yonder radiant realm my kingdom is!

« More glorious than those orbs that silent roll,
 Shines Heaven's redeeming mercy on the soul—
 Oh! pure effulgence of unbounded love!
 In thee, I think—I feel—I live—I move—
 Yet when—oh! thou, whose name is love, and light,—
 When will thy day-spring on these realms of night

Arise! Oh! when shall sever'd nations raise
One hallelujah of triumphant praise!

• Soon may thy kingdom come, that love, and peace,
And charity, may bid earth's chidings cease!
Meantime, in life or death, through good or ill,
Thy poor and feeble servant, I fulfil
As best I may, thy high and holy will,
Till, weary, on the world my lids I close,
And hasten to my long and last repose!*

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

Assembly of Indian Warriors—Caupolican, Ongolmo,
Teucapel—Mountain Chief—Song of the Indian
Wizard—White Woman and Child.

FAR in the centre of the deepest wood,
The assembled Fathers of their country stood.
'T ~~was~~ midnight now: the pine-wood fire burnt red,
And to the leaves a shadowy glimmer spread:
The struggling smoke, or flame with fitful glance,
Obscured, or show'd, some dreadful countenance;
And every warrior, as his club he rear'd,
With larger shadow, indistinct, appear'd;
While more terrific, his wild locks and mien,
And fierce eye through the quiv'ring smoke was seen.

In sea-wolf's skin, here Mariantu stood;
Gnash'd his white teeth, impatient, and cried, « Blood!»
His lofty brow with crimson feathers bound,
Here, brooding death, the huge Ongolmo frown'd;
And, like a giant of ~~the~~ earthly race,
To his broad shoulders heaved his ponderous ~~club~~
With lifted hatchet, as in act to fell,
Here stood the young and ardent Teucapel.

Like a lone cypress, stately in decay,
When Time has worn its summer boughs away,
And hung its trunk with moss and lichens sere,
The mountain-warrior rested on his spear.
And thus, ~~and~~ at this hour, a hundred chiefs,
Chosen avengers of their country's griefs;
Chiefs of the scatter'd tribes who roam the plain,
That sweeps from Andes to the western main,
Their country-gods around the coiling smoke,
With sacrifice, and silent pray'rs, invoke.
For all, at first, were silent ~~as~~ the dead;
The pine was heard ~~in~~ whisper o'er their head,
So stood the stern assembly: but apart,
Wrapt in the spirit of his fearful art,
Alone, to hollow sounds ~~of~~ hideous hum,*
The wizard-seer struck his prophetic drum.

Silent they stood—and watch'd, with anxious eyes,
What phantom-shape might from the ground arise:
No voices came—no spectre-form appear'd:
A hollow sound, but not of winds, was heard
Among the leaves, and distant thunder low,
Seem'd like the moans of ~~an~~ expiring foe.

His crimson feathers quiv'ring in the smoke,
Then, with loud voice, first Mariantu spoke:—

• Hail we the omen!—Spirits of the slain,
I hear your voices!—Mourn, devoted Spain!
Pale-visaged tyrants! still, along our coasts,
Shall ~~the~~ despairing mark your iron hosts?
Spirits of our brave fathers, curse the race
Who thus your name, your memory disgrace!
No: though yon mountain's everlasting snows
In vain Almagro's ¹ toilsome march oppose;
Though Atacama's long and wasteful plain
Be heap'd with black'ning carcasses in vain;
Though still fresh hosts those snowy summits scale,
And scare the llamas with their glittering mail;
Though sullen castles lour along ~~the~~ shore;
Though ~~the~~ polluted soil be drench'd with gore;
Insolent tyrants! We—prepared to die—
Your arms, your horses, and your gods, defy!

He spoke: the warriors stamp'd upon the ground,
And tore the feathers that their foreheads bound.
• Insolent tyrants! burst the general cry,
• We, met for vengeance!—We—prepared to die!—
Your arms, your horses, and your gods, defy!»

Then Teucapel, with warm emotion, cried,
• This hatchet never yet in blood was dyed!
May it be buried deep within my heart,
If living from the conflict I depart,
Till loud, from shore to shore, is heard one cry,
• See! in their gore where the last tyrants lie!»

The mountain-warrior—• Oh, that I could raise
The hatchet too, ~~in~~ in my better days,
When victor on Maypocha's banks I stood;
And while the indignant river roll'd in blood,
And our swift arrows hiss'd like rushing rain,
I cleft Almagro's iron helm in twain!
My strength is well nigh gone! years mark'd with woe
Have o'er ~~me~~ pass'd, and bow'd my spirit low!
Alas, I have no son! Beloved boy!
Thy father's last, best hope!—his pride!—his joy!
Oh, hadst thou lived—sole object of my prayers!—
To guard my waning life, and these grey hairs!
How bravely hadst thou now, in manhood's pride,
Swung the uplifted war-club on my side:
But the Great Spirit will'd not! Thou art gone;
And, weary, on this earth I walk alone:
Thankful if I may yield my latest breath,
And bless my country, in the pangs of death!»

With words deliber'ate, and uplifted hand,
Mild to persuade, yet dauntless to command,
Raising his hatchet high, Caupolican
Survey'd the assembled chiefs, and thus began:—

« Friends, Fathers, Brothers—dear and sacred names!
Your stern resolve each ardent look proclaims:
On then to conquest! Let one hope inspire,
One spirit animate—one vengeance fire.
Who doubts the glorious issue? To our foes
A tenfold strength and spirit we oppose:
In them no god protects his mortal sons,
Or speaks, in thunder, from their roaring guns;

* The first Spaniard who visited Chili. He entered it by the dreadful passage of the snows of the Andes; but afterwards the passage was attempted through the desert of Atacama.

Nor come they children of the radiant sky,
But, like the wounded snake, to writhe and die.
Then, rush resistless on their prostrate bands;
Snatch the red lightning from their feeble hands,
And swear to the great spirits, hovering near,—
Who now this awful invocation hear,—
That we will never see our household hearth
Till, like the dust, we sweep them from the earth.

« But vain our strength, that idly, in the fight,
Tumultuous wastes its ineffectual might,
Unless to One the hatchet we confide:
Let one our numbers, one our counsels guide.
And lo! for all that in this world is dear,
I raise this hatchet—raise it high, and swear
Never again to lay it down, till we,
And all who love this injured land, **ARE FREE.** »
At once the loud acclaim tumultuous ran:
« Our spears, our life-blood, for Caupolican!
With thee, for all that in this world is dear
We lift our hatchets—lift them high, and swear
Never again **■** lay them down, till we,
And all who love this injured land, **ARE FREE.** »

Then thus the chosen Chief: « Bring forth the slave,
And let the death-dance recreate the brave. »

Two warriors led a Spanish captive, bound
With thongs; his eyes were fix'd upon the ground.
Dark cypresses the mournful spot inclose:
High in the midst an ancient mound arose,
Mark'd **■** each side with monumental stones,
And white beneath with skulls and scatter'd bones:
Four poniards on the mound encircling stood,
With points erect, dark with forgotten blood.

Forthwith, with louder voice the chief commands,
« Bring forth the lots—unbind the captive's hands;
Then north, towards his country, turn his face,
And dig beneath his feet a narrow space. »

Caupolican uplifts his axe, and cries,
« Gods of **■** land, be yours this sacrifice!—
Now listen, warriors!—and forthwith commands
To place the billets in the captive's hands.
« Soldier, cast in the lot!— »

With looks aghast,
The captive in the trench a billet cast.

« Soldier, declare who leads the arms of Spain,
Where Santiago frowns upon the plain? »

CAPTIVE.

« Villagra! »—

WARRIOR.

« Earth upon the billet heap;
So may **■** tyrant's heart be buried deep!
The dark woods echo'd to the long acclaim,
« Accursed be his nation and his name! »

WARRIOR.

« Captive, declare who leads the Spanish bands,
Where the proud fortress shades Coquimbo's sands? »

CAPTIVE.

« Ocampo! »—

WARRIOR.

« Earth upon the billet heap;
So may a tyrant's heart be buried deep!
The dark woods echo'd to the long acclaim,
« Accursed be his nation and his name! »

WARRIOR.

« Cast in the lot. »

—Again, with looks aghast,
The captive in the trench a billet cast.
« Pronounce his name who here pollutes the plain,
The leader of the mailed hosts of Spain? »

CAPTIVE.

« Valdivia! »—

At that name a sudden cry
Burst forth, and every lance **■** lifted high.

WARRIOR.

« Valdivia!—Earth upon the billet heap;
So may a tyrant's heart be buried deep!
The dark woods echo'd to the long acclaim,
« Accursed be his nation and his name! »

And now loud yells and whoops of death resound;
The shudd'ring captive ghastly gazed around,
When the huge war-club smote him to the ground.
Again deep stillness hush'd the listening crowd,
While the prophetic wizard sang aloud.

SONG TO THE GOD OF WAR.

« By thy habitation dread,
In the valley of the dead,
Where no sun, nor day or night,
Breaks the red and dusky light;
By the grisly troops, that ride,
Of slaughter'd Spaniards, at thy side,—
Slaughter'd by the Indian spear,
Mighty Epananum,¹ hear!

« Hark, the battle!—Hark, the din!—
Now the deeds of Death begin!—
The Spaniards come, in clouds! above,
I hear their hoarse artillery move!
Spirits of our fathers slain,
Haste, pursue the dogs of Spain!
The noise was in the northern sky!
Haste, pursue! They fly—they fly!

« Now from the cavern's secret cell,
Where the direst phantoms dwell,—
See they rush,² and, riding high,
Break the moon-light as they fly;
And, **■** the shadow'd plain beneath,
Shoot, unseen, the shafts of Death!
O'er the devoted Spanish camp,
Like **■** vapour, dark and damp,
May they hover, till the plain
Is hid beneath the countless slain;
And none, but silent women, tread
From corse to corse, to seek the dead! »

¹ Name of the War-deity.

² Terrific imaginary beings, called « Man-animals, » that leave

The wav'ring fire flash'd with expiring light,
When shrill and hollow, through the cope of night,
A distant shout ■■■ heard; at intervals,
Increasing on the list'ning ear it falls.

It ceased; when, bursting from the thickest wood,
With lifted axe, two gloomy warriors stood:
Wan in the midst, with dark and streaming hair,
Blown by the winds upon her bosom bare,
A woman, faint from terror's wild alarms,
And folding ■ white infant in her arms,
Appear'd. Each warrior stoop'd his lance to gaze
On her pale looks, ■■ ghastlier through the blaze.

« Save ! » she exclaim'd, with harrow'd aspect wild;
« O save my innocent—my helpless child ! »
Then fainting fell, as from death's instant stroke.
Caupolican, with stern inquiry, spoke—
« Whence come, to interrupt our awful rite,
At this dread hour, the warriors of the night ? »

« From ocean. »

« Who is she who fainting lies,
And now scarce lifts her supplicating eyes ? »

« The Spanish ship went down : the seamen bore,
In a small boat, this woman to the shore :
They fell beneath our hatchets,—and again
We gave them back to the insulted main.
The child and woman—of a race we hate—
Warriors ! 't is yours here to decide their fate. »

« Vengeance ! » aloud, fierce Mariantu cried :
« Vengeance ! let Vengeance dire be satisfied !
Let none of hated Spanish blood remain,
Woman, or child, to violate our plain ! »

Amid that dark and bloody scene, the child
Stretch'd to the Mountain-chief his hands, and smiled.
A starting tear of pity dimm'd the eye
Of the old Warrior, though he knew not why.
« Oh ! think upon your little ones ! » he cried,
« Nor be compassion to the weak denied. »

Caupolican then fix'd his aspect mild
On the white ■■■ and her shrinking child,
Then firmly spoke :—

« White ■■■ ! we ■■■ free
When first thy brethren of the distant ■■■
Came to our shores ! White woman, turns the guilt,
Theirs, if the blood of innocence be spilt !
Yet blood we seek not, though our arms oppose
The hate of foreign and remorseless foes :
Thou camest here a captive—so abide,
Till the Great Spirit shall our cause decide. »
He spoke : the warriors of the night obey ;
And, ere the earliest streak of dawning day,
They led her from the scene of blood away.

« Render them back upon the insulted ■■■ »

COLERIDGE.

CANTO V.

ARGUMENT.

Ocean-Cave—Spanish Captive—Wild Indian Maid—
Genius of Andes, and Spirits.

'T is dawn :—the distant Andes' rocky spires,
One after one, have caught the orient fires.
Where the dun condor shoots his upward flight,
His wings are touch'd with momentary light.
Meantime, beneath the mountains' glittering heads,
A boundless ocean of grey vapour spreads,
That o'er the champaign, stretching far below,
Moves on, in cluster'd masses, rising slow,
Till all the living landscape is display'd
In various pomp of colour, light, and shade,—
Hills, forests, rivers, lakes, and level plain,
Less'ning in sunshine to the southern main.
The llama's fleece fumes with ascending dew ;
The gem-like humming-birds their toils renew ;
And see, where yonder stalks, in crimson pride,
The tall flamingo, by the river's side,
Stalks, in his richest plumage bright array'd,
With snowy neck superb,¹ and legs of lengthening
shade.

Sad maid ! for others may the valleys ring,
For other ears the birds of morning sing,
For other eyes the palms in beauty wave,
Dark is thy prison in the ocean-cave !

Amid that winding cavern's inmost shade
A dripping rill its ceaseless murmur made :
Masses of dim-discover'd crags aloof,
Hung, threatening, from the vast and vaulted roof ;
And through a fissure, in its glimmering height,
Seen like a star, appear'd the distant light ;
Beneath the opening, where the sun-beams shine,
Far down, the rock-weed hung its slender twine.

Here, pale and bound, the Spanish captive lay,
Till morn on morn, in silence, pass'd away ;
When once, as o'er her sleeping child she hung,
And sad her evening supplication sung,—
Like a small gem, amidst the gloom of night,
■ glow-worm shot its green and trembling light,—
And, 'mid the moss and craggy fragments, shed
Faint lustre, o'er her sleeping infant's head ;
And hark ! ■ voice—a woman's voice—its sound
Dies, in faint echoes, mid the vault profound :—

« Let ■ pity the poor white maid !²
She has ■ mother near !
No friend to dry her tear !
Upon the cold earth she is laid :
Let ■ pity the poor white maid ! »

It seem'd the burden of a song of woe ;
And mark, across the gloom an Indian girl move slow—
Her nearer look is sorrowful, yet mild—
Her hanging locks are wreathed with rock-weed wild—

¹ The neck of the flamingo is white, and its wings of rich and beautiful crimson.

² From Mungo Park.

Gently she spoke, « Sad Christian, dry thy tear—
Art thou afraid? all ■ not cruel here.
Oh! still more wretched may my portion be,
Stranger, if I could injure thine and thee!
And, lo! I bring, from banks and thickets wild,
Wood-strawberries, and honey for thy child.»

SPANISH WOMAN.

« Whence? Who art thou, who, in this fearful place,
Dost comfort speak to one of Spanish race?»

INDIAN.

« It is an Indian maid, who chanced to hear
Thy tale of sorrow, ■ she wander'd near—
I loved a white man once—but he is flown,
And now I wander heartless and alone.
I traced the dark and winding way beneath;
But well I know to lead thee hence were death.
Oh, say! what fortunes led thee o'er the wave,
On these sad shores ■ find, perhaps, ■ grave?»

SPANISH WOMAN.

« Three years have pass'd since a fond husband left
Me, and this infant, of his love bereft:
Him I have follow'd—need I tell thee more,
Cast helpless, friendless, hopeless, on this shore!»

INDIAN.

« Oh! did he love thee then? let death betide,
Yes, from this cavern I will be thy guide.
Nay, do not shrink! from Caracalla's bay,
Ev'n now, the Spaniards wind their march this way.
I heard, at night-fall as I paced the shore,
But yesterday their cannon's distant roar.
Wilt thou not follow? He will shield thy child.—
The Christian's God,—through passes dark and wild
■ will direct thy way! Come, follow me:
Oh! yet be loved, be happy—and be free!
But I an outcast ■ my native plain,
The lost Olola ne'er shall smile again! ■
■ guiding from the cave, when all was still,
And silent pointing to the farthest hill,
The Indian led, till, ■ Itata's side,
The Spanish camp and night-fires they descried:
Then on the stranger's neck that wild maid fell,
And said, « Thy own gods prosper thee!—farewell!»

The owl¹ is hooting over-head—below,
On dusky wing, the vampire-bat sails slow.
Ongolmo stood before the cave of night,
Where the great wizard sat:—a lurid light
Was ■ his face; twelve giant shadows frown'd,
His mute and dreadful ministers, around.
Each eye-ball, as in life, was seen to roll,
Each lip to move; but not ■ living soul
Was there, save bold Ongolmo and the seer.
The Warrior half advanced his lifted spear,
Then spoke—« Dread master of the secret lore!
Say, shall the Spaniards welter in their gore?»
« Let these mute ministers the answer tell »—
Replied the master of the mighty spell.
Then every giant-shadow, as it stood,
Lifted ■ high a skull that dropp'd with blood.
« Wizard, to what I ask do thou reply—
Say, shall I live, and spurn them ■ they die?»

¹ ■ owl is an object of peculiar dread to the Indian of ■

« T ■ silence. — « Speak! » he cried—no voice ■
there—

Earth moan'd, and hollow thunder shook the air.
'Tis pass'd—the Phantoms, with ■ shriek, are flown,
And the grim Warrior stands in the wild wood alone.

■ Pedro's church had rung its midnight chimes,
And the grey friars were chanting at their primes,
When winds, as of ■ rushing hurricane,
Shook the tall windows of the tower'd fane—
Sounds, more than earthly, with the storm arose,
And a dire troop are pass'd to Andes' snows,
Where mighty spirits in mysterious ring
Their dread prophetic incantations sing.
Round Chillan's crater-smoke, whose lurid light
Streams high against the hollow cope of night,
Thy genius, Andes, tow'ring o'er the rest,
Rose vast, and thus ■ spectre-shade address'd.

« Who comes ■ swift amid the storm?

Hail! I know thy bloodless form,
I know thee, Angel, who thou art,
By the hissing of thy dart!
'Tis Death, the king! the rocks around,
Hark! echo back the fearful sound—
'Tis Death, the king! away, away—
The famish'd vulture scents its prey—
Spectre, hence! we cannot die—
Thy with'ring weapons we defy;
Dire and potent as thou art!»

Then spoke the phantom of th' uplifted dart,—

« Spirits, who in darkness dwell,
I heard far off your secret spell!
Enough, on yonder fatal shore,
My fiends have drank your children's gore;
Lo! I come, and doom to fate
The murderers and the foe you hate!
Of all who shook their hostile spears,
And mark'd their way through blood and tears
(Now sleeping still on yonder plain)
But one—one only shall remain,
Ere thrice the ■ shall shine again.»

Then sung the mighty spirits. « Thee, » they sing,
« Hail to thee, Death! All hail, to Death the king.—
The battle and the noise is o'er—
The penguin flaps her wings in gore.

« Victor of the Southern world,
Whose crimson banners were unfurl'd
O'er the silence of the waves,—
O'er ■ land of bleeding slaves!
Stern soldier, where is now thy boast?
Thy iron steeds, thy mailed host?
Hark! hark! they are his latest cries!
Spirits, hence!—he dies! he dies!»

¹ I trust this poetical licence may be pardoned.

CANTO VI.

ARGUMENT.

The City of Conception—Castle—Lantaro—Wild Indian
Maid—Zarinel—Missionary.

THE second moon had now began to wane,
Since bold Valdivia left the southern plain—
Goal of his labours, Penco's port and bay,
Far gleaming to the summer sunset lay.

The way-worn veteran, who had slowly pass'd
Through trackless woods, or o'er savannas vast,
With hope impatient, ■■■ the city spires
Gild the horizon, like ascending fires.

Now well-known sounds salute him, ■■■ more near
The citadel and battlements appear!
The approaching trumpets ring, at intervals;
The trumpet answers from the rampart walls,
Where many ■■■ maiden casts an anxious eye,
Some long-lost object of her love to 'spy,
Or watches, ■■■ the evening light illumines
The points of lances, or the passing plumes.
The grating draw-bridge and the portal-arch
Now echo to the long battalion's march;
Whilst every eye some friend remember'd greets,
Amid the gazing crowd that throngs the streets.

As bending o'er his mule, amid the throng,
Pensive and pale, Anselmo rode along,—
How sacred, 'mid the noise of arms, appear'd
His venerable mien and snowy beard!

Whilst every heart a silent pray'r bestow'd,
Slow to the convent's massy gate he rode—
Around, the brothers, gratulating, stand,
And ask for tidings of the Southern land.

As from the turret tolls the vesper-bell,
He seeks, a weary man, his evening cell.
No sounds of social cheer, no beds of state,
Nor gorgeous canopies his coming wait;
But o'er a little bread, with folded hands,
Thanking the God that gave, awhile he stands;
Then, while all thoughts of earthly sorrow cease,
Upon his pallet lays him down in peace.

The scene how different, where the Castle-hall
Rings to the loud triumphant festival:
A hundred torches blaze, and flame aloof,—
Long quiv'ring shadows streak the vaulted roof,—
Whilst, seen far off, the illumined windows throw
A splendor on the shore and seas below.

Amid his captains, in imperial state,
Beneath ■■■ crimson canopy, elate,
Valdivia sits—while, striking loud the strings,
The wandering minstrel of Valentia sings.
• For Chili conquer'd, fill the bowl again!
For Chili conquer'd, raise the heroic strain!
• Bard, • cried Valdivia, • sleep is ■■■ thy lid!
Wake, minstrel!—sing the war-song of the Cid!¹

¹ Omitted in the Poem, as too much impeding the narrative.

Lantaro left the hall of jubilee
Unmark'd, and wander'd by the moon-light sea:
He heard far off, in dissonant acclaim,
The song, the shout, and his loved country's name.
As swell'd ■■■ times the trump's insulting sound,
He raised his eyes impatient from the ground;
Then ■■■ his breast indignantly, and cried,
• Chili! my country; would that I had died
On the sad night of that eventful day
When on the ground my murder'd father lay!
I should ■■■ then, dejected and alone,
Have thought I heard his injured spirit groan.
Ha! ■■■ it ■■■ his form—his face—his hair?
Hold, soldier! Stern, inhuman soldier, spare!
Ha! is it ■■■ his blood? • Avenge, • he cries,
• Avenge, my son, these wounds! • He faints—he dies.
Leave me, dread shadow! can I then forget
My father's look—his voice? he beckons yet!
Now on that glimmering rock I see him stand:
• Avenge! • he cries, and waves his dim-seen hand!
Thus mused the youth, distemper'd and forlorn,
When, hark! the sound as of a distant horn
Swells o'er the surge: he turn'd his look around,
And still, with many a pause, he heard the sound:
It came from yonder rocks; and, list! what strain
Breaks on the silence of the sleeping main?

« I heard the song of gladness:
It seem'd but yesterday,
But it turn'd my thoughts to madness,
So soon it died away!
I sound my sea-shell; but in vain I try
To bring back that enchanting harmony!
Hark! heard ye not the surges say,
Oh! wretched maid, what canst thou do?
O'er the moon-gleaming ocean, I'll wander away,
And paddle to Spain in my light canoe! »

The youth drew near, by the strange accents led,
Where in ■■■ cave, wild sea-weeds round her head,
And holding ■■■ large sea-couch in her hand,
He saw, with wild'ring air, an Indian maiden stand.
■■■ tattered Panco¹ o'er her shoulders hung;
On either side, her long black locks were flung;
And ■■■ by the moon's glimmer, he espies
Her high cheek-bones, and bright, but hollow, eyes.
Lantaro spoke: « Oh! say what cruel wrong
Weighs on thy heart? maiden, what bodes thy song? »
She answered not, but blew her shell again;
Then thus renew'd the desultory strain:
« Yes, yes, ■■■ must forget! the world is wide;
My music ■■■ shall be the dashing tide:—
In the calm of the deep I will frolic and swim—
With the breath of the South, o'er the sea-blossom,²
skim.

• Now listen—If ever you ■■■ with that youth,
Oh! do ■■■ his falsehood reprove,—
Nor say,—though, alas, you would say but the truth—
■■■ poor Olola died for love. »

¹ Indian cloak.

² The « sea-blossom, » *Holothuria*, known to ■■■ by the name of « Portuguese man of war, » is among the ■■■ striking and beautiful objects in the calms of the Southern ocean.

Lantaro stretch'd his hand—she said « adieu ! »
 And o'er the glimmering rocks like lightning flew.
 He follow'd, and still heard at distance swell
 The lessening echoes of that mournful shell.
 It ceased at once—and now he heard ———
 Than the sea's murmur dying on the shore.
 « Olola !—ha ! his sister had that name !
 Oh, horrid fancies ! shake not thus his frame. »
 All night he wander'd by the desert main,
 To catch the melancholy sounds again.

No torches blaze in Penco's castled hall
 That echoed to the midnight festival.
 The way-worn soldiers, by their toils oppress'd,
 Had now retired to silence and to rest.
 The minstrel only, who the song had sung
 Of the brave Cid, — o'er the strings he hung,
 Upon the instrument had fall'n asleep,
 Weary, and ——— hush'd in slumbers deep.
 Tracing the scenes long past, in busy dreams
 Again he wanders by his native streams ;
 Or sits, his evening saraband to sing
 To the clear Minho's gentle murmuring.—

Cold o'er the freckled clouds the morning broke
 Aslant ere from his slumbers he awoke :
 Still as he sat, nor yet had left the place,
 The first weak light fell on his pallid face.
 He wakes—he gazes round—the dawning day
 Comes from the deep, in garb of cloudy grey.
 The woods with crow of early turkeys ring,
 The glancing birds beneath the castle sing,
 And the sole — his rising orb displays,
 Radiant and redd'ning, through the scatter'd haze.

To recreate the languid sense awhile,
 When earth, and ocean, wore their sweetest smile,
 He wander'd — the beach : the early air
 Blew soft, and lifted, — it blew, his hair ;
 Flush'd was his cheek ; his faded eye, yet bright,
 Shone with a faint, but animated light,
 While the soft morning ray seem'd to bestow
 On his tired mind a transient kindred glow.
 Then the sad thought of young Olola rose,
 And the still glen beneath the mountain —
 « I will return, » he cried, « and whisper, Live !
 And say—(oh ! — I say ?) Forgive ! Forgive ! »
 As thus, with shadow stretching o'er the sand,
 He mused and wander'd — the winding strand,
 At distance, toss'd upon the fuming tide,
 A dark and floating substance he espied,
 He stood, and where the eddying surges beat,
 An Indian corse was roll'd beneath his feet :
 The hollow wave retired with sullen sound—
 The face of that sad corse was to the ground ;
 It seem'd — female, by the slender form ;
 He touch'd the hand—it was — longer warm :
 He turn'd its face—oh ! God, that eye, though dim,
 Seem'd with its deadly glare — fix'd — him.
 How sunk his shudd'ring sense, how changed his hue,
 When poor Olola in that corse he knew !
 Lantaro, rushing from the rocks, advanced ;
 His keen eye, like a startled eagle's, glanced :
 'Tis she !—he knew her by a mark impress'd
 From earliest infancy beneath her breast.

« Oh, my poor sister ! when all hopes were past
 Of meeting, do we meet—thus meet—at last ? »
 Then full on Zarinel, as one amazed,
 With rising wrath and stern suspicion gazed
 (For Zarinel still knelt upon the sand,
 And to his forehead press'd the dead maid's hand).
 « Speak ! whence art thou ? »

Pale Zarinel, his head
 Upraising, answered,

« Peace is with the dead !
 Him dost thou seek who injured thine and thee ?
 Here—strike the fell assassin—I am he ! »

« Die ! » he exclaim'd, and with convulsive start
 Instant had plunged the dagger in his heart,
 When the meek father, with his holy book,
 And placid aspect, met his frenzied look,—
 He trembled—struck his brow—and, turning round,
 Flung the uplifted dagger to the ground.
 Then murmur'd—« Father, Heav'n has heard thy
 pray'r—

But oh ! the sister of my soul—lies there !
 The Christian's God has triumph'd ! Father, heap
 Some earth upon her bones, whilst I go weep ! »
 Anselmo with calm brow approach'd the place,
 And hasten'd with his staff his falt'ring pace :
 « Ho ! child of guilt and wretchedness, » he cried,
 « Speak !— » « Holy father, » the sad youth replied,
 « God bade the seas th' accusing victim roll
 Dead at my feet, to teach my shudd'ring soul
 Its guilt : Oh ! father, holy father, pray
 That Heav'n may take the deep dire curse away. »

« Oh ! yet, » Anselmo cried, « live and repent,
 For not in vain was this dread warning sent—
 The deep reproaches of thy soul I spare,
 Go ! seek Heav'n's peace by penitence and pray'r. »

The youth arose, yet trembling from the shock,
 And sever'd from the dead maid's hair — lock—
 This to his heart with trembling hand he press'd,
 And dried the salt-sea moisture on his breast.

They laid her limbs within the sea-beat grave,
 And pray'd « Her soul, O blessed Mary, save ! »

CANTO VII.

ARGUMENT.

Midnight—Valdivia's Tent—Missionary—March to the
 Valley Arauca—First Sight of Assembled Indians.

THE watchman on the tower his bugle blew,
 And swelling to the morn the streamers flew,—
 The rampart-guns a dread alarm gave,
 Smoke roll'd, and thunder echo'd o'er the wave ;
 When, starting from his couch, Valdivia cried,
 « What tidings ? » « Of the tribes ! » a scout replied ;
 « Even now, prepared thy bulwarks to assail,
 Their gathering numbers darken all the vale ! »
 Valdivia call'd to the attendant youth,
 « Philip, » he cried, « belike thy words have truth ;
 The formidable host, by holy James,
 Might well appal our priests and city dames !

« Dost thou not fear?—Nay—dost thou **■** reply?
 Now by the rood, and all the saints **■** high,
 I hold it sin—that thou shouldst lift thy hand
 Against thy brothers in thy native land!
 But, as thou saidst, those mighty enemies
 Me and my feeble legions would despise,
 Yes, by our holy Lady, thou shalt ride,
 Spectator of their prowess, by my side!
 Come life, come death, our battle shall display
 Its ensigns to the earliest beam of day!
 With louder summons ring the rampart-bell,
 And haste the shriving Father from his cell—
 A soldier's heart rejoices in alarms:
 And let the trump at midnight sound to arms! »

And now, obedient to the chief's commands,
 The grey-hair'd priest before the soldier stands:—
 « Father, » Valdivia cried, « fierce are our foes,—
 The last event of war God only knows;—
 Let mass be sung.—Father, this very night
 I would attend the high and holy rite,
 Yet deem not that I doubt of victory,
 Or place defeat or death before mine eye,
 It blenches not! But, whatso'er befall,
 Good Father! I would part in peace with all.
 So, tell Lautaro—his ingenuous mind
 Perhaps may grieve, if late I seem'd unkind:—
 Hear my heart speak—though far from virtue's way
 Ambition's lure¹ hath led my steps astray,
 No wanton exercise of barbarous pow'r
 Harrows my shrinking conscience at this hour.

« If hasty passions oft my spirit fire,
 They flash **■** moment, and the next expire;
 Lautaro knows it.—There is somewhat more—
 I would not, here—here, on this distant shore
 (Should they, the Indian multitudes, prevail,
 And this good sword and these firm sinews fail)
 Amid my deadly enemies be found,
 Unhostled,² unabsolved, upon the ground,
 A dying man,—thy look, thy rev'rend age,
 Might save my poor remains from barb'rous rage;
 And thou mayest pay the last sad obsequies,
 O'er the heap'd earth where **■** brave soldier lies:—
 So God be with thee! »—

By the torches' light,
 The slow procession moves: the solemn rite
 Is chanted: through the aisles and arches dim,
 At intervals, is heard the imploring hymn.
 Now all is still, that only you might hear—
 (The tall and slender tapers burning clear,
 Whose light Anselmo's pallid brow illumed,
 Now glances on the mailed soldier's plumes)
 Hear, sounding far, only the iron tread,
 That echoed through the cloisters of the dead.

Dark clouds are wand'ring o'er the heav'n's wide way;
 Now from the camp, at times, a horse's neigh
 Breaks on the ear; and **■** the rampart's height
 The sentinel proclaims the middle watch of night.

¹ Shakespeare.

² It may be necessary to say here, that whenever **■** Spaniards founded **■** city, after the immediate walls of defence, their first object was to build **■** church, and **■** have, with as much pomp **■** possible, the ecclesiastical services performed. Hence the cathedrals founded by them, in America, were of transcendent beauty and magnificence.

By the dim taper's solitary ray,
 Tired, in his tent, the sovereign soldier lay.

Meantime, **■** shadowy dreams arise, he roams
 'Mid bright pavilions and imperial domes,
 Where terraces, and battlements, and towers,
 Glisten in air o'er rich romantic bowers.
 Sudden the visionary pomp is past,—
 The vacant court sounds to the moaning blast,
 A dismal vault appears,—where, with swollen eyes,
 As starting from their orbs, a dead man lies:
 It is Almagro's corse!¹—roll on, ye drums,
 Lo! where the great, the proud, Pizarro, comes!
 Her gold, her richest gems, let Fortune strew
 Before the mighty conqu'ror of Peru!
 Ah! turn and see—a dagger in his hand—
 With scowling brow—see the assassin stand!
 Pizarro falls!²—he welters in his gore!
 Lord of the western world, art thou no more!
 Valdivia, hark!—it was another groan!—
 Another shadow comes!—it is thy own!—
 Ah, bind not thus his arms!—give, give him breath!—
 Wipe from his bleeding brow those damps of death!

Valdivia, starting, woke:—he is alone:
 The taper in his tent yet dimly shone:
 « Lautaro, haste! » he cried; « Lautaro, save
 Thy dying master!—Ah! is this the brave,
 The haughty victor?—Hush, the dream is past!
 The early trumpets ring the second blast!
 Arm, arm!—Even now, th' impatient charger neighs!—
 Again, from tent to tent, the trumpet brays!
 By torch-light, then, Valdivia gave command,
 « Haste, let Del Oro take a chosen band,
 With watchful caution, **■** his fleetest steed,
 A troop observant **■** the heights to lead! »

Now beautiful, beneath the heav'n's grey arch,
 Appear'd the main battalion's moving march;
 The banner of the cross was borne before,
 And next, with aspect sad, and tresses hoar,
 The Holy man went thoughtfully, and prest
 A crucifix, in silence, to his breast.
 Valdivia, all in plated steel array'd,
 Upon whose crest the morn's effulgence play'd,
 Majestic rein'd his steed, and seem'd alone
 Worthy the southern world's imperial throne.
 His features through the barred casque that glow,
 His pole-axe, pendant from the saddle-bow;
 His steely armour, and the glitter bright
 Of his drawn sabre, in the orient light,
 Speak him not, now, for knightly tournament
 Array'd, but on emprise of prowess bent,
 And deeds of deadly strife: in blooming pride,
 The attendant youth rode, pensive, by his side.
 Their pennon'd lances, waving in the wind,
 Two hundred clanking horsemen tramp'd behind,
 In iron harness clad—the bugles blew,
 And high in air the sanguine ensigns flew.
 The arbalasters next with cross-bows slung,
 March'd, whilst the plumed Moors their cymbals swung.
 Auxiliar Indians here, **■** various train,
 With spears and bows, darken'd the distant plain.

¹ Almagro, who first penetrated into Chili, was afterwards strangled.

² Pizarro was assassinated.

Drums roll'd, and fifes re-echoed shrill and clear,
At intervals, ■ near and yet ■ near,
White flags and intermingled halberts shine,
The long battalion drew its passing line.
Last roll'd the heavy guns, a sable tier,
By Indians drawn, with match-men in the rear;
And many ■ straggling mule and sumpter train
Closed the embattled order on the plain,—
Till nought beneath the azure sky appears
But the projecting points of scarce-discover'd spears.

Slow up the hill, with floating vapours hoar,
Or by the blue lake's long-retiring shore,
Now seen distinct, through the departing haze,
The glittering file its banner'd length displays;
Now winding from the woods, again appears
The moving line of match-locks and of spears,
Part seen, part lost: The long illustrious march
Circling the swamp, now draws its various arch;
And seems, as on it moves, meandering slow,
A radiant segment of ■ living bow.

Five days the Spaniards, trooping in array,
O'er plains, and headlands, held their eastern way.
On the sixth early dawn, with shuddering awe,
And horror, in the last defile they saw,
Ten pendent heads, from which the gore still run,
All gash'd and grim, and blackening in the sun:
These were the gallant troop that pass'd before,
The Indians' vast encampment to explore,—
Led by Del Oro, now with many a wound
Pierced, and a headless trunk upon the ground.
The horses startled, as they tramp'd in blood;
The troops a moment half-recoiling stood.

But hoots not now to pause, or to retire;
Valdivia's eye flash'd with indignant fire:
"Onward! brave comrades, to the Pass!" he cried—
"Onward!" the impatient cuirassiers replied.

And now, up to the hill's ascending crest,
With animated look and beating breast,
He urged his steed—when, wide beneath his eye,
He saw, in long expanse, Arauco's valley lie.

Far ■ the labouring sight could stretch its glance,
One undulating mass of club and lance,—
One animated surface seem'd ■ fill
The many-stirring scene, from hill to hill:
To the deep mass he pointed with his sword,
"Banner, advance!" "Give out "Castile!" the word.

Instant the files advance—the trumpets bray.
And now the host, in terrible array,
Ranged on the heights that overlook the plain,
Has halted:—

But the task were long and vain
To say what nations, from the ■ that roar
Round Patagonia's melancholy shore;
From forests, brown with everlasting shades;
From rocks of sunshine, white with prone cascades;
From snowy summits where the llama roams,
Oft bending o'er the cataract as it foams;
From streams, whose bridges¹ tremble from the steep;

¹ Rude hanging bridges, constructed by the natives.

From lakes, in summer's sweetest light asleep;
Indians, of sullen brow and giant limb,
With clubs terrific, and with aspects grim,
Flock'd fearless.—

When they saw the Spanish line
Arranged, and front to front, descending shine,
Burst—instant burst, the universal cry—
(Ten thousand spears uplifted to the sky)
"Tyrants, ■ come to conquer or to die!"

Grim Mariantu led the Indian force
A-left; and, rushing to the foremost horse,
Hurl'd with unerring aim th' involving thong,—
Then fearless sprung amidst the mailed throng.

Valdivia saw the horse, entangled, reel,—
And shouting, as he rode, "Castile! Castile!"
Led ■ the charge:—like a descending flood,
■ swept, till every spur ■ black with blood.
His force a-right, where Elicura led,
A thousand spears went hissing over-head,
And feather'd arrows, of each varying hue,
In glancing arch, beneath the sunbeams flow.
Dire ■ the strife, when ardent Teucapel
Advancing, in the front of carnage, fell.
At once, Ongolmo, Elicura, rush'd,
And swaying their huge clubs together, crush'd
Horseman and horse; then bathed their hands in gore,
And limb from limb the panting carcass tore.
Caupolican, where the main battle bleeds,
Hosts, and succeeding hosts, undaunted leads,
Till, torn and shatter'd by the ceaseless fire,
Thousands, with gnashing teeth, and clenched spears,
expire.

Pierced by a hundred wounds, Ongolmo lies,
And grasps his club terrific as he dies.

With breathless expectation, on the height,
Lautaro watch'd the long and dubious fight:
Pale and resign'd the meek man stood, and press'd
More close the holy image to his breast.
Now nearer to the fight Lautaro drew,
When on the ground ■ Warrior met his view,
Upon whose features Memory seem'd to trace
A faint resemblance of his father's face;
O'er him a horseman, with collected might,
Raised his uplifted sword, in act to smite,
When the Youth springing on, without ■ word,
Snatch'd from a soldier's wearied grasp the sword,
And smote the horseman through the crest: a yell
Of triumph burst, as to the ground he fell.
—Lautaro shouted, "On! brave brothers, on!
Scatter them, like the snow!—the day is won!
Lo, I! Lautaro,—Attacapac's son!"

The Indians turn: again the battle bleeds—
Cleft ■ the helms, and crush'd the struggling steeds,
The bugle sounds, and faint with toil and heat,
Some straggling horsemen to the hills retreat—
"Stand, brave companions!" bold Valdivia cried,
And shook his sword, in recent carnage died.
"Oh! droop not—droop not yet—all is not o'er—
Brave, faithful friends, one glorious sally more—
Where is Lautaro! leaps his willing sword
Now ■ avenge his long-indulgent Lord?"

He waited not for answer, but again
Spurr'd to the centre of the horrid plain,—
Clubs, arrows, spears, the spot of death inclose,
And fainter now the Spanish shouts arose.
'Mid ghastly heaps of many a bleeding corse,
Lies the caparison'd and dying horse.

While still the rushing multitudes assail,
Vain is the fiery tube, the twisted mail!
The Spanish horsemen faint: long yells resound,
As the dragg'd ensign trails the gory ground:

« Shout, for the Chief is seized! »—a thousand cries
Burst forth—« Valdivia! for the sacrifice! »
And lo, in silent dignity resign'd,
The meek Anselmo, led in bonds, behind!
His hand upon his breast, young Zarinel
Amidst a group of mangled Indians fell:
The spear, that to his heart a passage found,
Left poor Olola's hair within the wound.

Now all is hush'd—save where, at times, alone
Deep midnight listens to a distant moan,
Save where the Condors clamour, overhead,
And strike with sounding beaks the helmets of the dead.

CANTO VIII.

ARGUMENT.

Indian Festival for Victory—Old Warrior brought in wounded—Recognises his long-lost Son, and dies—Discovery—Conclusion with the Old Warrior's—Funeral, and Prophetic Oration by the Missionary.

THE **MISSIONARY** returns, and redd'ning seems to shed
One ray of glory **ON** the Patriot-dead!
Round the dark stone, the Victor-chiefs behold!
Still on their locks the gouts of gore hang cold!
There stands the brave Caupolican, the pride
Of Chili, young Lautaro by his side!
Near the grim circle, pendant from the wood,
Twelve hundred Spanish heads are dropping blood.
Shrill sound the pipes of death: in festive dance,
The Indian maids with myrtle boughs advance;
The tinkling sea-shells on their ancles ring,
As, hailing thus the victor-youth, they sing:—

SONG OF INDIAN MAIDS.

« Oh, shout for Lautaro, the young and the brave!
The **MISSIONARY** of whose strength was uplifted to save,
When the steeds of the strangers came rushing amain,
And the ghosts of our fathers look'd down on the slain!

« 'T **WAS** eve, and the noise of the battle was o'er,
Five thousand brave warriors were cold in their gore;
When, in front, young Lautaro invincible stood,
And the horses and iron-men roll'd in their blood!

« As the snows of the mountain are swept by the blast,
The earthquake of death o'er the white **MISSIONARY** has pass'd;
Shout, Chili, in triumph! the battle is won,
And we dance round the heads that are black in the sun! »

Lautaro, as if wrapt in thought profound,
Oft turn'd an anxious look inquiring round.
—« He is not here!—Say, does my father live? »
Ere eager voices could an answer give,
With faltering footsteps and declining head,
And slowly by **AN** aged Indian led,
Wounded and weak the Mountain-chief appears:
« Live, live! » Lautaro cried, with bursting tears,
And fell upon his neck, and kissing press'd,
With folding arms, his grey hairs to his breast.
« Oh, live! I am thy son—thy long-lost child! »—
The Warrior raised his look, and faintly smiled—
« Chili, my Country, is avenged! » he cried:
« My son! »—then sunk upon **A** shield—and died.

Lautaro knelt beside him, as he bow'd,
And kiss'd his bleeding breast, and wept aloud.
The sounds of sadness through the circle ran,
When thus, with lifted axe, Caupolican,—
« What, for our fathers, brothers, children, slain,
Canst thou repay, ruthless, inhuman Spain?—
Here, on the scene with recent slaughter red,
To soothe the Spirits of the Brave who bled,
Raise we, to-day, the war-feast of the dead.
Bring forth the chief in bonds!—Fathers, to-day,
Devote we to our gods the noblest prey. »

Lautaro turn'd his eyes, and, gazing round,
Beheld Valdivia, and Anselmo, bound!
One stood in arms, as with a stern despair,
His helmet cleft in twain, his temples bare,—
Where streaks of blood, that dropt upon his mail,
Served but to show his face more deadly pale:
His eye-brows, dark and resolute, he bent,
And stood, composed, to wait the dire event.

Still on the cross his looks Anselmo cast,
As if all thought of this vain world was pass'd,—
And in a world of light, without a shade,
Even now his meek and guileless spirit stray'd.
Where stood the Spanish chief, a muttering sound
Rose, and each club was lifted from the ground;
When, starting from his father's corse, his sword
Waving before his once-triumphant Lord,
Lautaro cried, « My breast shall meet the blow:
But save—save him, to whom my life I owe! »

Valdivia mark'd him with unmoved eye,
Then look'd upon his bonds, nor deign'd reply;
When Mariantu,—stealing with slow pace,
And lifting high his iron-jagged mace,—
Smote him to earth—a thousand voices rose,
Mingled with shouts and yells, « So fall **THE** foes! »

Lautaro gave to tears a moment's space,
As black in death he mark'd Valdivia's face,
Then cried—« Chiefs, Friends, and thou, Caupolican,
Oh, spare this innocent and holy man!
He **MISSIONARY** sail'd, rapacious, o'er the deep,
The gold of blood-polluted lands to heap.
He **MISSIONARY** gave the armed hosts his aid,—
But meekly to the mighty Spirit pray'd,
That in all lands the sounds of woe might cease,
And brothers of the wide world dwell in peace! »
The Victor-youth saw generous sympathy
Already steal to every warrior's eye;

Then thus again : « Oh, if this filial tear
 Bear witness my own father was most dear !—
 If this uplifted arm, this bleeding steel
 Speak, for my country what I felt, and feel :
 If, at this hour, I meet her high applause,
 While my heart beats still ardent in her cause ;—
 Hear, and forgive these tears that grateful flow,
 Oh ! hear, how much to this poor man I owe.

« I was a child—when to my sire's abode,
 In Chillan's vale, the armed horsemen rode :
 Me, whilst my father cold and breathless lay,
 Far off the crested soldiers bore away,
 And for a captive sold. No friend was near,
 To mark a young and orphan stranger's tear :
 This humble man, with kind parental care,
 Snatch'd me from slav'ry—saved from dark despair ;
 And as my years increased, protected, fed,
 And breathed a father's blessings on my head.
 A Spanish maid was with him : need I speak ?
 Behold, affection's tear still wets my cheek !
 Years, as they pass'd, matured in rip'ning grace
 Her form unfolding, and her beauteous face :
 She heard my orphan tale ; she loved to hear,
 And sometimes for my fortunes dropp'd a tear.

« Valdivia me, now in blooming age,
 And claim'd me from the Father in his page ;
 The Chief too cherish'd me,—yea, saved my life,
 When in Peru arose the civil strife.
 Yet still remembering her I loved me well,
 Oft I return'd to the grey Father's cell :
 His voice instructed me ; recall'd my youth
 From rude idolatry to heav'nly truth :
 Of this hereafter—He my darkling mind
 Clear'd, and from low and sensual thoughts refined.
 Then first, with feelings new impress'd, I strove
 To hide the tear of tenderness and love :
 Amid the fairest maidens of Peru,
 My eyes, my heart, one only object knew :
 I lived that object's love and faith to share ;—
 He saw, and bless'd me with a father's pray'r.

« Here, at Valdivia's last and stern command,
 I came—a stranger in my native land !
 Anselmo (so him call—now in need—
 And standing here in bonds, for whom I plead)
 Came, by our Chief summon'd, and for aid
 To the Great Spirit of the Christians pray'd :
 Here a son I loved him, but I left
 A wife, a child, of my fond cares bereft,
 Never to see again—for death awaits
 My entrance now in Lima's jealous gates.

« Caupolican, didst thou thy father love ?
 Did his last dying look affection move ?—
 Pity this aged man ; unbend thy brow :
 He was my father—is my father, now !»

Consenting Mercy marks each warrior's mien.—
 But who is this ?—what pallid form is seen ?—
 As crush'd already by the fatal blow,—
 Bound, and with looks white as a wreath of snow,—
 Her hands upon her breast,—scarce drawn her breath,—
 A Spanish knelt, expecting death :

Whilst, borne by a dark warrior at her side,
 An infant shrunk from the red plumes, and cried.—
 Lautaro started—

« Injured maid of Spain !
 Me !—me !—Oh, take me to thine arms again !»
 She heard his voice,—with rushing thoughts oppress'd,
 And a faint sigh, she sunk upon his breast.

Caupolican, with warm emotion, cried,
 « Live ! live ! Lautaro and his beauteous bride !
 Live, aged father !—and forthwith commands
 A warrior to unbind Anselmo's hands.
 She raised her head : his eyes first met her view—
 (As round Lautaro's neck her arms she threw)
 « Ah no !» she feebly spoke ; « it is not true !—
 It is some form of the distemper'd brain !»
 Then hid her face upon his breast again.

Dark flashing eyes, terrific glared around :
 Here, his brains scatter'd by the deadly wound,
 The Spanish chief lay, on the gory ground.
 With low'ring brows, and mace yet dropping blood,
 And clotted hair, there Mariantu stood.
 Anselmo mournful, yet in sorrow mild,
 Stood opposite :—« A blessing on your child,»
 The woman said, as slow revived her waking sense,
 And then with looks aghast, « Oh hear us hence !—
 Now all the assembled chiefs, assenting, cried,
 « Live, live ! Lautaro and his beauteous bride !»
 With eager arms, Lautaro snatch'd his boy,
 And kiss'd him in an agony of joy ;
 Then to Anselmo gave, who strove to speak,
 And felt the tear first burning on his cheek :
 The infant held his neck with strict embrace,
 And kiss'd his pale emaciated face.

From the dread scene, wet with Valdivia's gore,
 His wan and trembling charge Lautaro bore.
 There was a bank, where slept the summer-light,
 A small stream whispering went in mazes bright,—
 And stealing from the sea, the western wind
 Waved the magnolias on the slope inclined :
 The wood-pecker, in glittering plumage green,
 And echoing bill, beneath the bows was seen ;
 And, arch'd with gay and pendant flow'rs above,
 The floripondio¹ its rich trellis wove.
 Lautaro bent with looks of love and joy
 O'er his yet trembling wife and beauteous boy :

« Oh, by what miracle, Beloved ! say,
 Hast thou escaped the perils of the way
 From Lima, where our peaceful dwelling stood,
 To these terrific shores, this vale of blood ?»

Waked by his voice, as from the sleep of death,
 Faint she replied, with slow-recovering breath,
 « Who shall express, when thou, best friend ! wert gone,
 How sunk my heart !—deserted and alone ?
 « Would I were with thee !» oft I sat and sigh'd,
 When the pale moon shone on the silent tide—
 At length resolved, I sought thee o'er the seas :
 The brave bark cheerly went before the breeze,

¹ One of the most beautiful of the beautiful climbing plants of South America.

That arms and soldiers to Valdivia bore,
 From Lima bound to Chili's southern shore :
 I seized the fair occasion—Ocean smiled,
 As to the sire I bore his lisping child.
 The storm arose : with loud and sudden shock,
 The vessel sunk, disparting on a rock.
 Some mariners, amidst the billows wild,
 Scarce saved, in one small boat, ■■■ and my child :
 What I have borne, a captive since that day—
 (Forgive these tears)—I ■■■ have heart to say !
 None pitied, save ■■■ gentle Indian maid—
 A wild maid,—of her looks I ■■■ afraid—
 Her long black hair upon her shoulders fell,
 And in her hand she bore a wreathed shell. »—

Lautaro for a moment turn'd aside,
 And, « Oh ! my sister ! » with faint voice he cried.

« Already free from ■■■ and alarms,
 I clasp'd in thought a husband in my arms,
 When a dark warrior, station'd ■■■ the height,
 Who held his solitary watch by night,
 Before me stood, and lifting high his lance,
 Exclaim'd, ' No further, on thy life, advance ?'
 Faint, wearied, sinking to the earth with dread,
 Back to the dismal cave my steps he led.
 Duly at eve, within the craggy cleft,
 Some water, and a cake of maize, were left :
 The thirteenth sun unseen went down the sky :
 When morning came, they brought me forth to die—
 But hush'd be every sigh, each boiling fear,
 Since all I sought on earth, and all I love is here ! »

Her infant raised his hands, with glist'ning eye,
 To reach a large and radiant butterfly,
 That flutter'd near his face ; with looks of love,
 And truth and tenderness, Lautaro strove
 To calm her wounded heart ; the holy sire,
 His eyes faint-lighted with a transient fire,
 Hung o'er them, and to Heav'n his prayer address'd,
 While, with uplifted hands, he wept and blest.

An aged Indian came, with feathers crown'd,
 And knelt before Lautaro on the ground.
 « What tidings, Indian ? »—

INDIAN.

« When I led thy sire,
 Whom late thou saw'st upon his shield expire,
 Son of our ulmen, didst thou mark ■■■ trace,
 In these sad looks, of a remember'd face ?
 Dost thou remember Izdabel ? Look, here !—
 It is thy father's hatchet and his spear. »

« Friend of my infant days, how I rejoice, »
 Lautaro cried, « once more to hear that voice !
 Life like a dream, since last we met, has fled—
 Oh ! my beloved sister, thou art dead ! »

INDIAN.

« I come to guide thee, through untrodden ways,
 To the lone valley, where thy Father's days
 Were pass'd ; where every cave, and every tree,
 From morn to morn, remember'd him of thee ! »

Lautaro cried, « Here, faithful Indian, stay ;
 I have a last sad duty yet to pay,

A little while we part :—Thou here remain. »
 ■■■ spake, and pass'd like lightning o'er the plain.
 « Ah, cease, Castilian maid !—thy vain alarms !
 See where he comes—his father in his arms ! »

« Now lead, » he cried.—The Indian, sad and still,
 Paced on from wood to vale, from vale to hill ;
 Her infant tired, and hush'd awhile to rest,
 Smiled, in a dream, upon its mother's breast ;
 The pensive mother grey Anselmo led :
 Behind, Lautaro bore his Father dead.

Beneath the branching palms they slept at night ;
 The small birds waked them ■■■ the morning light.
 Before their path, in distant view, appear'd
 The mountain-smoke, that its dark column rear'd
 O'er Andes' summits, in the pale blue sky,
 Lifting their icy pinnacles so high.
 Four days they onward held their eastern way :
 On the fifth rising morn before them lay
 Chillan's lone glen, amid whose windings green
 The Warrior's loved and last abode was seen.
 No smoke went up,—stillness was all around,
 Save where the waters fell with soothing sound,
 Save where the Thenea sung ■■■ loud and clear,
 And the bright humming-bird was spinning near.
 Yet here all human tumults seem'd to cease,
 And sunshine rested on the spot of peace ;
 The myrtles bloom'd as fragrant and as green
 As if Lautaro scarce had left the scene,—
 And in his ear the falling water's spray
 Seem'd swelling with the sounds of yesterday.—

« Where yonder rock the aged cedars shade,
 There shall my father's bones in peace be laid. »

Beneath the cedar's shade they dug the ground,
 The small and sad communion gather'd round.
 Beside the grave stood aged Izdabel,
 And broke the spear, and cried, « Farewell !—fare-
 well !— »

Lautaro hid his face, and sigh'd « Adieu ! »
 As the stone hatchet in the grave he threw.
 The little child, that to its mother clung,
 With sidelong looks, that on her garment hung,
 List'ned, half-shrinking, ■■■ with awe profound,
 And dropt its flow'rs, unconscious, on the ground.
 The Alpaca, now grown old, and almost wild,
 Which poor Otola cherish'd, when a child,
 Came from the mountains, and with earnest gaze,
 Seem'd as rememb'ring those departed days,
 When his tall neck he bent, with aspect bland,
 And lick'd in silence, the caressing hand !

And ■■■ Anselmo, his pale brow inclined,
 The Warrior's relics, dust to dust, consign'd
 With Christian rites, and sung, on bending knee,
 « *Eternam pacem dona, Domine.* »
 Then rising up, he closed the holy book ;
 And lifting in the beam his lighted look
 (The cross, with meekness, folded on his breast),—
 « Here, too, » he cried, « my bones in peace shall rest !
 Few years remain to me, and never more
 Shall I behold, oh Spain ! thy distant shore !
 Here lay my bones, that the same tree may wave
 O'er the poor Christian's and the Indian's grave.

Then may it—(when the sons of future days
Shall hear our tale, and on the hillock gaze),
Then may it teach, that charity should bind,
Where'er they roam, the brothers of mankind!
The time shall come, when wildest tribes shall hear
Thy voice, O Christ! and drop the slaught'ring spear.

« Yet, we condemn not him who bravely stood
To seal his country's freedom with his blood;
And if, in after-times, a ruthless band
Of fell invaders sweep my native land,—
May she, by Clivi's stern example led,
Hurl back his thunder on the assailant's head;
Sustain'd by Freedom, strike th' avenging blow,
And learn virtue from her ancient foe! »

EPILOGUE.

THESE notes I sung when strove indignant Spain
To rend the abhorr'd invader's iron chain!

With beating heart, I listen'd from afar
To each faint rumour of the various war,
Now trembled, lest her fainting sons should yield:
Now follow'd thee to the ensanguined field:
Thee, most heroic Wellington, and cried,
When Salamanca's plain in shouts replied,
« All is not lost! The scatter'd eagles fly—
All is not lost! England and Victory! »

Hark! the noise hurries in the frozen north!
France pours again her banner'd legions forth,
With trump, and plumed horsemen! Whence that cry?
Lo! ancient Moscow flaming to the sky!
Imperial fugitive! back to the gates
Of Paris! while Despair the tale relates,
Of dire discomfiture, and shame, and flight,
And the dead, bleaching the snows of night.

Shout! for the heart ennobling transport fills!
Conquest's red banner floats along the hills
That gird the guilty city! Shout again,—
For Europe,—England,—for deliver'd Spain!
Shout, for a world avenged!

The toil is o'er,—
Enough wide earth hath reek'd with human gore—
At Waterloo, amidst the countless dead,
The war-fiend gave his last loud shriek, and fled.
Thou stood'st in front, my Country! that day
Of horrors. Thou more awful didst display
Thy long-tried valour, when from rank to rank
Death hurrying strode, and that vast army shrank.
Soldiers of England, the dread day is won!
Soldiers of England, on, brave Comrades, on!
Pursue them! Yes, ye did pursue, till night
Hid the foul rout of their disastrous flight.

Halt this hill—your wasted strength repair—
And close your labours, to the well-known air,
Which even your children sing, « Oh Lord, arise! »
Peals the long line, « Scatter his enemies! »
Back to the scenes of home, the evening fire,
Or May-day sunshine, the village spire,

The blissful thought by that loved air is led,
Here heard amidst the dying and the dead. »

T when Affliction with cold shadow hung
On half the wasted world, these notes I sung.
Thus pass'd the storm, and o'er a night of woes
More beautiful the morn of Freedom rose—
Now with a sigh, I close, alas, the strain,
And thy fate, abused, insulted Spain!
When, for stern Valour, baring his bold breast,
I Bigotry, in monkish vest,
Point, scowling, to the dungeon's gloom, and wave
The sword insulting o'er the fallen brave,
(The sword of him who foreign hate withstood,
Whose point yet drops with the invader's blood),
Then, where yon dark tribunal shames the day,
Hurl it with and with scorn away!

Turn from the thought: and if one generous heart
In these fictitious has borne a part,
For the poor Indian in remotest lands,
The sable slave, that lifts his bleeding hands,
For wretchedness, and ignorance, and need,
Oh! let the aged missionary plead!

The tale is told—a tale of days of yore,—
The Soldier—the grey Father—are no more;
And the brief shades, that pleased awhile the eye,
Are faded, like the landscapes of the sky.

Yet may the moral still remain impress'd
To the patriot, or the pious breast.
Where'er Aggression marches, may the brave
Rush unappall'd their Father's land to save!
Where sounds of glad salvation are gone out
Unto all lands with an angel's shout,
May holy zeal its energies employ!
Rocks of Saldanna, break forth into joy!
Isles, o'er the waste of desert ocean strown,
Rivers, that sweep through shades and sands unknown,
Mountains of inmost Afric, where no ray
Hath ever pierced, from Beth'lem's star of day,
Savages, fierce with clubs, and shaggy hair,
Who woods and thickets with the lion share,
Hark! the glad echoes of the cliffs repeat
« How beauteous, in the desert, are the feet
Of them, who bear, o'er wastes and trackless sands,
Tidings of mercy to remotest lands! »

Patiently plodding, the Moravian mild
Sees stealing culture creep along the wild,
And twice ten thousand leagues o'er ocean's roar,
And far from friends whom he may see no more,
Constructs the warmer hut, or delves the sod;
Cheerful, as still beneath the eye of God.
Where muttering spoil, or death, the Caffre prowld,
Or moon-light wolves, a gaunt assembly, howld,
No sounds are heard along the campaign wide,
But small chapel bell, at eventide,
Whilst notes unwonted linger in the air,
The songs of Sion, or the voice of pray'r!

¹ Alluding to a most interesting fact in the history of that eventful struggle, closed by the national air of God save the King.

² Alluding to the unjust treatment of those brave men who saved and the throne of a bigoted and ungrateful prince.

³ The Inquisition.

And thou, the light of God's eternal word
 Record, and Spirit of the living Lord,
 ■ and unknown from half the world,—at length,
 Rise like the sun, and go forth in thy strength!
 Already tow'ring o'er old Ganges' stream,
 The dark pagoda brightens in thy beam:
 And the dim eagles, on the topmost height
 Of Jaggernaut, shine ■ in morning light!
 Beyond the snows of savage Labrador
 The ray pervades pale Greenland's wintry shore—
 The demon spell, that bound the slumbering sense,
 Dissolves before its holy influence,
 As the grey rock of ice, ■ shapeless heap,
 Thaws in the sunshine of the summer deep.
 Proceed, auspicious and eventful day!
 Banner of Christ, thy ample folds display!
 Let Atlas shout with Andes, and proclaim
 To earth, and sea, and skies, a Saviour's name,
 Till Angel-voices in the sound shall blend,
 And one Hosannah from all worlds ascend!

APPENDIX.

The following song was originally introduced as the Minstrel's song,
 in Book VI; it ■■ thought better to omit it, ■■ being too long.

SONG OF THE CID.¹

THE CID is sitting, in martial state,
 Within Valentia's wall;
 And chiefs of high renown attend
 The knightly festival.

Brave Alvar Fanez, and a troop
 Of gallant men, were there;
 And there came Donna Ximena,
 His wife and daughters fair.

When the foot-page bent on his knee,
 What tidings brought he then?
 « Morocco's king is ■ the seas,
 With fifty thousand men.»

« Now God be praised! » the Cid he cried,
 « Let every hold be stored:
 Let fly the holy Gonfalon,²
 And give ' Saint James ' the word.»

And now, upon the turret high,
 Was heard the signal drum;
 And loud the watchman blew his trump,
 And cried, « They come! they come! »

The Cid then raised his sword on high,
 And by God's Mother swore,
 These walls, hard-gotten, he would keep,
 Or bathe their base in gore.

« My wife, my daughter, what! in tears?
 Nay hang not thus your head:
 For you shall see how well we fight;
 How soldiers earn their bread.

« We will go out against the Moors,
 And crush them in your sight; »
 And all the Christians shouted loud,
 « May God defend the right! »

■ took his wife and daughter's hand,
 So resolute was he,
 And led them to the highest tower
 That overlooks the sea.

They ■■ how ■■ a pagan power
 Came sailing o'er the brine;
 They saw, beneath the morning light,
 The Moorish crescents shine.

These ladies then grew deadly pale,
 As heart-struck with dismay;
 And when they heard the tambours beat,
 They turn'd their head away.

The thronged streamers glit'ring flew,
 The sun ■■ shining bright,
 « Now cheer, » the valiant Cid he cried;
 « This is a glorious sight! »

Whilst thus, with shuddering look aghast,
 These fearful ladies stood,
 The Cid he raised his sword, and cried,
 « All this is for your good.

« Ere fifteen days are gone and past,
 If God assist the right,
 Those tambours that now sound to scare,
 Shall sound for your delight.»

The Moors who press'd beneath the towers
 Now « Allah! Allah! » sung;
 Each Christian knight his broadsword drew,
 And loud the trumpets rung.

« Then up, » the noble Cid bespoke,
 « Let each brave warrior go,
 And arm himself, in dusk of morn,
 Ere chancicleer shall crow;

« And in the lofty minster church
 On Santiago call,—
 That good Bishoppe Hieronymo,³
 Shall there absolve you all.

« But let us prudent counsel take,
 In this eventful hour:
 For yon proud Infidels, I ween,
 They ■■ ■■ mighty power.»

Then Alvar Fanez counsel'd well,
 « We will deceive the foe,
 And ambush with three hundred men,
 Ere the first cock does crow:

« And when against the Moorish men
 The Cid leads up his powers,—
 We, rushing from the hollow glen,
 Will fall on them with ours.»

¹ Compare with Southey's admirable translation of the Cid.

² Banner, consecrated by ■■ Pope.

³ The common phraseology of the old metrical ballad.

This counsel pleased the Chieftain well :
 ■ said, it should be so ;
 And the good Bishop should sing mass,
 Ere the first cock did crow.

The day is gone, the night is come ;
 At cock-crow all appear,
 In Pedro's church ■ shrive themselves,
 And holy mass to hear :

On Santiago there they call'd,
 To hear them and to save ;
 And that good Bishop, at the mass,
 Great absolution gave.

« Fear not, » he cried, « when thousands bleed,
 When horse on ■ shall roll !
 Whoever dies, I take his sins,
 And God shall save his soul.

« A boon ! » boon ! » the Bishop cried,
 « I have sung mass to-day ;
 Let me be foremost in the fight,
 And lead the bloody fray. »

Now Alvar Fanez and his ■
 Had gain'd the thicket's shade ;
 And, with hush'd breath and anxious eye,
 Had there their ambush laid.

Four thousand men, with tramp, and about,
 Forth issued from the gate ;
 Where my brave Cid, in harness bright,
 On Baviéca sat.

They pass'd the ambush on the left,
 And march'd o'er dale and down,
 Till soon they saw the Moorish camp
 Betwixt them and the town.

My Cid then spurr'd his horse, and ■
 The battle in array.
 The first beam ■ his standard shone
 Which Pero bore that day.

When this the Moors astonied saw,
 « Allah ! » began their cry :
 The tambours beat, the cymbals rung,
 As they would rend the sky.

« Banner, advance ! » my Cid cried then,
 And raised aloft his sword ;
 The whole host answer'd with a shout,
 « Saint Mary, and ■ Lord ! »

That good Bishop, Hieronymo,
 Bravely his battle bore ;
 And cried, as he spurr'd on his resolute steed,
 « Hurrah ! for the Campeador ! »

The Moorish and the Christian host
 Mingle their dying cries,
 And many a horse along the plain
 Without his rider flies.

Now Alvar Fanez, and his men,
 Who crouch'd in thickets low,
 Leap'd up, and, with the lightning glance,
 Rush'd on the wavering foe.

The Moors, who saw their pennons gay
 All waving in the wind,
 Fled in despair, for still they fear'd
 A greater host behind.

The crescent sinks ! — « Pursue ! pursue !
 « Haste—spur along the plain !
 See where they fall—see where they lie,
 Never to rise again. »

Of fifty thousand, who ■ morn
 Came forth in armour bright,
 Scarce fifteen thousand souls were left,
 To tell the tale at night.

My Cid then wiped his bloody brow,
 And thus was heard to say,
 « Well, Baviéca, ' hast thou sped,
 My noble horse ! to-day. »

■ thousands then escaped the sword,
 Let ■ my Cid condemn ;
 For they ■ swept into the sea,
 And the surge went over them.

There's many a maid of Tetuan
 All day shall sit and weep,
 But never see her lover's sail
 Shine on the northern deep.

There's many a mother, with her babe,
 Shall pace the sounding shore,
 And think upon its father's smile,
 Whom she shall see no more.

Rock, hoary Ocean ! mournfully,
 Upon thy billowy bed ;
 For, dark and deep, thy surges sweep
 O'er thousands of the dead.

■ His favourite horse.

The Grave of the Last Saxon; OR, THE LEGEND OF THE CURFEW.

TO RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

M. P. FOR ■■■ UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

This Poem is Dedicated,

IN ■■■ OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE RESPECT, BY ■■■ OBEDIENT SERVANT,
W. L. BOWLES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE subject of this poem, though taken from an early period of ■■■ history, is, ■■■ far ■■■ relates to the Grave of Harold, purely imaginary, ■■■ all the characters, except those of the Conqueror, and of Edgar Atheling. History, I think, justifies me in representing William as acting constantly under strong religious impressions. A few circumstances in his life will clearly show this. When Harold was with him in Normandy, he took an oath of him on two altars, within which were concealed miraculous relics.¹ His banner was sent from Rome, consecrated by the Pope, for the especial purpose of the invasion of England. Without adverting to the night spent in prayer before the battle of Hastings, was ■■■ this impression ■■■ decidedly shown when he pitched his tent among the dead ■■■ that night, and vowed to build an abbey on the spot? The event of the battle was ■■■ much against all human probability, that his undertaking it, at the place and time, can only be reconciled by supposing he acted under ■■■ extraordinary impression.

When the battle was gained, he knew not ■■■ what course to determine: instead of marching to London, he retired towards Dover. When he was met by the Kentish men, with green boughs, the quaint historian says, "He ■■■ daunted." These and many other incidental circumstances may occur to the reader.

In representing him, therefore, ■■■ under the control of superstitious impressions, I trust I have ■■■ transgressed, at least, poetical *verisimilitude*. An earthquake actually happened about the period at which the poem commences, followed by storms and inundations. Of these facts I have availed myself.

I fear the poem will be thought less interesting, from having nothing of *Love* in it, except, in accordance with the received ideas of the gentleness of Atheling's character, I have made him not insensible ■■■ of my imaginary females, and have therefore, to mark his character, made him advert ■■■ the pastoral ■■■ of Scotland, where he had been ■■■ resident. There is a similarity between my "Monk," and "The Missionary," but their offices and the ■■■ are entirely different, and ■■■ degree of similarity was unavoidable in characters of the same description.

¹ See the picture in Stothard's travels.

Filial affection, love of our country, bravery, stern-
■■■ (inflexible, except under religious fears), the loftier feelings of ■■■ desolate female, under want and affliction, with something of the wild prophetic cast; religious submission, and deep acquiescence in the will of God; these passions are brought into action, round one centre, if I may ■■■ the word, "The GRAVE ■■■ THE LAST SAXON."

That Harold's sons landed with ■■■ large fleet from Denmark, were joined by ■■■ immense confederate army, in the third year of William's reign, is a well-known historical fact. That York was taken by the confederate army, and that all the Normans, except Sir William Malet, and his family, were killed, is also matter of record. (See *DRAKE'S History of York*, and *TURNER'S History of England*.) That afterwards (the blow against William failing), the whole country, from the Humber ■■■ Tyne, from the east to the west, ■■■ depopulated by sword and famine, ■■■ facts also found in all historians.

Some slight anachronisms may, I hope, be pardoned; if anachronisms they are, such ■■■ the year in which the Tower was built, etc.

The plan will be found, I trust, simple and coherent, the characters sufficiently marked and contrasted, and the whole conducive, however deficient in other respects, to the excitement of virtuous sympathy, and subservient to that which alone can give dignity to poetry, the cause of moral and religious truth.

THE GRAVE OF THE LAST SAXON.

INTRODUCTORY CANTO.

Subject—Grave and Children of Harold—Confederate Army of Danes, Scots, and English arrived in the Humber the third year of the Conqueror, and marching ■■■ York.

■ ■ KNOW ye THE LAND where the bright orange glows?
Oh! rather know ye not ■■■ LAND, beloved
Of Liberty, where your brave fathers bled?
THE ■■■ of the white cliffs, where ev'ry cot
Whose smoke goes up in the clear morning sky,
On the green hamlet's edge, stands as secure
As the proud Norman castle's banner'd keep?
Oh! shall the poet paint a land of slaves

(Albeit, that the richest colours warm
His tablet, glowing from the master's hand),
And **THEE** forget, **■** COUNTRY—**THEE**, **HIS HOME**?

Fair Italy! thy hills and olive-groves,
A lovelier light empurples—or when Morn
Streams o'er the cloudless van of Apennine,
Or **■** majestic Eve, on the wide scene,
Of columns, temples, arcs, and aqueducts,
Sits, like reposing Glory, and collects
Her richest radiance at that parting hour;
While distant domes, touch'd by her hand, shine out
More solemnly, 'mid the grey monuments,
That strew th' illustrious plain; yet say, **■** these,
E'en when their pomp is proudest, and the **■**
Sinks o'er the ruins of Immortal Rome,
A holy int'rest wake, intense **■** that,
Which visits his full heart, who, sever'd long,
And home returning, sees **■** the light
Shine on the land where his forefathers sleep;
Sees its white cliffs at distance, and exclaims,
"There I **■** born, and there my bones shall rest!"

Then, ah! ye bright pavilions of the East,
Ye blue Italian skies, and summer-seas,
By marble cliffs high-bounded, throwing far
A grey illumination through the haze
Of orient morning; ye, Etruscan shades,
Where Pan's own pines o'er Valombrosa wave;
Scenes, where old Tiber, for the mighty dead
As mourning, heavily rolls; or Anio
Flings its white foam; or lucid Arno steals
On gently through the plains of Tuscany;
Be ye th' impassion'd themes of other song.

Nor mine, thou wond'rous Western World, to call
The thunder of thy cataracts, or paint
The mountains and the vast volcano-range
Of Cordilleras, high above the stir
Of human things, lifting to middle air
Their **■** in everlasting solitude,
Upon whose nether crags the vulture, lord
Of summits inaccessible, looks down,
Unhearing, when the thunder dies below!

Nor, midst th' irriguous valleys of the South,
Where Chili spreads her green lap to the sea,
Now pause I to admire the bright blue bird,
Brightest and least of all its kind, that spins
Its twinkling flight, still humming o'er the flow'rs,
Like a gem of flitting light!

To these adieu!

Yet ere thy melodies, my harp, are mute
For ever, whilst the stealing day goes out
With slow-declining pace, I would essay
One patriot theme, one ancient British song:
So might I fondly dream, when the cold turf
Was heap'd above my head, and carping tongues
Were ceased, some tones, Old England, thy green hills
Might then remember——

Time has reft the shrine
Where the **LAST SAXON**, canonized, lay,

And every trace has vanish'd¹ like the light
That from the high-arch'd eastern window fell,
With broken sunshine, on his marble tomb—
So have they pass'd; and silent **■** the choirs
That **■** his spirit sung eternal rest;
And scatter'd **■** his bones who raised those walls,
Where, from the field of blood slowly convey'd,
■ mangled corse, with torch and orison,
Before the altar, and in holy earth,
Was laid! Yet oft I muse upon the theme,
And now, whilst solemn the slow curfew tolls,
Years and dim centuries seem to unfold
Their shroud, **■** at the summons; and I think
How sad that sound on ev'ry English heart
Smote, when along those dark'ning vales, where Lea²
Beneath the woods of Waltham winds, it broke
First **■** the silence of the night, far heard
Through the deep forest! Phantoms of the past,
Ye gather round me! Voices of the dead,
Ye come by fits! And now I hear, far off,
Faint elecons swell, while to the fane
The long procession, and the pomp of death,
Moves visible; and now one voice is heard
From a vast multitude, "Harold, farewell!
Farewell, and rest in peace!" That sable car
Bears the **LAST SAXON** to his grave, (the last
From Hengist, of the long illustrious line
That sway'd the English sceptre!) Hark! **■** cry!
'T is from his mother, who, with frantic mien,
Follows the bier! with manly look composed,
Godwin, his eldest-born, and Adela,
Her head declined, her hand upon her brow
Beneath the veil, supported by his arm,
Sorrowing succeed: lo! pensive Edmund there,
Leads Wolfe, the least and youngest, by the hand!—
Brothers and sisters, silent and in tears,
Follow their father to the dust, beneath
Whose eye they grew.—Last and alone, behold,
Marcus,³ subduing the deep sigh, with brow
Of sterner acquiescence—Slowly pace
The sad remains of England's chivalry,
The few whom Hastings' field of carnage spared,
To follow their slain monarch's hearse this night,
Whose corse is borne beneath th' escutcheon'd pall,
To rest in Waltham Abbey. So the train
(Imagination thus embodying it)
Moves onward **■** the Abbey's western porch,
Whose windows and retiring aisles reflect
The long funeral lights. Twelve stoled monks,
Each with a torch, and pacing, two and two,
Along the pillar'd nave, with crucifix
Aloft, begin the supplicating chant,
Intoning "Miserere Domine."

¹ Part of the abbey remains, but I believe there is no trace of the **■**; it **■** of grey marble. That part of the abbey where it lay is entirely destroyed.

² The river Lea, near which the abbey called Waltham Holy Cross was founded.

³ I have taken the liberty, for the sake of euphony, to alter the **■** of Harold's third son, from Magnus to Marcus.

There is a quaint epitaph in Speed, describing him **■** having been buried in a convent at Lewes. I have so far adhered to historical tradition, as **■** represent him under the character and in the habit of a religious order. The abbey, founded by his father, seemed more appropriate than a convent or cell at Lewes. The wife of **■** is **■** introduced **■** the funeral, as she had fled to a **■**.

Now, the stone-coffins in the earth — laid
Of Harold, and of Leofrine,¹ and Girth,
Brave brethren slain in one disastrous day.
And hark! again the monks and choristers
Sing, pacing round the grave-stone, — *Requiem*
Eternam dona iis. — To his grave
So — King Harold borne, within those walls
His bounty raised: his children knelt and wept,
Then slow departed, never in this world,
Perhaps, to meet again. But who is she,
Her dark hair streaming on her brow, her eye
Wild, and her breast deep-heaving? She beheld
At distance the due rites, — wept, — spake,
And now is gone.

Alas! from that sad hour,
By many fates, all who that hour had met,
Were scatter'd. Godwin, Edmund, Adela,
Exiles in Denmark, there — refuge found
From England's stormy fortunes. Three long years
Have pass'd; again they tread their native land. —
The Danish armament beneath the Spurn²
Is anchor'd — Twenty thousand men-at-arms
Follow huge Waltheof, — his barbed steed,
His battle-axe hung — the saddle-bow; —
Morcar and Edwin, English earls, — there,
With red-cross banner, and ten thousand —
From Ely and Northumberland: they raise
The death-song of defiance, and advance
With bows of steel. From Scotland's mountain-glens,
From sky-blue lochs, and the wild highland beats,
From Lothian villages, along the banks
Of Forth, King Malcolm leads his clansmen bold,
And, dauntless as romantic, bids unfurl
The banner of St Andrew! by his side
Mild Edgar Atheling, — a stripling boy,
His brother, heir — England's throne, appears,
The dawn of youth on his fresh cheek! and lo!
The broad-swords glitter as the tartan'd troops
March to the pibroch's sound. The Danish trump
Brays, like a gong, heard to the bolts and towns
Of Lincolnshire.

With crests and shields the same,
A lion frowning — each helmet's cone,
Like the two brothers famed in ancient song, —
Godwin and Edmund, — of Harold, lead
From Scandinavia and the Baltic isles
The impatient Northmen to th' embattled host
On Humber's side — The standards wave in air,
Drums roll, and glittering columns file, and arms
Flash to the morn, and banner'd-trumpets bray,
Heralds, or armourers, from tent to tent
Are hurrying — crests, and spears, and steel-bows gleam,
Far as the eye can reach — barb'd horses neigh —
Their mailed riders wield the battle-axe,
Or draw the steel-bows with a clang — and hark!
From the vast moving host is heard one shout,
— Conquest — Death! — as now the — ascends,

¹ Altered from the real name, for the — as I have given
— variation — the — of Magnus. I have taken the liberty also of
representing the — religious — at Waltham Abbey — Monks; though,
in fact, they were — Canons.

² Spurn-head, — the — of the Humber.

³ Fratres Helene. — Horace.

And on the bastion'd walls of Ravenspur¹
Flings its first beam — one mighty shout is heard,
— Perish the Norman! Soldiers, on! — to York!

CANTO I.

Castle of Ravenspur, — the Humber — Daughter of
Harold — Ailric, the monk.

— Let us go up — the west turret's top,
Adela cried; — let us go up — the night
Is still, and to the east great ocean's hum
— scarcely heard. If but a wand'ring step,
Or distant shout, — dip of hast'ning oar,
Or tramp of steed, or far-off trumpet, break
The hush'd horizon, we can catch the sound,
When breathless expectation watches there.

Upon the platform of the highest tow'r
Of Ravenspur, beneath the lonely lamp,
At midnight, leaning o'er the battlement,
The daughter of slain Harold, Adela,
And — a grey monk who never left her side,
Watch'd: for this night or death or victory
The Saxon standard waits — —

Hark! 't was — shout,
And sounds at distance as of marching men!
No! all is silent, save the tide, that rakes,
At times, the beach, or breaks beneath the cliff.
Listen! was it the fall of hast'ning oars?
No! all is hush'd! — Oh! when will they return?
Adela sigh'd; for three long nights had pass'd,
Since her brave brothers left these bastion'd walls,
And march'd, with the confederate host, — York.
— They come not: Have they perish'd? — So dark thoughts
Arose, and then she raised her look to Heav'n,
And clasp'd the cross, and pray'd more fervently.
Her lifted eye in the pale lamp-light shone,
Touch'd with a tear! soft airs of ocean blew
Her long light hair, whilst audibly she cried,
— Preserve them, blessed Mary! oh! preserve
My brothers. — As she pray'd, one pale small star,
A still and lonely star, through the black night
Look'd out, like Hope! — Instant, a trumpet rung,
And voices rose, and hurrying lights appear'd;
Now louder shouts along the platform peal —
— Oh! they are Normans! — she exclaim'd, and grasp'd
The old man's hand, and said, — yet we will die
As Harold's daughter; — and, with mien and voice,
Firm and unfaltering, kiss'd the crucifix.
They knelt together, and the old — spoke:
— All here is toil and tempest — we shall go,
Daughter of Harold! where the weary rest.
Oh! holy Mary, 't is the clank of steel
Up the stone stairs! and lo! beneath the lamp,
In arms, the beaver of his helmet raised,

¹ This town and castle are — vanished; but the name is well
known in English history. It is uncertain whether it — built
— the Conquest; but there — be — doubt there was a castle
at the end — of the Humber; and as the name was familiar, and
the antiquity of the place acknowledged, I consider myself — li-
berty to retain the name.

Some light hairs straying on his ruddy cheek,
 With breath hastily drawn, and cheering smile,
 Young Atheling. «The Saxon banner waves»—
 «Oh! are my brothers safe?» cried Adela,
 «Speak! speak! Oh! tell me, do my brothers live?»
 Atheling answer'd, «They will soon appear—
 My post was on the eastern hills—a scout
 Came breathless, sent from Edmund, and I hied,
 With a small company, and horses fleet,
 At his command, to thee. He bade me say,
 Even now, upon the citadel of York,
 Above the bursting fires, and rolling smoke,
 The Saxon banner waves»——

«I thank thee, Lord!
 My brothers live!» cried Adela, and knelt
 Upon the platform, with uplifted hands,
 And look to Heaven—then rising with a smile,
 Said, «We have watch'd, I and this old man here,
 Hour after hour, through the long lingering night,
 And now 't is almost morning: I will stay
 Till I have heard my brother's distant horn
 From the west-woods;—but you ■■ weary, youth?»

«Oh, no! I will keep watch with you till dawn—
 To me most soothing is an hour like this!
 And who that saw, as now, the morning stars
 Begin to pale, and the grey twilight steal
 So calmly on the seas, and wide-hush'd world,
 Could deem there was a sound of misery
 On earth? nay, who could hear thy gentle voice,
 Fair maid, and think there ■■ a voice of hate
 Or strife beneath the stillness of that cope
 Above us? Oh! I hate the noise of arms—
 Here will I watch with you.—Then, after pause,
 «Poor England is not what it once has been;
 And strange are both our fortunes.»

«Atheling,»

(Adela answer'd) «early piety
 Hath disciplined my heart to ev'ry change.
 How didst thou pass in safety from this land
 Of slavery and sorrow?»

He replied—

«When darker jealousy and lowering hate
 Sat ■■ the brow of William, England mourn'd,
 And ■■ dark spirit of conspiracy
 Mutter'd its curses through the land. 'T ■■ then,
 With fiercer glare, the lion's eye was turn'd
 On me—My sisters and myself embark'd—
 The wide world was before us—we embark'd
 With some few faithful friends, and from the sea
 Gazed tearful, for a moment, ■■ the shores
 We left for ever—(so it then appear'd).
 Poor Margaret hid her face; but the fresh wind
 Swell'd the full mainsail, and the lessening land,
 The tow'rs, the spires, the villages, the smoke,
 Were seen no more.

«When now at sea, the winds
 Blew adverse, for to Holland ■■ our course—
 More fearful rose the storm—the east-wind sung
 Louder, till wreck'd upon the shores of Forth
 Our vessel lay—Here, friendless, we implored
 A short sojourn and succour—Scotland's king

Then ■■ in Dunfermline—he heard the tale
 Of ■■ distress—he flew himself to save—
 ■■ when he saw my sister Margaret,
 Young, innocent, and beautiful in tears,
 ■■ heart was moved.

«Oh! welcome here,» he cried:
 «'T is Heaven hath led you—Lady, look on me—
 If such a flower be cast to the bleak winds,
 'T ■■ ■■ I took and wore it next my heart.—
 Judged he not well, fair maid?»

«Thou know'st the rest—
 Compassion nurtured love, and Margaret
 (Such are the events of ruling Providence)
 ■■ ■■ Scotland's queen!

«To join the bands
 Of warriors, in ■■ cause assembled here,
 King Malcolm left his land of hills—his ■■
 Might make the Conqueror tremble on his throne!
 E'en should we fail, my sister Margaret
 Would love and honour you; and I might hope,
 (Oh! might I!) on the banks of Tay, or Tweed,
 With thee to wander (where no curfew sounds),
 And mark the summer-sun, beyond the hills,
 Sink in its glory, and then, hand in hand,
 Wind through the woods, and——»

Adela replied,
 With smile complacent, «Listen—I will be
 (So ■■ beguile the creeping hours of time)
 A tale-teller.—Two years we held sojourn
 In Denmark—two long weary years, and sigh'd,
 When, looking on the southern deep, we thought
 Of ■■ poor country—'Give me men and ships!'—
 Godwin still cried—'Oh! give me men and ships!'—
 The king commanded, and his armament—
 (A mightier never stemm'd the Baltic deep,
 Sent forth by sea-kings of the north, or bent
 On hardier enterprise: for not some isle
 Of the lone Orcades was now the prize,
 But England's throne.)

«—His mighty armament
 Now left the shores of Denmark. Our brave ships
 Burst through the Baltic straits, how gloriously!
 I heard the trumpets ring; I saw the sails
 Of nigh three hundred war-ships, the dim verge
 Of the remote horizon's skiey track
 Bestudding, here and there, like gems of light
 Dropt from the radiance of the morning ■■
 On the grey waste of waters—So our ships
 Swept o'er the billows of the north, and steer'd
 Right on ■■ England.

«Foremost of the fleet
 Our gallant vessel rode—around the mast
 Emblazon'd shields were ranged—and plumed crests
 Shook ■■ the north-east rose—Upon the prow,
 More ardent, Godwin, my brave brother, stood,
 And milder Edmund, ■■ whose mailed ■■
 I hung, when the white waves before ■■ swell'd,
 And parted.—The broad banner, in full length,
 Stream'd out its folds, on which the Saxon horse
 Ramp'd, ■■ impatient on the land to leap,

To which the winds still bore it bravely on;
Whilst the red cross, on the front banner, shone,
The hoar deep crimsoning.

Winds, bear ■ on—
Bear ■ cheerly, till white Albion's cliffs
Resound ■ our triumphant shouts; till there,
On his own Tow'r, that frowns above the Thames,
Ev'n there ■ plant these banners and this cross,
And stamp the Conqueror and his Crown to dust!—
They would have kept me on a foreign shore,
But could I leave my brothers? I with them
Grew up, with them I left my native land,
With them all perils have I braved, at sea,
Or war, all ■ of hard adversity!
Let death betide, I reck not; all I ask
Is yet, once more in this sad world, ■ kneel
Upon my father's grave, and kiss the earth.—
When the fourth morning gleam'd along the deep,
'England, Old England!' burst the general cry:
'England, Old England!' Every eye, intent,
Was turn'd; and Godwin pointed with his sword
To Flamborough, pale rising o'er the surge:
'Nearer into the kingdom's heart bear ■
The death-storm of our vengeance!' Godwin cried.
Soon, like ■ cloud, the Northern Foreland rose—
Know ye those cliffs, tow'ring in giant state?
But hark! along the shores alarm-bells
Ring out more loud—trump answers trump—the swords
Of hurrying horsemen, and projected spears,
Flash to the sun—On yonder castle-walls
A thousand bows are bent—Again, our course
Back ■ the north is turn'd. Now twilight veil'd
The sinking sands of Yarmouth, and we heard
A long deep toll from many a village tow'r
On shore—and lo! the scatter'd in-land lights,
That sprinkled winding ocean's lowly verge,
At once are lost in darkness—'God in Heaven,
It ■ the Curfew!' Godwin cried, and smote
His forehead. We all heard that sullen sound
For the first time, that night; but the winds blew—
Our ship sail'd out of hearing; yet we thought
Of the poor mother, who on winter nights
(When her belated husband from the wood
Was ■ come back), her lonely taper lit,
And turn'd the glass, and saw the faggot-flame
Shine on the faces of her little ones—
Those times will ne'er return.

Darkness descends;
Again the ■ is rising o'er the waves:
And ■ hoarse Humber ■ beneath ■ keels,
And ■ have landed—

Yea, and struck a blow,
Such as may make the crowned Conqueror quail,
Edgar replied.

Grant, Heav'n, that we may live,
Adela cried, in love and peace again,
When every storm is past—But this good man
■ silent—Ailric, does ■ hope, e'en now,
Arise on thy dark heart? Good father, speak.

With aspect mild (on which its fitful light
The watch-tow'r lamp threw pale) the monk replied.

Youth, ■ thy light hair, and ingenuous brow,
Most comely sits the ■ of life; on me,
And this bare head, the night of time descends
In sorrow. I look back upon the past,
And think of joy and sadness upon earth,
Like the vast ocean's fluctuating toil
From everlasting! I have ■ its waste
Now in the sunshine sleeping—now high-ridged
With storms; and such the kingdoms of the earth.
Yes, youth, and flattering fortune, and the light
Of summer days, are as the radiance
That flits along the solitary waves,
E'en whilst we gaze, and say, 'how beautiful!'
So fitful and so perishing the dream
Of human things. But there is light above,
Undying; and, ■ times, faint harmonies
Heard, by the weary pilgrim, in his way
O'er perilous rocks, and through unwater'd wastes,
Who looks up, fainting, and prays earnestly,
To pass into that rest, whence sounds so sweet
Come, whispering of hope; else it ■ best,
Beneath the load the forlorn heart endures,
To sink at once; ■ shut the eyes ■ things
That sear the sight; and ■ wrap the soul
In sullen, tearless, ruthless apathy!
Therefore, 'midst ev'ry human change, I drop
A tear upon the cross, and all is calm;
Yea, full of blissful—and of brightest views,
On this dark tide of time.

Youth, thou hast known
Adversity; even in thy morn of life,
The spring-tide rainbow fades, and many days,
And many years, perchance, of weal ■ woe
Hang o'er thee: happy, if through ev'ry change
Thy constant heart, thy steadfast view, be fix'd
Upon that better kingdom, where the crown
Immortal is held ■ to holy hope,
Beyond the clouds that rest upon the grave.

Oh! I remember when King Harold stood
Blooming in youth like thee: I saw him crown'd—
I heard the loud voice of a nation hail
His rising star: then, flaming in mid-heaven
The red portentous comet, like the hand
Upon the wall, ■ forth: its fatal course
All mark'd, and gazed in terror, as it look'd,
With lurid light, upon this land. ■ pass'd—
Old men had many bodings; but I saw,
Reckless, King Harold, in his plumed helm,
Ride foremost of the mailed chivalry,
That, when the fierce Norwegian ■ pass'd the seas,
Met his host, ■ to man; I ■ the sword,
Advanced and glittering, in the victor's hand,
That smote Hardrada ■ the earth! To-day,
King Harold rose, like ■ avenging God,
To-morrow (so it seem'd, so short the space),
To-morrow, through the field of blood, we sought
His mangled ■ amid the heaps of slain—
Shall I recount th' event ■ faithfully?
Its spectred memory ■ since that hour
Has left my heart.

* A comet appeared ■ the ■ of Harold's coronation.

■ Hardrada, of Norway, ■ invaded England just before the arrival of William. ■ defeated ■ with immense slaughter in the north, and was ■ from thence ■ a more desperate and fatal struggle.

William was in his tent,
 Spread on the battle-plain, on that same night
 When seventy thousand dead lay at his feet—
 They, who at sun-rise, with bent bows and spears,
 Confronted and defied him, at his feet
 Lay dead!—alone, he watches in his tent,
 At midnight—'midst a sight terrible
 We came—we stood before him, where he sat,
 I and my brother Osgood. 'Who are ye?'
 Stern he inquired; and Osgood thus replied.
 'Conqueror, and Lord, and [] to be a King,
 We, two poor monks of Waltham Abbey, kneel
 Before thee, sorrowing! He who is slain
 To us [] bountiful. He raised those walls
 Where we devote our life to pray'r and praise.
 Oh! by the mercies which the God of all
 Hath shown to thee this day, grant our request;
 To search for his dead body, through this field
 Of terror, that his bones may rest with us.'

'Your king hath met the meed of broken faith,'
 William replied: 'But yet he shall not want
 A sepulchre; and on [] very spot
 My purpose stands, as I have vow'd to God,
 To build an holy monastery: here,
 A hundred monks shall pray for all who fell
 In this dread strife; and your King Harold here
 Shall have due honours and a stately tomb.'

'Still [] our knees, we answer'd, 'O! not so,
 Dread Sovereign;—hear us, of your clemency.
 We beg his body; beg it for the sake
 Of our successors; beg it for ourselves,
 That we may bury it in the same spot
 Himself ordain'd when living; where the choir
 May sing for his repose, in distant years,
 When [] are dust and ashes.'

'Then go forth,
 And search for him, at the first dawn of day,'
 King William said. We cross'd our breasts, and pass'd,
 Slow-rising, from his presence. So we went,
 In silence [] the quarry of the dead.
 The sun rose on that still and dismal host—
 Toiling from corse to corse, we trod in blood—
 From [] till noon toiling, and then I said,
 'Seek Editha, her whom he loved.' She came;
 And through the field of death [] pass'd: she look'd
 On many a face, ghastly upturn'd; her hand
 Unloosed the helmet, smoothed the clotted hair,
 And many livid hands she took in hers;
 Till stooping o'er a mangled corse, she shriek'd,
 Then into tears burst audibly, and turn'd
 Her face, and with a faltering voice pronounced,
 'Oh! Harold!' We took up, and bore the corse
 From that sad spot, and wash'd the ghastly wound
 Deep in the forehead, where the broken barb
 Was fix'd.

'So well'ring from the field, [] bore
 King Harold's corse. A hundred Norman knights
 [] the sad train, with pikes that trail'd the ground.
 Our old [] pray'd, and spoke of evil days

[] the Normans [] solicitous to pay every mark of
 respect to the [] of [] late king.

To []; the women smote their breasts and wept;
 The little children knelt beside the way,
 As [] Waltham the funereal car
 Moved slow. Few and disconsolate the train
 Of English earls, for few, alas! remain'd,
 So many in the field of death lay cold.
 The horses slowly paced, till Waltham tow'rs
 Before us rose. There, with long taper'd blaze,
 Our brethren met us, chanting, two and two,
 The *Miserere* of the dead. And there—
 But, my child Adela, you [] in tears—
 There [] the foot of the high Altar lies
 The last of Saxon Kings.—Sad Editha,
 At distance, watch'd the rites, and from that hour
 We [] saw her more.'

A distant trump
 Now rung—again! again!—and thrice a trump
 Has answer'd from the walls of Ravenspur.
 'My brothers! they [] here!' Adela cried,
 And left the tow'r in breathless ardour. 'York
 Flames to the sky!' a general voice [] heard—
 The drawbridge clanks—into the inner court
 A mailed [] rides on—'York is no more!'
 The cry without redoubles—On the ground
 The rider flung his bloody sword, and raised
 His helm dismounting—the first dawn of day
 Gleam'd [] the shatter'd plume. 'Oh! Adela,'
 He cried, 'your brother Godwin'—and she flew,
 And murmuring, 'my brave brother!' hid her face,
 Clasp'ing his mailed breast. Soon gazing round,
 She cried, 'but where is Edmund? Was he wont
 To linger?'

'Edmund has a sacred charge,'
 Godwin replied. 'But trust his anxious love,
 We soon shall hear his voice. I need some rest—
 'T is now broad day; but we have watch'd and fought.
 I can sleep sound, though the shrill bird of morn
 Mount and upbraid my slumbers with her song.'

Tranquil and clear the autumnal day declined:
 The barks at anchor cast their lengthen'd shades
 On the grey bastion'd walls; airs from the deep
 Wander'd, and touch'd the cordage [] they pass'd,
 Then hover'd with expiring breath, and stir'd
 Scarce [] the quiescent pennant; the bright []
 Lay silent in its glorious amplitude,
 Without; far up, in the pale atmosphere,
 A white cloud, here and there, hung over-head,
 And [] red freckles streak'd the horizon's edge,
 Far as the sight could reach: beneath the rocks,
 That rear'd their dark brows beetling o'er the bay,
 The gulls and guillemots, with short, quaint cry,
 Just broke the sleeping stillness of the air,
 Or skimming almost touch'd the level main,
 With wings far seen, and more intensely white,
 Opposed [] the blue space; whilst Panope
 Play'd in the offing. Humber's ocean-stream,
 Inland, went sounding on, by rocks, and sands,
 And castle, yet so sounding [] it seem'd
 A voice amidst the hush'd and listening world
 That spoke of peace; whilst from the bastion's point

'On the level brine,
 Sleek Panope, with all her sisters play'd.
 MILTON.

One piping red-breast might almost be heard,
Such quiet all things hush'd, so peaceable
The hour : the very swallows, ' they leave
The coast to pass a long and weary way
O'er ocean's solitude, to renew
Once more their summer feelings, a light
So sweet would last for ever, whilst they flock
In the brief sunshine of the turret-top—

'T was at this hour of evening, Adela
And Godwin, restored by rest, went forth,
Link'd in arm, upon the beach,
Beyond the head-land's shade. If such a hour
Seem'd smiling to the heart, how smiled it now,
To him, who yesternight, a soldier, stood
Amid the direst sight of human strife,
And bloodshed! heard the cries, the trumpet's blast,
Ring o'er the dying; saw, with all its towers,
A city blazing to the midnight sky,
And mangled groups of miserable men,
Gasping or dead, whilst with his iron heel
He splash'd the blood beneath! How changed the scene!
The sun's last light upon the battlements,
The sea, the landscape, the peace-breathing air,
Remember'd both, of the departed hours
Of early life, when they had a home,
A country, where their father a crown.
What changes since that time, for them, and all
They loved! How many found an early grave,
Cut off by the red sword! how many mourn'd,
Scatter'd by various fates, through distant lands!
How desolate their own poor country, bound
By the oppressor's chain! As thoughts like these
Arose, the bells of rural Nevilthorpe
Rung out a joyous peal, rung merrily,
For tidings heard from York: their melody
Mingled with things forgotten until then,
And then remember'd freshly. Adela
That instant turn'd to hide her tears, and saw
Her brother Edmund, leading by the hand
A boy of lovely mien, and footstep light,
Along the sands. "My sister," Edmund cried,
"See, here, a foot-page I have brought from York,
To serve a lady fair." The boy held out
His hand to Adela, as he would say,
"Look, and protect me, Lady." Adela,
Advancing with a smile and glowing cheek,
Cried, "Welcome, truant brother," and then took
The child's right hand, and said "My pretty page,
And have you not a tale to tell me?"
The boy spake nothing, but look'd earnestly
And anxiously at Edmund. Edmund said,
"If he is silent, I must speak for him."
'T was when the Minster flamed, and, sword in hand,
Godwin, and Waltheof, and stern Hereward,
Directed the red slaughter, black with smoke
I burst into the citadel, and saw—
Not the grim warder, with his huge axe up,
But o'er her child a frantic mother, mute²

¹ I have placed, according to the best accounts, the taking of York at the fall of the year.

William prepared his army, and took the field in the spring; and the whole country, north of the Humber to the Tyne, was entirely laid waste and desolated by fire, famine, and the sword. See Turner's excellent History of England, and of the Anglo-Saxons.

² Only one family was saved in the city of the Normans at York. The name is Malet, or Maillet. I have made this historical

With horror, in delirious agony,
Clasping it to her bosom; stern and
The father stood, his hand upon his brow,
As praying, in that hour, that God might make,
In mercy, the last trial brief. "Fear not—
I am a man!—nay, fear me," I cried
And seizing his child's hand, in safety placed,
Amidst the smoke, and sounds and sights of death,
Him and his mother! She with bursting heart
Knelt down to bless me when I saw that boy,
So beautiful, I thought of Adela,
And said, "Oh! with his preserver him
Whom ev'ry eye must view with tenderness.
Oh! trust me; for his safety, let me pledge
My honour and my life."

"And I have brought
My trusted charge, that you, my Adela,
May show him gentler courtesy than those,
Whom war in its trade has almost steel'd."

His sister kiss'd the child's light hair and cheek,
And folded his small hands in hers, and said,
"You shall be my true knight, and wear a plume,
Wilt thou not boy? and for a lady's love
Fight, like a valiant soldier?" "I will die,"
The poor child said, "for friends like those who saved
My father and my mother;" and again
Adela kiss'd his forehead and his eyes,
And said, "But we are Saxons!"

As she spoke,
The winds began to muster, and the sea
Swell'd with a sound so solemn, whilst the sun
Was sinking, and its last, and lurid light,
Streak'd the long line of cumulous clouds, that hung
In wild red masses o'er the murmuring deep,
Now flick'ring fast with foam. The sea-fowl flew
Rapidly on, o'er the black-lifted surge,
Borne down the wind, and then was seen no more.
Meantime the dark deep wilder heaves, and hark!
Heavily, over-head the gather'd storm
Comes sounding!

Haste!—and in the castle-keep
List to the winds and that roar without.

CANTO II.

Waltham Forest—Tower—William and his Barons.

There had been fearful sounds in the air last night
In the wild wolds of Holderness, when York
Flamed to the midnight sky, and spells of death
Were heard amidst the depth of Waltham wood;
For there the king and weird sisters met
Their imps, and the dark spirits that rejoice
When foulest deeds are done on earth, and there
In dread accordance their dismal joy.

circumstances illustrative of the milder, but no less brave, character of Edmund, and introduced the episode for the sake of relief; as many other descriptions, which I need not point out.

• Around, around, around,
Troop and dance ■ to the sound,
Whilst mocking imps cry, Ho! ho! ho!
On earth there will be Woe! ■ woe!

SPIRIT ■ EARTHQUAKE.
Arise, swart fiends, 't is I command—
Burst your caves and rock the land.

SPIRIT ■ STORM.
Loud tempests, sweep the conscious wood!

SPIRIT OF ■ BATTLE.
■ scent from earth more blood! more blood!

SPIRIT ■ THE FIRE.
When the wounded cry,
And the craven die,
I will ride on the spires,
And the red volumes of the bursting fires.

SPIRITS AND NIGHT-HAGS.
• Around, around, around,
Dance ■ the dismal sound
Of dying cries and mortal woe,
Whilst mocking imps shout, Ho! ho! ho!

FIRST SPIRIT.
Hear!
Spirits, that our hests perform
In the earthquake or the storm,
Appear, appear!

A fire is lighted—the pale smoke goes up :—
Obscure, terrific features through the clouds
Are seen, and a wild laughter heard, • We come!

MINISTERING SPIRITS SING.
I have syllables of dread;
They can wake the dreamless dead.

I, ■ dark sepulchral song,
That ■ lead Hell's phantom-throng.

Like a nightmare I will ■
This night upon King William's breast!

SPIRITS, AND NIGHT-HAGS.
• Around, around, around,
Dance ■ to the dismal sound
Of dying shrieks and mortal woe,
Whilst antic imps shout, Ho! ho! ho!

They vanish'd, and the earth shook where they stood.

That night, King William first, within the Tow'r,
Received his vassal Barons—in that Tow'r,¹
Which oft since then has echo'd to night-shrieks
Of secret murder, or the lone lament—
Now other sounds ■ heard, for ■ this night
Its canopied and vaulted chambers rung
With minstrelsy; whilst sounds of long acclaim

¹ Whether it ■ a matter of fact or not, that the Tower was
■ this year, I ■ justified in assuming it poetically, and
it is ■ least historically credible.

Re-echoed, from the loop-holes, o'er the Thames :—
The drawbridge, and the pond'rons cullis-gate,
Frown'd on the moat—the flanking towers aspired
O'er the embattled walls, where proudly waved
The Norman banner. William, laugh to scorn,
The ■ of conspiracy and hate,
That round thee gather, like the storms of night
Mustering, when murder hides her visor'd mien!
Now, what hast Thou to fear? Let the fierce Dane
Into the centre of thy kingdom sweep,
With hostile armament, even like the tide
■ the hoarse Humber, on whose waves he rode!
Let foes confederate; let one voice of hate,
One cry of instant vengeance, one deep curse,
■ heard, from Waltham woods to Holderness!
Let Waltheof, stern in steel, let Hereward,
Impatient ■ undaunted, flash their swords;—
Let the boy Edgar, back'd by Scotland's King,
Advance his feeble claim, and don his casque,
Whose brows might better ■ blue bonnet grace;
Let Edwin and vindictive Morcar join
The ■ of Harold! what hast thou to fear?
London's sole Tow'r might laugh their strength to scorn!²

Upon that night, when York's proud castle fell,
Here William held his court. The torches glared
On crest or crozier. Knights and prelates bow'd
Before their sovereign. He, his knights and peers
Surveying with a stern complacency,
Inclined not from his seat, o'ercanopied
With golden valance, woven by no hand,
Save of the Queen. Yet calm his countenance
Shone, and his brow ■ dignified repose
Mark'd kingly; high his forehead, and besprent
With dark hair, interspersed with grey; his eye
Glanced amiable, chiefly when the light
Of a brief smile attemper'd majesty.
■ beard was dark and heavy, yet diffused,
Low ■ the lion ramping on his breast
Engrail'd upon the mail.

Odo approach'd,
And knelt, then rising, placed the diadem
Upon his brow, with laurels intertwined.
Again the voice of acclamation rung,
And from the galleries a hundred harps
Resounded Roland's song, « Long live the King!»
The barons, and the prelates, and the knights,
• Long live the Conqueror!» cried; « a God on earth!»
That instant the high vaulted chamber shook
As with ■ blast from heaven, and all was mute
Around him, and the very fortress rock'd,
As it would topple ■ their heads: He rose
Disturb'd and frowning, for tumultuous thoughts
Crowded like night upon his heart; then waved
His hand!—The barons, abbots, knights, retire.
Behold him now alone! before ■ lamp
A crucifix appears; upon the ground
Lies the same sword that Hastings' battle dyed
Deep to the hilt in gore;—behold, he kneels

¹ ■ Castle's strength will laugh ■ siege to scorn.—*Macbeth*.

² William, with all his sternness, is described by contemporary
historians as having a remarkable complacent smile, and seems ■
have been by nature bold, benevolent, and superstitious. I have
endeavoured to sketch his portrait, ■ it appears from a comparison
of ■ writers of the period.

And prays, "Thou only, Lord, art great,—
Have mercy on my sins!" The crucifix
Shook as he spoke, shook visibly! and, hark!
There is a low moan, ■ of dying men,
At distance heard.

Then William first knew fear.
He had heard tumults of the battle-field,
The noise, the glorious hurrahs, and the clang
Of trumpets round him, but no sound like this
Ere smote with unknown terror on his heart,
As if the eye of God that moment turn'd
And ■ it beating.

Rising slow, he flung
Upon a couch his agitated limbs:—
The lamp was near him; on the ground his sword
And helmet lay,—short troubled slumbers stole,
And darkly rose the spirit of his dream.

He saw a field of blood,—it pass'd away;—
A glittering palace rose, with mailed men
Throng'd; and the voice of multitudes ■ heard
Acclaiming: suddenly the sounds were ceased,
The glittering palace vanish'd, and, behold,
Long winding cloisters, echoing to the chant
Of stoled fathers; and the mass-song ceased—
Then a dark tomb appear'd, and, lo! a shape
As of a phantom-king!

Nearer it came,
And ■ yet—in silence—through the gloom.
Advancing,—still advancing: the cold glare
Of armour shone as it approach'd, and now
It stands o'er William's couch! The spectre gazed
Awhile, then lifting its dark visor up,
(Horrible vision!) show'd a grisly wound
Deep in its forehead, and therein appear'd
Gouts, as yet dropping from ■ arrow's point
Infix'd! And that red arrow's deadly barb
The shadow drew, and pointed at the breast
Of William; and the blood dropp'd on his breast;
And through his steely arms one drop of blood
Came cold as death's own hand upon his heart!
Whilst a deep voice was heard, "Now sleep in peace,
I am avenged!"

Starting, he exclaim'd,
"Hence, horrid phantom! Ho! Fitz-alain, ho!
Montgomerie!" Each baron, with a torch,
Before him stood! "By dawn of day," he cried,
"We will to horse. What passes in our thoughts
We shall unfold hereafter. By St Anne,
Albeit, not ten thousand phantoms sent
By the dead Harold can divert our course,
They may bear timely warning.

" 'T is yet night—
Give me ■ battle-song, ■ daylight dawns;
The song of Roland, or of Charlemagne!—
Or ■ own fight at Hastings!—

"Torches!—ho!
And let the gallery blaze with lights! Awake,
Harpers of Normandy, awake! By Heav'n,
I will not sleep till your full chords ring out
The song of England's conquest! Torches!—ho!"

■ spoke! again the blazing gallery
Echo'd the harper's song. Old Eustace led
The choir, and, whilst the king paced to and fro,
Thus rose the bold, exulting symphony.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

The Norman armament, beneath thy rocks St Valerie,
Is moor'd; and, streaming to the morn, three hundred
banners fly;
Of crimson silk, with golden cross, effulgent o'er the
rest,
That banner proudest in the fleet, streams, which the
Lord had bless'd.
The gale is fair, the sails are set, cheerly the south wind
blows,
And Norman archers, all in steel, have grasp'd their
good yew-bows;
Aloud the harpers strike their harps, whilst morning
light is flung
Upon the cross-bows and the shields, that round the
masts are hung.
Speed on, ye brave, 't is William leads; bold Barons, at
his word,
Lo! sixty thousand men of might for William draw
the sword.

So, bound to England's southern shore, we roll'd upon
the seas,
And gallant the white sails were set, and swelling to the
breeze.
"On, on, to victory or death!" now ■ the general
cry;
The minstrels sung, "On, on, ye brave, to death ■
victory!"
Mark yonder ship, how straight she steers: ye knights
and barons brave,
'T is William's ship, and proud she rides, the foremost
o'er the wave.
And now we hail'd the English coast, and lo! on
Beachy Head,
The radiance of the setting ■ majestic is shed.
The fleet sail'd on, till, Pevensey! we saw thy welcome
strand;
Duke William now his anchor casts, and dauntless
leaps to land.

The English host, by Harold led, at length appear in
sight,
And ■ they raise ■ deafening shout, and stand pre-
pared for fight;
The hostile legions halt awhile, and their long lines
display,
Now front to front they stand, in still and terrible array.
Give ■ the word, "God, and ■ right!" rush like a
storm along,
Lift up God's banner, and advance, resounding Ro-
land's song!
Ye, spearmen, poise your lances well, by brave Mont-
gomerie led,
Ye, archers, bend your bows, and draw the ■ to
the head.
They draw—the bent bows ring—huzzah! another
flight, and, hark!
How the sharp arrowy shower beneath the ■ goes
hissing dark.

Hark! louder grows the deadly strife, till all the battle-plain
 ■ red with blood, and heap'd around with men and horses slain.
 On! Normans, on! Duke William cried, and, Harold, tremble Thou,
 Now think upon thy perjury, and of thy broken ■■■■
 The banner' of thy armed knight, thy shield, thy helm, are vain—
 The fatal shaft has sped,—by Heav'n! it hisses in his brain!—
 So William won the English crown, and all his foe-men beat,—
 And Harold, and his Britons brave, lay silent at his feet.
 « Enough! the day is breaking, » cried the King:
 « Away! away! be armed at my side,
 Without attendants, and to Horse, to Horse!»

CANTO III.

Waltham Abbey and Forest—Wild Woman of the Woods.

At Waltham Abbey, o'er King Harold's grave
 A requiem was chanted; for last night
 A passing spirit shook the battlements,
 And the pale monk, at midnight, ■ he watch'd
 The lamp, beheld it tremble; whilst the shrines
 Shook, as the deep foundations of the fane
 Were moved. « Oh! pray for Harold's soul! » he cried.
 And now, at matin bell, the monks were met,
 And slowly pacing round the grave, they sung:—

DIRGE.

Peace, oh! peace be to the shade
 Of him who here in earth is laid:
 Saints, and spirits of the blest,
 Look upon his bed of rest;
 Forgive his sins, propitious be—
 Dona pacem, Domine,
 Dona pacem, Domine!

When, from yonder window's height,
 The moonbeams on the floor ■■ bright,
 Sounds of viewless harps shall die,
 Sounds of Heaven's ■■■ harmony!
 Forgive his sins, propitious be—
 Dona pacem, Domine,
 Dona pacem, Domine!

By the spirits of the brave,
 Who died the land they loved to save;
 By the soldier's faint farewell,
 By Freedom's blessing, where he fell;
 Forgive his sins, propitious be—
 Dona pacem, Domine,
 Dona pacem, Domine!

By ■ nation's mingled moan,
 By Liberty's expiring groan,

■ Harold's banner had the device of an armed knight.

By the saints, to whom 't is given
 To bear that parting groan to Heav'n;
 To his shade propitious be—
 Dona pacem, Domine,
 Dona pacem, Domine!

The proud and mighty—

As they sung, the doors
 Of the ■■■ portal, with ■ sound that shook
 The vaulted roofs, burst open; and, behold!
 An armed Norman knight, the helmet closed
 Upon his visage, but of stature tall,
 ■ coal-black armour clanking as he trod,
 Advancing up the middle aisle alone,
 Approach'd: he gazed in silence on ■■ GRAVE
 Of ■■ LAST SAXON; there awhile he stood,
 Then knelt ■ moment, muttering a brief prayer:
 The fathers cross'd their breasts—the mass-song ceased.
 Heedless of all around, the mailed man
 Rose up, nor speaking ■■ inclining, paced
 Back through the sounding aisle, and left the fane.
 The monks their interrupted song renew'd:—

The proud and mighty, when they die,
 With the crawling worm shall lie;
 But who would not a crown resign,
 Harold! for ■ rest like thine?
 Saviour Lord, propitious be—
 Dona pacem, Domine,
 Dona pacem, Domine!

« Pacem » (as slow the stoled train retire),
 « Pacem, » the shrines and fretted roofs return'd.

'T was told, three Norman knights, in armour, spurr'd
 Their foaming steeds to the West Abbey door;
 But who it was, that with his visor closed
 Pass'd up the long and echoing fane alone,
 And knelt on Harold's grave-stone, none could tell!
 The stranger knights in silence left the fane,
 And ■■ were lost in the surrounding shades
 Of Waltham forest.

He, who foremost rode,
 Pass'd his companions, on his fleetest steed,
 And, muttering in a dark and dreamy mood,
 Spurr'd on alone, till, looking round, he heard
 Only the murmur of the woods above,
 Whilst soon all traces of a road were lost
 In the inextricable maze. From morn
 Till eve, in the wild woods he wander'd lost.
 Night follow'd, and the gathering storm was heard
 Among the branches. List! there is ■ sound
 Of horn far off, or tramp of toiling steed,
 Or call of some belated forester;
 No lonely taper lights the waste; the woods
 Wave high their melancholy boughs, and bend
 Beneath the rising tempest. Heard ye not
 Low thunder to the north? The solemn roll
 Redoubles through the dark'ning forest deep,
 That sounds through all its solitude, and rocks,
 As the long peal at distance rolls away.
 Hark! the loud thunder crashes overhead,
 And, as the red fire flings ■■ fitful glare,
 The branches of old oaks, and mossy trunks,
 Distinct and visible shine out; and lo!

Interminable woods a moment seen,
Then lost again in deeper, lonelier night.
The torrent rain o'er the vast leafy cope
Comes sounding, and the drops fall heavily
Where the strange knight is shelter'd by the trunk
Of a huge oak, whose dripping branches sweep
Far round. Oh! happy, if beneath the flash
Some castle's banner'd battlements were seen,
Where the lone minstrel, as the storm of night
Blew loud without, beside the blazing hearth
Might dry his hoary locks, and strike his harp
(The fire relumined in his aged eyes)
To songs of Charlemagne!

Or, happier yet,
If some grey convent's bell remote proclaim'd
The hour of midnight service, when the chant
Was up, and the long range of windows shone
Far off, on the lone woods, whilst Charity
Might bless and welcome, in a night like this,
The veriest outcast! Angel of the storm!
Ha! thy red bolt this instant shiv'ring rives
That blasted oak!

The horse starts back, and bounds
From the knight's grasp. The way is dark and wild—
So dark and wild, as if the solitude
Had never heard the sound of human steps.
Pond'ring he stood, when by the lightning's glance
The knight now mark'd a small and craggy path.
Descending through the woody labyrinth,
He track'd his way slowly from brake to brake,
Till ■■■ he gain'd ■ deep sequester'd glen—
« I fear not storms, nor thunders, nor the sword,»
The knight exclaim'd: « that eye alone I fear!
God's stern and stedfast eye upon the heart!
Yet peace is in the grave where Harold sleeps.»

« Who speaks of Harold?» cried a woman's voice,
Heard through the deep night of the woods— « He
spoke,»
A stern voice answer'd, « He, of Harold spoke,
Who fear'd his sword in the red front of war,
Less than the powers of darkness:» and he cross'd
His breast, for at that instant rose the thought
Of the weird sisters of the wold, that mock
Night wanderers, and « syllable men's names»
In savage solitude—« If now,» he cried,
« Dark ministers, thy spells of wizard power
Have raised the storm and wild winds up, appear!»
He scarce had spoken, when, by the red flash
That glanced along the glen, half visible
Appear'd a tall, majestic female form;
So visible, her eyes' intenser light
Shone wildly through the darkness; and her face,
On which one pale flash more directly shone,
Was like ■ ghost's by moonlight, as she stood
A moment seen: her lips appear'd to move
Muttering, whilst her long locks of ebony hair
Stream'd o'er her forehead, by the bleak winds blown
Upon her heaving breast.

The knight advanced—
Th' expiring embers from a cave within,
Now waken'd by the night-air, shot a light,
Fitful and trembling, and this human form,

If it ■ human, ■ the entrance stood,
As seem'd, of a rude cave. You might have thought
She had strange spells, such ■ mysterious power
Was round her, such terrific solitude,
Such night, as of the kingdom of the grave,
Whilst hurricanes seem'd to obey her hest.

And she no less admired, when, front ■ front,
By the rekindling embers' darted gleam,
A mailed man, of proud illustrious port,
St ■ mark'd; and thus, but with unfaltering voice,
She spake—

« Yes! it ■ Harold's name I heard!
Whence, and what art thou? I have watch'd the night,
And listen'd to the tempest ■ it howl'd;
And whilst I listening lay, methought I heard,
Even now, the tramp as of a rushing steed—
Therefore I rose, and look'd into the dark,
And now I hear one speak of Harold: say,
Whence, and what art thou, solitary man?
If lost and weary, enter this poor shed—
If wretched, pray with me—if on dark deeds
Intent, I am ■ most poor woman, cast
Into the depths of mortal misery!
The desolate have nought to lose:—pass on!
I had not spoken, but for Harold's name,
By thee pronounced: it sounded in my ears
As of ■ better world—ah no! of days
Of happiness in this.—Whence, who art thou?»

« I am ■ Norman, woman; more to know
Seek not:—and I have been to Harold's grave,
Remembering the mightiest are but dust;
And I have pray'd the peace of God might rest
Upon his soul.»

« And, by our blessed Lord,
The deed was holy,» that lorn woman said;
« And may the benediction of all saints,
Whoe'er thou art, rest on thy head. But say,
What perilous mischance hath hither led
Thy footsteps in an hour and night like this?»

« Over his grave, of whom we spake, I heard
The mass-song sung! I knelt upon his grave,
And pray'd for my own sins! I left the fane,
And heard the chanted rite at distance die.
Returning through these forest shades, with thoughts
Not of this world, I press'd my panting steed
The foremost of the Norman knights, and pass'd
The track, that, leading to the forest-ford,
Winds through the opening thickets—on ■ height
I stood and listened, but no voice replied—
The storm descended: at the lightning's flash
My good steed burst the reins, and frantic fled—
I was alone: the small and craggy path
Led to this solitary glen; and here,
As dark and troubled thoughts arose, I mused
Upon the dead man's sleep; for God, I thought,
This night, spoke in the rocking of the winds!»

« There is a Judge in heaven,» the woman said,
« Who seeth all things; and there is ■ voice,
Inaudible midst the tumultuous world,
That speaks of fear or comfort to the heart

When all is still! But shroud thee in this cave
Till morning: such a sojourn may not please
A courtly knight, like echoing halls of joy.
I have but some wild roots, a bed of fern,
And no companion save this bloodhound here,
Who, at my beck, would tear thee to the earth—
Yet enter—fear not!—And that poor abode
The proud knight enter'd, with rain-drench'd plume.
« Yet here I dwell in peace,» the woman said,
« Remote from towns, nor start at the dire sound
Of that accursed curfew!—Soldier-knight,
Thou art a Norman! Had th' invader spurn'd
All charities in thy own native land,
Yes—thou wouldst know what injured Britons feel.»

« Nay, Englishwoman, thou dost wrong our king,»
The knight replied: « conspiracy and fraud
Hourly surrounding him, at last compell'd
Stern Rigour to awake. What! shall the bird
Of thunder slumber on the citadel,
And blench his eye of fire, when, looking down,
He sees, in ceaseless enmity combined,
Those who would pluck his feathers from his breast,
And cast them to the winds? Woman, on thee,
Haply, the tempest of the times has beat
Too roughly; but thy griefs he can requite!»

The indignant woman answer'd, « He requite!
Can he bring back the dead? Can he restore
Joy to the broken-hearted? He requite!
Can he pour plenty on the vales his frown
Has blasted? bid sweet evening hear again
The village pipe! and the fair flow'rs revive
His bloody footstep crush'd? For poverty,
I reckon not: what is ■■■ the night,
Spent cheerless, and in gloom, and solitude?
I fix my eye upon that crucifix,
I mourn for those that are not—for my brave,
My buried countrymen!—Of this no more!—
Thou art a foe; but a brave soldier-knight
Would scorn to wrong a woman; and if death
Could arm my hand this moment, thou wert safe
In a poor cottage, as in royal halls.
Here rest awhile till morning dawns—the way
No mortal could retrace:—'t will not be long,
And I can cheat the time with ■■■ old strain—
For, Norman though thou art, thy soul has felt,
Even as ■ man, when sacred sympathy
This morning led thee to King Harold's grave.»

The woman sat beside the hearth, and stirr'd
The embers, or with fern or brushwood raised
A fitful flame, but cautious, lest its light
Some roving forester might mark. At times,
The small and trembling blaze shone ■ her face,
Still beautiful, and show'd the dark eye's fire
Beneath her long black locks. When she stood up,
A dignity, though in the garb of want,
Seem'd round her, chiefly when the brush-wood blaze
Glanced through the gloom, and touch'd the dusky mail
Of the strange knight—then—with sad smile she sung:

« Oh! when 't is Summer weather,
And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,
The waters clear is humming round,

And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green—
Oh! then 't is sweet,
In some remote retreat,
To ■■■ the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we love,
And ■ wind through the green-wood together.

« But when 't is Winter weather,
And crosses grieve,
And friends deceive,
And rain and sleet
The lattice beat—
Oh! then 't is sweet
To sit and sing
Of the friends, with whom, in the days of spring,
We roam'd through the green-wood together.»

The bloodhound slept upon the hearth—he raised
His head, and, through the dusk, his eyes were seen,
Fiery, a moment; but again he slept,
When she her song renew'd—

« Though thy words might well deceive me—
That is pass'd—subdued I bend;
Yet, for mercy, do not leave me
To the world without a friend!
Oh! thou art gone! and would, with thee,
Remembrance too had fled!
She lives to bid me weep, and see
The wreath I cherish'd dead.»

The knight through the dim lattice, watch'd the clouds
Of morn, now slowly struggling in the east,
When, with a voice more thrilling, and an air
Wilder, again a sad song she intoned—

« Upon the field of blood,
Amidst the bleeding brave,
O'er his pale corse I stood—
But he is in his grave.
I wiped his gory brow,
I smoothed his clotted hair—
But he is at peace, in the cold ground now—
Oh! when shall we meet there?»

At once, horns, trumpets, and the shouts of men,
Were heard above the valley. At the sound,
The knight, upstarting from his dreamy trance,
High raised his vizor, and his bugle rung,
Answering. « By God in heaven, thou art the King!»
The woman said. Again the clarions rung—
Like lightning! Alain and Montgomerie
Spurr'd through the wood, and led a harness'd steed
To the lone cabin's entrance, whilst the train
Sent up a deafning shout, « Long live the King!»
He, ere he vaulted to the saddle-bow,
Turn'd with a look benevolent, and cried,
« Barons and lords, to this poor woman here
Haply I owe my life! Let her not need!»

« Away!» she cried, « King of these realms, away!
I ask not wealth nor pity—least from thee,
Of all ■■■ As the day began to dawn,
More fix'd and dreadful seem'd her steadfast look,
The long black hair upon her labouring breast

Stream'd, whilst her neck, as in disdain, she raised
 Swelling—her eyes a wild terrific light
 Shot, and her voice, with intonation deep,
 Utter'd a curse, that ev'n the bloodhound ~~ch'd~~
 Beneath her feet, whilst with stern look she spoke:
 • Yes! I am Editha! she whom he loved—
 She, whom thy sword has left in solitude,
 How desolate! yes—I am Editha!—
 And thou hast been to Harold's grave—oh! think,
 King, where thy ~~will~~ will be! He rests in peace;
 But ev'n a spot is to thy bones denied—
 I ~~thy~~ thy carcass trodden under foot—
 Thy children—His, with filial reverence,
 Still think upon the spot where he is laid,
 Though distant and far-sever'd—But thy son,¹
 Thy eldest born, ah! see, he lifts the sword
 Against his father's breast!—Hark, hark! the chace
 Is up! in that wild forest thou hast made!—
 The deer is flying—the loud horn resounds—
 Hurrah! the arrow that laid Harold low
 It flies—it trembles in the red King's heart!²
 Norman, Heav'n's hand is on thee, and the curse
 Of this devoted land! Hence, to thy throne!—
 The King a moment with compassion gazed,
 And now the clarions, and the horns, and trumps
 Rung louder; the bright banners in the winds
 Waved beautiful; the neighing steeds aloft
 Mantled their manes, and up the valley flew,
 And soon have left behind, the glen, the cave
 Of solitary Editha, and sounds
 Of her last agony!

• Montgomerie, •

King William, turning, cried, • when this whole land
 Is portion'd (for till then we way not hope
 For lasting peace) forget not Editha!³

In the gay beam the spires of London shone,
 And the proud banner ~~the~~ the bastion
 Of William's Tower ~~seen~~ seen above the Thames,
 As the gay train, slow winding through the woods,
 Approach'd; when, lo! with spurs of blood, and voice
 Falt'ring upon a steed, whose lab'ring chest
 Heaved, and whose bit ~~wet~~ wet with blood and froth,
 A courier met them.

“ York!—oh King! he cried,
 • York is in ashes!—all thy Normans slain!”

• Now, by the splendour of the throne of God!
 King William cried, • nor woman, man, ~~child~~ child,
 Shall live.—Terrific flash'd his eye of fire,
 And darker grew his frown; then looking up,
 He drew his sword, and with a vow to Heav'n,
 Amid his barons, to the trumpet's clang
 Rode onward (breathing vengeance) to the Tow'r!

¹ Robert of Normandy.

² William Rufus, called the Red King.

³ It is a singular fact, that the ~~of~~ of Editha Pulcherrima occurs in Domesday.—See TUNNEN.

CANTO IV.

Wilds of Holderness—Hags—Parting ~~the~~ the Humber—
 Waltham Abbey, and Grave—Conclusion.

THE moon ~~high~~ high—when, 'mid the wildest wolds
 Of Holderness, where erst that structure vast,
 An idol-temple,¹ in old heathen times
 Frown'd, with gigantic shadow to the moon,
 That oft had heard the dark song, and the groans
 Of sacrifice—

There, the wan sisters met,—
 They circled the rude stone, and call'd the dead,
 And sung by turns their more terrific song:

FIRST HAG.

I look'd in the seer's prophetic glass,
 And saw the deeds that should come to pass—
 From Carlisle-Wall to Flamborough Head,
 The reeking soil was heap'd with dead.

SECOND HAG.

The towns were stirring at dawn of day,
 And the children went out in the morn to play;
 The lark was singing on holt and hill—
 I look'd again, but the towns were still,
 The murder'd child on the ground ~~thrown~~ thrown,
 And the lark was singing to heav'n alone.

THIRD HAG.

I saw a famish'd mother lie;
 Her lips were livid, and glazed her eye;
 The tempest was rising, and sung in the south,
 And I snatch'd the blade of grass from her mouth.

FOURTH HAG.

By the rolling of the drums!
 Hitherward King William comes:
 The night is struggling with the day—
 Hags of darkness! hence! away!

William is in the north—the avenging sword
 Descends like a whirlwind where he pass'd—
 Slaughter and Famine at his bidding wait,
 Like lank, impatient bloodhounds, till he cries
 • Pursue!—Again the Norman banner floats
 Triumphant on the citadel of York,
 Where, circled with the blazonry of arms,
 Amid his Barons, William holds his state.
 The boy preserved from death, young Malet, kneels,
 With folded hands:—His father, mother kneel,
 Imploring clemency for Harold's sons—
 For Edmund most. Bareheaded Walthof bends,
 And yields the keys!—A breathless courier came;
 « What tidings? »—« O'er the seas the Danes ~~fled~~ fled—
 Morecar and Edwin in Northumberland,
 Amidst its wildest mountains, seek to hide
 Their broken hopes—their troops are all dispersed.
 Malcolm alone, and the boy Atheling,
 And the two sons of the dead Harold, wait

¹ This temple Camden places at Delgovitia.

The winds to bear them to the North away.—
 • Bid forth ■ thousand spearmen, • William cried:
 • Now, by the resurrection, and the throne
 Of God, King Malcolm shall repent the hour
 He ■ drew sword in England!—Hence, away!

The west wind blows—the boat is on the beach,
 The clansmen are embark'd—the pipe is heard—
 Whilst thoughtful Malcolm and young Atheling
 Linger the last upon the shore: and there
 Are Harold's children, the grey-headed monk,
 Godwin, and Edmund, and poor Adela:—
 Then Malcolm spoke—« The lot is cast: oh! fly
 From this devoted land, and live with us,
 Amidst our lakes and mountains! »—« Adela, »
 Atheling whisper'd, « does thy heart say Yes?
 For in this world we ne'er may meet again. »
 « The brief hour calls—come, Adela, » exclaim'd
 Malcolm, and kindly took her hand. She look'd
 To heaven, and fell upon her knees—then rose,
 And answer'd:

« Sire, when my brave father fell,
 We three ■ exiles ■ ■ distant shore,
 And never, or in solitude or courts,
 Was God forgotten—all is in his hand.
 When those whom I had loved from infancy
 Here join'd the din of arms, I came with them—
 With them I have partaken good and ill,
 Have in the self-same mother's lap been laid,
 The ■ eye gazed on ■ with tenderness,
 And the same mother pray'd prosperity
 Might still be ours through life! Alas! our lot,
 How different!

« Yet let them go with you,
 I argue not—the first time in our lives,
 If it be so, we here shall separate—
 Whatever fate betide, I will not go
 Till I have knelt upon my father's grave! »—
 « 'T is perilous ■ think, » Atheling cried,
 « Most perilous—how 'scape the Norman's eye? »—
 She turn'd, and with a solemn calmness said,
 « If ■ should perish—at the hour of death
 My father will look down from Heaven, and say,
 'Come, my poor child!—Oh! come where I am bless'd!
 My brothers, seek your safety—Here I stand
 Resolved—and ■ will I leave these shores
 Till I have knelt upon my father's grave! »—
 We never will forsake thee! » Godwin cried.
 « Let death betide! » said Edmund, « ■ will go—
 Yes! go with thee, or perish! »

As he spoke,
 The pilot gave the signal—« Then farewell! »
 King Malcolm cried, « friends lately met, and ■
 To part for ever! » and he kiss'd the cheek
 Of Adela, and took brave Godwin's hand
 And Edmund's, and then said, almost in tears,
 « It is not ■ too late! yet o'er my grave
 So might ■ duteous daughter weep! » « God speed
 Brave Malcolm to his father's land! » they cried.
 The ships, beyond the promontory's point,
 Were anchor'd—and the tide ■ ebbing fast.

Then Ailric—« Sire, not unforeseen by me
 Was this sad day:—Oh! King of Scotland, hear—

I ■ a brother of that holy house
 Where Harold's bones are buried—from my vows
 I ■ absolved, and follow'd—for I loved
 ■ children—follow'd them through every fate.
 My few grey hairs will soon descend in peace,
 When I shall be forgotten; but till then,
 My services, my last poor services,
 To them I have devoted, for the sake
 Of him, their father, and my king, to whom,
 All, in this world, I owed! Protect them, Lord,
 And bless them, when the turf is on my head,
 And, in their old age, may they sometimes think
 ■ Ailric, cold and shrouded in his grave,
 When ■ smiles.—Sire, listen, whilst I pray
 One boon of thy compassion! not for me—
 I reck not whether vengeance wake or sleep—
 But for the safety of this innocent maid
 I speak. South of the Humber, in a cave,
 Conceal'd amidst the rocks and tangled brakes,
 I have deposited some needful weeds
 For this sad hour,—For well, indeed, I knew,
 ■ all should fail, this maiden's last resolve,
 To kneel upon her father's grave, ■ die.
 For this I have provided: but the time
 Is precious, and the sun is west'ring slow:
 The fierce eye of the lion may be turn'd
 Upon this spot to-morrow! Adela,
 Now, hear your friend, your father! the fleet hour
 Is passing, never to return: Oh! seize
 The instant.—Thou, King Malcolm, grant my pray'r!—
 If ■ embark, and leave the shores this night,
 The ■ of fame will bruit it far and wide,
 That Harold's children fled with thee, and sought
 A refuge in thy kingdom—None will know
 Our destination—in thy boat convey'd
 We may be landed near the rocky cave,—
 The boat again ply to thy ships, and they
 Plough homeward the north seas, whilst we ■ left
 To fate! »—Again the pilot's voice was heard—
 And, o'er the sand-hills, an approaching file
 Of Norman soldiers, with projected spears,
 Already seem'd as rushing on their prey.
 Then Ailric took the hand of Adela—
 She and her brothers, and young Atheling,
 And Scotland's king, are in one boat embark'd—
 Meantime the sun sets red, and twilight shades
 The sinking hills—The solitary boat
 Has reach'd the adverse shore.

« Here, then, we part! »
 King Malcolm said; and every voice replied,
 « God speed brave Malcolm to his father's land! »

Ailric, the brothers, and their sister, left
 The boat—they stood upon the moonlight beach,
 ■ list'ning to the sounds, ■ they grew faint,
 Of the receding oars, and watching still
 ■ white streak at distance, as they dipp'd,
 Were seen, till all was solitude around.
 Pensive, they sought ■ refuge for that night
 ■ the bleak ocean-cave.—The morning dawns,
 The brothers have put off the plumes of war,
 Dropping ■ tear upon the sword! Disguised
 In garb ■ suit their fortunes, they appear
 Like shipwreck'd scamen of Armorica,
 By ■ Franciscan hermit through the land

Led ■ ■ Alban's shrine, to offer vows—
Vows ■ the God, who heard them in that hour,
When all besides had perish'd in the storm.

Wreck'd near his ocean-cave, ■ eremite
(So went the tale of their disastrous fate)
Sustain'd them, and now guides them through a land
Of strangers—That fair boy was wont to sing
Upon the mast, when the still ship went slow
Along the seas, in sunshine—and that garb
Conceals the lovely, light-hair'd Adela.
The cuckoo's note in the deep woods ■ heard
When forth they fared. At many ■ convent gate
They stood and pray'd for shelter, and their pace
Hasten'd, if high amid the clouds they mark'd
Some solitary castle lift its brow
Grey in the distance—hasten'd, ■ to reach,
Ere it grew dark, its hospitable tow'rs—
There the lithe minstrel sung his roundelay.

• Listen, lords and ladies bright:
I can sing of many a knight
Who fought in paynim lands afar—
Of Bevis, ■ of Iscar.
I have tales of wand'ring maids,
And fairy elves in haunted glades,
• Of phantom-troops that silent ride
By the moonlight forest's side.
I have songs (fair maidens, hear!)
To warn the love-lorn lady's ear—
The choice of all my treasures take,
And grant us food for pity's sake.

When tired, at noon, by the white waterfall,
In ■ romantic and secluded glen,
They sat, and heard the blackbird overhead
Singing, unseen, ■ song, such as they heard
In infancy.—So every vernal morn
Brought with it smell of flowers, or song of birds,
Mingled with many shapings of old things,
And days gone by!—Then up again, to scale
The airy mountain, and behold the plain
Stretching below, and fading far away.
How beautiful! yet still to feel ■ tear
Starting (even when it shone most beautiful),
To think, • Here, in the country of our birth,
No rest is ours! •

• On, to our father's grave! •
So southward through the country they had pass'd
Now many days, and casual shelter found,
In villages, or hermit's lonely cave,
Or castle, high-embattled ■ the point
Of ■ steep mountain, or in convent walls;
For most with pity heard his song, and mark'd
The countenance of the way-faring boy;
Or when the pale monk, with his folded hands
Upon his breast, pray'd, « For the love of God,
Pity the poor, • gave alms, and bade them « Speed! •
And now, in distant light, the pinnacles
Of a grey fane appear'd, whilst on the woods
Still evening shed its parting light:—« Oh! say—
Say, villager, what tow'rs are those that rise
Eastward beyond the alders! •

• William took the field in spring.

« Know ye not, »
He answer'd, « Waltham Abbey? Harold there
■ buried—He, who in the fight ■ slain
At Hastings! »—To the cheek of Adela
A deadly paleness came. « On—let ■ on, »
Faintly she cried, and held her brother's arm,
And hid her face a moment with her hand!
And ■ the massy portal's sculptured arch
Before them rose.

• Say, porter, » Ailric cried,
• Poor mariners, wreck'd on the northern shores,
Ask charity!—Does aged Osgood live?
Tell him a poor Franciscan, wand'ring far,
And wearied, for the love of God would ask
His charity. »

Osgood came slowly forth—
The light that touch'd the western turret, fell
On his pale face. The pilgrim-father said,
• I am your brother Ailric—look on me!
And these are Harold's children! »

Whilst he spoke,
Godwin, advancing, with emotion cried,
• We ■ his children! I am Godwin, this
Is Edmund, and lo! poor and in disguise,
Our sister!—we would kneel upon his grave—
Our father's! •

• Come yet nearer, » Osgood said,
• Yet nearer! » and that instant Adela
Look'd up, and wiping from the lids a tear,
« Have you forgotten Adela? »

• Oh God! »
The old man trembling cried, • ye ■ indeed
Our benefactor's children! Adela,
Edmund, brave Godwin! welcome to these walls—
Welcome, my old companion! » and he fell
Upon the neck of Ailric, and both wept.
Then Osgood—• Children of that honour'd lord
Who gave us all, go near and bless his grave. »
One parting sunbeam yet upon the floor
Rested—it pass'd away, and darker gloom
Was gathering in the aisles. Each footstep's sound
Was more distinctly heard, for all beside
Was silent. Slow along the glimmering fane
They pass'd, like shadows risen from the tombs.
The entrance-door was closed, lest aught intrude
Upon the sanctity of this sad hour!
The inner choir they enter, part in shade
And part in light, for now the rising moon
Began to glance upon the shrines, and tombs,
And pillars: trembling through the windows high
One beam, ■ moment, on that cold grey stone
Is flung—the word « Infelix » is scarce seen—
Behold his grave-stone! » Osgood said. Each eye
Was turn'd. Awhile intent they gazed, then knelt
Before the altar, on the marble stone!
No sound was heard through all the dim expanse
Of the vast building, none but of the air
That came in dying echoes up the aisle,
Like whispers heard at the confession-chair.

• ■ ■ accounts it is said the only inscription ■ the tomb was
« Infelix Harold, »

Thus Harold's children, hand in hand, knelt down—
Upon their father's grave knelt down! and pray'd—
« Have mercy on his soul—have mercy, Lord! »
They knelt a lengthen'd space, and bow'd their heads,
Some natural tears they shed, and cross'd their breasts,
Then, rising slowly up, look'd round, and saw
A monk approaching near, unmark'd before ;
And in the farther distance the tall form
As of a female. He who wore the hood
And habit of a monk, approach'd and spoke—
« Brothers! beloved sister! know ye not
These features? »—and he raised his hood—« Behold
Me—me, your brother Marcus! whom these weeds,
Since last we met, have hid from all the world:
Let me kneel with you here! »

When Adela
Beheld him, she exclaim'd, « Oh! do we meet
Here, my lost brother, o'er a father's grave?
You live, restored a moment in this world,
To me as from the grave! » And Godwin took
His hand, and said, « My brother, tell me all—
How have you lived unknown?—Oh! tell me all. »

« When in that grave my father (he replied)
Was laid, ye fled, and I in this sad land
Remain'd a cope with fortune. To these walls
I came, when Ailric, from his vows absolved,
With you was wand'ring. None my lineage knew,
Or name, but I, some time, had won regard
From the Superior—Osgood knew me not,
For with Earl Edwin I had lived from youth—
To our Superior thus I knelt and pray'd:
' Sir, I beseech you, for the love of God,
And of my Lady Mary, and St John,
You would receive me here to live and die
Among you.'—What moved my heart to take
The vows, was this, that here, from day to day,
From year to year, within the walls he raised,
I might behold my Father's grave! This eve
I sat in the Confessional, unseen,
When you approach'd—I scarce restrain'd the tear,
From many recollections, when I heard
A tale of sorrow and of sin! Come near,
Woman of mine!—and a woman stood
Before them, tall and stately; her dark eyes
Shone, as th' uncertain lamp cast a brief glare,
And show'd her neck, and her hair, and lips
Moving—She spoke not, but advanced and knelt—
She, too—on Harold's grave; then pray'd aloud,
« Oh! God be merciful to him—and me! »

« Who art thou? » Godwin cried.

« Ah! know ye not

The wretched Editha? No children's love
Could equal mine!—I trod among the dead!
Did I not, fathers?—trod among the dead
From corse to corse, or men's dying eyes
Fix'd upon mine, and heard such groans as yet
Rive, with remembrance, my torn heart—I found
Him, who here, where then he lay in blood!
When he buried, I beheld the rites
At distance, and with broken heart retired
To the wild woods; there I have lived
From that hour. Late, when the tempest rock'd,

At midnight, a proud soldier shelter sought
In my lone cell; 't was when the storm was heard
Through the deep forest, and he too had knelt
At Harold's grave!—Who was it?—He! the King!
Say, fathers, was it not the hand of God
That led his footsteps there!—But has he learn'd
Humility? oh! ask this bleeding land,
Last night, a phantom came to me in dreams,
And a voice said, ' Come, visit my cold grave!'
I came, by my mysterious impulse led;
I heard the even-song, and when the sound
Had ceased, and all departed, save one monk,
Who stood and gazed upon this grave alone,
I pray'd that he would hear me, at this hour,
Confess my secret sins, for my full heart
Was labouring. It was Harold's son who sat
In the Confessional, to me unknown—
But all is now reveal'd—and lo! I stand
Before you! »

As she spoke, a thrilling
Came to each heart: loftier she seem'd to stand
In the dim moonlight, sorrowful, yet stern,
Her aspect; and her breast was seen to beat:
Her eyes were fix'd, and shone with fearful light—
She raised her right hand, and her dark hair fell
Upon her neck, whilst all, scarce breathing, heard:
« My spirit labours! » she exclaim'd! « this night!
The tomb! the altar! Ha! the vision strains
My senses to oppression! Mark'd ye not
The trodden throne restored? the Saxon line!
Of England's monarchs bursting through the gloom?
Lady, I look on thee—In distant years,
Ev'n from the Northern throne which thou shalt share,
A warrior-monarch shall arise, whose arm,
In concert with this country, now how'd low,
Shall tear the eagle from a Conqueror's grasp,
Far greater than this Norman! »

« Spare, O God!—
My burning brain! »—Then, with a shriek, she fell
Insensible upon the Saxon's grave!
They bore her from the fane—and Godwin said,
« Peace, peace be with her, now and evermore! »
He, taking Marcus by the hand, « Yet, here
Thou shalt behold—behold, from day to day,
This honour'd grave! But where in the great world
Shall be thy place of rest, poor Adela?—
« Oh! God be with her! » Marcus cried,
« With her, and you, my brothers! Here we part,
Never to meet again—what'er your fate,
I shall remember with a brother's love,
And pray for you! but all my spirit rests
In other worlds—in worlds, oh! not like this!
Ye may return to this sad scene when I
Am dust and ashes; ye may yet return—
And visit this sad spot; perhaps when age
Or grief has brought such change of heart as now
I feel, then shall you look upon my grave—
And shed a tear for him, whose latest pray'r
Will be—Oh! bless you! bless my sister, Lord! »
Then Adela, with lifted look composed,—
« Father, it is perform'd,—the duty vow'd

¹ The Saxon line was restored through the sister of Atheling.

² A daughter of Harold married Waldimir of Russia. This part was written when the Emperor of Russia was in England.

When ■■■ return'd ■ this devoted land,
The last sad duty of a daughter's love!—
And now I go in peace—go to a world
Of sorrow, conscious that a father's voice
Speaks to my soul, and that thine eye, oh God,
Whate'er the fortunes of our future days,
Is o'er us. Thou, direct our onward road!—
O'er the last Saxon's grave, old Osgood raised
His hands, and pray'd—

• Father of Heav'n and Earth!

All is beneath thine eye! 't is ours to bend
In silence. Children of misfortune! loved,
Revered—children of him who raised these roofs,
No home is found for you in this sad land;
And none, perhaps, may know the spot, or shed
A tear upon the earth where ye are laid!—
So saying, on their heads he placed his hands,
And bless'd them all—but, after pause, rejoind,
• 'T is dangerous lingering here—the fire-eyed Lynx
Would lap your blood!—Westward, beyond the Lea,
There is ■ cell, where ye may rest to-night. •

The portal open'd—on the battlements
The moonlight shone—silent and beautiful!
Before them lay their path through the wide world—
The nightingales were singing ■ they pass'd;
And, looking back upon the glimm'ring tow'rs,
They, led by Ailric, and with thoughts on Heav'n,
Through the lone forest held their pensive way!

CONCLUSION.

WILLIAM, on his imperial throne at York
Is seated, clad in steel, all but his face,
From casque to spur. His brow yet wears a frown,
And his eyes show the unextinguish'd fire
Of steadfast vengeance, as his inmost heart
Yet labour'd, like the ocean after storm.
His sword unsheathed appears, which none beside
Can wield; his sable beard, full and diffused,
Below the casque is spread; the lion ramps
Upon his mailed breast, engrail'd with gold.
Behind him stand his barons, in dark file,
Ranged, and each feature hid beneath the helms;
Spears, with escutcheon'd banners ■ their points,
Above their heads are raised. Though all alike
Are cased in armour, know ye not that knight
Who next, behind the King, seems more intent
To listen, and a loftier stature bears?
'T is bold Montgomerie; and he who kneels
Before the seat, his armour, all with gules,
Checker'd, and checker'd his small banneret,
Is Lord Fitz-alain. William holds a scroll
In his right hand, and to Fitz-alain speaks:
• All these, the forfeited domains and land
Of Edwin and of Morcar, traitor-lords,
From Ely to the banks of Trent, I give
To thee and thine! •

Fitz-alain lowly knelt,
And kiss'd his iron hand, then slow arose,
Whilst all the Barons shouted, • Live the King! •

¹ The picture is taken from ■ original, preserved in Drake, in which William and his barons are thus represented. He is shown in the act of presenting his nephew Alain with the forfeited lands of Earl Edwin.

This is thy song, William the Conqueror,
The tale of Harold's children, and the grave
Of the last Saxon! The huge fortress frowns
Still ■ the Thames, where William's banner waved,
Though centuries, year after year, have pass'd,
As the ■■ flows for ever at its feet—
Harold, thy bones are scatter'd and the tomb
That held them, where the Lea's lorn wave delay'd,
Is ■■ more; and the high fane, that heard
The eleeson pealing for thy soul,
A fragment stands, and ■■ will know the spot
Where those, whom thou didst love, in dust repose,
Thy children!—But the tale may not be vain,
If haply it awake one dutious thought
Of filial tenderness.

That day of blood

Is pass'd, like ■ dark spectre! but it speaks
Ev'n ■ the kingdoms of the earth—

• Behold

The hand of God! from that dark day of blood,
When Vengeance triumph'd, and the curfew knoll'd,
England, thy proud majestic policy
Slowly arose! through centuries of shade
The pile august of British liberty
Tower'd, till behold it stand in clearer light
Illustrious. At its base fell Tyranny
Gnashes his teeth, and drops the broken sword;
Whilst Freedom, Justice, to the cloudless skies
Uplift their radiant forms, and Fame aloft
Sounds o'er the subject seas, from East ■ West,
From North to South, her trumpet—'England, live!
And rule, till waves and worlds shall be ■ more! •¹

¹ • Waltham ■ is, literally, the Ham in the Wold.

² The following Extract from Speed will further illustrate the subject of the poem:

• This victory thus obtained Duke William wholly ascribed unto God, and by way of a solemn supplication or procession, gave him the thanks; and pitching for that night his pavilion among the bodies of the dead, the next day returned to Hastings, there to consult upon his great and most prosperously begun enterprise, giving first commandment for the buriall of his slain souldiers.

• But Morcar and Ederic, the unfortunate Queene's Brethren, by night escaping the battaile, came unto London, where, with the rest of the Peeres, they began to lay the foundation of ■■ fresh hopes; posting thence their messengers to raise ■■ supply, and to comfort the English (who, through all the Land, ■■ stricken into a fearful astonishment with this unexpected power) from a despairing feare, shewing the chance of Warre to be mutable, their number many and Captaines sufficient to try another field. Alfred, Archbishop of Yorke, there present, and President of the Assembly, stoutly and prudently gave his counsell forthwith ■■ consecrate and crowne young Edgar Atheling (the true heire) for their King, to whom consented likewise both the sea-Captaines and the Londoners. But the Earles of Yorkeshire and Cheshire, Edwin and Morcar (whom this fearefull state of their country could ■■ disswade from disloyaltie and ambition), plotting secretly ■■ get the ■■ themselves, hindred that wise and noble designe. In which, while the ■■ full Queene, their sister, was convey'd to Westchester, where, without state or title of a Queene, she led a solitary and quiet life.

• The Mother of the slaine King did not ■■ well moderate her womanly passions as to receive either comfort ■■ counsell of her friends: the dead body of her sonne shee greatly desired, and to that end ■■ to the Conquerour two sage brethren of his Abbey at Waltham, who had accompanied him in his unfortunate expedition: Their ■■ (as I finde them recorded in ■■ olde manuscript) were Osgood and Ailric, whose message to the Conquerour, not without abundance of ■■ and feare, is there ■■ downe in the tenour as followeth:

• • Noble ■■; and ere long to be a ■■ great and mightie King, we thy ■■ humble servants, destitute of all comfort (as we would

we were also of life) are come to thee as ■■■ from our brethren, whom this dead King hath placed in the Monastery of Waltham, to attend the issue of this late dreadful battailly (wherein God favouring thy quarrel he is ■■■ taken away and dead, which was our greatest comforter, and by whose only beautiful goodness ■■■ relieved and maintained, whom hee had placed to serve God in that Church). Wherefore wee most humbly request the (now our dread Lord) by that gracious favour which the Lord of Lords hath shewed unto thee, and for the relieve of their soules who in this quarrell have ended their dayes, that it may be lawfull for ■■■ by thy good leave safely ■■■ take and carry away with vs the dead body of the King, the Founder and builder of our Church and Monasterie; as also the bodies of such others ■■■ whom for the ■■■ of him and for his sake desired also to be buried with vs, that the unto of our Church by their helpe strengthened, may be the stronger, and indure the firmer.' With whose ■■■ humble request, and abundant teares, the victorious and worthy Duke moved, answered:

'Your King (said he) vainedfull of his faith, although he base for the present endured the worthy punishment of his fault, yet hath he not therefore deserved to want the honour of a Sepulchre or to lie vubured: ■■■ it lutt that he dyed a King, howsoever he came by the Kingdom, my purpose is, for the reverence of him and for the health of them who having left their wives and possessions have here in my quarrell lost their lives, ■■■ build here a Church and a monastery with an hundred Monkes in it, to pray for them for ever, and in the same Church to bury your King above the rest, with all honour unto so great a Prince, and for his sake to endow the same with great revenues.'

'With which his courteous speech and promises, the two religious fathers, comforted and encouraged, again replied:

'Not so, noble Duke, but grant this thy servants most humble request, that we may, for God by the leave, receive the dead body of our Founder, and to bury it in the place which himself in his life time appointed, that wee, cheered with the presence of his body, may thereof take comfort, and that his Tombe may be unto our ■■■ a perpetual monument of his remembrance.'

'The Duke, ■■■ he ■■■ of disposition gracious, and inclined to mercy, forthwith granted their desires, whereupon they drew out stores of gold to present him in way of gratulation, which he ■■■ only utterly refused, but also offered them plenty to supply whatsoever should be needfull for the pompe of his funerall, ■■■ also for their costs in traunlle to and fro, giving strait commandments that none of his souldiers should presume to molest them in this business or in their returne. Then went they in haste to the quarry of the dead, but by no means could find the body of the King; for the countenance of all men greatly alter by death, but being maimed and imbrued with blood, they are not known to be the men they were. As for his other regall ornaments which might have showed him for their King, his dead corpe was despoiled of them, either through the greedy desire of prey (as the manner of the field is) or to be the first bringer of such happy news, in hope of a

princely reward, upon which purpose many times the body is both mangled and dismembred, and so ■■■ this King after his death by a base ■■■ gasht and hacket into the legges, whom Duke William rewarded for so vnsouldier like a dord, casheiring him for ever out of his wages and ■■■ So ■■■ Harold, lying stript, wounded, hemangled, and goared in his blood, could not be founde nor knowne till they ■■■ for a ■■■ named Editha (for her passing beaute surnamed Swan shals, that is, Swans-necke), whom hee entertained in secret love before he ■■■ King, who by some secret marks of his body, to her well knowne, found him out, and then put into a coffine, ■■■ by ■■■ of the Norman Nobilitie honourably brought ■■■ to the place afterward called Battle Bridge, where it was met by the nobles of England, and, so conveyed to Waltham, was there solemnly and with great lamentation of his mother, royally interred, with this rude Epitaph (a), well becomming the time, though ■■■ the person.

'Goodwin, the eldest son of the King Harold, being growne to some ripeness of yeare in y^e life of his Father, after his death and overthrow by the ■■■, took his brother with him and flew over into Ireland, from whence he returned and landed in Somersetshire, slew Edmoth (a Baron sometimes of his Father's) that encountered him, and taking great preyes in Devonshire and Cornwall, and departed till the next yeare. When coming again he fought with Beorn and Earle of Cornwall, and after retired into Ireland, and thence went into Denmarke to King Swaya, his Cousen German, where he spent the rest of his life.

'Edmund, the second sonne to King Harold, went with his brother into Ireland, returned with him into England, and was at the slaughter and overthrow of Edmoth and his power in Somersetshire, at the spoyle committed in Cornwall and Devonshire, at the conflict with the Cornish Earle Beorn, passed, repassed with him in all his voyages, invasions, and warres, by sea and by land, in England and Ireland; and at the last departed with him from Ireland to Denmarke, took part with him of all pleasure and calamitie whatsoever, and attending and depending wholly upon him, lived and died with him in that country.

'Magnus, the third sonne of the King Harold, went with his brothers ■■■ Ireland, and returned with them the first time into England, and is neuer after that mentioned amongst them, nor elsewhere, volesse (as some conjecture) he be that Magnus, who, seeing the mutability of humane affaires, became an Anchorite, whose epitaph, pointing to his Danish originall, the learned Clarendon discovered in a little desolate Church at Lewes, in Sussex, where, in the gaping chinks of ■■■ arch in the wall, in a rude and over warme character, certain old imperfect verses were found.'

A daughter, whose name is not known, left England with her brothers, and sought refuge with them in Denmark.

Speed quotes Saxo Grammaticus, who says, 'She afterwards married Waldemar, King of Russia.' To this daughter I have given the name and character in the poem.

(a) For this epitaph, see Speed.

Days Departed, or Banwell Mill;

A LAY OF THE SEVERN SEA:

INCLUDING THE TALE OF THE MAID OF CORNWALL, OR SPECTRE AND PRAYER-BOOK.

The windings of my way through many years.

COWPER.

DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND HENRY LAW, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

MY DEAR LORD,

If I may be thought to have forgotten the Horatian precept, in publishing this Poem, your Lordship, I

fear, must have your share of the blame, ■■■ but for yourself it would not have been written. Whatever may be its merits ■■■ success, I rejoice, at least, that I have an opportunity of expressing, publicly, my high esteem, and most grateful feelings, towards him, who, ■■■ he suggested the subject, will be the first to pardon its defects of execution; and

I remain, my Lord, ■■■ faithfully, your obliged Friend and Servant,

Wm. Lisle Bowles.

PREFACE.

THE estimation of a Poem of this nature **must** depend, first, on its arrangement, plan, and disposition; secondly, **on** the judgment, propriety, and feeling, **with** which—in just and proper succession and relief—picture, pathos, moral and religious reflections, historical notices, or affecting incidents, are interwoven.

The reader will, in the next place, attend to the versification, or music, in which the thoughts are conveyed. Shakspeare and Milton are the great masters of the verse I have adopted. But who can be heard after them? The reader, however, will at least find no specimens of sonorous harmony ending with such significant words as «of,» «and,» «if,» «but,» etc., of which we have had lately **many** splendid examples. I would, therefore, only request of him to observe, that when such passages occur in this poem as «Vanishing!» «Hush!» etc. it was from design, and not from want of ear.¹

An intermixture of images and characters from common life might be thought, at first sight, out of keeping with the higher tone of general colouring; but the interspersions of the comic, provided the due mock-heroic stateliness be kept up in the language, has often the effect of light and shade, as will be apparent on looking at Cowper's exquisite «Task,» though he has often offended against taste. The only difficulty is «happily to steer» from grave to gay.

So far respecting the plan, the execution, the versification, and style. As to the sentiments delivered in this poem, and in the notes, I must explicitly declare, that when I am convinced, as a clergyman and a magistrate, there has been an increase of crimes, owing, among other causes, to the system pursued by some «nominal» Christians, who will not preach «these three» (faith, hope, and charity) according **to** the order of St Paul, but keep two of these graces, and the GREATEST of ALL, out of sight, upon any human plea or pretension; when they do not preach, «add to your faith virtue;» when they will not preach, «Christ died for the sins of the world, and not for ours only;» when, from any pleas of their own, or persuaded by any sophistry or faction, they become, most emphatically, «dumb dogs» to the sublime and affecting moral parts of that Gospel which they have engaged before God to deliver; and above all, when crimes, **as** I am verily persuaded have been, are, and *must be*, the consequence of such public preaching,—leaving others to «stand or fall» to their own God; I shall be guided by my own understanding, and the plain Word of God, **as** I find it earnestly, simply, beautifully, and divinely set before me, by Christ and his Apostles; and so feeling, I shall **not** fearlessly deliver my own opinions, being assured, whether popular or unpopular, whether they offend this man or that, this sect or that sect, they will not easily be shaken.

I might ask, why did St. Paul add, **and** emphatically, «THESE THREE,» when he enumerated the Christian

¹ Of blank-verse of the kind to which I have alluded, I am tempted **to** give a specimen:—

'T was summer, and we sail'd to Greenwich in
A four-oar'd boat. The sun was shining, and
The scenes delightful; while we gazed on
The river winding, till we landed at
The Ship, etc.

graces? Doubtless, because he thought the distinction *very important*. Why did St Peter say, «add to your faith virtue?» Because he thought it equally important and essential. Why did St John say, «Christ died for the sins of the whole world, and not for ours only?» Because he thought it equally important and necessary.

Never omitting THE ATONEMENT, JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH, the **gift** of the SPIRIT, and never separating FAITH from its hallowed fellowship, we shall find all other parts of the Gospel unite in harmonious subordination; but if we *shade* the moral parts down, leave them out, contradict them, by insidious sophistry—the Scripture, so far from being «rightly divided,» will be discordant and clashing. The man, be he who he may, who preaches «faith,» without *charity*; who preaches «faith without virtue;» is as pernicious and false an expounder of the divine message, **as** he who preaches «good works,» without their legitimate and only foundation, CHRISTIAN FAITH.

One would suppose from the language of some preachers, the «civil,» «decent,» «moral» people, from the times of Baxter to the present, want *amendment* most! We all know, that mere morals, which have no CHRISTIAN BASIS, are not the Gospel of Christ; but I might tell Richard, with great respect notwithstanding, for I respect his sincerity and his heart, that, at least, «decent» and «civil,» and «moral» people, are not worse than *indecent, immoral, and uncivil* people; and when there are so many of these last, I think a word or two of reproof would not much hurt them, let the «decent,» «moral,» and «civil,» be as *wicked* as they may.

I hope it is not necessary for me to disclaim, in speaking of *facts*, the most remote idea of throwing a slight **on** the sincerely pious of any portion of the community; but if religion does not invigorate the higher feelings and principles of moral obligation;—if a heartless and hollow jargon is often substituted, in place of the fundamental laws of Christian obedience;—if ostentatious affectation supersedes the meek, unobtrusive, character of feminine devotion;—if a petty peculiarity of system, a kind of conventional code of godliness, usurps the place of the specific righteousness, visible in its fruits, «of whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely;»—if, to be fluent and flippant in the jargon of this petty peculiarity of code, is made the criterion of exclusive godliness;—when, by thousands and thousands, after the example of Hawker, and others of the same school, Christianity is represented as having neither «**if, or but,**» the conclusion being left for the innumerable disciples of such **a** Gospel-school;—when, because none—«no not one,» is *without sin*, and none can stand upright in the sight of Him whose eyes are too pure to behold iniquity; they who have exercised themselves to «have a conscience void of offence towards God and man,» though sensible of innumerable offences, are considered, by implication, before God, **as** not *better* than Burkes or Thurtells, for the imputation of utter depravity must mean this, or be mere hollow *verba et voces*;—when amusements, or recreations, vicious only in their excess, are proclaimed **as** national abominations, while real abominations stalk abroad, **as** is the case in large manufacturing towns, with «the Lord,» «the Lord,» on the lips of **many** of the **people** depraved;—when, from these causes, I do sin—

¹ BAXTER'S «Saint's Rest.»

cerely believe the heart has been hardened, and the understanding deteriorated, the wide effects being visible on the great criminal body of the nation,—I conceive I do ■ service to EVANGELICAL RELIGION, by speaking, as I feel, of that ludicrous caricature which ■ often in society usurps its name, and apes and disgraces its divine character.

I am not among those, who divide the Clergy of the Church of England into classes; and I think it my duty ingenuously to declare, that the opinions I have given, of the effects of such public doctrines as I have described, be they preached, or published, by whom they may, were written without communication with any ■ living. I think it right to declare this, most explicitly, lest the distinguished character, to whom this poem is inscribed, might be supposed to have any participation ■ such sentiments; though, I trust, no possible objection could be made to the manly avowal of my opinion of the injurious effects of anti-nomian, or shades of anti-nomian doctrines.

Farther, the object of my remarks is not piety; but ostentatious publicity and affectation, far more disgusting in the assumed garb of female piety than under any shape, and often attended by acting far more disgusting than any acting on any stage.*

As the subject has excited attention, perhaps the following Letter, in answer to some particular Strictures, made in the public papers ■ the appearance of the first edition, will be the best explanation of my sentiments, ■ a Clergyman, conveyed in the Poem and Notes:

To the Editor, etc.

SIR,—I am much obliged to you for sending ■ a copy of the Paper which contains some strictures on the sentiments I have avowed in my poem, and illustrated in the notes; and I trust to your candour and justice to permit me to make some remarks on those strictures.

The accusation, publicly brought against me, as a man, a Christian, and a clergyman, is a most serious one; and though your Correspondent has not given his name, I give MINE promptly; because, to such an accusation, come from whom it may, I feel myself bound to reply.

The accusation is,—that «it appears» to the writer «that I have been ■ the WATCH for OPPORTUNITIES ■ hitch in whatever I could meet with, calculated to VILIFY EVANGELICAL PRINCIPLES.»

I deny, first, every syllable, in part and in toto, of this sweeping accusation. I throw the imputation back with scorn.

Had I been on the watch for opportunities to hitch in whatever could be met with, not against EVANGELICAL PRINCIPLES—but, as I said in my Preface, «against anti-moral and anti-scriptural principles»—I could have made my book as large as Thomas Aquinas's «Summa Summe!»

I took a few instances that occurred, and those chiefly under my own cognizance as ■ magistrate, of effects produced in society by a system of anti-nomian, and anti-moral, and anti-scriptural principles, disseminated

through town and country: but so far from lying in watch—as John Calvin did, to catch the poor man he burnt alive, for not being a Calvinist—I can furnish your Correspondent with innumerable instances, and ■ horrible! not the *abuses*, but the *consequences*, the DEMORALISING consequences, of anti-moral principles, and anti-moral preaching; and these, if he wishes it, he shall have.

I hold «EVANGELICAL PRINCIPLES» as sacred as himself; and my clerical life has been spent in enforcing them, under the awful impression of «*Woe* unto me, if I preach ■ the Gospel.»

But these principles I have not learned in the school, I confess, of Thomas Scott, or Thomas Aquinas, or any other «great» man—«great» in your Correspondent's opinion: I have no teacher but «*Christ and his Apostles*,» and no «*Evangelical principles*» but such as I find in the Holy Word of God.

If I have spoken with disrespect of the «great» Scott, as he is called, I spoke as I thought it my duty to do; because «he appeared to me to take every opportunity to hitch in» his human system in the face of the plainest texts of the word of God. I spoke with reverence of ■ excellent lady and eloquent writer,† because in all those writings, through ■ long life, she appears to me never to have a system to «hitch in;» and never, like those of whom I spoke, separated CHRISTIAN duties from Christian faith! and may He, whom she has faithfully so served through life, be with her when that life is passing away.

Now, Sir, you have my reasons for speaking without respect of one, and my reasons for speaking with reverence and affection of the other: for «little-minded» as your Correspondent may deem me, I have bailed that ■ ■ Christian and brother, to whatever sect or denomination he may belong, who, having no human system to support, so writes, and so lives, that we may see «his good works, and glorify our Father which is in Heaven!»

Upon different views of «*Evangelical Principles*» my motto has been always that of a far greater human authority than the «great Scott»—

In necessariis, unitas; in dubiis, libertas; in omnibus, charitas.
MELANCTHON.

But this does not, and ought not to prevent my giving my opinions upon that system of anti-moral principles, which I most conscientiously believe to be one most effective cause of the INCREASE OF CRIMES.

And now, let me ask your Correspondent, why should the manly avowal of these sentiments be called by so harsh, and so unjust a term, ■ «vilifying Evangelical Principles»? I fear the injudicious ardour of your Correspondent must tend to «vilify Evangelical Principles» far ■ than any thing that I have said, in Poem or Notes. What! are *Evangelical Principles* to be vilified by ■ of hypocrisy, pious adultery, and praying felony! Take care, you who are ■ sensitive when such ■ mentioned, lest others, more «little-minded» than myself, might think «the gall'd jade WINCES»!! Let me, however, seriously ask, according to «*Evangelical Principles*,» are we to «strain at gnats and swallow CAMELS»? to take the «tithe of mint, anise, and cummin,» and to neglect the weightier matters of the Law? So, to «preach FAITH, FAITH,» that thousands

† Mrs Hannah More.

* I am induced to extract a passage from the letter of a Lady, herself of the ■ virtuous and holy life, and one of the most powerfully pathetic writers of the age:—«I have been obliged to give orders never ■ let in any wandering ladies, with stuffed black bags and evident pockets!»

may think FAITH *quite enough*, whether accompanied by « good works » or not? According to « Evangelical Principles, » must ■ denounce a DANCE, and be dumb on « envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness »? Must ■ denounce ■ Dance, ■ a dance, under whatever regulations, when the father received his penitent prodigal son with « dancing? » Must we denounce the DRAMA, when St Paul, writing to the Corinthians on ■ subject ■ awful ■ the Resurrection from the Dead, quotes a line from the Grecian play-writer, Menander; and living nearly three years in Greece, where the plays of Euripides (the Shakspeare of Greece, if aught earthly could resemble Shakspeare), and the plays of Sophocles and Menander ■ constantly acted—yet never said ■ word against the sinfulness of the DRAMA!

Your Correspondent thinks it were well if I knew somewhat more of « Evangelical Principles »! Must I then learn my *Evangelical Principles* from the inhuman Calvin? or of him who schools me? Possibly I may know as much as he does of the « Evangelical Principles » of the New Testament; and, at all events, I shall consult that HOLY BOOK, and not *Tracts* or *Magazines*!

Living in the most friendly intercourse with Dissenters, of various denominations, honoured by me because they dissent from *conscience*;—making no difference, in the Church I deem Apostolical, between ■ good man and sincere Christian, by whatever name he may call himself, or be called by others;—a member, from its commencement, of that Society which distributes the *Holy Bible*, without note or comment;—I trust I may be allowed, without offence to any, to express my opinions freely on « any comment » or comments on that Divine Code!

If what I have ingenuously stated, be to « vilify Evangelical Principles, » then I have vilified them; but if I have sought truly and earnestly not to « vilify them, » but to exalt them ■ best I may in this course of existence, then, Sir, I shall leave others to judge between me and your Correspondent.

Upon the topic of « vilifying, » I must add, if I had « vilified » a numerous body of excellent men, among Dissenters, as one whom your Correspondent thinks « great » has « vilified » a great body of Clergymen,—to which vilifications,¹ on one side, your Correspondent seems ■ make ■ objection;—if I had ■ « reviled » excellent men among the Dissenters, because they did not agree with ■ in Scriptural views;—I know I should have studied to little purpose, even to my grey hairs, the unsophisticated « Word of God, » in which « revilers » ■ classed with « murderers. »

I hope, therefore, the public will believe I have « REVILED » no man, nor any set of men, nor EVANGELICAL PRINCIPLES, according to the Evangelists themselves; but, being convinced that crimes have increased ■ consequence of anti-moral publications and preachments, I have manfully avowed this opinion, ■ I felt it my duty to God and man!

I am, Sir, etc.

WM. LISLE BOWLES.

P. S. ■ shall be most happy to find that what I had heard respecting the murderer Gillham was unfounded; but the rhapsody in the papers respecting his immediate reception into bliss, without ■ word of repentance, is

¹ Rowland Hill's Village Dialogues.

sufficient to confirm my opinions of one of the causes of crimes!

I hear that « Evangelical Principles » are triumphant in their career, notwithstanding such efforts ■ mine! All my humble efforts are for them. That they prevail universally on the Bench of Bishops who denies? but this prevalence of piety, wanted no such testimony. As ■ the Judges, they, I am sure, will never be of any school which, every Assize, furnishes the most revolting cases of human depravity!

Having explained my sentiments, I shall enter into no future contests. The sentiments respecting parochial

¹ « Evangelical Principles. » Lost, in future, there should be any mistake, ■ a subject so important, a young Gentleman, designating himself *Fellow of a College in Cambridge*, and *Curate of a manufacturing Town in Wiltshire*, has most condescendingly informed us, as far ■ ■ humble intellects will permit us to follow ■ reasonings—which would, indeed, puzzle *Dons Scotus* himself—what true Apostolical, and Evangelical Principles are!! an information the more valuable, when he describes himself as having been ■ not ■ enlightened than Mr Warner, to whom he gives the best advice, gravely informing him, that « length of years should teach wisdom » which he, to whom the advice is given, may profit by or not.

This young man, very different from the young man of whom Solomon speaks, in the 7th verse of the 7th chapter of Proverbs, is doubtless as eminent for LEARNING, ■ for spiritual light, for he designates himself « *Fellow of a College in Cambridge*, » ■ well as *Curate*; and we cannot but believe that, at the illustrious seat of academical learning, his mathematical studies contributed to render his reasonings so little confused, besides the *plenary assistance* he derives from higher sources. When he adds to the information of being *Fellow of a College*, that he is also *Curate of a manufacturing ■ in Wiltshire*, we should hope the intimation would ■ be lost ■ ■ good Bishop, who, of course, must lament that such *learning*, and such superior gifts, accompanied with such modesty and *charity*, should be placed—under a bushel!! For myself—being ■ darkness, and earnestly praying God I may ■ continue, if ■ specimen be Evangelical light—I can only say, in ■ language ■ poor Cowper,

From such Apostles, oh! ye mitred Heads,
Preserve our Church!

■ what do we learn from this *Fellow of a College*, and *apostolic Curate*? First; that Jesus Christ, « in whom DWELT THE FULLNESS of the Godhead bodily, » did not speak, to human comprehension, more *plainly* than the Apostolic writers of the Epistles, for, undoubtedly, they spoke « ■ the Spirit gave them utterance!! » (a)

Secondly; that as some things, in those Epistles, appear to Mr Warner not quite ■ plain ■ they do to spirits—who possess that « light »—

—To which other men ■ blind,
As pigs are said, to see, the wind (HENTRAS)—

the ■ ■ is obvious, « the Gospel is hid ■ those that perish!! »

Ergo, Mr Warner is pronounced, by this *infallible curate*, to be *perishing!!* Under this anathema of this Apostolic fellow of a college, Mr Warner can only derive some very imperfect comfort, that he is in the same condition of that Apostle, ■ whom his Master said, « Feed my sheep!! » for this very Apostle himself says, speaking of the Epistles of St Paul, « in which are ■ things hard to be understood!! » But the consequence, to my understanding, is inevitable! The reason why ■ Warner does not find some things in the apostolic Epistles, ■ plain as in the Gospel of Christ, is because he is *perishing!!* Truth being « hid to those that perish!! » a fortiori, St Peter is « *perished!!* »

By the ■ authority, we learn that « the Lord's Prayer, » which ■ ignorant Christians have thought the ■ « PERFECT PRAYER, » is « IMPERFECT, » so pronounced by a *HUMAN ■*! I have ■ high an opinion of sincere Christians, of any denomination, to suppose, except among the most vulgar and illiterate, that they, for a moment, assent to these conclusions; but such assertions have absolutely found defenders in periodical publications.

(a) No one ever denied that « all Scripture ■ given by inspiration, » and that, therefore, the Epistles have the ■ authority as the Gospels, but not the same *clearness*. I am not defending Mr Warner, but merely making a necessary distinction.

morals in my Poem were not *«hitched in,»* but had naturally a place; the subject being the morals of a parish of which my father was rector, compared with the state of morals as now exhibited, too often, in country parishes, — well as manufacturing towns.

BANWELL CAVE.

The following Extract of a Letter from Mr Warner, will enable the reader to form his own opinion concerning the vast accumulation of bones in this Cave:—

«The sagacity of Mr Beard having detected the existence of the cavern, and his perseverance effected a precipitous descent into it; the objects offered to his notice were of the most astonishing and paradoxical description—'an antre vast,' rude from the hand of Nature, of various elevations, and branching into several recesses; its floor overspread with a huge mingled mass of bones and mud, black earth (or decomposed animal matter), and sand from the Severn Sea, which flows about six miles to the northward of Banwell village. The quantity of bones, and the mode by which they could be conveyed to, and deposited in, the place they occupied, were points of equal difficulty to be explained: the former amounted to several waggon loads; and no access to the cavern appeared to exist, except a fissure from above, utterly incapable, from its narrow dimensions, of admitting the falling in of any animal larger than a common sheep; whereas, it was evident, that huge quadrupeds, such as unknown beasts of the ox tribe, bears, wolves, and, probably, hyænas and tigers, had perished in the cave. But, though the questions *how* and *when* were unanswerable, this conclusion was irresistibly forced upon the mind, by the phenomena submitted to the eye,—that, the receptacle infinitely too small to contain such a crowd of animals in their living state, they must necessarily have occupied it in succession: one portion of them after another paying the debt of nature, and (leaving their bones only, as a memorial of their existence in the spot) thus making room in the cavern for a succeeding mass of inhabitants, of similar ferocious habits to themselves. The difficulty, indeed, of the ingress of such beasts into the Cave did not long continue to be invincible; Mr Beard discovered and cleared out, a lateral aperture in it, sufficiently inclining from the perpendicular, and sufficiently large in its dimensions, to admit of the easy descent into this subterraneous apartment of mass of its unwieldy tenants, though loaded with its prey.

«From the circumstances premised, you will, probably, anticipate my thoughts on these remarkable phenomena; if not, they are as follow:—I consider the Cavern to have been formed at the period of the original deposition and consolidation of the matter constituting the mountain limestone in which it is found; possibly, by the agency of some elastic gas, imprisoned in the mass, which prevented the approximation of its particles to each other; or, by some unaccountable interruption to the operation of the usual laws of its crystallization;—that, for a long succession of ages anterior to the deluge, and previously to man's inhabiting the colder regions of the earth, BANWELL CAVE had been inhabited by successive generations of beasts of prey; which, hunger dictated, issued from their den, pur-

sued, and slaughtered the gregarious animals, or wilder quadrupeds, in its neighbourhood, and dragged them, either bodily or piecemeal, to this retreat, in order to feast upon them at leisure, and undisturbed;—that, the bottom of the cavern thus became a kind of charnel-house, of various and unnumbered beasts;—that, this mass of extensive carnage continued till 'the Flood came,' blending 'the oppressor with the oppressed,' and mixing the hideous furniture of the den with a quantity of extraneous matter, brought from the adjoining shore, and subjacent lands, by the waters of the deluge, which rolled, surging (as Kirwan imagines), from the North-western quarter;—that, previously to this total submersion, as the flood increased on the lower grounds, the animals which fed upon them ascended the heights of Mendip, to escape impending death; and, with panic, rushed (as many could gain entrance) into this dwelling-place of their worst enemies;—that, numberless birds also, terrified by the elemental tumult, flew into the cavern, as a place of temporary refuge;—that, the interior of the cavern speedily filled by the roaring deluge, whose waters, dashing and crushing the various substances which they embraced, against the rugged rocks, or against each other, and continuing this violent and incessant action for at least three months, length tore asunder every connected form, separated every skeleton, and produced that confusion of substances, that scene of *disjecta membra*, that mixture and disjunction of bones, which were apparent in the first inspection of the cavern; and which are now visible in that part of it, which has been hitherto untouched.»

Respecting the language of the Poem, I had nearly forgotten one remark. In almost all the local poems I have read, there is generally a confusion of the following nature. A local descriptive poem must consist, first, of the graphic view of the scenery around the spot from whence the view is taken; and, secondly, of the reflections and feelings which that view may be supposed to excite. The feelings of the heart naturally associate themselves with the idea of the tones of the supposed poetical harp; but external scenes are the province of the pencil, for the harp cannot paint woods and hills, and, therefore, in almost all descriptive poems, the pencil and the lyre clash. Hence, in one page, the poet speaks of his lyre, and in the next, when he leaves feelings to paint to the eye, before the harp is out of the hand, he turns to the pencil! This fault is almost inevitable; the reader, therefore, will in the first page of this poem, that the graphic pencil I assumed, when the tones of the harp were inappropriate.

I feel that I ought to make some apology to the reader, for the *lightness* of some of my Notes, particularly to the excellent Prelate, to whom the poem is inscribed; but it will be recollected, the poem is on *«Days Departed,»* and a few incidental anecdotes, relating to that period of my life, will, I trust, be pardoned.

To the religious sentiments, and characteristic sketches, my mass is given. I deeply regret to have heard, that any respectable individual could have so far misunderstood me, as to apply any of the general portraits of clerical character, seen every day, to themselves, as if they exclaimed, I am this *«anti-moral clergyman;»* I

■ this «drawing doctor;» I am this ■ jockey and half clerk! I therefore, again, most solemnly declare, I neither had, nor have, any particular character in view; but merely sketched such general characters as ■ very commonly ■ with. Little should I expect any clandestine or unmanly attacks ■ this account, which, if they manifest any thing, manifest only the truth and justice of the general remarks.

Having, in the first edition, observed, that I disclaimed all personalities, except of the «riders of the clock,» at Wells, will it be believed that it has been said, I had in view an amiable and excellent Prelate of our Church? I might well disdain ■ make the least reply.

DAYS DEPARTED; OR, BANWELL HILL.

ARGUMENT.

PART I.

Introduction—Retrospective—General View—Cave—Bones—Brief Sketch of Events since the Deposit—Egypt—Druid—Roman—Saxon—Dane—Norman—Hill—Campanula—Bleadon—Weston—Steep Holms—Solitary Flower on Steep Holms, the Piony—Flat Holms—Three unknown Graves—Sea—Sea, treacherous in its tranquillity—Mr Elton's Children—Packet-boat sunk.

PART II.

First Sound of the Sea—First Sight of the Sea—Mother—Children—Uphill Parsonage—Father—Wells Clock—Clock Figure—Contrast of Village Manners—Village Maid—Rural Nymph before the Justices—State of Agricultural Districts—Cause of Crimes—Workhouse Girl—Manufactory Ranters—Prosing Parson—Prig Parson—Calvinistic Commentators, etc.—Anti-moral Preaching—True and False Piety—Crimes passed over by Anti-moral Preachers—Bible, without note or comment—English Jaggernaut—Village Picture of Cornbe—Village-School Children, educated by Mrs P. Serope—Annual Meeting on the Lawn of 140 Children—Old Nurse—Benevolence of English Landlords—Poor Widow and Daughter—Stourhead—Ken at Longleat—Marston House—Early Travels in Switzerland—Compton House—Clergyman's Wife—Village Clergyman.

PART III.

A Tale of ■ Cornish Maid—Her Prayer-Book—Her Mother—Prayer-Book—Widow and Son—Tales of Sea-Life—Phantom-Ship of the Cape.

PART IV.

Solitary Sea—Ship—Sea-scenes of Southampton ■ trusted—Solitary Sand—Young Lady—Severn—Watton Castle—Picture of Bristol—Congresbury—Brockley-Coomb—Fayland—Cottage—Poor Dinah—Goblin-Coomb—Langford Court—Mendip Lodge—Wrington—Blagdon—Author of the tune of ■ Auld Robin Gray—Auld Robin Gray—Auld Lang Syne.

PART V.

Lang Syne—Return to the Deluge—Vision of the Flood—Archangel—Trump—Voice—Phantom—Horse—Dove of the Ark—Dove ascending—Conclusion.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION—GENERAL VIEW—CAVE—ASCENT—VIEW—
STEEP HOLMS—FLAT HOLMS—SEA.

If, gazing from this eminence, I wake,
With thronging thoughts, the harp of poesy
Once more, ere night descend—haply, with tones
Fainter, and haply with ■ long farewell;
If—looking back upon the lengthen'd way
My feet have trod, since, long ago, I left
Those well-known shores, and when mine eyes ■ fill'd
With tears,—I take the pencil in its turn,
And shading light the landscape spread below,
So smilingly beguile those starting tears—
Something—the feelings of the human heart—
Something, the scene itself, and something more—
A wish to gratify one gen'rous mind—
May plead for pardon:—

To this spot I came
To view the dark memorials of a world¹
Perish'd at the Almighty's voice, and swept
With all its noise away! Since then, unmark'd,
In that rude Cave those dark memorials lay,
And told no tale!

Spirit of other times,
Sad Shadow of the ancient world, come forth,
Thou who hast slept four thousand years, awake!—
Rise from the Cavern's last recess, and say,
What giant cleft in twain the neighbouring rocks,²
Then slept for ages in vast Ogo's Cave,³
And left them, rent and frowning, from that hour;
Say, rather, when the stern Archangel stood
Above the tossing of the flood, what arm
Shatter'd this mountain, and its hollow chaam
Heap'd with the mute memorials of that doom?

Spirit of other times, thou speakest not!
Yet who could gaze a moment on that wreck
Of desolation, but must pause to think
Of the mutations of the Globe;—of Time,
Hurrying to onward spoil;—of his own life,
Swift passing, as the summer light, away;
Of Him, who spoke, and the dread storm went forth.

The surge came, and the surge went back, and there—
There—when the black abyss had ceased to roar,
And waters, shrinking from the rocks and hills,
Slept in the solitary sunshine—there,
The bones, that strew the inmost cavern, lay:
And when forgotten centuries had pass'd,
And the grey smoke went up from villages,
And cities, with their tow'rs and temples, shone,
And kingdoms rose and perish'd—there they lay!

The crow sail'd o'er the spot, the villager
Plodded to morning toil, yet undisturb'd

¹ The reader is referred to Dr Buckland's ■ interesting illustrations of these remains of a former world. The Bishop of Bath and Wells has built a picturesque and appropriate cottage near the cave, on the hill commanding this fine view.

² The stupendous Cheddar Cliffs, in the neighbourhood.

³ Wooley. *Antrum Ogouis*.

They lay :—when lo !—as if but yesterday
The Archangel's trump had thunder'd o'er the deep,
The mighty shade of ages that ■ pass'd,
Tow'rs into light ! Say, Christian, is it true ?
That dim recess, that cavern, heap'd with bones,
Will echo to thy Bible !

But awhile

Here let ■ stand, and gaze upon the scene,
That head-land, and those winding sands, and mark
The morning sunshine,—on that very shore
Where once ■ child I wander'd—« Oh ! return, »
(I sigh) « return a moment, days of youth,
Of childhood,—oh, return ! » How vain the thought,
Vain as unmanly ! yet the pensive Muse,
Unblamed, may dally with imaginings ;
For this wide view is like the scene of life,
Once traversed o'er with carelessness and glee,
And ■ look back upon the vale of years,
And hear remember'd voices, and behold,
In blended colours, images and shades
Long pass'd, ■ rising, ■ at Memory's call,
Again in softer light.

I see thee not—

Home of my infancy—I see thee not,
Thou Fane that standest on the hill alone, »
The homeward sailor's sea-mark ; but I view
Brean Down beyond, and there, thy winding sands,
Weston, and, far away, ■ wand'ring ship,
Where stretches into mist the Severn Sea.
There, mingled with the clouds, old Cambria draws
Its stealing line of mountains, lost in haze ;
There, in mid-channel, sit the sister Holms, »
Secure and tranquil, though the tide's vast sweep,
As it rides by, might almost seem to rive
The deep foundations of the Earth again,
Threat'ning, ■ once, resistless, to ascend
In tempest to this height, to bury here
Fresh-weltering carcasses !

But, lo, the Cave !

Descend the steps, cut rudely in the rock, .
Cautious.—The yawning vault is at our feet !
Long caverns, winding within caverns, spread
On either side their labyrinths—all dark,
Save where the light falls glimm'ring on huge bones,
In mingled multitudes. Ere yet ■ ask
Whose bones, and of what animals they form'd
The structure, when ■ human voice was heard
In all this Isle ; look upward to the roof
That silent drips, and has for ages dripp'd,
From which, like icicles, the stalactites
Depend : then ask of the Geologist,
How Nature, vaulting the rude chamber, scoop'd
Its vast recesses ; the Geologist
Will talk of limestone rock—of stalactites,
And grolites, and hornblendes and grey wacke !
With sounds almost ■ craggy ■ the rock
Of which he speaks—Feldspar, and Gneis, and Schorl !
But let us learn of this ■ Troglodyte, »

» Uphill Church.

» Flat and Steep Holms.

» Mr Beard, of Banwell, called familiarly « the Professor, » ■ whom I speak with respect, trusting he will forgive this good-humoured smile.

Who guides us through the winding labyrinth,
The erudite « PROFESSOR » of the Cave,
Not of the College—Stagyrite of bones :—
■ leads, with flick'ring candle, through the heaps
Himself has piled, and placed in various forms,
Grotesque arrangement, while the cave itself
Seems but his element of breathing ! « Look !—
This « HUMEREUS » is that of the wild ox ! »
The very candle, as with sympathy,
Flares, while he speaks—in glimm'ring wonderment !

But who can mark these visible remains,
Nor pause to think how awful, and how true,
The dread event they speak ! What monuments
Hath man, since then, the Lord—the Emmet—raised
On earth ! He hath built pyramids, and said,
« STAND THERE ! » and in their solitude they stood,
Whilst—like the camel's shadow, on the sands
Beneath them—years and ages pass'd. He said,
« MY NAME SHALL NEVER DIE ! » and like the God
Of Silence, » with his finger on his lip,
Obli- ■ mock'd, then pointed ■ ■ tomb,
'Mid vast and winding vaults—WITHOUT ■ NAME.
Where art thou, Thebes ? The chambers of the dead
Echo, « BENGO ! » and twice ten thousand men,
Ev'n in their march of rapine, and of blood,
Involuntary halted, » at the sight
Of thy majestic wreck, for many a league—
Sphinxes, colossal fances, and obelisks—
Pale in the morning sun ! Ambition sigh'd,
A moment, and pass'd on. In this rude Isle,
The Druid altars frown'd ; and still they stand,
As silent as the harrows at their feet,
Yet tell the same stern tale. SOLDIER OF ROME,
Art thou come hither, to this land remote,
Hid in the ocean-waste ? Thy chariot wheels
Rung ■ that road below ! » (1)—Cohorts, and turms,
With their centurions, in long file, appear,
Their golden eagles glitt'ring to the sun,
O'er the last line of spears ; and standard-flags
Wave, and the trumpets sounding to « advance, »
And shields, and helms, and crests, and chariots, mark
The glorious march of Cæsar's soldiery,
Firing the grey horizon !—TERT ARE PASS'D !
And, like a gleam of glory, perishing,
Leave hut a name behind !—So PASSES MAN,
An armed spectre o'er a field of blood,
And vanishes !—and other armed shades
Pass by, red battle hurtling ■ they pass.
The Saxon Kings have strew'd their palaces
From Thames to Tyne. But, lo ! the sceptre shakes :
The Dane, remorseless ■ the hurricane
That sweeps his native cliffs, harries the land !
What terror strode before his track of blood !
What hamlets mourn'd his desultory march,
When ■ the circling hills, along the sea,
The beacon-flame shone nightly ! HE HAS PASS'D !
Now frowns the Norman Victor on his throne,
And every cottage shrouds its lonely fire,
As the sad curfew sounds. Yet Piety,
With new-inspiring energies, awoke,
An ampler polity : in woody vales,
In unfrequented wilds, and forest-glens,

» Egyptian God of Silence.

» Quilt of the French army at the sight of the ruins.

» The Roman way passes immediately under Banwell.

The tow'rs of the sequester'd Abbey shone,
As when the pinnacles of Glaston-Fane
First met the morning light. The Parish-Church,
Then too, exulting o'er the ruder cross,
Up-sprung, till soon the distant village peal
Flings out its music, where the tap'ring spire
Adds a new picture to the shelter'd vale.
Uphill, thy rock, where sits the lonely church,
Above the sands—seems, like the chronicler
Of other times, there left, to tell the tale!

But issuing from the Cave—look round—behold
How proudly the majestic Severn rides
On to the Sea,—how gloriously in light
It rides! Along this solitary ridge—
Where smiles, but rare, the blue Campanula,
Among the thistles, and grey stones, that peep
Through the thin herbage—to the highest point
Of elevation, o'er the vale below,
Slow let ■ climb. First, look upon that flow'r—
The lowly heath-bell, smiling at our feet.
How beautiful it smiles alone! The Pow'r,
That bade the great sea roar—that spread the Heav'ns—
That call'd the sun from darkness—deck'd that flow'r,
And bade it grace this bleak and barren hill.
Imagination, in her playful mood,
Might liken it to a poor village maid,
Lowly, but smiling in her lowliness,
And dress'd ■ neatly, as if ev'ry day
Were Sunday. And some melancholy Bard
Might, idly musing, thus discourse to it:—
' Daughter of Summer, who dost linger here,
Decking the thistly turf, and arid hill,
Unseen—let the majestic Dablia
Glitter, an Empress, in her blazonry
Of beauty; let the stately Lily shine,
As snow-white as the breast of the proud Swan,
Sailing upon the blue lake silently,
That lifts her tall neck higher as she views
The shadow in the stream! Such ladies bright
May reign unrivall'd, in their proud parterres!
Thou wouldst not live with them; but if a voice,
Fancy, in shaping mood, might give to thee,
To the forsaken Primrose, thou wouldst say,
' Come, live with me, and we two will rejoice:—
Nor want I company; for when the sea
Shines in the silent moonlight, elves and fays,
Gentle and delicate ■ Ariel,
That do their spiritings ■ these wild holts—
Circle me in their dance, and sing such songs
As human ear ne'er heard!—But cease the strain,
Lest Wisdom, and severer Truth, should chide.

Behind that windmill, sailing round and round,
Like days ■ days revolving—Bleadon lies, ' (2)
Where first I ponder'd on the grammar-lore—
Sad as the Spelling-Book—beneath the roof
Of its secluded Parsonage: Brean Down
Emerges o'er the edge of Hutton Hill,
Just seen in paler light!—And Weston, there,
Where I remember a few cottages
Sprinkling the sand, uplifts its tow'r, and shines,

' Bleadon Parsonage, then inhabited by the Rev. ■ Norman. An excellent Parsonage-house has been built by the present incumbent, the Rev. D. Williams. I must be allowed ■ express my thanks to Mrs Williams, Miss Rogers, and Mrs W. Haddleston.

As if in conscious beauty, o'er the scene.
And I have seen ■ far more welcome sight,
The living line of population stream—
Children, and village maids, and grey old men—
Stream o'er the sands to church!—Such change has been
In the brief compass of one hast'ning life;
And still that rock—that light—is to my eyes
Familiar as those sister Isles, that sit
In the mid-channel! Look, how calm they sit,
As list'ning each ■ the tide's rocking roar;
Of different aspects!—This, abrupt and high,
And desolate, and cold, and bleak, uplifts
Its barren brow! Barren; but ■ its steep
One native flow'r is seen—the Piony.
One flow'r, which smiles, in sunshine or in storm,
There sits companionless, but yet not sad:
She has no sister of the summer-field,
None to rejoice with her when spring returns,
None that, in sympathy, may bend its head,
When ev'ning winds blow hollow o'er the rock,
In autumn's gloom!—So Virtue, a fair flow'r,
Blooms on the rock of care, and though unseen,
So smiles in cold seclusion, while remote
From the world's flaunting fellowship, it wears,
Like hermit Piety, one smile of peace,
In sickness, or in health, in joy or tears,
In summer-days, or cold adversity;
And still it feels Heav'n's breath, reviving, steal
On its lone breast—feels the warm blessedness
Of Heaven's own light about it, though its leaves
Are wet with ev'ning tears!

So smiles this flow'r:
And if, perchance, my lay has dwelt too long
Upon ■ flower, which blooms in privacy,
I may a pardon find from human hearts,
For such was my poor Mother!

Yonder Isle ■
Seems not so desolate, nor frowns aloof,
As if from human kind. The Light-house there,
Through the long winter night, shows its pale fire;
And three forgotten graves mark the rude spot;
None knows of whom; but graves of ■ who breathed,
And bore their part in life, and look'd to Heav'n,
As man looks now:—They died and left ■ name!
Fancy might think, amid the wilderness
Of waves, they sought to hide from human eyes
All mem'ry of their fortunes! Till the trump
Of doom, they rest unknown! But mark that hill—
Where Kewstoke seems to creep into the sea,
Thy Abbey, Woodspring, rose. ■ (3) Wild is the spot,
And there three mailed murderers retired,
To the last point of land! There they retired,
And there they knelt upon the ground, and cried,
' Bury us 'mid the waves, where none may know
The whisper'd secret of a deed of blood!—
No stone is o'er those graves:—the sullen tide,
As it flows by and sounds along the shore,
Seems moaningly to say, ■ Pray for their souls!—
Nor other ■ miserer have they had
At eve, nor other orison at morn.

1 Daughter of Dr Gray, author of *Memoria Technica*, etc. rector of Hinton, Northamptonshire, and prebendary of St Paul's.

2 Flat Holms.

3 The Abbey was built by the descendants of Becket's murderers.

Thou hast put on thy mildest look to-day,
Thou mighty Element! Solemn, and still,
And motionless, and touch'd with softer light,
And without noise, lies all thy long expanse.
Thou seemest now ■ calm, ■ if ■ child
Might dally with thy playfulness, and stand—
The weak winds lifting gently its light hair—
Upon thy margin, watching ■ by one
The long waves, breaking slow, with such a sound
As Silence, in her dreamy mood, might love,
When she more softly breathed, fearing a breath
Might ■ thy placidness!—

Oh! treachery!—

So still, and like a giant in his strength
Reposing, didst thou lie, when the fond Sire
One moment look'd, and ■ his blithesome Boys,
Gay, on the sands—one moment,—and the next,
Heart-stricken and hereft, by the same surge,
Stood in his desolation,—for he look'd,
And thought how he had bless'd them in their sleep,
And, the next moment, they were borne away,
Snatch'd by the circling surge, and seen no more;
While morning shone, and not ■ ripple told
How terrible and dark ■ deed ■ done!

And so the seas were hush'd, and not ■ cloud
Marr'd the pale moonlight, save that, here and there,
Wand'ring far off, some feathery shreds were seen,
As the sole orb, above the light-house, held
Its course in loveliness; and not a sound
Came from the distant deep, save that, at times,
Amid the noise of human merriment,
The ■ might seem to catch a low faint moan,
A boding sound, as of a dying dirge,
From the sunk rocks, ■ while all was still beside,
And every star seem'd list'ning in its watch,—
When the gay packet-bark, to Erin bound,
Resounding with the laugh and song, went on!
Look! she is gone! Oh! God, she is gone down,
With her light-hearted company—gone down—
And all ■ once is still, save, ■ the mast,
Just peering o'er the waters, the wild shrieks
Of threes, at times, ■ heard! They, when the dead
Were round them, floating on the moon-light wave—
Kept there their dismal watch till morning dawn'd,
And ■ the living world again restored!

PART II.

REFLECTIONS ON THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS STATE ■ PARISHES, PAST AND PRESENT.

A shadow, even while we gaze, steals o'er the scene,
Shrouding it, and the sea-view is shut out,
Save where, beyond the Holms, one thread of light
Hangs, and ■ pale and sunny stream shoots on,
O'er the dim vapours, faint and far away,
Like Hope's still light beyond the storms of Time.
Come, let us rest awhile in this rude seat.—

¹ This most afflicting accident occurred at Weston to the children of Charles Elton, Esq.; who has ■ pathetically recorded it.

² Called "the Wolves," from their peculiar sound.

I was a child when first I heard the sound
Of the great Sea!—'T was night, and journeying far,
We ■ belated on our road, 'mid scenes
New and unknown,—a mother and her child,
Now first in this wide world a wanderer:—
My father came, the Pastor of the Church:
That crowns the high-hill crest, above the sea;
When, ■ the wheels went slow, and the still night
Seem'd listening, a low murmur met the ear,
Not of the winds:—my mother softly said,
"Listen! it is the Sea!" With breathless awe,
I heard the sound, and closer press'd her hand.

Much of the sea, in infant wonderment,
I oft had heard, and of the shipwreck'd man,
Who sees, on some lone isle, day after day,
The ■ sink, o'er the solitude of waves,
Like Crusoe; and the tears would start afresh,
When'er my Mother kiss'd my cheek, and told
The story of that desolate wild man,
And how the speaking bird, ■ when he return'd
After long absence to his cave forlorn,
Said, as in tones of human sympathy,
"Poor Robin Crusoe!"

Thoughts like these arose,
When first I heard, at night, the distant sound,
Great Ocean, "of thy everlasting voice!"³
Where the white Parsonage, among the trees,
Peep'd out,—that night I restless pass'd. "The sea!"
Fill'd all my thoughts; and when slow morning came,
And the first sunbeam streak'd the window-pane,
I ■ unnoticed, and with stealthy pace—
Straggling along the village green—explored
Alone my fearful but adventurous way;
When, having turn'd the hedge-row, I beheld,
For the first time, thy glorious element,
Old Ocean, glittering to the beams of morn,
Stretching far off, and westward, without bound,
Amid thy sole dominion, rocking loud!
Shivering I stood, and tearful; and even now—
When gathering years have mark'd my look—even now—
I feel the deep impression of that hour,
As but of yesterday!

Spirit of Time,
A moment pause, and I will speak to thee!
Dark clouds are round thee; but lo! Memory waves
Her wand,—the clouds of Time disperse ■ now
The rack disperses in our view, and light
Steals out, while the gaunt phantom seems to drop
His scythe!—Now, shadows of the past, distinct,
Are thronging round; the voices of the dead
Are heard; and, lo! the very smoke goes up—
For so it seems—from yonder tenement,
Where leads the slender pathway to the door.
Enter that small blue parlour: there sits one—
A Female—and a child is in her arms;
And one leans at her side, intent to show
A pictured book, and looks upon her face;
One, from the green, comes with ■ cowslip-ball;⁴
And one,⁵ ■ hero sits sublime and horsed,
Upon ■ rocking steed from Banwell-fair,—

¹ Uphill.

² Southey.

³ Dr Henry Bowles, Physician ■ the Staff, buried ■ ■

⁴ His Parrot.

⁵ Three sisters.

This, ¹ drives his tiny wheel-barrow, without,
On the green garden-sward,—whilst one, ² apart,
Sighs o'er his solemn task—the Spelling-Book,
Half moody, half in tears. Some lines of thought
Are on that matron's brow; yet placidness,
Such as resign'd religion gives, is there,
Mingled with sadness; for who ³ behold,
Without one stealing sigh, a progeny
Of infants clustering round maternal knees,
Nor feel some boding fears, how they may fare
In the wide world, when they, who loved them most,
Are silent in their graves?

Nay! pass not on,
Till thou hast mark'd ⁴ book—the page turn'd down—
—Night Thoughts on Death and Immortality!—
This book, my Mother, in the weary hours
Of life—in every care, in every joy—
Was thy companion: next to God's own Word,
The book that bears *this name*, ⁵ thou didst revere,
Leaving a stain of tears upon the page,
Whose lessons, with a more emphatic truth,
Touch'd thine own heart!—

That heart has long been still!
But who is he,—of aspect more severe,
Yet with a manly kindness in his mien,—
He who o'erlooks yon sturdy labourer
Delving the glebe!—my Father ⁶ he lived!—
That Father, and that Mother,—« earth to earth,
And dust to dust, »—the inevitable doom
Hath long consign'd!—And where is he, the Son,
Whose future fate they ponder'd, with a sigh?

Long, nor unprosperous, has been his way
Through life's tumultuous scenes, who, when a child,
Play'd in that garden platform in the sun;
Or loiter'd o'er the common, and pursued
The colts among the sand-hills; or, intent
On harder enterprise, his pumpkin-ship,
New-rigg'd and buoyant, with its tiny sail,
Launch'd on the garden pond; or stretch'd his hand—
At once forgetting all this glorious toil—
When the bright butterfly came wandering by.
But never will that day pass from his mind,
When, scarcely breathing for delight—at Wells,
He saw the Horsemen of the Clock ⁴ ride round,
As if for life; and ancient Blandifer, ⁵
Seated aloft, like Hermes, in his chair,
Complacent as when first he took his seat,
Some hundred years ago—saw him lift up—
As if old Time ⁶ cowering at his feet—
Solemn lift up his mace, and strike the bell,
Himself for ever silent in his seat.

How little thought I *then*, the hour would come,
When the loved Prelate of that beauteous fane,
At whose command I sketch, might placidly
Smile on this picture, in my future verse,
When Blandifer had struck ⁷ so many hours

For me, his poet, in this vale of years,
Himself unchanged and solemn ⁸ of yore!

My Father ⁹ the pastor, and the friend
¹⁰ all, who living then—the scene is closed—
Now silent in that rocky church-yard sleep
The aged, and the young!—A village, then,
Was ¹¹ as villages are now. The hind,
Who delved, ¹² « jocund drove his team afield, »
¹³ then ¹⁴ independency of look,
And heart; and, plodding in his lowly path,
Disdain'd ¹⁵ parish dole, content, though poor. ¹⁶
He ¹⁷ the village monitor: he taught
His children to be good—and read their book,
And in the gallery took his Sunday place,—
To-morrow, with the bee, ¹⁸ work:—

So pass'd
¹⁹ days of cheerful, independent, toil!
And when the Pastor came that way—at eve,
He had a ready present for the child,
Who read his book the best;—and that poor child
Remember'd it, when treading the same path
In which his father trod, he so grew up
Contented, till old Time had blanch'd his locks,
And he was borne—when the bell toll'd—to sleep
In the same church-yard where his father slept!
His daughter walk'd content and innocent,
As lovely, in her lowly path:—She turn'd
The hour-glass, while the humming wheel went round,
Or went « a-Maying, » o'er the fields, in spring,
Leading her little brother, by the hand,
Along the village-lane, and o'er the stile,
To gather cowslips; and then, home again
To turn her wheel, contented, through the day.
Or, singing low, bend where her brother slept,
Rocking the cradle, to « sweet William's grave! » ²⁰
No lure could tempt her from the woodbine shed,
Where she grew up, and folded first her hands
In infant pray'r; yet oft a tear would steal
Down her young cheek, to think how desolate,
That home would be when her poor mother died—
Still praying that she ne'er might cause a pain,
Undutiful, to « bring down her grey hairs,
With sorrow, to the grave! »

Now mark this scene!—
The fuming factory's polluted air
Has stain'd the country! See that rural nymph,
An infant in her arms! She claims the dole
From the cold parish, which her faithless swain
Denies: he stands aloof, with clownish leer,—
The constable, behind, with sullen brow,
Beckons the nimble clerk,—the Justice, grave,
Turns from his book ²¹ moment, with ²² look
Of pity, signs the warrant for her pay,
A weekly eighteen-pence,—she, unabash'd,
Slides from the room, and not ²³ transient blush,
Far less th' accusing tear, is on her cheek!

A different scene comes next:—That village maid
Approaches timidly, yet beautiful;

¹ ² some excellent observations, ³ feelingly and eloquently
expressed, in the Bishop's Charge, the whole of which is well worthy
⁴ perusal of the Statesman, ⁵ well ⁶ the Christian.
⁷ ⁸ pathetic ballad, published in Perry's « Reliques. »

¹ Charles Bowles, Esq. of Shaftesbury.

² The Author.

³ Young's « Night Thoughts. »

⁴ Clock in the Cathedral.

⁵ Traditional name of the Clock-Image, seated in a ⁶ and
striking the hours.

A tear is on her lids, when she looks down
 Upon her sleeping child. Her heart was won,
 The wedding-day was fix'd, the ring was bought!
 'Tis the same story—Colin was untrue!—
 He ruin'd, and then left her to her fate.
 Pity her—she has not a friend on earth,
 And that still tear speaks to all human hearts,
 But his whose cruelty and treachery
 Caused it to flow! So crime still follows crime—
 Ask we the cause?—See, where those engines heave,
 That spread their giant-arms o'er all the land!
 The wheel is silent in the vale! Old age,
 And youth are level'd by one parish law!
 Ask why that maid, all day, toils in the field,
 Associate with the rude and ribald clown,
 Even in the shrinking pudency of youth?
 To earn her loaf, and eat it by herself.
 Parental love is smitten to the dust—
 Over a little smoke the aged Sire
 Holds his pale hands—and the deserted hearth
 Is cheerless as his heart:—but Piety
 Points to the Bible! Shut the book again:
 The Ranter is the roving Gospel now,
 And each his Apostle! Shut the book,—
 A locust-swarm of darken its light,
 And choke its utterance; while a Babel-rout
 Of mock-religionists—turn where we will—
 Have drown'd the small still voice,* till Piety,
 Sick of the din, retires to pray alone.

But though abused Religion, and the dote
 Of pauper pay, and vomitories huge
 Of smoke, are each a steam-engine of crime,
 Polluting, far and wide, the wholesome air,
 And with'ring Life's green verdure underneath,
 Full many a poor and lowly flower of want
 Has Education nursed, like a pure rill,
 Winding through desert glens, and bade it live
 To grace the cottage with its mantling sweets.
 There was a village girl—I knew her well,
 From five years old and upwards—all her friends
 Were dead, and she was to the workhouse left,
 And there a witness to such sounds profane
 As might turn virtue pale! When Sunday came,
 Assembled with the children of the poor,
 Upon the lawn of my own parsonage,
 She stood among them: they taught to read
 In companies, and groups, upon the green,
 Each with its little book; her lighted eyes
 Shone beautiful, where'er they turn'd; her form
 Was graceful; but her book her sole delight!†
 Instructed thus, she went a serving-maid,
 Where fumed the neighb'ring town,—ah! who shall guide
 A friendless maid, so beautiful and young,
 From life's contagions? But she had been taught
 The duties of her humble lot—to pray‡
 To God, and that one heav'nly Father's eye
 Was over rich and poor! On Sunday night
 She read her Bible, turning still away
 From those who flock'd, inflaming and inflamed,

* MACHINERY—*Steam-Engines, etc.* No thinking man will deny the necessity, politically considered, of the great of national wealth, though the effect may be felt among the pauper agricultural labourers.

† A book, called the "Village Verse," to excite the first feelings of religion, from rural imagery, written on purpose for these children.

To nightly meetings; but she never closed
 Her eyes, or raised them to the light of morn,
 Without a pray'r to Him, who bade the sun
 Go forth, a giant, from his Eastern gate!
 No art, bribe, could lure her steps astray
 From the plain path, and lessons she had learnt,
 A village child! She is a mother now,
 And lives prove the blessings and the fruits
 Of moral duty, on the poorest child,
 When duty, and when sober Piety,
 Impressing the young heart, go hand in hand.‡

No villager then a disputant
 In Calvinistic and contentious creeds;
 No pale mechanic, from a neighbouring sink
 Of , and rank debauchery, and smoke,
 Crawl'd forth upon a Sunday-morn—with looks
 Sadd'ning the very sunshine—to instruct
 The parish poor in Evangelic lore:
 To teach them to cast off— filthy rags—
 "Good works!" and listen to such ministers,
 Who all (be sure) "are worthy of their hire,"
 "Who only preach for good of their poor souls,
 That they may turn 'from darkness unto light,'
 And—above all—fly, as the gates of Hell,
 Morality!" and Baal's steeple-house,
 Where, without 'heart-work,' Doctor Littlegrace
 Drones his dull requiem the snoring clerk!§

True: he who draws his heartless homily
 For one day's work, and plods, on wading stilts,
 Through prosing paragraphs, with "Inference,"
 Methodically dull, as orthodox,
 Enforcing sagely, that "we all must die
 When God shall call"—Oh! what a pulpit-drone
 Is he!—The blue-fly might as well preach "hum,"
 And "so conclude!"

But save me from the sight
 Of Curate-fop, half jockey and half clerk,
 The tandem-driving Tommy of a town,
 Disdaining books, more learned in a horse,
 Impatient till September comes again,
 Eloquent only of "the pretty girl
 With whom he danced last night!" Oh! such a thing
 Is worse than the dull doctor, who performs
 Duly his stinted task, and then to sleep,
 Till Sunday asks another Homily,
 Against all innovations of the age—
 Mad Missionary zeal, and Bible-Clubs,
 And Calvinists and Evangelicals! (4)

Yes! Evangelicals! Oh! glorious word!
 But who deserves that awful name? Not he,
 Who spits his puny Puritanic spite
 On harmless recreation: who reviles
 All who, majestic in their distant scorn,
 Bear on, in silence, their calm Christian course.‡

‡ This exemplary young woman lives at Pickwick, in the parish of Corsham, married to a respectable carpenter. She the first of Mrs Bowles's scholars.

§ See "Pilgrim's Progress."

¶ See Rowland Hill's slanderous caricatures, called "Village Dialogues."

‡ Solomon is least as wise as Old Prynne and *hoc genus omne*, and Solomon says, "there is a time to dance," though Old Prynne declares, that every step in a dance is a step to Hell! In fact, to

■ only is the Evangelical,
Who holds in equal scorn dogmas and dreams,
The Shibboleth of saintly Magazines,
Deck'd with most grim and godly visages; (5)
The cobweb sophistry, ■ the dark code
Of commentators, who, with loathsome track,
Crawl o'er ■ text, or on the lucid page,
Beaming with heavenly love and God's own light,
Sit, like ■ night-mare! Soon a deadly mist
Creeps o'er our eyes and heart, till angel forms
Turn into hideous phantoms, mocking us,
Even when ■ look for comfort at the spring
And well of life, while dismal voices cry,
«Death!—Reprobation! Woe! eternal Woe!»

He only is the Evangelical,
Who from the human commentary turns
With tranquil scorn, and nearer to his heart
Presses the Bible, till repentant tears,
In silence, wet his cheek, and new-born faith,
And hope, and charity with radiant smile,
Visit his heart,—all pointing to the Cross.

He only is the Evangelical,
Who, with eyes fix'd upon that spectacle,
«Christ and him crucified,» with ardent hope,
And holier feelings, lifts his thoughts from Earth,
And cries, «My Father!» Meantime, his whole heart
Is on God's Word: he preaches «Faith,» and «Hope,»
And «Charity,»—«these three,» and not «that one!»—
And «Charity,» the greatest of «these three!»²

Give me an Evangelical like this! But now,
The blackest crimes, in tract-religion's code,
Are moral virtues!—Spare the prodigal,—
He may awake when God shall «call,» but Hell,
Roll thy avenging flames, to swallow up
The son, who never left his father's home,
Lest he should trust to morals when he dies! (6)
Let him not lay the unction to his soul,
That his upbraiding conscience tells ■ tale
At that dread hour—bid him confess his sin,
The greatest that, with humble hope, he looks
Back on ■ well-spent life! Bid him confess
That he hath broken all God's holy laws,—
In vain hath he done justly,—loved, in vain,
Mercy, and hath walk'd humbly with his God!
These are mere works!—but faith is ev'ry thing,
And all in all! The Christian code contains
No, «if,» or «but!»³ Let tabernacles ring,
And churches too,⁴ with sanctimonious strains

make innocent things, or those which ■ only vicious in their abuse, criminal, is the surest way to make crimes innocent.

¹ The text, which ■ Christian ■ misunderstand, «God is not willing,» is turned, by elaborate Jesuitical sophistry, to «God is willing,» by one «Master in Israel.» So that, in fact, ■ Almighty saying «no,» when he should have said «yes,» did ■ know what he meant, till such a *sophistical* blasphemer ■ him right! To such length does an adherence to preconceived Calvinism lead the mind.

«And now abide Faith, Hope, and Charity—THESE THREE: but the GREATEST of these is CHARITY.»—*St Paul.*

² Literally the expression of Hawker, the apostle of thousands and thousands. I speak of the obvious inference drawn from such expressions, and this daring denial of the very words of his Master: «Happy are ye, if ye do them!»—CHRIST. «But in vain,» ■

³ I fear many churches have more to answer for than tabernacles.

Baneful as these; and let such strains be heard
Through half the land; and can we shut our eyes,
And sadly wondering, ask the cause of crimes,
When Infidelity stands low'ring here,
With open scorn, and such a code as this,
So baneful, withers half the charities
Of human hearts?—Oh! dear is Mercy's voice
To man, ■ mourner in the vale of sin
And death: how dear the still small voice of Faith,
That bids him raise his look beyond the clouds
That hang o'er this dim earth; but he who tears
Faith from her Heav'nly sisterhood, denies
The Gospel, and turns traitor to the cause
■ has engaged to plead. Come, Faith, and Hope,
And Charity! how dear to the sad heart,
The consolations and the glorious views,
That animate the Christian, in his course!
But save, oh! save me from the tract-mad Miss,
Who trots to every Bethel-club, and broods
O'er some black Missionary's monstrous tale,
Reckless of want around her!

But the Priest,
Who deems the almighty frowns upon his Throne,
Because two pair of harmless Dowagers,
Whose life has pass'd without ■ stain, beguile
An ev'ning hour with cards;—who deems that Hell
Burns fiercer for ■ Saraband;—that thou—
Thou, my sweet Shakspeare—thou, whose touch awakes
The inmost heart of virtuous Sympathy;—
Thou, oh! divinest poet, at whose voice
Sad Pity weeps, or guilty Terror drops
The blood-stain'd dagger from his palsied hand,—
That Thou art pander to the criminal!
He, who thus edifies his Christian flock
Moves—more than ev'n the Bethel-trotting Miss—
My pity, my aversion, and my scorn.

«Cry aloud!»—speak in thunder to the soul
That sleeps in sin! Harrow the inmost heart
Of murderous intent, till dew-drops stand (7)
Upon his haggard brow! Call Conscience up,
Like a stern spectre, whose dim finger points
To dark misdeeds of yore! Wither the arm
Of the oppressor, at whose feet the slave
Crouches, and pleading lifts his fetter'd hands!
Thou violator of the innocent,
Hide thee! Hence! hide thee in the deepest cave,
From man's indignant sight! Thou Hypocrite,
Trample in dust thy mask, nor cry «Faith—Faith,»
Making it but a hollow tinkling sound,
That stirs not the foul heart! Horrible wretch,
Look not upon the face of that sweet child,
With thoughts which Hell would tremble to conceive!
Oh shallow, and oh senseless!—in a world
Where rank offences turn the good man pale—
Who leave the Christian's sternest code, to vent
Their petty ire on petty trespasses—
If trespasses they are—when the wide world
Groans with the burden of offence; when crimes
Stalk on, with front defying, o'er the land,
Whilst, her own cause betraying, Christian zeal
Thus «swallows camels, straining at a gnat!!»

⁴ Almost every assize produces horrible cases of this kind, and of infanticide, chiefly from ■ particular class of religionists, whose creed is, that Christianity contains no «if,» or «but!»

Therefore, without a comment, a note,
We love the Bible, (8) and we prize the more
The spirit of a pure unspotted page,
As pure from the infectious breath, that stains,
Like a foul fume, its hallow'd light, a hail
The radiant car of Heav'n, amidst the clouds
Of mortal darkness, and of human mist,
Sole, a the Sun in Heav'n!

Oh! whilst the car
Of God's own glory rolls along in light,
We join the loud song of the Christian host
(All puny systems shrinking from the blaze),
a Hosannah, to the car of light! Roll on!
Saldanna's rocks have echo'd a the hymns
Of Faith, and Hope, and Charity! Roll on!
Till the wild wastes of inmost Africa,
Where the long Niger's track is lost, respond,
'Hosannah, to the a of light? Roll on!—
From realm to realm, from shore a farthest shore,
O'er dark Pagodas, and huge Idol-Fanes,
That frown along the Ganges' farthest stream,
Till the poor widow, from the burning pile
Starting, shall lift her hands to Heav'n, and weep
That she has found a Saviour, and has heard
The sounds of Christian love!—Oh! horrible,
The pile is smoking!—the bamboos lie there, (9)
That held her down when the last struggle shook
The blazing pile! Hasten, oh! car of light!
Alas! for suffering nature! Jaggernaut,
Arm'd, in his giant car, goes also forth—
Goes forth, amid his red and reeling priests,
While thousands gasp and die beneath the wheels,
As they go groaning on, 'mid cries, and drums,
And flashing cymbals, and delirious songs
Of tinkling dancing-girls, and all the rout
Of frantic Superstition! Turn away!
And is not Jaggernaut himself with us,—
Not only cold insidious sophistry,
Comes, blinking with its taper-fume, a light,
If a he may, the Sun in the mid Heav'n!
Not only blind and hideous blasphemy
Scowls in his cloak, and mocks the glorious orb,
Ascending, in a silence, o'er a world
Of sin and sorrow,—but a hellish brood
Of imps, and fiends, and phantoms, ape the form
Of Godliness, till Godliness itself
Seems but a painted monster, and a a
For darker crimes; at which the shudd'ring heart
Shrinks; while the ranting-rout, a they march on,
Mock Heav'n, with hymns, till, see—pale Belial³
Sighs o'er a filthy tract, and Moloch marks
With gout of blood—his brandish'd Magazine!

Start, monster, from the dismal dream! Look up!
Oh! listen to the Apostolic voice,

¹ I forget in what book of travel, I read a account of a poor Hottentot, who being brought here, clothed, and taught our language, after a year a two a seen, every day till he died, on some bridge, muttering to himself, a Home go, Saldanna.

² See Bishop Heber's most interesting Journal, who mentions this circumstance. Yet the Shaster, or the Holy Book of the Hindoos, says, a No one shall be burned, unless a willingly!—See Notes.

³ See a late cases of pious adultery and murder! a can know, a can believe these things, unless he has examined a black calendar of crimes at the assizes, and inquires by what

That, like a voice from Heav'n, proclaims, a to Faith
Add virtue! there is a mistaking here;
Whilst moral Education, by the hand,
a lead the children to the House of God—
Nor sever Christian Faith from Christian Love.

If we would a the fruits of charity,
Look at that village group, and paint the scene.
Surrounded by a clear and silent stream,
Where the swift trout shoots from the sudden ray,
A rural mansion, on the level lawn,
Uplifts its ancient gables, whose slant shade
Is drawn, as with a line, from roof a porch,
Whilst all the rest is sunshine. O'er the trees
In front, the village-church, with pinnacles,
And light grey tow'r, appears; while to the right,
An amphitheatre of oaks extends
Its sweep, till, more abrupt, a wooded knoll,
Where once a castle frown'd, closes the scene.
And see, an infant troop, with flags and drum,
Are marching o'er that bridge, beneath the woods,
On—to the table spread upon the lawn,
Raising their little hands when grace is said;
Whilst she, who taught them to lift up their hearts
In pray'r, and to a remember, in their youth, a
God, a their Creator, a—mistress of the scene
(Whom I remember once, as young), looks on,
Blessing them in the silence of her heart.
And a too bless them. Oh! away, away!
Cant—heartless Cant, and that Economy,
Cold, and mis-call'd a Political! a away!
Let the bells ring—a Puritan turns pale (10)
To hear the festive sound: let the bells ring—
A Christian loves them; and this holiday
Remembers him, while sighs unbidden steal,
Of life's departing, and departed, days,
When he himself was young, and heard the bells,
In unison with feelings of his heart—
His first, pure, Christian feelings, hallowing
The harmonious sound!—

And, children, now rejoice,—
Now—for the holidays of life are few;
Nor let the rustic minstrel tune, in vain,
The crack'd church-viol, resonant, to-day,
Of mirth, though humble! Let the fiddle scrape
Its merriment, and let the joyous group
Dance, in a round, for soon the ills of life
a come! Enough, if a day in the year,
If a brief day, of this brief life, be giv'n
To mirth as innocent as yours! But lo!
That ancient woman, leaning on her staff.
Pale, on her crutch she rests one wither'd hand—
One wither'd hand, which Gerard Douw might paint,
Ev'n its blue veins! And who is she? The Nurse
Of the fair mistress of the a; she led
Her tottering steps in infancy,—she spelt
The earliest lesson to her; and she now
Leans from that open window, while she thinks,
a When Summer a again, the turf will lie
On my cold breast,—but I rejoice to see
My child, thus leading a the progeny
Of her poor neighbours, in the peaceful path

Of humble virtue! I shall be ■ rest,
Perhaps, when next they ■■; but my last pray'r
■ with them, and the mistress of this home.
' The innocent ■ gay,' ' gay as the lark
That sings in morn's first sunshine; and why not?
■■ may they ne'er forget, ■ life steals on,
In age, the lessons they have learnt in youth!'

How false the charge, how foul the calumny,
On England's generous Aristocracy,
That, wrapt in sordid, selfish apathy,
They feel not for the poor !—

Ask is it true?—

Lord of the whirling wheels, the charge is false! 3—
Ten thousand charities adorn the land,
Beyond thy cold conception, from this source.
What cottage child but has been neatly clad,
And taught its earliest lesson, from their care?
Witness that school-house, mantled with festoon
Of various plants, which fancifully wreath
Its window-mullions, and that rustic porch,
Whence the low hum of infant voices blend
With airs of spring, without. Now, all alive,
The green sward rings with play, among the shrubs—
Hush'd the long murmur of the morning task,
Before the pensive matron's desk!

But turn,

And mark that aged widow! By her side
 ■ God's own Word; and lo! the spectacles
 Are yet upon the page. Her daughter kneels
 And prays beside her! Many years have shed
 Their ■■■ so silently, and softly, down
 Upon her head, that Time, as if to gaze,
 Seems for a moment ■ suspend his flight
 Onward, ■ rev'rence ■ those few grey hairs,
 That steal beneath her cap, white ■ that snow.
 Whilst the expiring lamp ■ kept alive,
 Thus feebly, by ■ dutious daughter's love,
 Her last faint pray'r, ■■ all is dark ■■ earth,
 Will to the God of Heav'n ascend, for those
 Whose comforts smooth'd her silent bed.

And Thou,

Witness, Elysian Tempè of Stourhead !
Oh ! not because, with bland and gentle smile—
Adding a radiance ■ the look of age,
I 'e eve's still light—thy liberal master spreads
His letter'd treasures ;—not, because his search
Has dived the Druid mound, illustrating
■ county's annals, and the monuments
Of darkest ages ;—not because his woods
Wave o'er the dripping cavern of Old Stour,
Where classic temples gleam along the edge
Of the clear waters, winding beautiful ;—
Oh ! ■ because the works of breathing art,
Of Poussin, Rubens, Rembrandt, Gainsborough,
Start, like creations, from the silent walls—
To thee, this tribute of respect and love,

1 Cowper.

* The English Landlord has been held up to obloquy, as endeavouring to keep up the price of corn, for his own interest; but *land*, it only follows; and the landlord can get for his capital 3 *three per cent*, whereas the lord of whirling wheels gains thirty per cent.—*See Letters, by the Author, in the Bath Chronicle, signed Agricola.*

Beloved, benevolent, and gen'rous Hoare,
Grateful I pay;—but that, when thou dead,
(Late may it be!) the poor man's tear will fall,
And his voice falter, when he speaks of thee.¹

And witness thou, magnificent abode,
Where virtuous Ken,² with his grey hairs and shroud (11)
Came, for a shelter from the world's rude storm,
His old age, leaving his palace-throne,
Having no spot where he might lay his head,
All the earth!—Oh! witness thou, the
Of his first friend—his friend from school-boy days!—
Oh! witness thou, if one who wanted bread
Not found shelter there; if one poor
Has been deserted in his hour of need;
Or poor child been left without a guide,
A father, and instructor, and a friend,
In Him, the Pastor, and distributor³
Of bounties large, yet falling silently
As dews on the cold turf! And, witness, thou,
Marston,⁴ the seat of my kind, honour'd friend—
My kind and honour'd friend, from youthful days.
Then wand'ring on the banks of Rhine, saw
Cities and spires, beneath the mountains blue,
Gleaming; or vineyards creep from rock to rock;
Or unknown castles hang, as if in clouds;
Or heard the roaring of the cataract,
Far off,⁵ beneath the dark defile or gloom
Of ancient forests—till behold, in light,
Foaming and flashing, with enormous sweep,
Through the rent rocks—(where, o'er the mist of spray,
The rainbow, like a fairy in her bow'r,
Sleeping while it roars)—that volume vast,
White, and with thunder's deaf'ning roar, comes down.

Live long, live happy, till thy journey close,
Calm ■ the light of day! Yet witness, thou,
The seat of noble ancestry—the seat
Of science, honour'd by the ■ of Boyle, (12)
Though many sorrows, since ■ met in youth,
Have press'd thy gen'rous master's manly heart,
Witness, the partner of his joys and griefs;
Witness, the grateful tenantry—the home
Of the poor man, the children of that school—
Still ■ benevolence sits smiling there. ⁶

And witness, the fair mansion, on the edge
Of those chalk-hills, which from thy garden walk,
Daily I see, whose gentle mistress droops?
With her own griefs, yet turn'd her look
From others' sorrows,—on whose lids the tear
Shines yet lovely than the light of youth!
And many a cottage-garden smiles, whose flow'rs
Invite the music of the morning bee!
And many a fire-side has shot out, at eve,
 light upon the old man's wither'd hand,
And pallid cheek, from *their* benevolence—

¹ These lines were written at Stonhead.

■ Bishop of Bath and Wells. Lord Weymouth and ■ schoolfellows ■ Winchester, where, in my time, Ken's Manual of Hymns was the first book put into the hands of the children.

³ Rev. Mr Skurray.

⁴ The seat of the Earl of Cork and Orrery.

² At Schaffhausen.

* Let it not be said, I have praised Lords ■ Ladies, I have spoken as warmly of a poor pariah girl.

⁷ ■■■■ **Heavenly, Compton House.**

(Sad ■ is still the parish-pauper's home)—
 Who shed around their patrimonial ■
 The light of Heav'n-descending charity!
 And ev'ry feeling of the Christian heart
 Would rise accusing, could I pass, unsung,
 Thee,¹ fair as Charity's own form, who late
 Didst stand beneath the porch of that grey fane,
 Soliciting² a mite of all who pass'd,
 With such a smile, ■ to refuse would ■
 To do a wrong to Charity herself.

How many blessings, silent and unheard;
 The mistress of the lonely parsonage
 Dispenses, when she takes her daily round
 Among the aged and the sick, whose prayers
 And blessings, are her only recompence.
 How many pastors—by cold obloquy
 And senseless hate reviled—tread the ■ path
 Of charity, in silence, taught by Him,
 Who was reviled, not ■ revile again;
 And leaving to a righteous God their ■

Come, let us, with the pencil in our hand,
 Portray ■ character. What book is this?
 « Rector of Overton!»³ I know him not;
 But well I know the Vicar, and a man
 More worthy of that name, and worthier still,
 To grace a higher station of our Church,
 None knows;—a friend and father to the poor,
 A scholar, unobtrusive, yet profound,
 « As e'er my conversation coped withal;»
 His piety unvarnished, but sincere.⁴
 Killarney's Lake,⁵ and Scotia's hills,⁶ have heard
 His summer-wand'ring reed; ■ on the theme
 Of hallow'd inspiration,⁷ has his harp
 Been silent, though ten thousand jangling strings—
 For all ■ poets in this land of song,
 And ev'ry field chinks with its grasshopper—
 Have well-nigh drown'd the tones; but Poesy
 Mingles, at eventide, with many a mood
 Of stirring fancy, on his silent heart,
 When o'er those bleak and barren downs, in rain
 Or sunshine, where the giant Wansdike sweeps,
 Homewards he bends his solitary way.

Live long!—and late may the old villager
 Look ■ thy stone, amid the church-yard grass,
 Remembering years of kindness, and the tongue,
 Eloquent of his Maker, when he sat
 At Church, and heard the undivided code
 Of Apostolic truth—of Hope, of Faith,
 Of Charity—the end and test of all.

Live long; and though I proudly might recal
 The names of many friends—like thee, sincere,
 And pious, and in solitude, adorn'd
 With rare accomplishments, this grateful praise
 Accept, congenial to the poet's theme;
 For well I know, haply when I am dead,
 And in my shroud, whene'er thy homeward path

Lies o'er those hills, and thou shalt cast ■ look
 Back on our garden-slope, and Bremhill tow'r,
 Thou wilt remember me, and many ■ day,
 There pass'd, in converse, and sweet harmony.

A truce to satire, and to harsh reproof,
 Severer arguments, that have detain'd
 Th' unwilling Muse too long:—come, while the clouds
 Work heavy, and the winds, at intervals,
 Pipe, and at intervals, sink in a sigh—
 As breathed o'er sounds and shadows of the past—
 Change ■ our style and measure, to relate
 A village tale, of a poor Cornish maid,
 And of her pray'r-book! It is sad, but true,
 And simply told—not in the lady phrase
 Of modish song—may touch some gentle heart,
 And wake ■ interest, when description fails.

PART III.

■ SPECTRE AND PRAYER-BOOK, A TALE OF ■ CORNISH
 MAID.¹ (13)

« Oh! shut the book, my Mary, shut the book!»
 So William cried, with wild and frantic look.—

She whom he loved was in her shroud,—nor pain
 Nor grief shall visit her sad heart again.
 There is no sculptured tomb-stone at her head;
 No rude memorial marks her lowly bed:
 The village children, every holiday,
 Round the green turf, in summer sunshine play;
 And none, but those now bending to the tomb,
 Remember Mary, lovely in her bloom!

Yet oft the hoary swain, when autumn sighs
 Through the long grass, sees a dim form arise,
 Hying in shadowy moonlight to the brook,
 Its ■ lips moving, in its hand ■ book.
 So like a bruised flower, and in the pride
 Of youth and beauty, injured Mary died.
 William some years survived, but years no trace
 Of his sick heart's deep anguish could erase.
 Still the dread spectre seem'd to rise, and, worse—
 Still in his ears rung the appalling curse,
 While still he cries, despair upon his look,
 « Oh! shut that book, my Mary, shut that book!»

The sun is slowly west'ring now—and lo!
 How beautiful steals out the humid bow,
 A radiant arch—listen, whilst I relate
 William's dread judgment, and poor Mary's fate.

I think I ■ the pine, that heavily
 Swaying, yet seems as for the dead to sigh.
 How many generations, since the day
 Of its green pride, have pass'd, like leaves, away;
 How many children of the hamlet played
 Round its hoar trunk, who at its feet were laid,
 Wither'd and grey old men! In life's first bloom,
 How many has it seen, borne to the tomb!

¹ The extraordinary fact upon which this tale is founded, the reader will find in Mr Polwhele's History of Cornwall.

¹ ■ Methuen, of Corham House.

² For the « Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,» on which occasion a Sermon ■ preached by the Author.

³ A book, just published, with this title. The Duke of ■ rough is rector of Overton, near Marlborough.

⁴ Rev. Charles Hoyle, Vicar of Overton, near Marlborough.

⁵ Killarney, a poem.

⁶ Sonnets.

⁷ Exodus, a poem.

But **■** one **■** sunk in hopeless woe
As she, who lies in the cold grave below.

Her Sabbath-book, from which at church she pray'd,
Was her poor father's, in that church-yard laid :
For Mary grew, as beautiful in youth,
As taught, at church, the lore of Heav'nly truth.
What diff'rent passions in her bosom strove,
When first she heard the tale of village love !
The youth whose voice then won her partial ear,
A yeoman's son, had pass'd his twentieth year ;
She scarce eighteen : her mother, with the care
Of boding age, oft whisper'd, « Oh ! beware ! »
For William **■** a thoughtless youth, and wild,
And like a colt unbroken, from **■** child :
At length, if not to serious thoughts awake,
He came to church, at least, for Mary's sake.

Young Mary, while her father **■** alive,
Saw all things round the humble dwelling thrive :
Her widow'd mother **■** was growing old,
And, one by one, their worldly goods were sold :
Mary remain'd, her mother's hope and pride !—
How oft, when she was sleeping by her side,
That mother waked, and kiss'd her cheek, with tears,
Praying for blessings **■** her future years,—
When she, her mother, ev'ry trial o'er,
Should rest in the cold grave, **■** grieve no more.

But Mary to love's dream her heart resign'd,
And gave to fancy all her youthful mind.
Shall I describe her ?—Did'st thou never mark
A soft blue light, beneath eye-lashes dark ?
Such **■** her eyes' soft light,—her chestnut hair,
Light as she tripp'd, waved lighter to the air ;
When'er, **■** earthly Ariel, in the sun,
To do her mother's various quests, she run ;
Yet, with her pray'r-book, when on Sunday dress'd,
Her looks a sweet, but lowly, grace express'd,
As modest as the violet at her breast.

Sometimes, all day by her poor mother's side,
She sat, and oft would turn, **■** tear to hide.

Where winds the brook, by yonder bord'ring wood,
Her mother's solitary cottage stood.
A few white pales, in front, fenced, from the road,
The garden-plat, and poor, but neat, abode.
Before the window, 'mid the flow'rs of Spring,
A bee-hive hummed, whose bees **■** murmuring :
Beneath an ivied bank, abrupt and high,
A small clear well reflected bank and sky,
In whose translucent mirror, smooth and still,
From time to time, **■** small bird dipp'd its bill.
Here the first blue-bell, and, of livelier hue,
The daffodil and polyanthus grew.
'T **■** Mary's care a jessamine to train,
With small white blossoms round the window-pane :
A rustic wicket open'd to the meads,
Where a scant path-way to the hamlet leads :
And near, a water-wheel toil'd round and round,
Dashing the o'er-shot stream, with long continuous sound.
Beyond, when the brief show'r had sailed away,
The tap'ring spire shone out in sun-light grey ;
And o'er that mountain's northern point, to sight
Stretching far on, the main-sea rolled in light.

Enter—within, **■** ev'ry thing how neat !
One book lies open on the window-seat,—
The spectacles are on **■** leaf of Job :
There, mark, **■** map of the terrestrial globe ;
And opposite, with its prolific stem,
The Christian's tree,¹ and New Jerusalem ;
Here, see **■** printed paper, to record
A veritable « letter from our Lord : »²
Two books **■** the window-ledge beneath,
The Book of Prayer, and Brelincourt on Death ;
Some cowslips, in a cup of china placed,
A painted shelf above the chimney graced :
Grown, like its mistress, old—with half-shut eyes,
Save when, **■** times, awaked by wand'ring flies,
Tib,³ in the sunshine of the casement, lies ;
'T **■** Spring-time now, with birds the garden rung,
And Mary's linnet at the window sung.
Whilst in the air the vernal music floats,
The cuckoo only joins his two sweet notes ;⁴
But those—oh listen, for he sings **■** near—
So musical, so mellow, and so clear,
Not sweeter—where thy mighty waters sweep,
Missouri, through the night of forests deep—
Resounds, from glade to glade, from rock to hill,
While fervent harmonies the wild wood fill,
The solitary note of « Whip poor-will ! »⁵
Mary's old mother stops her wheel to say,
« The cuckoo ! hark ! how sweet he sings to-day ! »

It is not long—not long to Whitsuntide,
And Mary then shall be a happy bride.
On Sunday morn, when a slant light **■** flung
Upon the tow'r, and the first peal **■** rung,
William and Mary smiling would repair,
Arm link'd in arm, to the same house of pray'r.
« The bells will sound more merrily » (he cried,
And gently pressed her hand) « at Whitsuntide : »
She check'd the rising thoughts, and hung her head ;
And Mary, ere one year had pass'd—was dead !

'T **■** said, and many would the tale believe,
Her shrouded form was seen upon that eve,⁶
When, gliding through the churchyard, they appear—
They, who shall die within the coming year.
All pale, and strangely piteous, was her look,
Her right hand was stretch'd out, which held a book ;
O'er it her wet hair dripp'd,—while the **■** cast
A cold wan light, as in her shroud she pass'd !
I cannot say if this were so, but late,
She went to Madern-stone, ⁷ to learn her fate :

¹ Large coloured prints, in most cottages.

² The letter said to be written by **■** Saviour **■** King Agbarus, is seen in many cottages.

³ Tib, the cat.

⁴ The **■** of the cuckoo **■** the only notes, among birds, exactly according to the musical scale. The notes **■** the fifth, **■** major third, of the diatonic scale.

⁵ The « Whip-poor-will » **■** a bird **■** called in America, from his uttering those distinct sounds, at intervals, among **■** various wild harmonies of the forest.—See BERTRAM'S *Travels in America*.

⁶ In Cornwall, and in other counties remote from the metropolis, it is a popular belief, that they who are to die in the **■** of the year, appear, on **■** of Midsummer, before the church porch. See an exquisite dramatic sketch **■** this subject, called « the Eve of St Mark, » in Blackwood.

⁷ Madern-stone, a Druidical monument in the village of Madern, **■** which the country people often resort, to learn their future destinies.

What there she heard ne'er **■** human ears,—
But, from that hour, she oft was seen in tears.

Mild Zephyr breathes,—the butterfly more bright,
Strays, wav'ring, o'er the pales, in rainbow light;
The lamb, the colt, the blackbird in the brake,
Seem all the vernal feeling **■** partake;
The lark sings high in air, itself unseen,
The hasty swallow skims the village-green;
And all things seem, **■** the full heart, to bring
The blissful breathings of the world's first spring.

How lovely is the sunshine of May-morn!
The garden-bee has wound his earliest horn,
Busied from flower to flower, **■** he would say,
"Up! Mary! for it is the morn of May!"
Now lads and lasses of the hamlet bore
Branches of blossom'd thorn **■** sycamore;
And **■** her mother's porch a garland hung,
While thus their rural roundelay they sung:—

THE SONG.

"And **■** up as **■** day,
To fetch the summer home,
The summer and the May,
For summer **■** is come."

"In Madern vale the bell-flow'r bloom,
And wave **■** Zephyr's breath:
The cuckoo sings in Morval Coombe,
Where nods the purple heath."

Come, dance around Glen-Aston tree—
We bring a garland gay,
And Mary of Guynear shall be
Our Lady of the May."

But where is William? Did he not declare,
He would be first, the blossom'd bough to bear!
She will **■** join the train! and see, the flow'r
She gather'd, now is fading. Hour by hour,
She watch'd the sunshine **■** the thatch; again
■ mother turns the hour-glass; now, the pane
The west'ring sun **■** left—the long May-day,
■ Mary **■** in hopes **■** fears away.
Slow twilight steals—by the **■** garden-gate
■ stands,—**■** "William **■** late!"
Her mother's voice **■** heard; "Good child, **■** in;
Dream not of bliss **■** earth—it is a sin:
Come, take the Bible down, my child, and read;
In sickness, and in sorrow, and in need,—
By friends forsaken, and by fears oppress'd,—
There, only, can the weary heart find rest!"

Her thin hands, mark'd by many a wand'ring vein,
Her mother turn'd the silent glass ⁵ again;
The rush-light now is lit—the Bible read,—
Yet, **■** sad Mary can retire to bed,
She listens!—Hark! **■** voice, no step she hears,—
Go to thy bed **■** hide those bursting tears!

¹ This **■** invariably the **■** in Cornwall.—See Polwhele.

² POLWHELE. These are the first four lines of the real song of the season, which is called "the Ferry-song of Helstone." Ferry is, probably, from Feriae.

³ Campanula cymbalaria, foliis biederacilis.

⁴ **■** multiflora, common in **■** part **■** Cornwall.

⁵ Hour-glass.

When the slow morning came, the tale **■** told,
(Need it have been?) that William's love **■** cold.

■ hope yet whispers, "Dry the accusing tear,—
"When Sunday comes, again he will be here!"
And Sunday came, and struggling from a cloud,
The **■** shone bright—the bells **■** chiming loud—
And lads and lasses in their best attire,
Were tripping past—the youth, the child, the sire;—
■ William **■** not;—with a boding heart
Poor Mary **■** the Sunday crowd depart:
And when her mother came, with kerchief clean,
The last who totter'd homeward o'er the green;
Mary, to hear no more of peace on earth,
Retired in silence to the lonely hearth.

Next day the tidings **■** the cottage came,
That William's heart confess'd another flame:
That, with the Bailiff's daughter he was seen,
At the new Tabernacle **■** the green;
That, cold and wayward falsehood—made him prove
Alike **■** traitor to his faith and love.

The bells are ringing,—it is Whitsuntide,—
And there goes faithless William with his bride,
Turn from the sight, poor Mary!—Day by day,
The dread remembrance wore her heart away:
Untimely sorrow sat upon her cheek,
And her too trusting heart was left to break.

Six melancholy months have slowly pass'd,
And dark is heard November's hollow blast,
Sometimes, with tearful moodiness she smiled,
Then, still and placid look'd, **■** when a child,
Or raised her eyes disconsolate and wild.

Oft, as she stray'd the brook's green marge along,
She there would sing one sad and broken song:—

Lay me where the Willows wave,
In the cold moon-light;
Shine upon my lowly grave,
Sadly, stars of night!

I to you would fly for rest,
But a stone—a stone—
Lies like lead upon my breast,
And ev'ry hope is flown.

Lay **■** where the willows wave,
In the cold moon-light;
Shine upon my lowly grave,
Sadly, stars of night!

Her mother said, "Thou shalt not be confined,
Poor maid—for thou art harmless, and thy mind
The air may soothe, as fitfully it blows,
Whisp'ring forgetfulness, if not repose."
■ Mary wander'd to the northern shore;
There oft she heard the gaunt Tregagel roar ¹

¹ **■** rhythm of **■** song is taken from a ballad "most musical, most melancholy," **■** the *Maid's Tragedy*, "Lay a garland on my grave."

² The bay of **■** Ives.

³ Tregagel is a giant, whose voice (according to the superstition of the country) **■** heard among the rocks constantly preceding and during a storm.—POLWHELE.

Among the rocks, and when the tempest blew,
And, like the shiver'd foam, her long hair flew,
And all the billowy space ■■■ tossing wide,
• Rock on! thou melancholy main, • she cried,
I love thy voice, oh, ever sounding sea,
Nor heed this sad world, while I look ■■ thee! •

Then ■■ the surge she gaz'd with vacant stare,
Or tripping with wild fennel in her hair, •
Sang merrily : • Oh! we must dry the tear,
For Mab, the queen of fairies, will be here,—
William, she shall know all! •—and then again
Her ditty died into ■■■ sad strain :—

• Lay me where the willows wave,
In the cold moon-light;
Shine upon my lowly grave,
Sadly, stars of night! •

When home return'd, the ■■■ down apace;
She look'd in silence in her mother's face;
Then, starting up, with wilder aspect cried,
• How happy shall ■■ be at Whitsuntide,
Then, mother, I shall ■■ a bride—a bride! •

Ah! some dire thought ■■■ in her breast to rise,
Stern with terrific joy she rolls her eyes:
Her mother heeded not,—nor when she took,
With more impatient haste, her Sunday book,—
She heeded not—for age had dimm'd her sight:—
Her mother now is left alone :—'t is night,—
• Mary! poor Mary! • her sad mother cried,
• Mary! my Mary! •—but ■■ voice replied.

SECOND ■■■ OF THE TALE ■■ A CORNISH MAID.

NEXT morn, light-hearted William pass'd along,
And careless humm'd ■■ desultory song.
Bound to St Ives' revel: • not ■■ ray
Yet streak'd the pale dawn of the dubious day!
The sun is yet below the hills, but look!
There is the tow'r—the mill—the stile—the brook,—
And there is Mary's cottage! All is still—
Listen! no sound is heard but of the mill.
'T is true, the toils of day ■■ not begun,
But Mary always ■■ before the sun.
Still at the door, a leafless relic now,
Appear'd ■■ remnant of the May-day bough;
No hour-glass, in the window, tells the hours:
Where is poor Mary? where her book? her flow'rs?
Ah! was it fancy? ■■ he pass'd along,
He thought he heard ■■ spirit's feeble song!¹
Struck by the thrilling sound, he turn'd his look,—
Upon the ground there lay an open book,—
One page ■■ folded down :—Spirit of grace!
See! there are soils, like tear-blots, ■■ the place:
It is a pray'r-book!—soon these words he read:
• Let him be desolate, and beg his bread!⁴

¹ Feniculum vulgare, or wild fennel, ■■■ on the northern
■ of Cornwall.

■ Revel is a country fair.

■ It is ■■ idea in Cornwall, that when any person is
drowned, the voice of his spirit may ■■ heard by those who first
pass by.

■ The passage folded down was the tenth Psalm, commonly

Let there be none—not ■■ earth to bless,—
■ his days few,—his children fatherless,—
■ wife ■ widow!—let there be no friend
■ his last moments mercy to extend! •

■ ■■ a pray'r-book he before had seen:
Where? when? Once more, wild terror on his mien,
■ read the page:—• An outcast let him lie,
And unlamented and forsaken die!
When he has children, may they pine away
Before his sight,—his wife ■■ grief ■■ prey—
Ah! 't is poor Mary's book! The very same,
■ read with her at church, and lo! her ■■■ :—
• The book of Mary Banks;—when this you see,
And I am dead and gone—remember me! •
He trembles: mark!—the dew is on his brow :—
• The curse is hers! he cried—I feel it now!
I see already—ev'n at my right hand—
Dead Mary, thy accusing spirit stand!
I feel thy deep, last curse! • Then, with a cry,
He sunk upon the earth in agony.

Feebly he rose,—when, on the matted hair
Of a drown'd maid, and on her bosom bare,
The ■■ shone out: how horrid, the first glance
Of sun-light, on that alter'd countenance!
The eyes were open, but though cold and dim,
Fix'd with accusing ghastliness on him!
• Merciful God! • with faltering voice he cries,
• Hide me! oh, hide me from the sight! Those eyes
They glare ■■ me! oh, hide me with the dead!
The curse—the deep curse rests upon my head! •

Alas, poor maid! 't was frenzy fired thy breast,—
Which prompted horrors not to be express'd:
Whilst ever ■■ thy side the foul fiend stood,
And, laughing, pointed ■■ th' oblivious flood.

William, heart-stricken—to despair a prey,
Soon left the village, journeying far away.
For, as if Mary's ghost in judgment cried,
His wife, in the first pains of child-birth, died.
Who has not heard, St Cutlibert, of thy well?
Perhaps the spirit may his fortunes tell. •
He dropp'd a pebble—mark! no bubble bright
Comes from the bottom—turn away thy sight!
He looks again: • Oh, God! those eye-balls glare,
How terribly! ah, smooth that matted hair,—
Mary! dead Mary! thy cold corse I ■■
Rise from the fountain! look not thus at me!
I cannot bear the sight—that form—that look!
Oh! shut the book, dear Mary, shut the book! •

Meantime, poor Mary in the grave was laid;—
Her lone and grey-hair'd mother wept and pray'd:
Soon ■■ the dust she follow'd; and unknown,
There, they both ■■ without a ■■ or stone.

called • the Imprecating Psalm. • I extract the ■■ affecting pas-
sages:

• May his days be few. •

• Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow. •

• Let there be none to extend mercy. •

• Let their name be blotted out, because he slayed ■■ the
broken in heart. •

¹ The people of the country consult the spirit of the well for their
future destiny, by dropping a pebble into it, striking the ground,
and other ■■■ of divination, derived, no doubt, from the
Druids.—POLWHELL.

The village maids, who pass in summer by,
Still stop and say — pray'r, for charity!

But what of William? — Hide me in the mine!
(He cried,) « the beams of day insulting shine!
Earth's very shadows are too gay, too bright,—
Hide me, for ever, in forgetful night!
In vain;—that form, the cause of all his woes,
More sternly terrible in darkness rose!
Nearer he saw, with its pale waving hand,
The phantom in appalling stillness stand;
The letters of the book shone through the night,
More blasting! — Hide, oh hide me from the sight!
Ocean, to thee, and to thy storms, I bring
A heart, that not the music of the spring,
Nor summer piping on the rural plain,
Shall ever wake to happiness again!
Ocean, be mine,—wild as thy wastes, to roam
From clime to clime!—Ocean, be thou my home!

Some say he died: here he — seen — ;—
He went to sea; and oft, amid the roar
Of the wild waters, starting from his sleep,
He gazed upon the wild tempestuous deep;
When, slowly rising from the vessel's lee,
A shape appear'd, which — besides could see;
Then would he shriek, like — whom Heav'n forsook,—
« Oh! shut the book, dear Mary, shut the book!

In foreign lands, in darkness or in light,
The same dread spectre stood before his sight;
If slumber came his aching lids — close,
Funereal forms in long procession rose.
Sometimes he dream'd that ev'ry grief — pass'd,
Mary, long lost on earth, is found at last;
And — she smiled as when, in early life,
She lived in hope, that she should be his wife;
The maids — dress'd in white, and all are gay,
For this—(he dreamt)—is Mary's wedding-day!
Then, wherefore sad? a chill comes o'er his soul,—
The sounds of mirth are hush'd; and hark! — toll!—
A slow, deep toll; and lo! a sable train
Of mourners, moving to the village fane.
A coffin now is laid in holy ground,
That, heavily, returns a hollow sound,
When the first earth upon its lid is thrown:
That hollow sound — changes — a groan:
While, rising with wan cheek, and dripping hair,
And moving lips, and eyes of ghastly glare,
The Spectre comes again! — It — near!
'T is Mary! and that book with many a tear
Is wet, which, with dim fingers, long and cold,
He sees her to the glimmering moon unfold.
And now her hand is laid upon his heart;
Gasping, he wakes—with a convulsive start,
He gazes round! — Moonlight is — the tide—
The passing keel is scarcely heard to glide,—
See! where the spectre goes: with frenzied look
He shrieks again, « Oh! Mary, shut the book!
Now, to the ocean's verge the phantom flies,—
And hark! far off, the lessening laughter dies.

Years pass'd away,—at night, — evening close,
Faint, and more faint, th' accusing spectre rose.

Restored from toil, and perils of the main,
Now William treads his native land again.

Near the Land's End, upon the rudest shore,
Where, from the west, Atlantic surges roar,
— lived, a lonely stranger, sad, but mild;
— mark'd his sadness, chiefly when he smiled;
Some competence he gain'd, by years of toil:
So, in — cottage, on his native soil,
— dwelt, remote from crowds, nor told his tale
To human ear: he saw the white clouds sail
Oft o'er the bay, — when suns of summer shone,
Yet still he wander'd, muttering and alone.
At night, when, like the tumult of the tide,
Sinking to sad repose, all trouble died,
The Book of God was on his pillow laid,
He wept upon it, and in secret pray'd.

He had — friend on earth, save one blue jay,¹
Which, from the Mississippi, far away,
O'er the Atlantic, — his native land
He brought;—and this poor bird fed from his hand.
In the great world there — not one beside
For whom he cared, since his own mother died.

Yet manly strength was his, for twenty years
Weigh'd light upon his frame, though pass'd in tears;
His age — forty-two, and in his face,
Of care, more than of age, appear'd the trace.

Mary was scarce remember'd; by degrees,
The sights and sounds of life began to please.

Ruth — a widow, who, in youth, had known
Griefs of the heart, and losses of her own.
She—patient, mild, compassionate, and kind—
First woke to human sympathies his mind.
He look'd affectionately, when her child
Caress'd his bird, and then he stood, and smiled.
This widow and her child, almost unknown,
Lived in a cottage that adjoin'd his own.
Her husband was a fisher,—one whose life
— fraught with terror to an anxious wife:
Night after night, exposed upon the main;
Returning, tired with toil, or drench'd in rain;
— gains, uncertain as his life,—he knows
No stated hours of labour and repose.
When others to a cheerful home retire,
And his wife sits before the ev'ning fire,
He, rocking, in the dark tempestuous night,
Haply, is thinking of that social light.

Ruth's husband left the bay,—the wind and rain
Came down,—the tempest swept the howling main;—
The boat sunk in the storm, and he was found,
Below the rocks of the dark Lizard, drown'd.

Seven years had pass'd,—and after evening pray'r,
To William's cottage Ruth would oft repair,
And with her little son would sometimes stay,
Listening — tales of regions far away.
The wond'ring boy loved of those scenes to hear;
Of battles—of the roving buccaneer;
Of the wild hunters, in the forest-glen,
And fires, and dances of the savage men.

¹ Bay of — Michael's Mount.

² The blue jay of the Mississippi.—See CHATEAUBRIAND'S *Indian song, in Atala*.

So William spoke of perils he had pass'd,—
Of voices heard amid the roaring blast,—
Of those, who, lonely and of hope bereft,
Upon some melancholy rock are left,
Who mark, despairing, ■ the close of day,
Perhaps, some far-off vessel sail away :
He spoke with pity of the land of slaves—
And of the phantom-ship that rides the waves.¹
It comes! it comes! A melancholy light
Gleams from the prow upon the ■ of night.
'T is here! 't is there! In vain the billows roll;
It steers right on,—but not a living soul
Is there, to guide its voyage through the dark,
Or spread the sails of that terrific bark!
He spoke of vast sea-serpents, how they float
For many a rood, or near some hurrying boat
Lift up their tall neck, with a hissing sound,
And questing turn their blood-shot eye-balls round.
He spoke of sea-maids, ■ the desert rocks,
Who in the sun comb their green, dripping locks,
While, heard at distance, in the parting ray,
Beyond the farthest promontory's bay,
Aërial music swells and dies away!

One night, they longer stay'd the tale to hear,
And Ruth that night ■ beguiled him of ■ tear,
Whene'er he told of the distressful stroke
Which his youth suffer'd.* Then she pitying spoke;
And from that night a softer feeling grew,
As calmer prospects rose within his view,
And why not, ere the long night of the dead,
The slow descent of life together tread?

The day is fix'd; William no more shall roam,
William and Ruth shall have ■ heart—one home :
The world shut out, both shall together pray :
Both wait the evening of life's changeful day :
She shall his anguish soothe, when he is wild,—
And he shall be ■ father ■ her child.

Fair ■ the morn—the summer air how bland!
The blue wave scarcely seems to touch the land.

Again 't is William's wedding-day! advance—
For lo! the church, and blue slate of Penzance!
Their faith and troth is pledged—the rites are o'er—
The nuptial band wind slow along the shore,
The smiling boy beside: ■ thus they pass'd,
With sudden blackness rush'd the impetuous blast;²
Deep thunder roll'd—in long portentous sound,
At distance: nearer now, it shakes the ground,
Pale William sinks, with speechless dread oppress'd,
As the fork'd flash seems darted at his breast.
His beating heart is heard,—blanch'd is his cheek,—
A well known voice seem'd in the storm ■ speak;
Aghast he cried again, with frantic look,
• Oh! shut the book, dear Mary, shut the book!

By late remorse he died; for, from that day—
The judgment ■ his head—he pined away,—
And soon, an outcast suicide, he lay.

By the church-porch, rests Mary of Guynear;
When the first cuckoo startles the cold year,

¹ Called the flying Dutchman; the phantom ship of the Cape.

² Sudden ■ are very ■ in this bay.

And blue mint¹ on her grave more beauteous grows,
One small bird,² ■ to sing for her repose.

Near the Land's End, so black and weather-beat,
He lies, and the dark sea is at his feet.

Thou, who hast heard the tale of the sad maid,
Know, conscious guilt is the accusing shade :
■ thou hast loved ■ some gentle maid and true,
Whose first affections never swerved from you,
Leave her not—(oh! for pity and for truth)—
Leave her ■ ■ tearful in her days of youth!

Too late, the pang of vain ■ shall start,
And conscience thus avenge—a broken heart!

PART IV.

WALK ABROAD—VIEWS AROUND, FROM THE SEVERN TO
BRISTOL—WRINGTON—"AULD ROBIN GRAY."

The show'r is pass'd—the heath-bell, ■ at our feet,
Looks up, as with a smile, though the cold dew
Hangs yet within its cup, like Pity's tear
Upon the eyelids of a village-child!
Mark! where ■ light upon those far-off waves
Gleams, while the passing show'r above our head
Sheds its last silent drops, amid the hues
Of the fast-fading rainbow,—such is life!—
Let ■ go forth—the redbreast is abroad,
And, dripping in the sunshine, sings again.

No object ■ the wider sea-line ■
The straining vision, but one distant ship,
Hanging, ■ motionless and still, far off,
In the pale haze, between the sea and sky.
She seems the ship—the very ship I saw
In infancy, and in that very place,
Whilst I, and all around me, have grown old
Since she was first descried; and there she sits,
A solitary thing of the wide main—
As she sat years ago. Yet she moves on :—
To-morrow all may be one space of waves!
Where is she bound? We know not; and no voice
Will tell ■ where. Perhaps she beats her way
Slow up the Channel, after many years,
Returning from some distant clime, or lands,
Beyond the Atlantic! Oh! what anxious eyes
Count every ■ surge that heaves around!
How many anxious hearts this moment beat
With thronging thoughts of home, till those fix'd eyes,
Intensely fix'd upon these very hills,
Are fill'd with tears!—Perhaps she wanders on—
On—on—into the world of the vast sea,
There ■ be lost: never, with homeward sails,
Destined ■ greet these far-seen hills again.

¹ A wild flower of the ■ beautiful blue, adorning profusely,
in spring, the green banks of lanes and hedge-rows.

² Called *Chickell*,—in Cornwall,—the wheat-ear. This should
have been mentioned before, where the small well is spoken of in
the garden-plot :—

From time to time, a small bird dipp'd its bill.

² *Campanula*.

Now fading into mist! So let her speed,
 And ■ will pray she may return in joy,
 When every storm is pass'd! Such is this sea,
 That shows one wand'ring ship!—How different smile
 The ■ of the South; and chiefly thine,
 Waters of loveliest Hampton, chiefly thine—
 Where I have pass'd the happiest hours of youth—
 Waters of loveliest Hampton! Thy grey walls,
 And loop-holed battlements, cast the ■ shade
 Upon the light blue wave, as when of yore,
 Beneath their arch, King Canute sat, ' and chid
 The tide, that came regardless ■ his feet,
 A thousand years ago:—Oh! how unlike
 Yon solitary sea, the Summer shines,
 There, while a crowd of glaucing vessels glide,
 Fill'd with the young and gay, and pennants wave,
 And sails, at distance, beautifully swell
 To the light breeze, or pass, like butterflies,
 Amid ■ smoking steamers. And, oh! look—
 Look! what a fairy lady is that yacht
 That turns the wooded point, and silently
 Streams up the sylvan Itchin—silently—
 And yet ■ if she said, ■ she went on,
 ' Who does ■ gaze at me!'

Yon winding sands

Were solitary once, ■ the wide sea.
 Such I remember them! No sound ■ heard,
 Save of the seagull warping ■ the wind,
 Or of the surge that broke along the shore,
 Sad ■ the seas; and can I e'er forget,
 When, once,—a visitor from Oxenford,
 Proud of Wintonian scholarship, (14) a youth,
 Silent, but yet light-hearted, deeming here,
 I could have no companion, fit for him—
 So whisper'd youthful vanity—for him,
 Whom Oxford² had distinguish'd,—can my heart
 Forget when once, with thoughts like these, at morn,
 I wander'd forth alone! The first ray shone
 On the white seagull's wing, and gazing round,
 I listen'd to the tide's advancing roar,
 When, for the old and booted fisherman,
 Who silent dredged for shrimps, in the cold haze
 Of sun-rise, I beheld—or was it not
 A momentary vision?—a fair form—
 A female, following, with light airy step,
 The wave as it retreated, and again
 Tripping before it, till it touch'd her foot,
 As if in play—and she stood beautiful,
 Like to ■ fairy sea-maid of the deep,
 Graceful, and young, and ■ the sands alone.
 I look'd that she would vanish!—She had left,
 Like me, just left th' abode of discipline,
 And came, in the gay fullness of her heart,
 When the pale light first glanced along the wave,
 To play with the wild ocean, like ■ child;
 And at that moment, though I knew her not,
 My bonnet I had vail'd, and vow'd—oh, hear!
 Ye votaries of German sentiment—
 Vow'd ■ eternal love; but, diffident,
 I cast ■ parting look, that seem'd ■ say,
 ' Shall ■ ne'er meet again!' The vision smiled,
 And left the scene ■ solitude:—Once ■
 We met, and then we parted, in this world

¹ Alluding to ■ well-known story.

² Having gained the University Prize the first year.

To meet ■ more; and that fair form, that shone
 The vision of a moment, on the sands—
 Was ■ seen again!—Now, it has pass'd
 Where all things are forgotten; ' but it shone
 To me, a sparkle of the morning sun,
 That trembled on the light wave, yesterday,
 And perish'd there for ever!

Look around,—

Above the winding reach of Severn Stands,
 With massy fragments of forsaken tow'rs,
 Thy Castle, solitary Walton. Hark!
 Through the lone ivied arch, was it the wind
 Came fitful? There, by moonlight, we might stand,
 And deem it ■ old castle of romance;
 And ■ the glimm'ring ledge of yonder rock,
 Above the wave, fancy it ■ the form
 Of Spectre-Lady, for a moment seen,
 Lifting her bloody dagger, then, with shrieks
 Vanishing! Hush! there is no sound—no sound
 But of the Severn sweeping onward! Look!
 There is ■ bleeding apparition-form:—
 No fiery phantoms glare along thy walls!
 Surrounded by the works of silent art,
 And far—far more endearing, by a group
 Of breathing children, their Possessor lives;²
 And ill should I deserve the name of Bard,
 Of courtly Bard, if I could touch this theme
 Without ■ prayer—an earnest, heartfelt prayer,
 When one, whose smile I never ■ but once,
 Yet cannot well forget, when one now blooms—
 Unlike the spectre-Lady of the Rock—
 A living and a lovely Bride!³

How proud—

Opposed to Walton's silent towers—how proud,
 With all her spires and fanes—and volumed smoke,
 Trailing, in column, to the mid-day sun,
 Black, or pale blue, above the cloudy haze—
 And the great stir of commerce, and the noise
 Of passing and re-passing wains, and cars,
 And sledges, grating in their under-path,
 And trade's deep murmur, and a street of masts,
 And pennants, from all nations of the earth,
 Streaming below the houses, piled aloft,
 Hill above hill; and every road below
 Fervent with troops of coal-nymphs, seated high
 On their rough pads, in dingy dust ■:—
 How proudly, amid sights and sounds like these,
 Bristol, through all whose smoke—dark and aloof,
 Stands Redcliff's solemn Fane:—How proudly, girt
 With villages, and Clifton's airy rocks,
 Bristol—the mistress of the Severn Sea—
 Bristol, amid her merchant-palaces,
 That ancient city, sits!—

From out those trees,

Look! Congresbury lifts its slender spire!
 How many woody glens and nooks, of shade,
 With transient sunshine, fill the interval,

¹ I heard, since this was written, the Lady is living: if ■ falls into her hands ■ may remember the circumstances.

² J. P. Miles, Esq.; whose fine collection of paintings, ■ his magnificent seat, Leigh Court, is well known.

³ Married, whilst these pages ■ in the press, to a son of my early friend.

As rich as Poussin's landscapes! Gnar'd oaks,
 Dark, or with fits of desultory light,
 Flung through the branches, *there*, o'erhang the road,
 Where shelter'd, ■ romantic, Brockley-Coomb
 Allures the lingering traveller to wind
 Step by step, up its sylvan hollow, slow—
 Till the proud summit gain'd, how gloriously
 The wide ■ lies in light—how gloriously,
 Sun, shadows, and blue mountains far away,
 Woods, meadows, and the mighty Severn—blend.
 While the grey heron up-shoots, and ■ for joy!
 There, the dark yew starts from the limestone rock,
 Into faint sunshine,—*there*, the ivy hangs
 From the old oak, whose upper branches, bare,
 Seem as admonishing the nether woods
 Of Time's swift pace,—while dark and deep beneath
 The fearful hollow yawns, upon whose edge
 One peeping cot sends up, from out the fern,
 Its early wreath of slow-ascending smoke.
 And who lives in that far-secluded cot?
 Poor Dinah! She ■ once a serving-maid,
 Most beautiful; ■ on the wild wood's edge
 She lives alone—alone, and bow'd with age,
 Mutt'ring and sad, and ■ within the sound
 Of human kind, forsaken ■ the scene!
 Nor pass we FAYLAND, with its fairy rings
 Marking the turf, where tiny elves may dance,
 Their light feet twinkling in the dewy gleam,
 By moonlight. But what sullen daemon piled
 The rocks, that stern in desolation frown,
 Through the deep solitude of Goblin-Coomb,
 Where, wheeling o'er its crags, the shrilling kite
 More dismal makes its utter dreariness!

But yonder, at the foot of Mendip, smiles
 The ■ of cultivated Addington:²—
 And there, that beautiful, but solemn church,
 Presides o'er the still scene, where one old friend³
 Lives social, while the shortening day unfelt
 Steals on, and eve, with smiling light, descends—
 With smiling light, that, ling'ring ■ the tow'rs,
 Reminds earth's pilgrim of his lasting home.

Is that ■ magic garden, ■ the edge
 Of Mendip hung? Ev'n ■ it ■ to gleam;
 While many a cottage, on ■ Wrington's smoke
 (Wrington, the birth-place of immortal Locke),
 Checkers the village-crofts, and lowly glens,
 With porch of flowers, and bird-cage, at the door,
 That seems to say—« England, with all thy crimes,
 And smitten ■ thou art by pauper-laws,
 England, thou only art the poor man's home!»

And yonder, Blagdon, in its shelter'd glen,
 Sits pensive, like ■ rock-bird, in its cleft;—
 The craggy glen *here* winds, with ivy hung,
 Beneath whose dark, depending tresses, peeps
 The Cheddar-pink; *there*, fragments of red rock
 Start from the verdant turf, among the flow'rs.
 And who can paint ■ Blagdon, and not think
 Of Langhorne, in that hermitage of song?⁴—

¹ A wild, desolate, and craggy vale, ■ called ■ appropriately,
 and forming a contrast ■ the open downs of Fayland, and the
 picturesque beauties of Brockley.

² Langford Court, the ■ of the late Right Hon. Hely Ad-
 dington.

³ The Rev. Thomas Wickham, Rector of Yatton.

Langhorne a pastor, and a poet too?⁵
 He, in retirement's literary bower,
 Oft woo'd the Sisters of the sacred well,
 Harmonious: nor pass on, without a prayer,
 For her—associate of his early fame,
 Accomplish'd, eloquent, and holy More:⁶— (15)
 Who now, with slow and gentle decadence,
 In the ■ vale, with look upraised ■ Heaven,
 Waits meekly ■ the gate of Paradise,
 Smiling ■ time!—

But, hark! there ■ ■ song,
 Of Scotland's lakes ■ hills—Auld Robin Gray!
 Tweed, or the winding Tay, ne'er echoed words
 More sadly soothing:⁷—but the melody,⁸
 Like ■ sweet melody of olden times,
 A ditty of past days, rose from those woods.
 Oh! could I hear it—as I heard it once—
 Sung by a maiden⁹ of the South, whose look,—
 (Although her song be sweet)—whose look—whose life,
 Is sweeter than her song:—no minstrel grey—
 Like Donald and « the Lady of the Lake»—
 But would lay down his harp, and when the song
 Was ended, raise his lighted eyes, and smile,
 To thank that maiden, with ■ strain like this:—

« Oh! when I hear thee sing of 'Jamie far away,'
 Of 'Father and of Mother,' and of 'Auld Robin Gray,'
 I listen till I think it is Jeanie's self I hear,
 'And I look in thy face' with ■ blessing and ■ tear.

« 'I look in thy face,' for my heart it is not cold,⁶
 Though Winter's frost is stealing on, and I am growing
 old;
 Those tones I shall remember as long as I live,
 And ■ blessing and ■ ■ shall be the thanks I give.

« The tear it is for ■ that so blithesome have been,
 For the flowers that all are faded, and 'the days that I
 have seen';—
 The blessing, lassie, is for thee, whose song so sadly
 sweet
 Recalls the music of 'Lang Syne,' to which my heart
 has beat.»

PART V.

LANG SYNE—VISION OF THE DELUGE—CONCLUSION.

THE music of « Lang Syne! » Oh! long ago
 It died away—died—and was heard no ■!—
 And where those hills that skirt the level vale,
 On ■ the left, the prospect intercept,

¹ Langhorne, the Poet, Rector ■ Blagdon.

² Mrs Hannah More, of Barley-Wood, ■ Wrington, of whom
 all praise is superfluous.

³ See among MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, « Lines ■ accidentally ■
 ing with Sir Walter Scott in the Streets of London, May 1828.»

⁴ The Rector ■ Wrington, Mr Leveson, ■ the composer of ■
 popular melody; but there is ■ old Scotch tune, to which ■
 words were originally adapted. By melody, I ■ ■ music to
 ■ words.

⁵ Miss Stephens.

⁶ « She look'd in my face, till my heart was like ■ break.»—
 (Auld Robin Gray.) Nothing can exceed the pathos with which
 ■ Stephens sings these words.

I would not—could not look—were they removed
 I would not—could not look, lest I should
 The sunshine on that spot of all the world,
 Where, starting from the dream of youth, I gazed
 Long since, on the cold, clouded world, and cried,
 « Beautiful vision, loved, adored, in vain,
 Farewell—farewell for ever ! »

How sincere,
 How pure ■ my heart's love; oh! ■ it not?
 Yes; Heaven can witness—now my brow is changed,
 And I look back, and almost seem to hear
 The music of the days when ■ were young,
 Like music in a dream, ■ awoke,
 Oh! witness, Heaven, how fervent, how sincere—
 How fervent, and how tender, and how pure,
 Was my fond heart's first love!

The ■ eve
 Shone, ■ with sympathy of sweet farewell,
 Upon thy Tor, and solitary mound,
 Glaston, as rapidly I pass'd along,
 Borne from those ■ for ever, while this song
 The sorrows of the hour and way beguiled :—

« O Time! who know'st ■ lenient hand to lay
 Softest ■ sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
 Soothing ■ sad repose the weary sense,
 Stealest the long-forgotten pang away;
 On Thee I rest my only hope at last,
 And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
 I may look back upon this anguish past,
 And ■ life's peaceful evening with a smile—
 As ■ lone bird, at day's departing hour,
 Sings in the sunbeam of the transient show'r,
 Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while :—
 Yet ah! how much must the poor heart endure,
 Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure; »¹

When the ■ eve came down,—on Dover cliffs
 A pale, solitary youth, ■ unknown
 To fortune and ■ fame, ■ stood—with a tear,
 Gazing upon ■ foreign land, and thus
 Sought the brief solace of ■ song again :—

« On these white cliffs, that calm above the flood,
 Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet
 Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
 How many weary wanderers have stood!
 And, whilst the lifted murmur met their ear,
 And o'er the distant billows the still ■
 Sail'd slow, have thought of all their hearts ■ leave
 To-morrow; of the friends they loved most dear;
 Of social scenes, from which they wept to part:
 But if, like me, they knew how fruitless all—
 All the fond hopes that would the past recall,
 Soon would they quell the risings of the heart,
 And brave the storm and the unhearing tide—
 The cold wide world their home, and God their guide. »²

So pass'd the days of youth, which ne'er return,
 Tearful; for worldly fortune smiled too late,

¹ From Sonnets, by the Author.

² Ibid.

And the poor minstrel-boy had then no wealth,
 Save such as Poets dream of—love and hope.
 At Fortune's frown, the wreath which Hope entwined
 Lay withering, for the dream had been too sweet
 For human life;—yet never—though his love,¹
 « All his fond love, » he mutter'd to the winds;
 Though oft he strove, distemper'd, without joy,
 To drown ev'n the remembrance that he lived—
 Never, ■ weak complaint escaped his lip,
 Save that ■ tender tones,² as he pass'd on,
 Died on his desultory lyre.—

No more!—
 Forget the shadows of a feverish dream,
 That long has pass'd away! Uplift the eyes
 To Him, who « sits above the water flood, »
 To Him, who « was, and is, and is to come! »
 Wrapt in the view of ages that are pass'd,
 And marking here the record of earth's doom,
 Let us, even now, think that ■ hear the sound—
 The sound of the Great Flood, the peopled earth
 Cov'ring, and surging in its solitude!
 Let us forget the passing hour—the noise
 Of this tumultuous scene of human things,
 And bid Imagination lift the veil
 Spread, o'er the rolling globe, four thousand years!

The Vision of the Deluge! Hark—a trump!
 It was the trump of the Archangel! Stern,
 He stands, while the awak'ning thunder rolls
 Beneath his feet! Stern, and alone, he stands
 Upon Imaus' height!

No voice is heard
 Of revelry or blasphemy so high!
 He sounds again his trumpet; and the clouds
 Come deep'ning o'er the world!—

Why art thou pale?
 A strange and fearful stillness is on earth,
 As if the shadow of th' Almighty pass'd
 O'er the abodes of man, and hush'd, at once,
 The song, the shout, the cries of violence,
 The groan of the oppress'd, and the deep ■
 Of Blasphemy, that scowls upon the clouds,
 And mocks the deeper thunder!

Hark! a voice—
 « Perish! » Again the thunder rolls—the Earth

¹ As the following lines have appeared, without a name, in Miss Joanna Baillie's Collection of Poems, I venture here to acknowledge them. They may possibly be read with some interest, when ■ pared with the first effusions of my youth :—

When last ■ parted, thou wert young and fair—
 ■ beautiful let fond remembrance say.
 ■ since then old Time has stol'n away
 ■ thirty years, leaving my temples bare :—
 So hath it perish'd like a thing of air,
 ■ dream of love and youth!—My locks are grey;
 Yet still remembering Hope's enchanting lay,
 Though Time has changed my look, and bleach'd my hair,
 Though I remember one dark hour with pain,
 And ■ thought, ■ long ■ I might live,
 Parted for years—to hear that voice again—
 I ■ a sad, but cordial greeting give,
 And for thy welfare breathe ■ warm a prayer,
 Lady, as when I loved thee young and fair!

² Early Sonnets.

Answers—from North to South, from East ■ West—
 «Perish!» The fountains of the mighty deep
 Are broken up—the rushing rains descend,
 Like night—deep night, while momentary seen,
 Through blacker clouds, ■ his pale phantom-horse,
 Death, a gigantic skeleton, rides on,
 Rejoicing, where the millions of mankind—
 (Visible, where his lightning-arrows glared)—
 Welter beneath the shadow of his horse!
 Now, dismally, through all her caverns, Hell
 Sends forth ■ horrid laugh, that dies away,
 And then a loud voice answers—«Victory!
 Victory, ■ the rider, and his horse!
 Victory, ■ the rider, and his horse!»

Ride on :—the Ark, majestic and alone
 On the wide waste of the careering deep,
 Its hull scarce peering through the night of clouds,
 Is seen. But lo! the mighty deep has shrunk!
 The Ark, from its terrific voyage, rests
 On Ararat. The Raven is sent forth,—
 Send out the Dove, and ■ her wings far off
 Shine in the light, that streaks the se'ring clouds,
 Bid her speed on, and greet her with a song :—

Go, beautiful and gentle Dove,
 But whither wilt thou go?
 For though the clouds ride high above,
 How sad and waste is all below!

The wife of Shem, a moment to her breast
 Held the poor bird and kiss'd it. Many a night
 When she was listening to the hollow wind,
 She press'd it to her bosom, with a tear;
 Or when it murmur'd in her hand, forgot
 The long, loud tumult of the storm without.—
 She kisses it, and at her father's word,
 Bids it go forth.

The dove flies on! In lonely flight
 She flies from dawn till dark;
 And now, amid the gloom of night,
 Comes weary to the ark.

Oh! let ■ in, she seems to say,
 For long and lone hath been my way;
 Oh! once more, gentle mistress, let me rest,
 And dry my dripping plumage ■ thy breast.

So the bird flew to her who cherished it.
 She sent it forth again out of the ark;—
 Again it ■ at ev'ning-fall, and lo!
 An olive-leaf pluck'd off, and in its bill,
 And Shem's wife took the green leaf from its bill,
 And kiss'd its wings again, and smilingly
 Dropp'd ■ its neck one silent tear for joy.
 She sent it forth once more; and watch'd its flight,
 Till it was lost amid the clouds of Heaven:
 Then gazing ■ the clouds where it was lost,
 Its mournful mistress sung this last farewell :—

• Go, beautiful and gentle Dove,
 And greet the morning ray;
 For lo! the sun shines bright above,
 And night and storm ■ pass'd away.

No longer drooping, here confined,
 In this cold prison dwell;
 Go, free to sunshine and to wind,
 Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.

Oh! beautiful and gentle Dove,
 Thy welcome sad will be,
 When thou shalt hear no voice of love,
 In murmurs from the leafy tree:
 Yet freedom, freedom shalt thou find,
 From this cold prison's cell;
 Go, then, to sunshine and the wind,
 Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.*

And never ■ she ■ it; for the Earth
 Was dry, and now, upon the mountain's van,
 Again the great Archangel stands! the light
 Of the moist rainbow glitters on his hair—
 He to the bow up-lifts his hands, whose arch
 Spans the whole Heaven; and whilst, far off, in light,
 The ascending dove is for a moment seen,
 The last rain falls—falls, gently and unheard,
 Amid the silent sunshine? Oh! look up!—
 Above the clouds, borne up the depth of light,
 Behold a Cross!—and round about the Cross,
 Lo! Angels and Archangels jubilant,
 Till the ascending pomp in light is lost,
 Lift their acclaiming voice,—«Glory to thee,
 Glory, and praise, and honour be to thee,
 Lord God of Hosts: we laud and magnify
 Thy glorious name, praising thee evermore,
 For the great Dragon is cast down, and hell
 Vanquish'd beneath thy cross, Lord Jesus Christ.»

Hark! the clock strikes!—The shadowy ■ dis-
 solves,
 And all the visionary pomp is pass'd!
 I only ■ a few sheep on the edge
 Of this aerial ridge, and Banwell tower,
 Grey in the morning sunshine, at our feet.

Farewell to Banwell Cave, and Banwell Hill,
 And Banwell Church;² and farewell to the shores
 Where, when a child, I wander'd; and farewell,
 Harp of my youth! Above this mountain-cave
 I leave thee, murmur'ing to the fitful breeze
 That wanders from that sea, whose sound I heard
 So many years ago.

Yet, whilst the light
 Steals from the clouds, to rest upon that tow'r,
 I turn ■ parting look, and lift to Heaven
 A parting prayer, that our ■ Sion, thus,—
 With sober splendour, yet ■ gorgeous,
 Her mitred brow, temper'd with lenity
 And Apostolic mildness—in her mien
 No dark defeature, beautiful as mild,
 And gentle ■ the smile of Charity,—
 Thus on the rock of ages may uplift
 Her brow majestic, pointing to the spires
 That grace her village glens, or solemn fanes

* This Song, ■ to music by the Author, ■ originally written
 for an Oratorio.

² Banwell Church is eminently beautiful, as are all the churches
 ■ Somersetshire. Dr Randolph has lately added improvements ■
 the Altar-piece, and spared no expense.

In cities calm above the stir and smoke,
And list'ning ■ deep harmonies that swell
From all her temples!

So may she adorn—
(Her robe ■ graceful, ■ her Creed is pure)—
This happy land, till Time shall be ■ more!

And whilst her grey cathedrals rise in air,
Solemn, august, and beautiful, and touch'd
By time—to show a grace, but no decay,
Like that fair pile, which, from hoar Mendip's brow,
The traveller beholds, crowning the vale
Of Avalon, with all its tow'rs in light;—
So, England, may thy grey cathedrals lift
Their front in Heav'n's pure light, and ■ boast
Such Prelate-Lords—bland, but yet dignified—
Pious, paternal, and beloved, ■ He
Who prompted, and forgives this Severn song!

And Thou, O Lord and Saviour! on whose rock
That Church ■ founded, though the storm without
May howl around its battlements, preserve
Its spirit, and still pour into the hearts
Of all, who there confess thy holy name,
Peace,—that, through evil ■ through good report,
They may hold on their blameless way.

For me,
Though disappointment, like a morning cloud,
Hung on my early hopes,—that cloud is pass'd—
Is pass'd, but not forgotten,—and the light
Is calm, not cold, which rests upon the scene,
Soon ■ he ended. I may wake ■ more
The melody of song on earth; but Thee,
Father of Heav'n, and Saviour—at this hour—
Father and Lord, I thank thee, that no song
Of mine, from youth ■ age, has left ■ stain
I would blot out: and grateful for the good
Thy Providence, through many years, has lent,
Humbly I wait the close, till thy high will
Dismiss me, bless'd if, when that hour shall come,
My life may plead, far better than my song.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 82, col. 2.

—Thy chariot wheels

Rung ■ that road below!—

Two signal victories under Claudius are celebrated over the Britons. After ■ of them, a magnificent triumphal temple ■ erected, and the strongest hold of Cunobelin became the colony of Camalodunum. But where ■ Camalodunum? It ■ in Essex, says the general voice: it is marked there in the Roman maps. It was at Camerton, in Somersetshire, replies the well-informed Rector of that parish, Mr Skinner,—

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ camponere lites.

The strongest argument for Essex is ■ passage in Tacitus of the apparition,—seen where? In *Æstuario* Thamesis, says Tacitus. Then Camalodunum could not be at Camerton. Mr Skinner says, the word Thame-
sis ■ ■ in the oldest edition. This is a most ma-

terial fact, and certainly the passage in Tacitus is far clearer, if applied to the Severn, than to the Thames.

Now let ■ come ■ facts. A great battle ■ fought ■ Wookey, in Somersetshire, in the reign of Claudius, ■ proved by the most infallible of all tests—the following inscription, on ■ plate of lead:

T. Claudius Cesar. Aug. P. vi.
Trib. P. viii. imp. xvi. de Britan.

The reverse of most of these coins of Claudius is a triumphant arch. The ninth tribune of Claudius fell ■ Romæ conditæ 802, in the year 52 of the Christian era. I ■ convinced there was more than one *Templum Claudii* in Britain—more than one *Camalodunum*. Let me add, that Temple Cloud, and Temple-street, Bristol, I have ■ doubt, were ■ called from a temple of victory, dedicated to Claudius, in the neighbourhood of this great victory, and, probably, a triumphant arch at the entrance of Bristol.

Note 2, page 83, col. 1.

Like days on days revolving—Bleaden lies.

I hope to receive the indulgence of my readers, if, in contemplating the scenes, after many years, which are among the subjects of this Poem, I extract part of a letter from the kind-hearted old man (the Rev. Mr Norman), the Parson Adamis of the county, to whom I was ■ to learn the first rudiments of my education.

I find in a letter to my father, dated Bleaden, 1779, this passage, expressing his surprise at some juvenile indifferent verses, which my father, at the time, thought prodigious:

“Master Bowles appears *already* to have acquired, under his incomparable master, ■ fund of learning and humour, visible in his representation of Sir Tobit; and if the blossoms are so fair at his early age, what unparalleled fruit may we not hope for, when he is got ■ the top of Parnassus? A prospect grand enough to make ■ dull a mortal ■ your humble servant proud!”

“Master Bowles laid his hand by accident on this passage, looking over ■ old letters to his father, while this poem was in the press; and he extracts it, thinking the reader might possibly smile, as he did, when, after forty years communing with the Muse, he concludes this poem on the ■ scenes, with recollections of that first good old schoolmaster, who in the second sight of prophecy, among the hills of the lonely village of Bleaden, prophesied for him a prospect of the hill of Parnassus, which undoubtedly meant this Poem ■ Banwell Hill!!

One little incident, which has been called up by these recollections, had very nearly destroyed the prophecy; for coming through Bristol, from Northamptonshire, we changed horses. Having never before ■ a place greater than Ayno in Northamptonshire, the moment ■ got out of the chaise, I took advantage, and instantly wandered away. The carriage was waiting, scouts ■ sent in every direction; and it was not long before “Master Bowles,” the future Bard of Banwell, ■ found, sitting composedly, on the steps leading to Redcliffe Church!

These ■ ■ Sir Tobit were most unfortunate for me; for in consequence, my Father, lest ■ my humour” should be lost, set me, when I came home, to turn “Joe Miller's selected Jests” into verse! And this was not the worst; for whenever company came, my trans-

lation of the Jests was brought forth. Whether this gave me a turn to *Elegy*, I cannot say.

Note 3, page 83, col. 2.

Thy Abbey, Woodspring, rose.—

« Almost on the brink of the Channel, being secured from it only by a narrow shelf of rocks, called *Swallow-Clift*, William de Courteneye, about the year 1210, founded a Friary of Augustine Monks, at a place called *Worspyng*, ■ Woodspring, ■ the honour of the Holy Trinity, the blessed Virgin Mary, and St Thomas-à-Bec-ket, of Canterbury. This Wm. de Courteneye was son of Robt. de Courteneye, and ■ descendant of Wm. de Traci, as well as nearly allied to the three other assassins of the canonized Archbishop, to whom this Monastery ■ dedicated.»—*History of Somerset*.

Four Barons ■ engaged to murder Becket: but three only were concerned in giving his first death-wounds,—Reginald Fitz-urse, William de Tracy, and Richard Brito. I transcribe from the animated pen of Southey the following interesting recital:

« 'Reginald,' said he (Becket) to Fitz-urse, 'I have done you many kindnesses, and do you come against me thus armed?' The Baron, resolute ■ himself, in a worse purpose, told him to get out from thence (the Cathedral) and die; at the ■ time laying hold of his robe!»

« Tracy, he had nearly thrown down; and Fitz-urse, he thrust from him with a strong hand,» etc. « Fitz-urse ■ longer hesitated to strike,» etc. « The second blow brought him to the ground, on his face, before St Benedict's Altar. He had strength and composure enough to cover himself with his robes, and then to join his hands in prayer, and in that position died under their repeated strokes, each pressing near to bear a part in the murder. Brito cleft his skull.»—*Southey's Vindicta, etc. vol. i, 239.*

I have ventured ■ suppose the graves might be those of Tracy, Fitz-urse, and Brito: the name of Hugh Neville does not occur. I have since heard, that ■ the Flat Holms are only two graves; and that, contrary to all received usages of ancient sepulture, the graves are North and South, not East and West. It is natural to suppose, that these may be the graves of Fitz-urse and of Tracy, for Tracy's descendants founded the Abbey in view of the Holms. The interment might have been contrary ■ the usual direction of Christian graves, from feelings of the direst remorse, as if murderers, who smote the anointed primate of the holy Church, should be consigned to oblivion in graves having the usual position of Christian burial reversed!

The idea is, at all events, *poetical*, whether it be founded in truth, or not. It is more probable, if there are only two graves; for it is likely that two of the murderers might have retired here, rather than three ■ four. Tracy was undoubtedly one; Fitz-urse did not strike, till from personal irritation.

Note 4, page 86, col. 2.

And Calvinists and Evangelicals!

It has been said, that I have revived the *old story* of Calvin and Servetus! I answer, *first*, the memory of this fact cannot be revived too often; *secondly*, the chief fact to which I call the reader's attention, and *abhorrence*, has been very seldom adverted to,—the cold-

blooded passage in his epistle ■ ■ friend, describing Servetus's agony after condemnation.

Nor will I ever be deterred from expressing my opinion, that the extreme Calvinistic creed is the « fate » of the Manicheans, of the worshippers of the evil principle, human nature being, according ■ their system, *utterly* a putrid mass of corruption, with « fate, » over all! This creed is derived from the oriental philosophy, whose professors—the *Kadæpæi*, ■ first *Puritans*—contended, that the evil principle created and governed the world, and that matter was essentially corrupt, ■ partaking the *nature of the evil deity* who made the world. On this account, they « forbid marriage, » because marriage, and children, extended the dominant rule of evil; and hence St Paul says, « forbidding marriage, and giving heed to the doctrines of devils! » In opposition to these doctrines, Christ performed his first miracle at the marriage in Cana! Marriage is the subject of our Lord's discourse in the beginning of the 10th chapter of St Mark: and, in the same chapter, he ■ tenderly speaks, « Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven! »

This « first miracle, » and ■ Saviour's conduct afterwards towards the children, considered together, have both a natural relation. I mention this, because it has escaped, as far as I know, commentators, who often leave out entirely what requires explanation, and are very diffuse in explaining what requires ■ explanation at all!

As to the eloquent, but inhuman, writer of the celebrated « *Institutions*, » which have thrown a darker horror on the doctrines of the old Manicheans, the letter of his, to which I have alluded, who can read, without saying, in the beautiful language of a poetical Calvinist, whose intense miseries ■ consonant to his creed,—

Now what ■ seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not hang
His head, and blush to think himself a man!

Calvin, speaking of Servetus, after his condemnation, uses these words, « *Tantum reboaret belluina stupiditate, MISERICORDIA! MISERICORDIA!!* »

As the history of his treatment of Servetus is not commonly met with, I print the following letter from the poor victim in prison:—

« To my most honoured Lords, the Syndic and Council of Geneva.

« My Lords,—Your petitioner beseeches you to consider, that he has committed *no fault* in your city, nor any where else; that he has ■ been ■ seditious man, and a disturber of the public; that all the time he was in Germany, he ■ discoursed of these things but with Oecolampadius, Bucer, and Capito; and that he never imparted his opinions in France. Besides, he always disapproved, and disapproves, of the Anabaptists, who oppose the magistrates, and would have all things in common!»

Yet this is the poor man, whom this Doctor watched like a tiger; and when he found he had rested ■ night at a public-house, in his way ■ Italy, wrote to say, « Servetus has been found in this city, and I will take care he shall ■ alive!! »

In another letter, during imprisonment, Servetus

« Letter of Calvin ■ Farrel, of Switzerland: « He only roared out, like a Spanish ■, 'Mercy! mercy!!' » Bonner, hide thy diminished head!

addresses the magistrates: "Most honoured Lords, I humbly beseech you that you would be pleased to put a stop to these proceedings, or leave off persecuting me as a criminal. You see that Calvin is put to his last shifts, and is resolved I should rot in a prison! I am eaten up with vermin, *les poux me manchent tout vif! mes chausses* are torn in pieces; I have none to shift, ■ another doublet—no shirt, *che une mechante!*" And this was, according to his amiable scholastic persecutor, for "robbing the Almighty of two of the Hypostases of his Essence!!"

Note 5, page 37, col. 1.

Deck'd with most grim and godly visages.

The effects of certain creeds may be traced in the *visages* that adorn sundry Godly Magazines, and which speak, more than volumes, of the feelings which could produce such effects ■ the human countenance; showing the analogy between the conformation of features, and the creed-ruling passions of the mind, it is difficult to say whether the effect is more hideous, or ludicrous, in some of these countenances.

Let any physiognomist cast his eye ■ the godly books, whose frontispiece, every month, stares him in the face with the portentous visage of the Rev. Mr—, the Rev. Mr—, the Rev. Mr—, etc., and I should think he would not have much disposition to bewilder his wits over long pages of metaphysical sophistry tacked to the Holy Bible, to prove that when God says one thing, he means another!

I am afraid many young modern Evangelists read one modern indefatigable commentator, as the old Aristotelian Divines did, when, calling for St Augustin, they used to say, *da mihi Magistrum!*

Note 6, page 37, col. 1.

Lost he should trust to morals, when he dies!

Among a thousand others, I ■ avouch for the following fact:—A young woman, of most respectable character, taught the children in a Clergyman's village-school to read. After some time, she told the lady of the Clergyman, she should no longer superintend the school, ■ she had found, too late, she had been bred up herself in a *sad moral way!* She was soon put out of this "sad moral way!" and brought before the magistrate, to *affiliate* the first fruits of her new anti-moral creed!

Note 7, page 37, col. 2.

Of murderous intent, till dew-drops stand.

The Drama is far more effective, as a corrector of crimes, in many instances, than ■ places of worship, where anti-moral doctrines of different shades are preached.

The murderer of a poor woman, to whom he was betrothed, rose from his knees in a chapel, and hastened to dip his hands in her blood. Let ■ suppose the same man had entered that "*omnium Dæmonum Theatrum,*" ■ play-house, just ■ the soliloquy was spoken.

Is this ■ dagger, which I see before ■ ? etc.

Or, let us imagine his feelings when he heard this har-

■ Maria Martin.

rowing dialogue, from the ■ sublime drama of Macbeth:

Macb. ■ have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear ■ noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Didst thou ■ speak?

Macb. When ■

Lady M. ■

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—

This ■ a sorry sight.

[Looking ■ his hands.

■ he could have endured this whole heart-searching scene, let him have waited till he saw that terrible picture of remorse, when Lady Macbeth appears in her sleep, and I would venture to say that this deed of blood would not have been done!

I mention this, to show how utterly at variance with the spirit of Christianity is indiscriminate abuse of Plays, ■ plays, for of the abuses I am well aware. As for plays, it cannot be too often mentioned that St Paul quoted a line of Menander, (the Greek play writer), in his Epistle to the Corinthians, when writing ■ ■ subject so awful as the resurrection from the dead! Could any thing induce a Puritan to quote Shakspeare? We all remember what was said in ■ periodical publication of that wicked sinner, William Shakspeare!! but such is the slavery of the human mind, that he, who could go from a place of worship to commit murder, would not go to a play!

Note 8, page 38, col. 1.

We love the Bible, ———

I trust I need not say, that I cannot mean to object to any short explanatory notes ■ the Bible; but only to those long, sophistical, and elaborate comments, which turn "yes" into "no," and "no" into "yes;" and make the "holy Word of God" a mere instrument in the hands of a sophistical and Calvinistic Jesuit, on which to string his contradictory sophistries. A Calvinist, indeed, points ■ the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans! But upon this chapter, there may be different opinions: upon "yes and no," there can be but one!

Note 9, page 38, col. 1.

The pile ■ smoking!—the bamboos lie there.

My friend, John Huddleston, Esq., late one of the Directors of the East-India Company, through ■ long life, unwearied in the cause of humanity, has accumulated a mass of decisive evidence, that this inhuman practice might be prevented.

It is a fact, that the *Shasters*, or the Hindoos' Sacred Code, peremptorily lays down the law, that this horrible sacrifice shall ■ be allowed to take place, unless it be entirely voluntary on the part of the woman! and yet, it appears, from Bishop Heber's interesting Journal, that he passed the spot, after this terrific spectacle had just taken place, and he saw—sickening as he describes the scene—the *very bamboos*, by which the victim ■ forcibly held down!! Some of these poor creatures are not ■ than four years old! affianced to husbands, for whom they ■ burnt alive, ■ it is said, *willingly!*

■ See ■ same language—the very ■ images, used by Tertullian, (a) after he became a *Montanist*, and by Prynne, Rowland Hill, and ■ Irving, etc.

(a) De Spectaculis.

Note 10, page 88, col. 2.

— a Puritan turns pale.

The two great crimes of a professed Puritan, most truly the « nominal » Christian, are, and have been, from the time of the Manicheans, the drama, and the dance. To these abominations such Christians constantly add card-playing, without distinguishing whether accompanied with the spirit of gaming.

I can conceive the reason why the old Fathers were horror-struck at *dancing*, considering the licentious character of the eastern dance. But what resemblance is there in a social meeting of this kind, to which a father and mother bring their sons and daughters, and of which, in their youth, they have taken part, without one evil thought or feeling? He who can view such a meeting with impure feelings, certainly had better stay away. But what must be the impurity in his heart to confess such ideas?

The spirit of *Puritanism*, indeed, is much like the spirit of Christianity, as the Mermaid, which carried about for a show, consisting of an ass's head and fish's tail, is like a beautiful woman. Among all the abominations of this wicked age, according to these « nominal » Christians, there is one abomination, which I may have the thanks of such a school, for pointing out, and which is more idolatrous than bells.

There is a certain wicked and most idolatrous machine, called a Round-about; and though we are commanded not to make « the likeness of any thing above the earth, or under the earth, » this machine has a number of idolatrous images, in wood, representing horses! But, far worse than this, boys and girls—instead of precocious edification, in the mysteries of destiny and decrees (to the horror of this age, of the « march of intellect, » be it spoken)—boys and girls together are found riding round, with the impious tranquillity, and apparent sedate satisfaction, after the other, on the same wooden likenesses of little horses!

Note 11, page 89, col. 1.

Where virtuous Ken, with his grey hairs and shroud.

Ken, and the then possessor of the princely mansion of Longleat, were schoolfellows at Winchester. Ken was fellow of the college afterwards; and wrote the collection of prayers, and morning and evening hymns, in general use, for the of the students on the foundation.

The history of Ken is well known. He was, with the other Bishops, sent to the Tower by James. He was a predecessor of the Prelate to whom these lines are inscribed. He had character, patronage, wealth, station, eminence: he resigned all, at the accession of King William, for the sake of that conscience, which, in another reign, sent him a prisoner to the Tower. He had no home in the world; but he found an asylum with the generous Nobleman who had been his old schoolfellow at Winchester. Here, it is said, he brought with him his shroud, in which he was buried at Frome; and here he chiefly composed his four volumes of poems.

Hoping some of his letters would have been found at Longleat, I wrote to the Marquis of Bath on the subject, and though none were found, I hope still to write the life of a Wychamist—a great and interesting character, connected with old Isaac Walton, with whose son—

¹ The 3d and 4th Question of the Assembly's Catechism.

Canon of Salisbury, and buried in that Cathedral afterwards—he travelled in Italy. Justice has never been done to this great and good man. There is a most interesting portrait of him Longleat, a copy of which was given by my long esteemed friend, Sir R. C. Hoare.

Note 12, page 89, col. 2.

Of science, honour'd by the of Boyle.

At Marston House is to be the original Orrery, invented, if made, by the nobleman whose name it bears. In a Review, under the patronage of the « Lord of the whirling wheels, » the Member for Yorkshire, it was seriously advanced, as a proof of the utter worthlessness, in talent and literature, of the English nobility, that the chief record of intellectual eminence was preserved in the of « Pembroke » given to a card-table! The article being sent to me, I returned it with a simple marginal note,— « What does this liberal writer think of an 'Orrery' ? At all events, the 'Orrery' may be placed against the 'Pembroke !' »

Note 13, page 90, col. 2.

THE SPECTRE AND PRAYER-BOOK, A TALE OF A CORNISH MAID.

I subjoin the plain narrative of the singular event on which this tale is founded, from Mr Polwhele, that the reader may see how far, *poetically*, I have departed from plain facts, and what I have thought it best to add for the sake of moral, picturesque, and *poetical* effect. The narrative is as follows:

« October, 1780. Thomas Thomas, aged 37. This man died of mental anguish, what is called a broken heart. He lived in the village of Draughtock, in the parish of Gwinnear, till an unhappy occurred, which proved fatal to his peace of mind, for than eight years, and finally occasioned his death. He courted Elizabeth Thomas, of the same village, who was his first-cousin; and it was understood that they were under a matrimonial engagement. But in May, 1772, some little disagreement having happened between them, he, out of resentment, or from some other motive, paid great attention to another girl; and Sunday, the 31st of that month, in the afternoon, accompanied her to the Methodist meeting at Wall. During their absence, the discarded female, who was very beautiful in her person, but of an extremely irritable temper, took a rope and a common prayer-book, in which she had folded down the 109th Psalm, and, going into an adjacent field, hanged herself. Thomas, on his return from the preaching, inquired for Betsy; and being told she had not been seen for two or three hours, he exclaimed, 'Good God! she has destroyed herself!' which apprehension seems to show, either that she had threatened to commit suicide in consequence of his desertion, that he dreaded it from a knowledge of the violence of her disposition. But when he that his fears were realized, and had read the psalm, so full of execrations, which she had pointed out to him, he cried out, 'I am ruined for ever and ever!' The very sight of this village and neighbourhood become insupportable, and he went to live at Marazion, hoping that a change of scene and social intercourse might expel those excruciating reflections which harrowed up his very soul, or at least render them less acute; but in this he

appeared ■ he mistaken, for he found himself closely pursued by the evil demon—

Despair, whose torments no man, sure,
But lovers and the damn'd endure.

• To hear the 109th Psalm would petrify him with horror, and therefore he would not attend divine service on the 22d day of the month; he dreaded to go near a reading-school, lest he should hear the ill-fated lesson. Whatever misfortunes befel him (and these ■ not a few, for he ■ several times hurt, and even maimed in the mines where he laboured), he still attributed them all to the malevolent agency of the deceased, and thought he could find allusions to the whole in the calamitous legacy which she had bequeathed him. When he slumbered, for he knew nothing of sound sleep, the injured girl appeared to his imagination, with such a countenance ■ she had after the rash action, and the prayer-book in her hand, open at the hateful psalm; and he was frequently heard ■ cry out, 'Oh, my dear Betsy, shut the book, shut the book!' etc. With ■ mind so disturbed and deranged, though he could not reasonably expect much consolation from matrimony, yet imagining that the cares of a family might draw off his thoughts from the miserable subject by which he ■ harassed both by day and night, he successively paid his addresses to many girls of Marazion; but they indignantly flew from him, and with a sneer asked him, whether he was desirous of bringing all the curses in the 109th Psalm on their heads? At length, however, he succeeded with one who had less superstition and more fortitude than the rest, and he led her to St Hilary Church, to be ■ ried, January 21st, 1778; but on the road thither they ■ overtaken by ■ sudden and violent hurricane, such as those which not unfrequently happen in the vicinity of Mount's Bay; and he, suspecting that poor Betsy rode in the whirlwind and directed the storm, was convulsed with terror, and ■ literally 'coupled with fear.' Such is the power of conscious guilt to impute accidental occurrences to the hand of vindictive justice,—and so true is the observation of the poet,

Judicium metuit sibi mens mali conscia iustum.

• He lived long enough to have a son and ■ daughter; but the corrosive ■ within his breast preyed upon his vitals, and ■ length consumed all the powers of his body, as it had long before destroyed the tranquillity of his mind; and he ■ released from all his pangs, both mental and corporeal, on Friday, October 20th, 1780, and buried at St Hilary, the Sunday following, during evening service.»

Note 14, page 96, col. 1.

Proud of Wintonian scholarship, —

To the circumstance which had nearly proved fatal to the writer's future poem on Banwell Hill, I might add another circumstance which nearly proved fatal to his progress « in humour, » and « scholarship, » at Winchester; and this I shall record for the use of parents.

Every boy in the school had ■ whip, and pair of boots, which they were particularly fond of displaying — comparing the cost, workmanship, neatness, etc. The Author was sent from Shaftesbury, on a little pony, with a servant, not with a pair of ■ boots, but ingloriously in ■ pair of worsted boot-stockings, which, my father observed, would keep my under-stockings from the dirt, as well ■ the best pair of boots in Shaftesbury!

■ said nothing, but *woefully* proceeded thus to equip myself, having a *guinea* ■ pocket-money.

In my equestrian character, with ■ heavy heart, I ■ out to ■ the downs to Salisbury, under conscious humiliation ■ my equipment, in the odious *boot-stockings*! In passing over the downs, as I ■ not ■ by any one, I bore up tolerably well, but deigned not ■ syllable ■ the servant, who assured me, in vain, that *boot-stockings*, in summer, were just as good ■ boots. I was, as is expressively called in Wiltshire, « *stomachy*! »

The moment I dismounted, at the White Hart, I had determined on making my *escape*, and never return to school ■ home. I had ■ guinea in my pocket: I set ■ from the inn « on my forlorn hope. » I passed by the Cathedral church-yard, looked at the beautiful spire, little thinking what would be my future connection with that interesting edifice, though, had the bells struck out, I might have thought they said ■ ■ another Whittington—

Turn again, Whittington!

By the farther gate of the Close, just in the corner, was a handsome shoe and boot shop, and the ■ shop is there at this day, with the same articles. As good luck would have it, a tempting pair of *new boots*, which I thought would fit me, hung at the door. I walked backwards and forwards for twenty minutes, first looking ■ the boots, then feeling my money—then looking again ■ the boots. At last I went boldly into the shop, and said to the shopman, « What is the price of *these boots*? » « The price of these boots, young gentleman, is just twenty shillings! » I had ■ guinea in my pocket, so that if I bought them, I should have only one shilling, with which ■ go to school; and that was almost ■ bad ■ wearing *boot-stockings*. I therefore walked out of the shop, and with my first intention, got as far ■ old Easton's shop, when, though I heard no bells, like *Whittington*, I thought I would return and look at the boots again. In fact, I had made up my mind. I went into the shop again:—« You could not let me have those boots a shilling cheaper? » « No! they are « *back-strapped*! » (*παρυρτα συστραται*). « Will they fit? » I asked. I sat down to try: they fitted delightfully! I looked at one leg in the new boot, and the other with the *boot-stocking* on. They fitted as if made for me; and Heavens, what ■ difference! I put down the guinea; took the shilling; felt a *triumph* at heart, which, in all my changes in life, I have never felt since; and was just strutting out of the shop, when I spied the inglorious stockings. I took them up with some loftiness of scorn, threw them into the canal, and stood to ■ them swim *gloriously* down the canal, with other *inglorious* substances, till they were completely out of sight; and then returned, with one *shilling*, and my ■ boots, ■ the Inn.

Note 15, page 97, col. 2.

Langborne and More.

There is ■ tradition, that Langhorne, on Uphill sands, in early days, scratched the following rhymes:

Upon the shore
Wait'd Hannah More:
Waves let this record last,—
Sooner shall be
The earth, the sea,
Than what she writes be pass'd.

The next day, to return the compliment, the lady wrote some lines, the first of which are, I believe, as follows :

Some firmer basis, polish'd Langhorne, chuse,
For the effusions of thy partial muse.

Whatever may be thought of such coquetry, the following verses, by Langhorne, are indeed most exquisite :

'T was when at Summer's softest eve,
The clouds, that wander'd away,

Twilight, with gentlest hand did weave
Her fairy robe, of night and day ;
When all the mountain-gales were still,
And the sun slept against the shore,
And the sun, and moon beneath the hill,
Left its last light on Limer-Moore !

Langhorne left one son and one daughter : the son is living ; the daughter, Constantia, so called from « Letters to Constantia, » married Abraham Edridge, Esq., and is buried at Chippenham. I close this note without a sigh to her memory.

Sonnets and Miscellaneous Poems.

PREFACE.

A new Edition of the following Poems being called for by the public, the author is induced to say a few words, particularly concerning those which, under the name of Sonnets, describe his personal feelings.

They can be considered in no other light, than as exhibiting occasional reflections which naturally arose in his mind, chiefly during various excursions, undertaken to relieve, at the time, depression of spirits. They were therefore, in general, suggested by the scenes before him—and wherever such scenes appeared to harmonize with his disposition at the moment, the sentiments were involuntarily prompted.

Numberless poetical trifles of the same kind have occurred to him, when perhaps, in his solitary rambles, he has been « chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy ; » but they have been forgotten, and he left the places which gave rise to them, and the greatest part of those originally committed to the press were written down, for the first time, from memory.

This is nothing to the public ; but it may serve in some measure to obviate the common remark on melancholy poetry, that it has been very often gravely composed, when possibly the heart of the writer had very little share in the distress he chose to describe.

But there is a great difference between *natural* and *fabricated* feelings, even in poetry :—To which of these two characters the poems before the reader belong, the author leaves those, who have felt sensations of sorrow, to judge.

They who know him, know the occasions of them to have been real ; to the public he might only mention the sudden death of a deserving young woman, with whom,

—Sperabat longos huius ducere sales,
Sed acclivis consenuisse sinu.

DONHEAD, April, 1805.

¹ Prefixed to Ninth Edition of a large portion of these pieces.

SONNETS WRITTEN CHIEFLY DURING VARIOUS JOURNEYS.

IN THREE PARTS.

Constantes, licet neque, minus via indet, campus.
Viam.
Still let us sooth travel with a strain.
WARTON.

PART I.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT TYNEMOUTH, NORTHUMBERLAND, AFTER A TEMPESTUOUS VOYAGE.

As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,
Much musing on the track of terror past,
When o'er the dark I rode the howling blast,
Pleased I look back, and view the tranquil tide
That laves the pebbled shore : and now the beam
Of evening smiles on the grey battlement,
And yon forsaken tow'r that Time has rent :—
The lifted oar far off with silver gleam
Is touch'd, and hush'd is all the billowy deep !
Soothed by the scene, thus I tired Nature's breast
A stillness slowly steals, and kindred rest ;
While sea-sounds lull her, as she sinks to sleep,
Like melodies which hush upon the lyre,
Waked by the breeze, and, as they mourn, expire !

SONNET.

AT DONHEAD CASTLE.³

Ye holy Towers that shade the wave-worn steep,
Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
Though, hurrying silent by, relentless Time
Assail you, and the winter whirlwind's sweep !

¹ These Sonnets were dedicated « to the Rev. NEWTON OGIL, D. D. Dean of Winchester. —Donhead, Wilts, Nov. 1797.»

² Tynemouth priory and castle, Northumberland.—The remains of this monastery are situated on a high rocky point, on the north side of the entrance into the river Tyne, about a mile and a half below North-Shields. The exalted rock on which the monastery stood, rendered it visible at sea a long way off, in every direction, whence it presented itself as exhorting the seamen in danger to make their vows, and promise and presents to the Virgin Mary and St Oswald for their deliverance.

³ This very ancient castle, with its extensive domains, heretofore

For far from blazing Grandeur's crowded halls,
 Here Charity hath fix'd her chosen seat,
 Oft list'ning tearful when the wild winds beat
 With hollow bodings round your ancient walls;
 And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
 Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
 Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tow'r,
 And turns her ear to each expiring cry;
 Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
 And snatch him cold and speechless from the wave.

SONNET.

TO THE RIVER WENSBECK.¹

While slowly wanders thy sequester'd stream,
 Wensbeck! the mossy-scatter'd rocks among,
 In fancy's ear still making plaintive song
 To the dark woods above, that waving seem
 To bend o'er some enchanted spot; removed
 From life's vain coil, I listen to the wind,
 And think I hear meek sorrow's plaint, reclined
 O'er the forsaken tomb of one she loved!—
 Fair scenes! ye lend me pleasure, long unknown,
 To him who passes weary on his way—
 The farewell tear, which now he turns to pay,
 Shall thank you;—and whenever of pleasures flown
 His heart some long-lost image would renew,
 Delightful haunts! he will remember you.

SONNET.

TO THE RIVER TWEED.

O TWEED! a stranger, that with wandering feet
 O'er hill and dale has journey'd many a mile
 (If so his weary thoughts he might beguile),
 Delighted turns thy beauteous scenes to greet.
 The waving branches that romantic bend
 O'er thy tall banks,² a soothing charm bestow;
 The murmurs of thy wand'ring wave below
 Seem to his ear the pity of a friend.

the property of the family of Forster, whose heiress married Lord Crewe, bishop of Durham, is appropriated by the will of that pious Prelate to many benevolent purposes; particularly that of ministering instant relief to such shipwrecked mariners as may happen to be cast on this dangerous coast, for whose preservation, and that of their vessels, every possible assistance is contrived, and is at all times ready. The whole is vested in the hands of Trustees, one of whom, Dr Sharp, archdeacon of Northumberland, with an active zeal well suited to the nature of the humane institution, makes this castle his chief residence, attending with unwearied diligence to the proper application of the charity.

¹ The Wensbeck is a romantic and sequestered river in Northumberland. On its banks is situated Our Lady's Chapel. The remains of this small chapel, or oratory (says Grose), stand in a shady solitude, on the north bank of the Wensbeck, about three quarters of a mile west of Bothall, in a spot admirably calculated for meditation. It was probably built by one of the Barons Ogle. This river is thus beautifully characterized by Akenside, who was born near it:

O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
 The rocky pavement, and the mossy falls
 Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream!
 How gladly I recall your well-known seats
 Beloved of old, and that delightful time
 When all alone, for many a summer's day,
 I wander'd through your calm recesses, led
 In silence by some powerful hand unseen.

² Written passing the Tweed at Kelso, where the scenery is much more picturesque than it is near Berwick, the more general

Delightful stream! though along thy shore,
 When spring returns in all her wonted pride,
 The shepherd's distant pipe is heard no more,
 Yet here with pensive peace could I abide,¹
 Far from the stormy world's tumultuous roar,
 To muse upon thy banks at eventide.

SONNET.

EVENING, as slow thy placid shades descend,
 Veiling with gentlest hush the landscape still,
 The lonely battlement, and farthest hill
 And wood, I think of those that have no friend,
 Who now, perhaps, by melancholy led,
 From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure flaunts,
 Retiring, wander 'mid thy lonely haunts
 Unseen; and watch the tints that o'er thy bed
 Hang lovely, to their pensive fancy's eye
 Presenting fairy vales, where the tired mind
 Might rest, beyond the murmurs of mankind,
 Nor hear the hourly moans of misery!
 Ah! beauteous views, that Hope's fair gleams the while
 Should smile like you, and perish as they smile!

SONNET.

ON LEAVING A VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

CLYSDALE, as thy romantic vales I leave,
 And bid farewell to each retiring hill,
 Where fond attention seems to linger still,
 Tracing the broad bright landscape; much I grieve
 That, mingled with the toiling crowd, no more
 I may return your varied views to mark,
 Of rocks amid the sunshine tow'ring dark,
 Of rivers winding wild,² and mountains hoar,
 Or castle gleaming on the distant steep!—
 For this a look back on thy hills I cast,
 And many a soften'd image of the past
 Pleased I combine, and bid remembrance keep,
 To soothe me with fair views and fancies rude,
 When I pursue my path in solitude.

SONNET.

TO THE RIVER ITCHIN, NEAR WINTON.

ITCHIN,³ when I behold thy banks again,
 Thy crumbling margin, and thy silver breast,
 On which the self-same tints still seem'd to rest,
 Why feels my heart the shiv'ring sense of pain?
 Is it—that many a summer's day has past
 Since, in life's morn, I caroll'd on thy side?
 Is it—that oft, since then, my heart has sigh'd,
 As Youth, and Hope's delusive gleams, flew fast?

of travellers into Scotland. It is a beautiful and still autumnal eve when we passed.

¹ Alluding to the simple and affecting pastoral strains for which Scotland has been so long celebrated. I need not mention Lochaber, the vale of Bellendine, Tweedside, etc.

² There is a wildness almost fantastic in the view of the river from Stirling-Castle, the course of which is seen for many miles, making a thousand turnings.

³ The Itchin is a river running from Winchester to Southampton, the banks of which have been the scene of many a holiday sport. The lines were composed on an evening in a journey from Oxford to Southampton, the first time I had seen the Itchin since I left school.

Is it—that those, who circled ■ thy shore,
Companions of my youth, now meet ■ more?
Whate'er the cause, upon thy banks I bend,
Sorrowing, yet feel such solace at my heart,
As at the meeting of some long-lost friend,
From whom, in happier hours, we wept to part.¹

SONNET.

O POVERTY! though from thy haggard eye,
Thy cheerless mien, of every charm bereft,
Thy brow that Hope's last traces long have left,
Vain Fortune's feeble sons with terror fly;
I love thy solitary haunts to seek:—
For Pity, reckless of her own distress;
And Patience, in the pall of wretchedness,
That turns to the bleak storm her faded cheek;
And Piety, that never told her wrong;
And meek Content, whose griefs no more rebel;
And Genius, warbling sweet her saddest song;
And Sorrow, list'ning to a lost friend's knell,
Long banish'd from the world's insulting throng;
With thee, and thy unfriended offspring, dwell.

SONNET.

AT DOVER CLIFFS, JULY 20, 1787.

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood,
Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet,
Scarcely hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely wand'rer has stood;
And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still Eve
Sail'd slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To-morrow; of the friends he loved most dear;
Of social scenes, from which he wept to part:
But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide—
The World his country, and his God his guide.

SONNET.

AT OSTEND, LANDING. JULY 21, 1787.

THE orient beam illumines the parting oar—
From yonder azure track, emerging white,
The earliest sail slow gains upon the sight,
And the blue wave comes rippling to the shore—
Meantime far off the rear of darkness flies:
Yet 'mid the beauties of the morn, unmoved,
Like one for ever torn from all he loved,
Tow'rs Albion's heights I turn my longing eyes,
Where every pleasure seem'd erewhile to dwell:
Yet boots it not to think, or to complain,
Musing sad ditties to the reckless main:
To dreams like these, adieu! the pealing bell
Speaks of the hour that stays not—and the day
To life's sad turmoil calls my heart away.

¹ We remember them ■ friends from whom ■ were sorry ever
to have parted. —SMITH'S Theory.

SONNET.

AT OSTEND. JULY 22, 1787.

How ■ the tuneful bells' responsive peal!¹
As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
Breathes on the trembling sense of wan disease,
So piercing ■ my heart their force I feel!
And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall,
And now, along the white and level tide,
They fling their melancholy music wide;
Bidding ■ many ■ tender thought recall
Of summer-days, and those delightful years
When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wond'ring childhood into tears!
But seeming now, when all those days ■ o'er,
The sounds of joy once heard, and heard ■ more.

SONNET.

■ THE RIVER RHINE.

'T WAS morn, and beauteous ■ the mountain's brow
(Hung with the beamy clusters of the vine)
Stream'd the blue light, when on the sparkling Rhine
We bounded, and the white waves round the prow
In murmurs parted;—varying as we go,
Lo! the woods open, and the rocks retire,
Some convent's ancient walls or glist'ning spire
'Mid the bright landscape's track unfolding slow.
Here dark, with furrow'd aspect, like despair,
Frowns the bleak cliff—there on the woodland's side
The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
Whilst Hope, enchanted with the scene ■ fair,
Would wish ■ linger many a summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

SONNET.

AT A CONVENT.

IF chance ■ pensive stranger, hither led
(His bosom glowing from majestic views,
The gorgeous dome, or the proud landscape's hues),
Should ask who sleeps beneath this lowly bed—
'T is poor Matilda!—To the cloister'd scene,
A mourner, beauteous and unknown, she came,
To shed her tears unmark'd, and quench the flame
Of fruitless love: yet was her look serene

¹ Written on landing at Ostend, and hearing, very early in the
morning, the carillons.

The effect of bells has been often described, but by none more
beautifully than Cowper:—

How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling ■ intervals upon the ■
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and ■, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where mem'ry slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.

COWPER'S Task, book vi.

As the pale moonlight in the midnight aisle;—
 Her voice ■ soft, which yet ■ charm could lend,
 Like that which spoke of a departed friend,
 And ■ meek sadness ■ upon her smile!—
 Now, far removed from every earthly ill,
 Her woes are buried, and her heart is still.

SONNET.

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
 Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
 The faint pang stealest unperceived away;
 On thee I rest my only hope at last,
 And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
 I may look back ■ every sorrow past,
 And meet life's peaceful evening with ■ smile—
 As ■ lone bird, at day's departing hour,
 Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient show'r
 Forgetful, though its wings ■ wet the while:—
 Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
 Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, ■ cure!

SONNET.

LANGUID, and sad, and slow, from day to day
 I journey on, yet pensive turn to view
 (Where the rich landscape gleams with softer hue)
 The streams, and vales, and hills, that steal away.
 So fares it with the children of the earth:
 For when life's goodly prospect opens round,
 Their spirits beat to tread that fairy ground,
 Where every vale sounds to the pipe of mirth.
 But them vain hope and easy youth beguiles,
 And ■ a longing look, like me, they cast
 Back ■ the pleasing prospect of the past:
 Yet Fancy points where still far onward smiles
 Some sunny spot, and her fair colouring blends,
 Till cheerless ■ their path the night descends.

SONNET.

■ ■ DISTANT VIEW OF ENGLAND.

As! from mine eyes the tears unbidden start,
 As thee, my country, and the long-lost sight
 Of thy ■ cliffs, that lift their summits white
 Above the wave, ■ my beating heart
 With eager hope and filial transport hails!
 Scenes of my youth, reviving gales ye bring,
 As when erewhile the tuneful ■ of spring
 Joyous awoke amidst your blooming vales,
 And fill'd with fragrance every painted plain:
 Fled are those hours, and all the joys they gave!
 Yet still I gaze, and count each rising wave
 That bears me nearer ■ your haunts again;
 If haply, 'mid those woods and vales ■ fair,
 Stranger to Peace, I yet may ■ her there.

SONNET.

■ THE RIVER CHERWELL, OXFORD.

CHERWELL! how pleased along thy willow'd hedge
 Erewhile I stray'd, or when the ■ began
 To tinge the distant turret's gleamy fan,
 Or evening glimmer'd o'er the sighing sedge!

And ■ reposing on thy banks ■ more,
 I bid the pipe farewell, and that sad lay
 Whose music on my melancholy way
 I woo'd: amid thy waving willows hoar
 Seeking ■ to rest—till the bright sun
 Of joy return, ■ when Heaven's beauteous bow
 Beams ■ the night-storm's passing wings below:
 Whate'er betide, yet something have I won
 Of solace, that may bear me on serene,
 ■ Eve's last hush shall close the silent scene.

PART II.

SONNET.

As ■ who, long by wasting sickness worn,
 Weary has watch'd the ling'ring night, and heard
 Heartless the carol of the matin bird
 Salute his lonely porch, ■ first at morn
 Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
 ■ the green slope and level meadow views,
 Delightful bathed with slow-ascending dews;
 Or marks the clouds, that o'er the mountain's head
 In varying forms fantastic wander white;
 Or turns his ear to every random song,
 Heard the green river's winding marge along,
 The whilst each sense steep'd in still delight.
 With such delight, o'er all my heart I feel,
 Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense
 steal!

SONNET.

OCTOBER, 1792.

Go then, and join the roaring city's throng!
 Me thou dost leave to solitude and tears,
 To busy fantasies, and bodling fears,
 Lest ill betide thee: but 't will not be long,
 And the hard season shall be past: till then
 Live happy; sometimes the forsaken shade
 Rememb'ring, and these trees now left to fade;
 Nor 'mid the busy scenes and ■ hum of men,
 Wilt thou my cares forget: in heaviness
 To me the hours shall roll, weary and slow,
 Till, mournful autumn past, and all the snow
 Of ■ pale! the glad hour I shall bless,
 That shall restore thee from the crowd again,
 To the green hamlet in the peaceful plain.

SONNET.

NOVEMBER, 1792.

THERE is strange music in the stirring wind,
 When low'st th' autumnal eve, and all alone
 To the dark wood's cold covert thou art gone,
 Whose ancient trees ■ the rough slope reclined
 Rock, and ■ times scatter their ■ sear.
 ■ in such shades, beneath their murmuring,
 Thou late hast pass'd the happier hours of spring,
 With sadness thou wilt mark the fading year;
 Chiefly if one, with whom such sweets ■ morn
 Or ■ thou 'st shared, to distant scenes shall stray.
 Oh, spring, return! return, auspicious May!
 ■ sad will be thy coming, and forlorn,

If she return not with thy cheering ray,
Who from these shades ■ gone, gone far away.

SONNET.

APRIL, 1793.

WHOSE ■ that gentle voice, that whispering sweet,
Promised methought long days of bliss sincere?
Soothing it stole ■ my deluded ear,
Most like soft music, that might sometimes cheat
Thoughts dark and drooping! 'T ■ the voice of Hope.
Of love, and social scenes, it seem'd to speak,
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek;
That, oh! poor friend, might to life's downward slope
Lead ■ in peace, and bless our latest hours.
Ah me! the prospect sadden'd ■ she sung;
Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung;
Chill darkness wrapt the pleasurable bow'rs,
Whilst Horror, pointing to yon breathless clay,
« No peace be thine, » exclaim'd, « away, away! »

SONNET.

MAY, 1793.

As o'er these hills I take my silent rounds,
Still on that vision which is flown I dwell!
On images I lov'd (alas, how well!),
Now past, and but remember'd like sweet sounds
Of yesterday! yet in my breast I keep
Such recollections, painful though they seem,
And hours of joy retrace, till from my dream
I wake, and find them not: then I could weep
To think that Time ■ soon each sweet devours;
To think so ■ life's first endearments fail,
And ■ are still misled by Hope's smooth tale!
Who, like a flatterer, when the happiest hours
Are past and most ■ wish her cheering lay,
Will fly, as faithless and ■ fleet as they!

SONNET.

NETLEY ABBEY.

FALL'N pile! I ask not what has been thy fate;
But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
Through each rent arch, like spirits that complain,
Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
Of those who once full proudly in their prime
And beauteous might have stood, till bow'd by time
Or injury, their early boast forgot,
They may have fallen like thee: Pale and forlorn,
Their brow, besprent with thin hairs, white as snow,
Thy lift, majestic yet; ■ they would scorn
This short-lived ■ of vanity and woe;
Whilst ■ their sad looks smilingly they bear
The trace of creeping age, and the dim hue of care!

SONNET.

O HARMONY! thou tenderest nurse of pain,
If that thy note's sweet magic e'er can heal
Griefs which the patient spirit oft may feel,
Oh! let me listen to thy songs again,

Till Memory her fairest tints shall bring,
Hope wake with brighter eye, and list'ning seem
With smiles to think ■ some delightful dream,
That waved o'er the charm'd sense its gladsome wing:
For when thou leadest all thy soothing strains
More smooth along, the silent passions meet
In one suspended transport, sad and sweet,
And nought but sorrow's softest touch remains,
That, when the transitory charm is o'er,
Just wakes a tear, and then is felt ■ more.

SONNET.

MAY, 1793.

How shall I meet thee, Summer, wont to fill
My heart with gladness, when thy pleasant tide
First came, and ■ each coomb's romantic side
Was heard the distant cuckoo's hollow bill?
Fresh flow'rs shall fringe the wild brink of the stream,
As with the songs of joyance and of hope
The hedge-rows shall ring loud, and on the slope
The poplars sparkle in the transient beam;
The shrubs and laurels which I loved to tend,
Thinking their May-tide fragrance might delight,
With many a peaceful charm, thee, my best friend,
Shall put forth their green shoot, and cheer the sight!
But I shall mark their hues with sick'ning eyes,
And weep for her who in the cold grave lies!

SONNET.

How blest with thee the path could I have trod
Of quiet life, above cold want's hard fate
(And little wishing more), nor of the great
Envious, or their proud name! but it pleased God
To take thee to his mercy: thou didst go
In youth and beauty, go to thy death-bed;
Even whilst on dreams of bliss we fondly fed,
Of years to come of comfort!—Be it so.
Ere this I have felt sorrow; and ev'n now
(Though sometimes the unhidden thought must start,
And half unman the miserable heart)
The cold dew I shall wipe from my sad brow,
And say, since hopes of bliss on earth are vain,
« Best friend, farewell, till ■ do meet again? »

SONNET.

ON REVISITING OXFORD.

I NEVER hear the sound of thy glad bells,
Oxford! and chime harmonious, but I say
(Sighing to think how time has ■ away),
« Some spirit speaks in the sweet tone that swells,
Heard after years of absence, from the vale
Where Cherwell winds. » Most true it speaks the tale
Of days departed, and its voice recalls
Hours of delight and hope in the gay tide
Of life, and many friends now scatter'd wide
By many fates.—Peace be within thy walls!
I have scarce heart to visit thee; but yet,
Denied the joys sought in thy shades,—denied
Each better hope, since my poor ■ died,
What I have owed to thee, my heart can ne'er forget!

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT MALVERN, JULY 11, 1793.

I shall behold far off thy tow'ring crest,
 Proud Mountain! from thy heights as slow I stray
 Down through the distant vale my homeward way,
 I shall behold, upon thy rugged breast,
 The parting sun sit smiling: — the while
 Escaped the crowd, thoughts full of heaviness
 May visit, as life's bitter losses press
 Hard on my bosom: but I shall « beguile
 The thing I am, » and think, that ev'n — thou
 Dost lift in the pale beam thy forehead high,
 Proud Mountain! (whilst the scatter'd vapours fly
 Unheeded round thy breast) so, with calm brow,
 The shades of sorrow I may meet, and wear
 The smile unchanged of peace, though prest by care!

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM BENWELL.*

Thou camest with kind looks, when on the brink
 Almost of death I strove, and with mild voice
 Didst soothe me, bidding my poor heart rejoice,
 Though smitten sore: Oh, I did little think
 That thou, my friend, wouldst the first victim fall
 To the stern King of Terrors! thou didst fly,
 By pity prompted, at the poor man's cry;
 And soon thyself wert stretch'd beneath the pall,
 Livid Infection's prey. The deep distress
 Of her, who best thy inmost bosom knew,
 To whom thy faith was vow'd, thy soul was true,
 What pow'rs of faltering language shall express?

* The following elegant Inscription to the Memory of this amiable and excellent young man is prefixed in the chancel of Caversham church, near Reading, and does merely justice to the many valuable qualifications of him whose virtues and graces it records:—

Near this Chancel — deposited
 The Remains of the REV. WILLIAM BENWELL,
 Late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford,
 Who died of a contagious fever, the consequence of his
 charitable endeavours to relieve and comfort the
 inhabitants of the village to which he resided.
 From early youth
 He was remarkable for correctness of taste,
 and variety of knowledge;
 Simple, modest, and retired;
 In manners and conversation he possessed a natural grace;
 a winning courtesy, truly expressive of the heavenly
 serenity of his mind, and of the meekness, low-
 liness, and benevolence of his heart.
 To his Relations, and to his Companions whom he loved,
 he was most tenderly and consistently affectionate;
 To the poor a zealous friend, a wise and patient instructor;
 By his mildness cheering the sorrowful;
 And, by the pure and amiable sanctity which beamed in
 his countenance, repressing the licentious.
 Habitually pious,
 He appeared in every instance of life
 to act, to speak, and to think,
 as in the sight of God.
 He died Sept. 6th, 1796, in his 32d year:
 His soul pleased the Lord, therefore hasten He to take
 him away.
 This Tablet was erected to his Memory, with heart-
 felt grief, and the tenderest affection,
 By PENELOPE, eldest daughter of JOHN LOVEBAY, esq.;
 and PENELOPE his wife,
 Who, after many years of the most ardent friendship,
 became his wife and his widow in the
 course of eleven weeks!

As friendship bids, I feebly breathe my own,
 And sorrowing say, « Pure spirit, thou art gone! »

SONNET.

REVIEWING THE FOREGOING. SEPT. 21, 1797.

I turn these leaves with thronging thoughts, and say,
 « Alas! how many friends of youth are dead,
 How many visions of fair hope have fled,
 Since first, my Muse, we met: — So speeds away
 Life, and its shadows; yet we sit and sing,
 Stretch'd in the noontide how'r, as if the day
 Declined not, and we yet might trill our lay
 Beneath the pleasant morning's purple wing
 That fans us, while aloft the gay clouds shine!
 Oh, ere the coming of the long cold night,
 Religion, may we bless thy purer light,
 That still shall warm us, when the tints decline
 O'er earth's dim hemisphere, and sad we gaze
 On the vain visions of our passing days!

ELEGY, WRITTEN AT THE HOTWELLS,
BRISTOL.INSCRIBED TO THE REV. W. HOWLEY, FELLOW OF
WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

— — — — — *Hi hæc incondita sacra*
Montibus et silvis studio jactantur inani.
 VIRGIL.

The morning wakes in shadowy mantle grey,
 The darksome woods their glimmering skirts unfold,
 Prone from the cliff the falcon wheels her way,
 And long and loud the bell's slow chime is toll'd.

The redd'ning light gains fast upon the skies,
 And far away the glist'ning vapours sail,
 Down the rough steep th' accustom'd hodgep hies,
 And the stream winds in brightness through the vale!

How beauteous the pale rocks above the shore
 Uplift their bleak and furrow'd aspect high;
 How proudly desolate their foreheads hoar,
 That meet the earliest sunbeam of the sky!

Bound to yon dusky mart, * with pennants gay,
 The tall bark, on the winding water's line,
 Between the riven cliffs plies her hard way,
 And peering on the sight the white sails shine.

Alas! for those by drooping sickness worn,
 Who — come forth to meet the cheering ray;
 And feel the fragrance of the tepid morn
 Round their torn breast and throbbing temples play!

Perhaps they muse with a desponding sigh
 On the cold vault that shall their bones inurn;
 Whilst every breeze seems, as it whispers by,
 To breathe of comfort never to return.

* The immense smoky appearance of Bristol from the hills of Clifton. There is something very peculiar in the sight of the sails passing and repassing between the ragged cliffs so high above them, particularly when the vessel is coming round a projecting rock.

Yet oft, as sadly thronging dreams arise,
Awhile forgetful of their pain they gaze,
A transient lustre lights their faded eyes,
And o'er their cheek the tender hectic strays.

The purple ■■■■ that paints with sidelong gleam
The cliff's tall crest, the waving woods that ring
With charm of birds rejoicing in the beam,
Touch soft the wakeful nerve's according string.

Then at sad Meditation's silent hour
A thousand wishes steal upon the heart;
And, whilst they meekly bend to Heav'n's high pow'r,
Ah! think 't is hard, 't is surely hard to part—

To part from every hope that brought delight,
From those that loved them, those they loved so much!
Then Fancy swells the picture on the sight,
And softens every scene at every touch.

Sweet as the mellow'd woods beneath the moon,
Remembrance lends her soft-uniting shades;
Some natural tears she drops, but wipes them soon:—
The world retires, and its dim prospect fades!

Airs of delight, that sooth the aching sense;
Waters of health, that through yon caverns glide;
O kindly yet your healing powers dispense,
And bring back feeble life's exhausted tide!

Perhaps to these grey rocks and mazy springs
Some heart may come, warm'd with the purest fire;
For whom bright Fancy plumes her radiant wings,
And warbling Muses wake the lonely lyre.

Some orphan Maid, deceived in early youth,
Pale o'er yon spring may hang in mute distress;
Who dreamt of faith, of happiness, and truth,
Of love—that Virtue would protect and bless.

Some musing Youth in silence there may bend,
Untimely stricken by sharp sorrow's dart;
For friendship form'd, yet left without a friend,
And bearing still the arrow at his heart.

Such was lamented RUSSELL's hapless doom,
The gay companion of my stripling prime;
Even so he sunk unwept into the tomb,
And o'er his head closed the dark gulf of time.

Hither he came, ■ ■ ■ wan and weary guest,
A softening balm for many ■ wound to crave;
And woo'd the sunshine to his aching breast,
Which now ■ ■ ■ smiling on his verdant grave!

He heard the whis'ring winds that now I hear,
As, boding much, along these hills he pass'd;
Yet ah! how mournful did they meet his ear
On that sad morn he heard them for the last!

So sinks the scene, like a departed dream,
Since late ■ ■ ■ sojourn'd blithe in Wykeham's bow'rs,¹
Or heard the merry bells by Isis' stream,
And thought our way was strew'd with fairy flow'rs!

¹ The Rev. Thomas Russel, Fellow of New College, Oxford, author of ■ ■ ■ ingenious Poems, died at the Hotwells 1788, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

² Winchester College.

Of those with whom ■ ■ ■ play'd upon the lawn
Of early life, in the fresh morning play'd,
Alas! how many, since that vernal dawn,
Like thee, poor RUSSELL, in the ground are laid?

Joyous awhile they wander'd hand in hand,
By friendship led along the spring-tide plain!
How oft did Fancy wake her transports bland,
And ■ ■ ■ the lids the glist'ning tear detain!

I yet survive, ■ ■ ■ musing other song,
Than that which early pleased my vacant years;
Thinking how days and hours have pass'd along,
Mark'd by much pleasure some, and some by tears!

Thankful, that to these verdant scenes I owe
That he ■ whom late I saw all drooping pale,
Raised from the couch of sickness and of woe,
Now lives with me, their mantling views to hail.

Thankful, that still the landscape beaming bright,
Of pendant mountain, or of woodland grey,
Can wake the wonted sense of pure delight,
And charm awhile my solitary way.

Enough:—Through the high heav'n the proud sun rides,
My wand'ring steps their silent path pursue
Back to the crowded world where fortune guides:
Clifton, to thy white rocks and woods adieu!

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY HEADLY,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

To every gentle Muse in vain allied,
In youth's full early morning Headley died!¹
Ah! long had sickness left her pining trace,
Rueful and wan, on each decaying grace:
Untimely sorrow touch'd his thoughtful mien!
Despair upon his languid smile was seen!
Yet Resignation, musing on the grave
(When now no hope could cheer, no pity save),
And Virtue, that scarce felt its fate severe,
And pale Affection, dropping soft a tear
For friends beloved, from whom she soon must part,
Breathed a sad solace on his aching heart.
Nor ceased he yet to stray, where, winding wild,
The Muse's path his drooping steps beguiled,
Intent to rescue ■ ■ ■ neglected rhyme,
Lone-blooming, from the mournful waste of time;
And cull each scatter'd sweet, that seem'd to smile
Like flow'rs upon ■ ■ ■ long-forsaken pile.²

Far from the murmuring crowd, unseen, he sought
Each charm congenial to his sadden'd thought.
When the grey morn illum'd the mountain's side,
To hear the sweet birds' earliest song he bled;

¹ Mr Howley.

² Henry Headley ■ ■ ■ educated under Dr Parr, at Norwich, admitted afterwards scholar of Trinity college, Oxford, and died of a decline ■ ■ ■ age of twenty-four. Some very beautiful pieces of poetry were published by him, distinguished for imagery, pathos, and simplicity.

³ Headley's favourite track of reading was among the ancient English poets, and he published a work entitled "Beauties of Ancient English Poetry," preserving chiefly such pieces as were less known, and which his ■ ■ ■ knew how to select and appreciate.

When meekest eve to the fold's distant bell
Listen'd, and bade the woods and vales farewell,
Musing in tearful mood, he oft was
The last that linger'd o'er the fading green.

The waving wood, high o'er the cliff reclined,
The murmur'ing water-fall, the winter's wind,
His temper's trembling texture seem'd to suit,
Like airs of sadness the responsive lute.

Yet deem not hence the social spirit dead,
Though from the world's hard gaze his feelings fled.
Firm was his friendship, and his faith sincere,
And warm as Pity's his unheeded tear,
That wept the ruthless deed, the poor man's fate,
By fortune's storms left cold and desolate.

Farewell!—yet be this humble tribute paid
To all thy virtues, from that social shade
Where once we sojourn'd. * I, alas! remain
To mourn the hours of youth (yet mourn in vain)
That fled neglected.—Wisely thou hast trod
The better path; and that High Meed, which God
Ordain'd for Virtue, tower'ing from the dust,
Shall bless thy labours, spirit! pure and just.

VERSES

ON READING ■ HOWARD'S DESCRIPTION OF PRISONS,
ETC. INSCRIBED TO THE REV. J. WARTON, MASTER
OF WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

MORTAL! who, arm'd with holy fortitude,
The path of good right onward hast pursued;
May He, to whose eternal throne on high
The sufferers of the earth with anguish cry,
Be thy protector! On that dreary road
That leads thee patient to the last abode
Of wretchedness, in peril and in pain,
May He thy steps direct, thy heart sustain!
(Mid scenes, where pestilence in darkness flies;
In caverns, where deserted misery lies;)
So safe beneath his shadow thou mayst go,
'To cheer the dismal ■ of human woe.

Oh, Charity! ■ helpless nature's pride,
Thou friend ■ him who knows ■ friend beside,
Is there in morning's breath, or the sweet gale
That steals o'er the tired pilgrim of the vale,
Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,
Aught like the incense of thy holy flame?
Is aught in all the beauties that adorn
The azure heav'n, or purple lights of morn?
Is aught so fair in evening's ling'ring gleam,
As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam
That falls like saddest moonlight on the hill
And distant grove, when the wide world is still?

* Alluding to some very beautiful verses by Headley, on a Beggar's Dog, from which the following are extracted:—

When the cold winter's wind my grey locks rent,
Like wither'd moss upon a monument,
What could he more?—against the pit'less storm
■ lent his little aid ■ keep me ■

* Trinity college, Oxford.—Among my contemporaries there, ■ several young ■ of talents and literature; Headley, Kett, Benwell, Dalleyway, Richards, Dornford. T. Warton was one of the senior Fellows.

Thine ■ the ample views, that unconfin'd
Stretch to the utmost walks of human kind;
Thine is the spirit, that with widest plan
Brother ■ brother binds, and man to ■

But who for thee, O Charity! will bear
Hardship, and cope with peril and with care?
Who, for thy sake, will social sweets forego
For scenes of sickness, and the sights of woe?
Who, for thy sake, will seek the prison's gloom,
Where ghastly Guilt implores her ling'ring doom;
Where Penitence unpitied sits, and pale,
That never told to human ears her tale;
Where Agony, half-famish'd, cries in vain;
Where dark Despondence murmurs o'er her chain;
Where sunk Disease is wasted ■ the bone,
And hollow-eyed Despair forgets to groan?

Approving Mercy marks the vast design,
And proudly cries—“Howard, the task be thine!”

Already 'mid the darksome vaults profound,
The caves, hid fathoms deep beneath the ground,
Consoling hath thy tender look appear'd:
In horror's realm the voice of peace is heard!

Be the sad scene disclosed; fearless unfold
The grating door—the inmost cell behold!
Thought shrinks from the dread sight; the paly lamp
Burns faint amid th' infectious vapour's damp;
Beneath its light full many a livid mien,
And haggard eye-ball, through the dusk are ■
In thought I see thee, at each hollow sound,
With humid lids oft anxious gaze around.
But oh! for him, who, to yon vault confin'd,
Has bid a long farewell to human kind;
His wasted form, his cold and bloodless cheek,
A tale of sadder sorrow seem to speak—
Of friends, perhaps now mingled with the dead;
Of hope, that, like a faithless flatterer, fled
In th' utmost hour of need; or of a son
Cast to the bleak world's mercy; or of one
Whose heart ■ broken, when the stern behest
Tore him from pite affection's bleeding breast.
Despairing, from his cold and flinty bed,
With fearful muttering he hath raised his head:
—What pitying spirit, what unwonted guest,
Strays to this last retreat, these shades unblest?
From life and light shut out, beneath this cell
Long have I bid the cheering sun farewell.

* Penwith Prison. (a)—“Two ■ in the keeper's stableyard? but distant from his house, and quite out of sight and hearing. The room for ■ is full 11 feet square, and 6 high: window 18 inches square: no chimney.—Earth floor; very damp. The door had not been opened for four weeks when I went in; and then the keeper began to clear away the dirt. There ■ only one debtor, who seem'd ■ have been robust, but ■ grown pale by ten weeks close confinement, with little food, which he had from a brother, who was poor and had a family.—He said, the dampness of the prison, with but little straw, had obliged him (he spoke with sorrow) ■ send for the bed on which ■ of his children lay. ■ had a wife and ten children, two of whom died since he came hither, and the rest were almost starving. He has written a letter since, by which I learn that his distress was not mitigated, and that he ■ a companion miserable as himself.”

HOWARD ■ *Lazarettos*, p. 398.

(a) At Penzance, Cornwall;—the property of Lord Arundel.

I heard for ever closed the jealous door,
 I mark'd my bed on the forsaken floor,
 I had no hope on earth, ■ human friend :
 Let ■ unpitied ■ the dust descend !
 Cold is his frozen heart—his eye is rear'd
 To Heav'n ■ more—and ■ his sable beard
 The tear has ceased to fall. Thou canst not bring
 Back to his mournful heart the morn of spring—
 Thou canst not bid the rose of health ■
 Upon his wasted cheek her crimson hue :
 But at thy look (ere yet to hate resign'd,
 He murmurs his last ■ mankind),
 At thy kind look one tender thought shall rise,
 And his full soul shall thank thee ere he dies !

O ye, who list ■ Pleasure's vacant song,
 As in her silken train ye troop along ;
 Who, like rank cowards, from affliction fly,
 Or, whilst the precious hours of life pass by,
 Lie slumb'ring in the sun !—Awake, arise—
 To these instructive pictures turn your eyes,
 The awful view with other feelings scan,
 And learn from Howard what man ■ to man !

These, Virtue! ■ thy triumphs, that adorn
 Fitliest our nature, and bespeak us born
 For loftier action; not to gaze and run
 From clime to clime; or batten in the sun,
 Dragging ■ drony flight from flow'r to flow'r,
 Like ■ insects in a gaudy hour;
 Nor yet o'er love-sick tales with fancy range,
 And cry—'T is pitiful, 't is passing strange !'
 But on life's varied views to look around,
 And raise expiring sorrow from the ground :—
 And he—who thus hath borne his part assign'd
 In the sad fellowship of human kind,
 Or for a ■ soothed the bitter pain
 Of a poor brother—has not liv'd in vain !

But 't is not that Compassion should bestow
 An unavailing tear on want ■ woe :
 Lo ! fairer Order rises from thy plan,
 Befriending virtue, and adorning man.
 That comfort cheers the dark abode of pain,
 Where ■ Disease oft cried for aid in vain ;
 That Mercy soothes the hard beliest of law ;
 That Misery smiles upon her bed of straw ;
 That the dark felons' clan, no more, combined,
 Murmur in murd'rous leagues against mankind ;
 That to each cell, a mild yet mournful guest,
 Contrition comes, and stills the beating breast,
 Whilst long-forgotten tears of virtue flow ;
 Thou, generous friend of all—to thee ■ owe !
 To thee, that Pity ■ her views expand
 To many ■ cheerless haunt, and distant land !
 Whilst warm Philanthropy extends her ray,
 Wide as the world, and general ■ the day !

Howard ! ■ view those deeds, and think how vain
 The triumphs of weak man—the feeble strain
 That Flattery sings to Conquest's crimson car,
 Amid the banner'd host, and the proud tents of war !

From realm to realm the hideous War-fiend hies
 Wide o'er the wasted earth—before him flies
 Affright, on pinions fleeter than the wind ;
 And Death and Desolation fast behind

The havoc of his echoing march pursue :
 Meantime his steps ■ bathed in the ■ dew
 Of bloodshed, and of tears;—but his dread name
 Shall perish—the loud clarion of his fame
 One day shall cease, and wrapt in hideous gloom,
 Forgetfulness sit ■ his shapless tomb !

But bear thou fearless on :—the God of all,
 To whom th' ■ kneel, the friendless call,
 From his high throne of mercy shall approve
 The holy deeds of Mercy and of Love :
 For when the vanities of life's brief day
 Oblivion's hurrying wing shall sweep away,
 Each act by Charity and Mercy done,
 High o'er the wrecks of time, shall live alone
 Immortal as the heav'ns, and beautiful bloom
 To other worlds, and realms beyond the tomb.

THE GRAVE OF HOWARD.

*His saltem accumulæ donis, et fangar inani
 Manere.*

VIRGIL.

Spirit of Death! whose outstretch'd pennons dread
 Wave o'er the world beneath their shadow spread,
 Who darkly speedest ■ thy destined way,
 'Mid shrieks, and cries, and sounds of dire dismay;
 Spirit! behold thy victory—assume
 A form ■ terrible, an ampler plume ;
 For He, who wander'd o'er the world alone,
 List'ning to Misery's universal moan;
 He, who, sustain'd by Virtue's ■ sublime,
 Tended the sick and poor from clime to clime,
 Low in the dust is laid—thy noblest spoil !
 And Mercy ceases from her awful toil !

'T was where the pestilence at thy command
 Arose to desolate the sick'ning land,
 When many a mingled cry and dying pray'r
 Resounded to the list'ning midnight air,
 When deep dismay heard not the frequent knell,
 And the wan ■ feater'd ■ it fell :
 'T was there, with holy Virtue's awful mien,
 Amid the sad sights of that fearful scene,
 Calm he was found: the dews of death he dried ;
 He spoke of comfort to the poor that cried ;
 He watch'd the fading eye, the flagging breath,
 Ere yet the languid sense ■ lost in death ;
 And with that look protecting angels wear,
 Hung o'er the dismal couch of pale Despair !

Friend of mankind! thy righteous task is o'er ;
 The heart, that throbb'd with pity, beats no ■

Around the limits of this rolling sphere,
 Where'er the just and good thy tale shall hear,
 A tear shall fall: alone, amidst the gloom
 Of the still dungeon, his long sorrow's tomb,
 The captive, mourning o'er his chain, shall bend
 To think the cold earth holds his only friend !—
 He who with labour draws his wasting breath
 On the forsaken silent bed of death,
 Rememb'ring thy last look and anxious eye,
 Shall gaze around, unvisited, and die.

Friend of mankind, farewell!—these tears ■ shed,
 So nature dictates, o'er thy earthly bed;
 Yet we forget not, it was his high will,
 Who saw thee virtue's arduous task fulfil,
 Thy spirit from its toil at last should rest:—
 So wills thy God, and what He wills is best!

Thou hast encounter'd dark disease's train,
 Thou hast conversed with poverty and pain,
 Thou hast beheld the dreariest forms of woe
 That through this mournful vale unfriended go;
 And, pale with sympathy, hast paused to hear
 The saddest plaints e'er told to human ear.
 Go then, the task fulfill'd, the trial o'er,
 Where sickness, want, and pain, ■ known ■ more!

How awful did thy lonely track appear,
 Enlight'ning misery's benighted sphere!

As when an angel all-serene goes forth
 To still the raging tempest of the North,
 Th' embattled clouds that hid the struggling day,
 Slow from his face retire in dark array;
 On the black waves, like promontories hung,
 A light, as of the orient morn, is flung,
 Till blue and level heaves the silent brine,
 And the new-lighted rocks at distance shine:
 E'en so didst thou go forth with cheering eye—
 Before thy look the shades of misery fly;
 So didst thou hush the tempest, stilling wide
 Of human woe the loud-lamenting tide.

Nor shall the spirit of those deeds expire,
 As fades the feeble spark of vital fire,
 But beam abroad, and cheer with lustre mild
 Humanity's remotest prospects wild,
 Till this frail orb shall from its sphere be hurl'd,
 Till final ruin hush the murmuring world,
 And all its sorrows, at the awful blast
 Of the Archangel's trump, be but as shadows past!

Relentless Time! that steals with silent tread,
 Shall tear away the trophies of the dead.
 Fame, on the pyramid's aspiring top,
 With sighs shall her recording trumpet drop;
 The feeble characters of Glory's hand
 Shall perish, like the tracks upon the sand;
 But not with these expire the sacred flame
 Of virtue, or the good man's awful ■

HOWARD! it matters not, that far away
 From Albion's peaceful shore thy bones decay.
 Him it might please, by whose sustaining hand
 Thy steps were led through many ■ distant land,
 Thy long and last abode should there be found,
 Where many a savage nation prowls around;
 That Virtue from the hallow'd spot might rise,
 And pointing to the finish'd sacrifice,
 Teach to the roving Tartar's savage clan
 Lessons of love, and higher aims of man.
 The hoary chieftain, who thy tale shall hear,
 Pale on thy grave shall drop his faltering spear;
 The cold, unpitying Cossack thirst no more
 To bathe his burning falchion deep in gore,
 Relentless to the cry of carnage speed,
 Or urge o'er gasping heaps his panting steed!

Nor vain the thought that fairer hence may rise
 New views of life, and wider charities.
 Far from the bleak Riphean mountains hoar,
 From the cold Don, and Wolga's wand'ring shore,
 From many a shady forest's lengthening tract,
 From many ■ dark-descending cataract,
 Succeeding tribes shall come, and o'er the place,
 Where sleeps the general friend of human race,
 Instruct their children what ■ debt they owe,
 Speak of the man who trod the paths of woe;
 Then bid them to their native woods depart,
 With new-born virtue aching at their heart.

When o'er the sounding Euxine's stormy tides
 In hostile pomp the Turk's proud navy rides,
 Bent on the frontiers of th' Imperial Czar,
 To pour the tempest of vindictive war;
 If onward to those shores they haply steer,
 Where, HOWARD, thy cold dust reposes near,
 Whilst o'er the wave the silken pennants stream
 And ■ far off the golden crescents gleam,
 Amid the pomp of war, the swelling breast
 Shall feel a still unwonted awe impress'd,
 And the relenting Pagan turn aside
 To think—on yonder shore the *Christian* died!

But thou, O Briton! doom'd perhaps to roam
 An exile many a year and far from home,
 ■ ever fortune thy lone footsteps leads
 To the wild Nieper's banks, and whisp'ring reeds,¹
 O'er HOWARD'S Grave thou shalt impassion'd bend,
 As if to hold sad converse with a friend.
 Whate'er thy fate upon this various scene,
 Where'er thy weary pilgrimage has been,
 There shalt thou pause; and shutting from thy heart
 Some vain regrets that oft unbidden start,
 Think upon him to every lot resign'd,
 Who wept, who toil'd, who perish'd for mankind.

For me, who musing, HOWARD, on thy fate,
 These pensive strains at evening meditate,
 I thank thee for the lessons thou hast taught
 To mend my heart, or animate my thought.
 I thank thee, HOWARD, for that awful view
 Of life which thou hast drawn, most sad, most true.
 Thou art ■ more! and the frail fading bloom
 Of this poor offering dies upon thy tomb:
 Beyond the transient sound of earthly praise
 Thy virtues live, perhaps, in seraph's lays!
 I, borne in thought, to the wild Nieper's wave,
 Sigh to the reeds that whisper o'er thy grave.

ON SHAKSPEARE.

O SOVEREIGN Master! who with lonely state
 Dost rule as in some isle's enchanted land,
 On whom soft airs and shadowy spirits wait,
 Whilst scenes of faerie bloom at thy command!
 On thy wild shores forgetful could I lie;
 And list, till earth dissolved to thy sweet minstrelsy!

¹ The town (i. e. Cherson, on the Black-sea, where Howard died) is entirely furnished with fuel by reeds, of which there is an inexhaustible forest in the shallows of the Boristhenes, or Nieper.

Call'd by thy magic from the hoary deep,
 Aërial forms should in bright troops ascend,
 And then a wond'rous mask before me sweep;
 Whilst sounds, that the earth own'd not, seem to blend
 Their stealing melodies, that when the strain
 Ceased, *I should weep, and would so dream again!*

The song is ceased. Ah! who, pale shade, art thou,
 Sad raving to the rude tempestuous night?
 Sure thou hast had much wrong, ■ stern thy brow,
 So piteous thou dost tear thy ■ white;
 So wildly thou dost cry, « *Blow, bitter wind,
 Ye elements, I call not you unkind!* »¹

Beneath the shade of nodding branches grey,
 'Mid rude romantic woods, and glens forlorn,
 The merry hunters wear the hours away;
 Rings the deep forest to the joyous horn!
 Joyous to all, but him,² who with sad look
 Hangs idly musing by the brawling brook.

But mark the merry elves of fairy land!³
 To the high moon's gleamy glance,
 They with shadowy morrice dance;
 Soft music dies along the desert sand;
 Soon at peep of cold-eyed day,
 Soon the numerous lights decay;
 Merrily, now merrily,
 After the dewy moon they fly.

The charm is wound: I ■ an aged form,
 In white robes, on the winding sea-shore stand;
 O'er the careering surge he waves his wand:
 Hark! on the bleak rock bursts the swelling storm.
 Now from bright op'ning clouds I hear a lay,
Come to these yellow sands, fair stranger,⁴ come away.

Saw ye pass by the weird sisters pale?⁵
 Mark'd ye the low'ring castle on the heath?
 Hark! hark! is the deed done? the deed of death!
 The deed is done:—hail, king of Scotland, hail!
 I see no more;—to many ■ fearful sound
 The bloody cauldron sinks, and all is dark around.

Pity! touch the trembling strings,
 A maid, ■ beauteous maniac, wildly sings:
 « They laid him in the ground ■ cold,⁶
 Upon his breast the earth is thrown;
 High is heap'd the grassy mould,
Oh! he is dead and gone.
 The winds of the winter blow o'er his cold breast,
 But pleasant shall be his rest.»

O sovereign Master! at whose sole command
 We start with terror, or with pity weep;
 O! where is ■ thy all-creating wand?
 Buried ten thousand fathoms in the deep.
 The staff is broke, the powerful spell is fled,
 And never earthly guest shall in thy circle tread.

¹ Lear.

² *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

³ See *Macbeth.*

⁴ Jacques: *As You Like It.*

⁵ Ferdinand: see *The Tempest.*

⁶ Ophelia: *Hamlet.*

ABBA THULE.¹

I ■■■ the highest cliff: I hear the sound
 Of dashing waves; I gaze intent around:
 I mark the sun that orient lifts his head!
 I mark the sea's lone rule beneath him spread:
 But ■ ■ speck can my long-straining eye,
 A shadow, o'er the tossing waste desery,
 That I might weep tears of delight, and say,
 « It is the bark that bore my child away! »

Thou sun, that beamest bright, beneath whose eye
 The worlds unknown, and out-stretch'd waters, lie,
 Dost thou behold him now? On some rude shore,
 Around whose crags the cheerless billows roar,
 Watching th' unwearied surges doth he stand,
 And think upon his father's distant land?
 Or has his heart forgot, so far away,
 These native scenes, these rocks and torrents grey,
 The tall bananas whispering ■ the breeze,
 The shores, the sound of these encircling seas,
 Heard from his infant days, and the piled heap
 Of holy stones, where his forefathers sleep?

Ah, me! till sunk by sorrow, I shall dwell
 With them forgetful in the narrow cell,
 Never shall time from my fond heart efface
 His image; oft his shadow I shall trace
 Upon the glimmering waters, when on high
 The white moon wanders through the cloudless sky.
 Oft in my silent cave (when to its fire
 From the night's rushing tempest we retire)
 I shall behold his form, his aspect bland;
 I shall retrace his footsteps in the sand;
 And, when the hollow-sounding surges swell,
 Still think I listen to his ochoing shell.

Would I had perish'd ere that hapless day,
 When the tall vessel, in its trim array,
 First rush'd upon the sounding surge, and bore
 My age's comfort from the sheltering shore!
 I saw it spread its white wings to the wind—
 Too soon it left these hills and woods behind—
 Gazing, its course I follow'd till mine eye
 No longer could its distant track descry;
 Till on the confines of the billows hoar
 Awhile it hung, and then was ■ no more;
 And only the blue hollow heav'n I spied,
 And the long waste of waters tossing wide.

More mournful then each falling surge I heard;
 Then dropt the stagnant tear upon my beard.
 Methought the wild ■ said, amidst their roar
 At midnight, « Thou shalt see thy ■ ■ more! »

Now thrice twelve moons through the mid heav'ns
 have roll'd,
 And many a dawn, and slow night, have I told;
 And still, as every weary day goes by,
 A knot recording on my line I tie;²

¹ See History of the Pelew Islands.

² I find, by referring to the book, that I have here made a mistake, which I hope the reader will pardon. The knots were tied at the time of Le Boe's departure, and one untied every moon by the disconsolate Father.—There is a very interesting relation on this subject in Dixon's Voyage round the World, who, some years afterwards sailing ■ the Pelew Islands, observed a person on shore

But never more, emerging from the main,
I see the stranger's bark approach again.
Has the fell storm o'erwhelm'd him? Has its sweep
Buried the bounding vessel in the deep?

making signs to the vessel, whom we have ~~to~~ suppose from subsequent accounts to have been the unfortunate father of Le Boo. Captain Dixon, at the time, was ignorant of every circumstance relating to this interesting story, with which Mr Keats concludes his account of the Pelew Islands:—

“The evening before the *Oruslong* sailed, the King asked Capt. Wilson how long it might be before his return to Pelew? and being told, that it would probably be about thirty moons, or might chance to extend to six more, Abba Thulé drew from his basket a piece of *line*, and after making thirty knots in it, a little distance from each other, left a long space, and then adding six others, carefully put it by.

“As the slow but sure steps of Time have been moving onward, the reader's imagination will figure the anxious parent resorting to this cherished remembrance, and with joy recalling the early records of each elapsing period;—as he ~~was~~ him advancing on his line, he will conceive that joy redoubled; and when nearly approaching to the *thirtieth* knot, almost accusing the planet of the night for passing ~~so~~ tardily away.

“When verging towards the termination of his *latest* reckoning, he will then picture his mind glowing with parental affection, occasionally alarmed by doubt—yet still buoyed up by hope;—he will fancy him pacing inquisitively the sea-shore, and often commanding his people to ascend every rocky height, and glance their eyes along the level line of the horizon which bounds the surrounding ocean, to ~~see~~ if haply it might not in ~~some~~ part be broken by the distant appearance of a returning sail.

“Lastly, he will view the good Abba Thulé, wearied out by that expectation, which ~~so~~ many returning moons, since his reckoning ceased, have by this time taught him he had nourished in vain. But the reader will bring him back to ~~his~~ remembrance, ~~so~~ armed with that unshaken fortitude that ~~is~~ equal to the trials of varying life. ~~He~~ will not in him, ~~be~~ in less manly spirits, ~~see~~ the passions rushing into opposite extremes—*Hope* turned to *Despair*—*Affection* converted to *Hatred*.—No. After some allowance for their natural fermentation, he will suppose them all placidly subsiding into the calm ~~of~~ Resignation!—

“Should this not be absolutely the case of our friendly King—as the human mind is far more pained by *uncertainty* than a knowledge of the *worst*—every reader will lament, he should to this moment remain ignorant, that his long looked-for Son can return ~~no~~ more.

“At Rome, the life of one citizen saved gave a claim ~~in~~ the *eterno* wreath—at Pelew, so many of our countrymen rescued from distress, and, by Abba Thulé's protection and benevolence, not only saved from inevitable destruction, but enabled to return in safety ~~to~~ their families and friends, hath sure a still stronger claim to a wreath from *British gratitude*!—

—“Capt. Wilson ~~was~~ ~~the~~ India-*House* the unfortunate death ~~of~~ this young man; ~~and~~ received orders to conduct every thing with proper decency respecting his funeral. He ~~was~~ interred in Rotherhithe churchyard, ~~the~~ Captain and his brother attending. All the young people of the Academy joined in this testimony of regard; and the concourse of people ~~in~~ ~~the~~ church was ~~so~~ great, that it appeared ~~as~~ if the whole parish had assembled to join in solemnizing the last ceremonies paid ~~to~~ one who was so much beloved by all who had known him in it.

“The India Company, ~~soon~~ after, ordered a tomb to be erected over his grave, with the following inscription, which I have transcribed from it:—

To the Memory of
PRINCE LE BOO,

A native of the Pelew or Palos Islands;
And son to Abba Thulé, Ruler ~~of~~ King
Of the Island *Coorooraa*;

Who departed this life ~~on~~ the 27th of December 1784.
Aged 20 years;

This Stone is inscribed,

By the Honourable United East-India Company,
As a Testimony of Esteem

For the humane and kind treatment afforded by his Father
~~to~~ the Crew of their ship the *Antelope*, Capt. Wilson,
which was wrecked off that Island in the night
of the 9th of August, 1783.

Stop, Reader, stop! let Nature claim a tear—
A Prince of mine, Le Boo, lies buried here.—

Is he cast bleeding on ~~some~~ desert plain?
Upon his father did he call in vain?
Have pitiless and bloody tribes defiled
The cold limbs of my brave, my beauteous child!

Oh! I shall never, never hear his voice;
The spring-time shall return, the isles rejoice;
But faint and weary I shall meet the morn,
And 'mid the cheering sunshine droop forlorn!

The joyous conch sounds in the high wood loud,
O'er all the beach ~~the~~ stream the busy crowd;
Fresh breezes stir the waving plantain grove;
The fisher carols in the winding cove;
And light ~~the~~ along the lucid tide
With painted shells and sparkling paddles glide.
I linger ~~on~~ the desert rock alone,
Heartless, and cry for thee, my Son, my Son.

WRITTEN AT SOUTHAMPTON.

SMOOTH went our boat upon the summer seas,
Leaving (for so it seem'd) the world behind,
Its sounds of mingled uproar; we, reclined
Upon the sunny deck, heard but the breeze
That o'er us whispering pass'd, or idly play'd
With the lithe flag aloft.—A woodland scene
On either side drew its slope line of green,
And hung the water's shining edge with shade.
Above the woods, Netley! thy ruins pale
Peer'd, as we pass'd; and Vecta's¹ azure hue
Beyond the misty castle² met the view;
Where in mid channel hung the scarce-seen sail.
So all ~~the~~ calm and sunshine as we went
Cheerily o'er the briny element.
Oh! were this little boat to us the world,
As thus we wander'd far from sounds of care,
Circled with friends and gentle maidens fair,
Whilst morning airs the waving pennant curl'd;
How sweet were life's long voyage, till in peace
We gain'd that haven still, where all things cease!

VERSES

~~TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF LEEDS, AND
THE PROMOTERS OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.³~~

WHEN want, with wasted mien and haggard eye,
Retires in silence to her cell to die;
When o'er her child she hangs with speechless dread,
Faint and despairing of to-morrow's bread;
Who shall approach to bid the conflict cease,
And to her parting spirit whisper peace?
Who thee, poor Infant, that with aspect bland
Dost stretch forth innocent thy helpless hand,
Shall pitying then protect, when thou art thrown
On the world's waste, unfriended and alone?

Oh! hapless Infancy! if aught could move
The hardest heart to pity and to love,

¹ Isle of Wight.

² Kelsnot Castle.

³ The Philanthropic Society was instituted in Sept. 1788, for the prevention of crimes, by seeking out, and training up to virtue and industry, the Children of the most abject and criminal among the vagrant and profligate Poor; by these means more effectually to alleviate human misery, and to oppose the progress of vice.

'T were surely found in thee: dim passions mark
Stern manhood's brow, where age impresses dark
The stealing line of sorrow; but thine eye
Wears not distrust, or grief, or perfidy:
Though fortune's storms with dismal shadow low'r,
Thy heart nor fears nor feels the bitter show'r;
Thy tear is soon forgotten; thou wilt weep,
And then the murmuring winds will hush thy sleep,
As 't were with some sad music;—and thy smiles.
Unlike to those that mask oft cruel wiles,
Plead best thy speechless innocence, and lend
A charm might win the world to be thy friend!

But thou art oft abandon'd in thy smiles,
And early vice thy easy heart beguiles.
O for some voice, that of the secret maze
Where the grim passions lurk, the winding ways
That lead to sin, and ruth, and deep lament,
Might haply warn thee, whilst yet innocent,
And beauteous as the spring-time o'er the hills
Advancing, when each vale glad music fills!
Else lost and wand'ring, the benighted mind
No spot of rest again shall ever find:
Then the ■■■■ smiles, that ■■■■ enchanting laid
Their magic beauty ■■■■ thy look, shall fade:
Then the bird's warbled song no ■■■■ shall cheer
With morning music thy delighted ear:
Fell thoughts and muttering passions shall awake,
And the fair rose the sullied cheek forsake!

As when still Autumn's gradual gloom is laid
Far o'er the fading forest's sadden'd shade,
A mournful gleam illumines the cold hill,
Yet palely wandering o'er the distant rill;
But when the hollow gust, slow rising, raves,
And high the pine on yon lone summit waves,
Each milder charm, like pictures of a dream,
Is perish'd, mute the birds, and dark the stream!
Scuds the drear sleat upon the whirlwind borne,
And scowls the landscape clouded and forlorn!—

So fades, so perishes, frail Virtue's hue:—
Her last and lingering smile ■■■■ but to rue,
Like Autumn, every summer beauty reft,
Till all is dark and to the winter left.
Yet Spring, with living touch, shall paint again
The green-leaved forest, and the purple plain;
With mingling melody the woods shall ring,
The whisp'ring breeze its long-lost incense fling:
But, Innocence! when once thy tender flower
The sickly taint has touch'd, where is that power
That shall bring back its fragrance, ■■■■ restore
The tints of loveliness, that shine no more?

How then for thee, who pinest in life's gloom,
Abandon'd child! shall hope or virtue bloom!
For thee, exposed amid the desert drear,
Which no glad gales or vernal sunbeams cheer?

Though some there are, who lift their head sublime,
Nor heed the transient storms of fate ■■■■ time;
Too oft, alas! beneath unfriendly skies,
The tender blossom shrinks its leaves, and dies!

Go, struggle with thy fate, pursue thy way—
Though thou art poor, the world around is gay.

Thou hast no bread; but on thy aching sight
Proud luxury's pavilions glitter bright;
In thy cold ■■■■ the song of gladness swells,
Whilst vacant folly chimes her tinkling bells:
The careless crowd prolong their hollow glee,
Nor ■■■■ relenting bosom thinks of thee.

Will ■■■■ the indignant spirit then rebel,
And the dark tide of passions fearful swell?
Will ■■■■ despite, perhaps, or bitter need,
Urge then thy temper to some direful deed?
Pale Guilt shall call thee to her ghastly band,
Or Murder welcome thee with reeking hand!
O wretched state, where our best feelings lie
Deep sunk in sullen, hopeless apathy!
Or wakeful cares, or gloomy terrors start,
And night and tempest mingle on the heart!

All mournful to the pensive sage's eye,
The monuments of human glory lie—
Fall'n palaces, crush'd by the ruthless haste
Of time, and many an empire's silent waste,
Where, 'midst the vale of long-departed years,
The form of desolation dim appears,
Pointing ■■■■ the wild plain with ruin spread,
The wracks of age, and records of the dead:
But where a sight shall shudd'ring sorrow find,
Sad as the ruins of the human mind,—
As Man, by his Great Maker raised sublime
Amid the universe, ordain'd to climb
The arduous height where Virtue sits serene;—
As Man, the high lord of this nether scene,
So fall'n, ■■■■ lost!—his noblest boast destroy'd,
His ■■■■ affections left a piteous void?

But oh, sweet Charity! what sounds were those
That ■■■■ the list'ning ear, soft as the close
Of distant music, when the hum of day
Is hush'd, and dying gales the airs convey!
• Come, hapless Orphans, (meek Compassion cried)
Where'er, unshelter'd outcasts, ye abide
The bitter driving wind, the freezing sky,
Th' oppressor's scourge, the proud man's contumely;
Come, hapless Orphans! ye who never saw
A tear of kindness shed ■■■■ your cold straw;
Who never met with joy the morning light,
Or hush'd your little pray'r of peace at night:
Come, hapless Orphans! nor, when youth should spring
Soaring aloft, as on an eagle's wing,
Shall ye forsaken on the ground be left,
Of hope, of virtue, and of peace bereft!
Far from the spring-tide gale, and joyous day,
■■■■ the deep ■■■■ of Despair ye lay:
She, iron-hearted mother, never press'd
Your wasted forms with transport to her breast;
When ■■■■ o'er all the world your 'plaint would hear,
She ■■■■ kiss'd away the falling tear,
Or fondly smiled, forgetful, to behold
Some infant grace its early charm unfold.
She ne'er with mingling hopes and rising fears,
Sigh'd for the fortune of your future years:
Or ■■■■ you hand in hand rejoicing stray
Beneath the morning ■■■■, on youth's delightful way.
But happier ■■■■ invite, and fairer skies—
From your dark bed, Children of woe, arise!

In caves where peace ne'er smiled, where joy ne'er came,
Where friendship's eye ne'er glisten'd at the —
Of one she loved, where famine and despair
Sat silent 'mid the damp and lurid air,
The soothing voice is heard; a beam of light
Is cast upon their features sunk and white;
With trembling joy they catch the stealing sound;
Their famish'd little ones come smiling round.

Sweet Infancy! whom all the world forsook,
Thou hast put on again thy cherub look:
Guilt, shrinking at the sight, in deep dismay
Flies cowering, and resigns his wonted prey.

But who is she in garb of misery clad,
Yet of less vulgar mien?—a look — sad
The mourning maniac wears—so wild, yet meek:
A beam of joy now wanders o'er her cheek
The pale eye visiting: it leaves it soon,
As fade the dewy glances of the —
Upon — wand'ring cloud, while slow the ray
Retires, and leaves more dark the heav'n's wide way.

Lost mother, early doom'd — guilt and shame,
Whose friends of youth — sigh not o'er thy name,
Heavy has sorrow fall'n upon thy head,
Yet think—one hope remains when thou art dead;
Thy houseless child, thy only little one,
Shall not look round, defenceless and alone,
For one to guide her youth—nor with dismay
Each stranger's cold unfeeling look survey!
She shall not now be left a prey to shame,
Whilst slow disease preys on her faded frame;
Nor, when the bloom of innocence is fled,
Thus fainting bow her unprotected head!
Oh, she shall live, and piety and truth,
The loveliest ornaments, shall grace her youth!
And should her eye with softest lustre shine,
And should she wear such smiles as once were thine,
The smiles of peace and virtue they should prove,
Blessing the calm abode of faithful love!

For you¹ who thus, by pure compassion taught,
Have wept o'er human sorrows;—who have sought
Want's dismal cell, and pale as from the dead
To life and light the speechless Orphan led;—
Trust that the deed, in Mercy's book enroll'd,
Approving spirits of the just behold!

Meanwhile, — virtues here, as on the wing
Of morn, from Sorrow's dreary shades shall spring:
Young Modesty, with fair untainted bloom;
And Industry that sings beside her loom;
And ruddy Labour, issuing from his hatch
Ere the slant sunbeam strikes the lowly thatch;
And sweet Contentment smiling — a rock,
Like Alpine shepherdess beside her flock;
And tender Love, that hastes with myrtle-braid
To bind the tresses of the favour'd maid;
And Piety with unclasp'd holy book,
Lifting to heaven her mildly-beaming look:
These village virtues — the plain shall throng,
And Albion's hills resound a cheerful song;
Whilst Charity with dewy eye-lids bland,
Leading a lisping infant in her hand,

¹ The Promoters of the Charity.

Shall bend at pure Religion's holy shrine,
And say, "These children, God of love, are thine!"

THE AFRICAN.

FAINT-GAZING on the burning orb of day,
When Afric's injured son expiring lay,
His forehead cold, his labouring bosom bare,
— dewy temples, and his sable hair,
— poor companions kiss'd, and cried aloud,
Rejoicing, whilst his head in peace he bow'd:—

• Now thy long, long task is done,
Swiftly, brother, wilt thou run,
Ere to-morrow's golden beam
Glitter — thy parent stream,
Swiftly the delights to share,
The feast of joy which waits thee there:
Swiftly, brother, wilt thou ride
O'er the long and stormy tide,
Fleeter than the hurricane,
Till thou view those scenes again,
Where thy father's hut was rear'd,
Where thy mother's voice was heard;
Where thy infant brothers play'd
Beneath the fragrant citron shade;
Where through green savannahs wide
Cooling rivers silent glide,
Or the shrill sigarras¹ sing
Ceaseless to their murmuring;
Where the dance, the festive song,
• Of many a friend divided long,
Doom'd through stranger lands to roam,
Shall bid thy spirit welcome home!

• Fearless o'er the foaming tide
Again thy light canoe shall ride;
Fearless on th' embattled plain
Thou shalt lift thy lance again;
Or, starting at the call of morn,
Wake the wild woods with thy horn;
Or, rushing down the mountain-slope,
Overtake the nimble antelope;
Or lead the dance, 'mid blissful bands,
On cool Andracte's yellow sands;
Or, in th' embow'ring orange-grove,
Tell to thy long-forsaken love
The wounds, the agony severe,
Thy patient spirit suffer'd here!

• Fear not now the tyrant's pow'r—
Past is his insulting hour—
Mark — more the sullen trait
On slavery's brow of scorn and hate;
Hear no more the long sigh borne
Murmuring on the gales of morn!

• Go in peace—yet we remain
Far distant, toiling on in pain;
Ere the great Sun fire the skies
To — work of woe — rise;

¹ The idea is taken from the supposed circumstance of the Negro, after death, expecting — return to his native country, where

—the shrill sigarras sing.

Sigarra — an insect somewhat resembling a grasshopper.—DANIEL'S Voyage.

And ■ each night, without ■ friend,
The world's great comforter descend!

■ Tell our brethren, where ye meet,
Thus we toil with weary feet;
Yet tell them, that Love's gen'rous flame,
In joy, in wretchedness, the same,
In distant worlds was ne'er forgot—
And tell them, that ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ not—
Tell them, though the pang will start,
And drain the life-blood from the heart—
Tell them, generous shame forbids
The tear to stain ■ burning lids!
Tell them, in weariness and want,
For our native hills ■ pant,
Where soon, from shame and sorrow free,
We hope in death to follow thee.*

THE AMERICAN INDIAN'S SONG.

STRANGER, stay! nor wish to climb
The heights of yonder hills sublime;
For there strange shapes and spirits dwell,
That oft the murmuring thunders swell,
Of pow'r from the impending steep
To hurl thee headlong ■ the deep!
But secure with us abide,
By the winding river's side;
Our gladsome toil, our pleasures share,
And think not of ■ world of care.

The lonely cayman,² where he feeds
Among the green high-bending reeds,
Shall yield thee pastime; thy keen dart
Through his bright scales shall pierce his heart.
Home returning from our toils,
Thou shalt bear the tiger's spoils;
And we will sing our loudest strain
O'er the forest-tyrant slain!

Sometimes thou shalt pause to hear
The beauteous cardinal sing clear,
Where hoary oaks, by time decay'd,
Nod in the deep wood's pathless glade;
And the sun with bursting ray
Quivers on the branches grey.

By the river's craggy banks,
O'erhung with stately cypress-ranks,
Where the bush-bee³ hums his song,
Thy trim ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ shall graze along.

To-night at least, in this retreat,
Stranger! rest thy wand'ring feet;
To-morrow, with unerring bow,
To the deep thickets fearless we will go.

MONODY, WRITTEN AT MATLOCK, 1791.

MATLOCK! amid thy hoary-hanging views,
Thy glens that smile sequester'd, and thy nooks
Which yon forsaken crag all dark o'erlooks,
Once more I meet the long-neglected Muse,

¹ The Indians believe some of their high mountains ■ be inhabited by supernatural beings.

² Cayman—the Alligator.

³ The bush-bee lives ■ shrubs and low trees.

As erst when by the mossy brink and falls
Of solitary Wensbeck, or the side
Of Clysdale's cliffs, where first her voice she tried,
We wander'd in our youth.—Since then, the thralls
That wait life's upland road have chill'd her breast,
And much, ■ much they might, her wing depress'd—
Wan Indolence, resign'd, her dead'ning hand
Laid on her heart, and Fancy her cold wand
Dropp'd at the frown of Fortune; yet once more
I call her, and once more her converse sweet,
'Mid the still limits of this wild retreat,
I woo:—if yet delightful as of yore
My heart she may revisit, ■ deny
The soothing aid of ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ sweet melody!

I hail the rugged ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ that bursts around—
I mark the wreathed roots, the saplings grey,
That bend o'er the dark Derwent's wand'ring way;
I mark its stream, with peace-persuading sound,
That steals beneath the fading foliage pale,
Or, at the foot of frowning crags uprear'd,
Complains like one forsaken and unheard.
To me, it seems to tell the pensive tale
Of spring-time, and the summer-days all flown—
And while sad autumn's voice e'en now I hear
Along the umbrage of the high-wood moan,
At intervals, whose shivering leaves fall sear;
Whilst o'er the groupe of pendent groves I view
The slowly-spreading tints of pining hue,
I think of poor Humanity's brief day,
How fast its blossoms fade, its summers speed away!

When first young Hope, a golden-tressed boy,
Most musical his early madrigal
Sings to the whispering waters as they fall,
Breathing fresh airs of fragrance and of joy,
The wild woods gently wave—the morning sheds
Her rising radiance on the mountain-heads—
Strew'd with green isles appears old Ocean's reign,
And seen at distance rays of resting light
Silver the farthest promontory's height:
Then hush'd is the long murmur of the main,
Whilst silent o'er the slowly-crisping tides,
Bound to some beaming spot, the bark of pleasure glides.

Alas! the scenes that smile in light array'd,
But catch the sense, and then in darkness fade.

We, poor adventurers, of peace bereft,
Look back on the green hills which late ■ left,
Or turn, with beating breast and anxious eye,
To some faint hope that glimm'ring ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ sight
(Like the lone watch-tow'r in the storm of night),
Then on the dismal waste are driv'n despairing by!

Meantime, amid the landscape cold and mute,
Hope, sweet enchanter, sighing drops his lute;
So sad decay and mortal change succeeds,
And o'er the silent scene Time, like a giant, speeds!

Yet the bleak cliffs so high
(Around whose beetling crags, with ceaseless coil,
And still-returning flight, the ravens toil)
Heed not the changeful seasons ■ they fly,
Nor spring, nor autumn: they their hoary brow
Uplift, and ages past, as in this now,

The same deep trenches unsubdu'd have worn,
The same majestic frown, and looks of lofty scorn.

So Fortitude, a mailed warrior old,
Appears: he lifts his scar-intrenched crest:
The tempest gathers round his dauntless breast:
He hears far off the storm of havoc roll'd:
The feeble fall around: their sound is past:
Their sun is set: their place more is known:
Like the wan leaves before the winter's blast
They perish:—He unshaken and alone
Remains—his brow a sterner shade assumes,
By age ennobled, whilst the hurricane,
That raves resistless o'er the ravaged plain,
But shakes unfelt his helmet's quiv'ring plumes.

So yonder sov'reign^{*} of the ■■■■ I mark
Above the woods ■■■■ his majestic head,
That ■■■■ all shatter'd at his feet shall shed
Their short-lived beauties—he the winter dark
Regardless, and the wasteful time that flies,
Rejoicing in his lonely might, defies.

Thee, wandering in the deep and craggy dell,
Sequester'd stream I with other thoughts I view:
Thou dost in solitude thy course pursue,
As thou hadst bid life's busy ■■■■ farewell,
Yet making still such music ■■■■ might cheer
The weary passenger that journeys near.

Such ■■■■ the songs of Peace in Virtue's shade,
Unheard of Folly, or the vacant train
That pipe and dance upon the noon-tide plain,
Till in the dust together they are laid!
But not unheard of Him, who sits sublime
Above the clouds of this tempestuous clime,
Its stir and strife; to whom more grateful rise
The humble incense, and the still small voice
Of those that on their pensive way rejoice,
Than shouts of thousands echoing to the skies,
Than songs of conquest pealing round the car
Of hard Ambition, or the Fiend of War,
Sated with slaughter.—Nor may I, sweet Stream!
From thy wild banks and still retreats depart
(Where ■■■■ I meditate my casual theme)
Without some mild improvement ■■■■ my heart
Pour'd sad, yet pleasing! ■■■■ may I forget
The crosses and the ■■■■ that sometimes fret
Life's smoothest channel, and each wish prevent
That ■■■■ the silent current of content!

In such ■■■■ spot, amidst these rugged views,
The pensive poet in his drooping age
Might wish to place his reed-roof'd hermitage—
Where much ■■■■ life's vain shadows he might muse!
If fortune smiled not on his early way,
If he were doom'd to ■■■■ ■■■■ faithless friend,
Here he might rest, and when his hairs ■■■■ grey,
Behold in peace th' parting day descend:
If a hard world his errors scann'd severe
(When late the earth received his mould'ring clay),
Perhaps some loved companion wand'ring near,
Plucking the grey moss from the stone, might say,
"Him I remember in our careless days

^{*} Matlock High Tor.

Vacant and glad, till many a loss severe
First hung his placid eye-lids with a tear;
Yet ■■■■ such visions ardent would he gaze,
As the muse loved, which oft would smile and die
Like the faint bow, that leaves the weeping sky—
■■■■ heart unguarded, yet it proudly beat
Against hard wrong, or coward cold deceit;—
Nor pass'd he e'er, without ■■■■ sigh, the cell
Where wretchedness and her pale children dwell.
He ■■■■ wish'd to win the world's cold ear,
Nor, known to those he loved, its blame could fear;
■■■■ praise he left to those, who, at their will,
Th' ingenious strain of torturing art could trill!
Content, ■■■■ random fancies might inspire,
■■■■ his weak reed, at times, or plaintive lyre,
He touch'd with desultory hand, and drew
Some soften'd tones, ■■■■ Nature not untrue."

The leaves, O Derwent! on thy bosom still
Oft with the gust now fall—the ■■■■ pale
Hath smote with hand unseen the silent vale
And slowly steals the verdure from the hill—
So the fair scene departs, yet wears awhile
The lingering traces of its beauteous smile:
But ■■■■ who by thy margin stray, or climb
The cliff's aerial height, or join the song
Of hope and gladness amidst yonder throng
(*"Losing the brief and fleeting hours of time"*),
Reck not how age, ev'n thus, with icy hand,
Hangs o'er us—how, as with a wizard's wand,
Youth blooming like the spring, and roscate mirth,
To slow and sear consumption he shall change,
And with invisible mutation strange,
Wither'd and wasted send them to the earth;
Whilst hush'd, and by the mace of ruin rent,
Sinks the forsaken hall of merriment!

Bright bursts the sun upon the shaggy scene!
The aged rocks their glittering summits grey
Hang beautiful amid the beams of day;
And all the woods, with slowly-fading green,
Yet smiling wave:—severer thoughts, away!
The night is distant, and the lovely day
Looks on ■■■■ yet—the sound of mirthful cheer
From yonder dome ■■■■ pleasant to mine ear.
From rock to rock reverberated swells—
Hark!—the glad music of the village bells:
On the crag's naked point the heifer lows,
And wide below the bright'ning landscape glows!

Though brief the time and short our course to run,
Derwent! amid the scenes that deck thy side
(Ere yet the parting paths of life divide),
Let us rejoice, seeking what may be won
From the laborious day, or fortune's frown:
Here may we, ere the sun of life goes down,
Awhile regardless of the morrow, dwell;
Then ■■■■ ■■■■ destined roads, and speed us well!

VERSES

■■■■ THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDMUND BURKE, ON HIS
■■■■ ON THE REVOLUTIONS IN FRANCE."

Why ■■■■ th' ingenious Moralist, whose mind
Science has stored, and piety refin'd,

That fading Chivalry displays no more
 ■ pomp and stately tournaments of yore?
 Lo! when Philosophy and Truth advance,
 Scared at their frown, she drops her glittering lance;
 Round her reft castles the pale ivy crawls,
 And sunk and silent ■ her banner'd halls!

As when far off the golden Evening sails,
 And slowly sink the fancy-painted vales,
 With rich pavilions spread in long array;
 So rolls the enchanter's radiant realm away;
 So on the sight the parting glories fade,
 The gorgeous vision ■ in endless shade.
 But shall the musing shade for this lament,
 Or mourn the wizard's Gothic fabric rent?
 Shall he, with Fancy's poor and pensive child,
 Gaze on his shadowy vales, and prospects wild,
 With ling'ring love, and sighing bid farewell
 To the dim pictures of his parting spell?

No, BURKE! thy heart, by juster feelings led,
 Mourns for the spirit of high Honour fled:
 Mourns that Philosophy, abstract and cold,
 With'ring should smite life's fancy-flower'd mould;
 And many a smiling sympathy depart,
 That graced the sternness of the manly heart.

Nor shall the wise and virtuous scan severe
 These fair illusions, even to nature dear.
 Though now no more proud Chivalry recalls
 Her tourneys bright, and pealing festivals;
 Though now on high her idle spear is hung,
 Though Time her mould'ring harp has half unstrung;
 Her milder influence shall she still impart,
 To decorate, but ■ disguise, the heart;
 To nurse the tender sympathies that play
 In the short sunshine of life's early way;
 For female worth and meekness ■ inspire
 Homage and love, and temper rude desire;
 Nor seldom with sweet dreams sad thoughts to cheer,
 And half beguile affliction of her tear!

* This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry; and the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying ■ of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss I fear will be great. It ■ this which has given its character to modern Europe. It is this which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It ■ this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men ■ fellows with kings. Without force, or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns ■ submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority ■ submit ■ elegance, and gave a domination vanquisher of laws to ■ subdued by ■

But now all is ■ be changed. All the pleasing illusions, which made power gentle, and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, ■ be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart ■ and the understanding ratifies, ■ necessary ■ cover the defects of ■ naked shivering nature, and to ■ it to dignity in our ■ estimation, ■ be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.

BURKE'S *Reflections*, p. 113, 114.

Lo! this her boast; and still, O BURKE! be thine
 Her glowing hues that warm, yet temper'd shine:
 Whilst whispers bland, and fairest dreams, attend
 Thy evening path, till the last shade descend!
 ■ may she soothe, with loftier wisdom's aid,
 Thy musing leisure in the silent shade,
 And ■ poor Fancy, her cold pinions wet,
 Life's cloudy skies and beating show'rs forget.
 ■ can her fairest form, her sweetest song,
 Soothe thee, assail'd by calumny and wrong?
 Even ■ thy foes with louder accents cry,
 • Champion of unrelenting tyranny,
 At Freedom hast thou aim'd the deadly blow,
 And strove with impious ■ ■ lay her altars low!

No, BURKE! indignant at the voice we start:
 We trust thy liberal views, thy generous heart:
 We think of those who, naked, pale, and poor,
 Relieved and bless'd, have wander'd from thy door:
 We see thee with unwearied step explore
 Each track of bloodshed on the farthest shore
 Of injured Asia, and thy swelling breast
 Harrowing the oppressor, mourning for the oppress'd.

No, BURKE! where'er Injustice rears her head,
 Where'er with blood her idol grim is fed;
 Where'er fell Cruelty at her command
 With crimson banner marches through the land,
 And striding, like a giant, onward lies,
 Whilst man, a trodden worm, looks up, and dies!
 Where'er pale Murder, in her train appears
 With reeking axe, and garments wet with tears;
 Or, low'ring Jealousy, unmoved as fate,
 Bars fast the prison-cage's iron gate
 Upon the buried sorrows and the cries
 Of him who there, lost and forgotten, lies:
 When ministers like these, in fearful state,
 Upon a bloody tyrant's bidding wait,
 Thou ■ shalt own (and justice lift her rod)
 The ■ of Freedom is the cause of God!

Fair spirit! who dost rise in beauteous pride,
 Where proud Oppression hath thine arm defied;
 When led by Virtue thou dost firm advance,
 ■ and bathe in Guilt's warm blood thy burning lance;
 When all thy form its awful port assumes,
 And in the tempest shake thy crimson plumes,
 I mark thy lofty mien, thy steady eye,
 • So fall thy foes! • with tears of joy, I cry.

But ne'er may Anarchy, with eyes ■ flame,
 And mien distract, assume thy awful name:
 Her pale torch sheds afar its hideous glare,
 And shows the blood-drops in her dabbled hair;
 The fiends of discord hear her hollow voice,
 The spirits of the deathful storm rejoice:
 As when the rising blast with muttering sweep
 Sounds mid the branches of the forest deep,
 The sad horizon lowers, the parting ■
 ■ hid, strange murmurs through the high wood run,
 The falcon wheels away his mournful flight,
 And leaves the glens to solitude and night;
 Till ■ the hurricane, in dismal shroud,
 Comes fearful forth, and sounds her conch aloud;
 The oak majestic bows his hoary head,
 And ruin round his ancient reign is spread:

So the dark fiend, rejoicing in her might,
Pours desolation and the storm of night;
Before her dread — the good and just
Fly far, or sink expiring in the dust;
Wide wastes and mighty wrecks around her lie,
And the earth trembles at her impious cry!

Whether her temple, wet with human gore,
She thus may raise on Gallia's ravaged shore,
Belongs to Him alone, and His high will,
Who bids the tempests of the world be still.¹

With joy we turn to Albion's happier plain,
Where ancient Freedom holds her temperate reign;
Where Justice sits majestic on her throne;
Where Mercy turns her ear to every groan!
O Albion! fairest isle, whose verdant plain
Springs beauteous from the blue and billowy main;
In peaceful pomp whose glittering cities rise,
And lift their crowded temples to the skies;
Whose navy on the broad brine awful rolls;
Whose commerce glows beneath the distant poles;
Whose streams reflect full many an Attic pile;
Whose velvet lawns in long luxuriance smile;
Amid whose winding coombs contentment dwells,
Whose vales rejoice to hear the sabbath bells;
Whose humblest shed, that steady laws protect,
The villager with woodbine bow'rs hath deck'd.
Sweet Native Land! whose every haunt is dear,²
Whose ev'ry gale is music to mine ear;
Amidst whose hills one poor retreat I sought,
Where I might sometimes hide a sadd'ning thought,
And having wander'd far, and mark'd mankind
In their vain mask, might rest and safety find.
Oh! still may Freedom with majestic mien
Pacing thy rocks and the green vales be seen!
Around thy cliffs that glitter o'er the main,
May smiling Order wind her silver chain;
Whilst from thy calm abodes, and azure skies,
Far off the fiend of Discord murmuring flies!

To Him, who firm thy injured cause has fought,
This humble offering, lo! the muse has brought:
Nor heed thou, BUNKER! if, with averted eye
Scowling, cold Envy may thy worth decry.

It is the lot of — the best oft mourn,
As sad they journey through this cloudy bourne:
If conscious Genius stamp their chosen breast,
And on the forehead show her seal impress,
Perhaps they mourn, in bleak misfortune's shade,
Their age and cares with penury repaid;
Their errors deeply scan'd, their worth forgot,
Or mark'd by hard injustice with a blot.

¹ These lines were written before the murder of the late King of France, and many of the events of horror which have since taken place in that miserable country.

² England, with all thy faults I love thee still—
My Country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English winds and winners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Is sickle, and thy year most part deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And clouds without a flower, for France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs.

COWPER'S TASK, p. 56.

■ high they soar, and keep their distant way,
And spread their ample pinions ■ the day,
Malignant Faction hears with hate their name,
And all her tongues ■ busy at their fame.

But 't is enough to hold, ■ best we may,
Our destined track, till sets the closing day;
Whether with living lustre we adorn
Our high sphere, like the radiance of the morn;
Or whether silent in the shade we move,
Cheer'd by the lonely star of pensive love;
Or whether dark-opposing storms we stem,
Panting for virtue's distant diadem;
'T is the unshaken mind, the conscience pure,
That bids us firmly act, ■ meek endure;
'T is this might shield ■ when the storm beat hard,
Content, though poor, had we ■ other guard!¹

ON LEAVING A PLACE OF RESIDENCE.²

If I could bid thee, pleasant shade, farewell
Without a sigh, amidst those circling bow'rs
My stripling prime was pass'd, and happiest hours,
Dead were I to the sympathies that swell
The human breast! These woods, that whispering wave,
My father rear'd and nursed, now to the grave
Gone down: he loved their peaceful shades, and said
Perhaps, as here he mused, "Live, laurels green!
Ye pines, that shade the solitary scene,
Live blooming and rejoice: when I am dead
My son shall guard you, and amid your bow'rs,
Like me, find shelter from life's beating show'rs."

These thoughts, my father, every spot endear;
And whilst I think, with self-accusing pain,
A stranger shall possess the loved domain,
In each low wind I seem thy voice to hear.
But these are shadows of the shaping brain
That ■ my heart, alas! can ill sustain—
We must forget—the world is wide—th' abode
Of peace may still be found, nor hard the road.
It boots not, so, to every chance resign'd,
Where'er the spot, we bear th' unalter'd mind.
Yet, oh! poor cottage, and thou sylvan shade,
Remember, ere I left your coverts green
Where in my youth I mused, in childhood play'd,
I gazed, I paused, I dropp'd a tear unseen
(That bitter from the font of memory fell),
Thinking ■ him who rear'd you—Now, farewell.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS AT BATH, DECEMBER, 1795.

Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim amissas fleamus amicitias!
CATULLUS.

When I lie musing on my bed alone,
And listen to the wintry waterfall;³
And many moments that are past and gone
(Moments of sunshine and of joy) recall;

¹ Milton.

² Barton-Hill, ■ Shaftesbury, Dorset, ■ the property of Paul Bentfield, Esq., M. P.

³ The ■ of the river, heard from the Parade.

Though the long night is dark and damp around,
And ■ still star hangs out its friendly flame;
And the winds sweep the sash with sullen sound,
And freezing palsy creeps o'er all my frame;

I catch consoling phantasies that spring
From the thick gloom, and as the night-airs beat,
They touch my heart, like the wild wires' that ring
In mournful modulations, strange and sweet.

Was it the voice of thee, my buried friend?
Was it the whisper'd vow of faithful love?
Do I in ■■■■ green shades thy steps attend,
And hear the high pines murmur thus above?

'T was not thy voice, my buried friend!—Oh no:
'T was not, O ■■■■, the murmur of thy trees;
But at the thought I feel my bosom glow,
And woo the dream whose air-drawn shadows please.

And I can think I see the groves again,
The larches that yon peaceful roof embow'r,
The airy down, the cattle-speckled plain,
And the slant sunshine on the village tow'r.

And I can think I hear its sabbath chime
Come smoothly soften'd down the woody vale;
Or mark on yon lone eminence sublime,
Fast whirling in the wind, the white mill's sail.

Phantom! that by my bed dost beck'ning glide;
Spectre of Death! to the damp charnel lie;
Thy dim pale hand, thy fest'ring visage, hide;
Thou comest to say, "I with thy worms shall lie!"

Thou comest ■ say, that my once-vacant mind
Amid those ■■■■ shall never more rejoice;
Nor on the day of ■ the hoary hind
Bend o'er his staff, attentive to my voice!

Hast thou not visited that pleasant place,
Where in this hard world I have happiest been;
And shall I tremble at thy lifted mace,
That hath pierced all on which life seem'd to lean?

But Hope might whisper,—"Many a smiling day
And many a cheerful eve might yet be mine,
Ere age's autumn strew my locks with grey,
And weary ■ the dust my steps decline."

I argue not, but uncomplaining bow
To heav'n's high beak; secure, whate'er my lot,
Meek spirit of resign'd Content, that thou
Wilt smooth my pillow, and forsake ■ not.

Thou to the turfy hut with pilgrim feet
Wand'rest, from halls of loud tumultuous joy;
Or on the naked down, when the winds beat,
Dost sing to the forsaken shepherd-boy.

Thou art the sick man's nurse, the poor man's friend,
And through each change of life thou hast been mine;
In every ill thou canst a comfort blend,
And bid the eye, though sad, in sadness shine.

1 The Æolian Harp.

Thee I have met ■ Cherwell's willow'd side;
And when ■■ destined road far onward lay,
Thee I have found, whatever chance betide,
The kind companion of my devious way.

With thee unwearied have I loved to roam,
By the smooth-flowing Scheldt, ■■ rushing Rhine;
And thou hast gladden'd my sequester'd home,
And hung my peaceful porch with eglantine.

When cares and crosses my tired spirits tried,
When to the dust my Father I resign'd;
Amidst the quiet shade unseen I sigh'd,
And, blest with thee, forgot a world unkind.

Even now, while toiling through the sleepless night,
A tearful look to distant ■■■■ I cast,
And the glad objects that once charm'd my sight
Remember, like soft views of fairie past;

I see thee come half-smiling to my bed,
With Fortitude ■■■■ awfully severe,
Whose arm sustaining holds my drooping head,
Who dries with her dark locks the tender tear.

O firmer Spirit! on some craggy height
Who, when the tempest sails aloft, does stand,
And hear'st the ceaseless billows of the night
Rolling upon the solitary strand;

At this sad hour, when ■■ harsh thoughts intrude
To mar the melancholy mind's repose,
When I am left to night and solitude;
And languid life ■■■■ verging to its close;

Oh, let me thy pervading influence feel!
Be every weak and wayward thought suppress'd!
And hide thou, as with plates of coldest steel,
The faded aspect and the throbbing breast.

Silent the motley pageant may retreat,
And vain mortality's brief scenes remove;
Yet let my bosom, whilst with life it beat,
Breathe a last prayer for all ■ earth I love.

Slow-creeping pain weighs down my heavy eye,
And chiller faintness steals upon my breast;
"Oh, gentle muse, with ■■■■ sweet lullaby,"
Rock ■■ in long forgetfulness to rest.

ON LEAVING WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

WRITTEN ■ THE ■■■■ 1782.

THE spring shall visit thee again,
Itchin! and yonder aged fane¹
That casts its shadows ■ thy breast
(As if, by many winters beat,
The blooming ■■■■ it would greet),
With many ■ straggling wild-flower shall be dress'd!

¹ See Dr Harrington's exquisite Air to the words,—

Come, gentle Muse, ■■ an us sleep,
■■■ some sweet harmony!

² St Croix.

But I, amidst the youthful train
That stray at evening by thy side,
■ longer shall ■ guest remain
To mark the spring's reviving pride.—
I go not unrejoicing; hut who knows,
When I have shared, O world! thy common woes,
Returning I may drop some natural tears;
When these same fields I look around,
And hear from yonder dome¹ the slow bell sound,
And think upon the joys that crown'd my stripling
years!

HOPE, AN ALLEGORICAL SKETCH,
ON RECOVERING SLOWLY FROM SICKNESS.²

But thou, ■ Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bid the lovely ■■ at distance hail.

COLLINS.

[The primary idea ■ this Sketch ■ taken from the exquisite picture by COLLINS, in ■ ■ ■ the *Passions*.—The descriptive part was suggested by the scenery on the banks of the Southampton River, where the Author occasionally took his morning walks in the beginning of May, after tedious and melancholy confinement.]

I.

• I AM the comforter of those that mourn;
My ■■ well-shadow'd, and my carol sweet,
Cheer the poor passengers of life's rude bourne,
Till they are shelter'd in that last retreat,
Where human toils and troubles are forgot.
These sounds I heard amid this mortal road,
When I had reach'd with pain one pleasant spot,
So that for joy some tears in silence flow'd;
I raised mine eyes, which sickness long deprest,
And felt thy warmth, O sun! come cheering to my breast.

II.

The storm of night had ceased upon the plain,
When thoughtful in the forest-walk I stray'd,
To the long hollow murmur of the main
List'ning, and to the many leaves that made
A drowsy cadence, ■ the high trees waved;
When straight a beauteous scene burst ■ my sight;
Smooth were the waters that the low-lands laved;
And lo! a form, ■ of some fairy sprite,
That held in her right-hand a budding spray,³
And like ■ sea-maid sung her sweetly-warbled lay.

III.

Soothing ■ steals the summer-wave she sung,—
■ The grisly phantoms of the night are gone
To hear in shades forlorn the death-bell rung;
But thou, whom sickness hast left weak and wan,

¹ The Cathedral.

² These lines were dedicated: — To the Most Reverend WILLIAM ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, in gratitude for kindness and civilities ■ coired from him during sickness.—*Donhead*, Aug. 10, 1797.

³ ■■ Ancients represented Hope with a bud, just opening, in her hand.—See SPANCA's *Poignets*.

Turn from their spectre-terrors; the green ■
That whispers at my feet, the matin gale
That crisps its shining marge, shall solace thee,¹
And thou my long-forgotten voice shalt hail,
For I am Hope, whom weary hearts confess
The soothest sprite that sings on life's long wilderness.²

IV.

As slowly ceased her tender voice, I stood
Delighted: the hard way, so lately past,
Seem'd smooth; the ocean's bright-extended flood
Before me stretch'd; the clouds that overcast
Heaven's melancholy vault, hurried away,
Driven seaward, and the azure hills appear'd;
The sun-beams shone upon their summits grey,
Strange saddening sounds ■ more by fits were
heard,
But birds in ■■ leaves shrouded, sung aloft,³
And o'er the level ■■ spring's healing airs blew soft.

V.

As when a traveller, who many days
Hath journey'd mid Arabian deserts still,
A dreary solitude far on surveys,
Nor hears, or flitting bird, or gushing rill,
But near some marble ruin, gleaming pale,
Sighs mindful of the haunts of cheerful man,
And thinks he hears in every sickly gale
The bells of some slow-wheeling caravan;
At length, emerging o'er the dim tract, sees
Gay domes, and golden fanes, and minarets, and trees:

VI.

So beat my bosom, when my winding way
Led through the thickets to a shelter'd vale,
Where the sweet minstrel sat: a smooth clear bay
Skirted with woods appear'd, where many a sail
Went shining o'er the watery surface still,
Less'ning at last in the grey ocean-flood;
And yonder, half-way up the fronting hill,
Peeping from forth the trees, a cottage stood,
Above whose peaceful umbrage, trailing high,
A little smoke went up, and stain'd the cloudless sky.

VII.

I turn'd, and lo! a mountain seem'd to rise,
Upon whose top a spiry citadel
Lifted its dim-seen turrets to the skies,
Where some high lord of the domain might dwell;
And onward, where the eye scarce stretch'd its sight,
Hills ■■ hills in long succession rose,
Touch'd with ■ softer and yet softer light,
And all ■■ blended as in deep repose,
The woods, the sea, the hills that shone ■ fair,
Till woods, and sea, and hills, seem'd fading into air.

VIII.

At once, methought, I saw ■ various throng
To this enchanting spot their footsteps bend,
All drawn, sweet Hope! by thy inspiring song,
Which melodies scarce mortal seem to blend.

¹ I in these flow'ry meads would be,

These crystal streams should solace ■■

ISAAC WALTON's *Song in the Complete Angler*.

² ■■ adoperata novellis.—MILTON's *Eleg*.

First buxom Youth, with cheeks of glowing red,
Came lightly tripping o'er the morning dew,
He wore a harebell garland on his head,
And stretch'd his hands at the bright-bursting view :
A mountain fawn went bounding by his side,
Around whose slender neck a silver bell was tied.

IX.

Then said I, a Mistress of the magic song,
O pity 't were that hearts which know no guile
Should ever feel the pangs of ruth or wrong !
She heeded not, but sung with lovelier smile,
« Enjoy, O youth, the season of thy May,
Hark, how the throats in the hawthorn sing,
The hoary time, that resteth night and day,¹
O'er the earth's shade may speed with noiseless wing:
But heed not thou : snatch the brief joys that rise,
And sport beneath the light of these unclouded skies.»²

X.

His fine eye flashing an unwonted fire,
Then Fancy o'er the glade delighted went;
He struck at times a small and silver lyre,
Or gazed upon the rolling element;
Sometimes he took his mirror, which did show
The various landscape lovelier than the life;
More beamy bright the vivid tints did glow,
And so well mingled was the colours' strife,
That the fond heart, the beautiful shades once seen,
Would sigh for such retreats, for vales and woods so green!

XI.

Gay was his aspect, and his airy vest,
As loose it flow'd, such colours did display,
As paint the clouds reposing in the west,
Or the moist rainbow's radiant arch inlay;
And now he tripp'd, like fairy of the wood,
And seem'd with dancing spirits to rejoice,
And he hung his head in pensive mood—
Meantime, O Hope ! he listen'd to thy voice,
And whilst of joy and youth it cheerly sung,
Lightly he touch'd his harp, and o'er the valley sprung.

XII.

Pleasure, a frolic nymph, to the glad sound
Came dancing, as all fear she might forget,
And now she gazed with a sweet archness round,
And wantonly display'd a silken net :

¹ The time, that passeth night and day,
And restless travel's eye,
And staid from me as privily,
That to me seemeth skyerly,
That in one point dwelleth ever,
And certes it doth resteth never.

See CHAUCER'S *Roman de the Rose*.

² The reader will recollect Mrs Smith's affecting and most beautiful Sonnet.

Sighing I saw yon little troop at play ;
By sorrow yet untow'nd ; unhurt by pain ;
While free and sportive they enjoy to-day,
« Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare ! »
Happy age ! when Hope's unclouded ray
Lights their green path, and prompts their simple mirth,
Ere yet they feel the thorns that lurking lay
To wound the wretched pilgrims of the earth,
Making them rue the hour that gave them birth,
And throw them on a world so full of pain,
Where prosperous folly treads on patient worth,
And to deaf pride misfortune pleads in vain :
Ah ! for their future fate how many fears
Oppress my heart—and fill mine eyes with tears !

She won her way with fascinating air—
Her eyes illumined with a tender light,
Her smile's strange blandishment, her shaded hair
That length'ning hung, her teeth like ivory white,
That peep'd from her moist lip, seem'd to inspire
Tumultuous wishes warm, and dreams of fond desire.

XIII.

What softer passions did thy bosom move,
When those melodious measures met thine ear,
Child of Sincerity, and virtuous Love ?
Thine eyes did shine beneath a blissful tear
That still were turned to the tranquil scene,
Where the thin smoke rose from th' embow'd red cot ;
And thou didst think, that there, with smile serene,
In quiet shades, and every pang forgot,
Thou mightest sink in pure Affection's breast,
And listen to the winds that whisper'd thee to rest.

XIV.

I thought, « O Love, how seldom art thou found
Without annoyance in this earthly state !
For haply thou dost feel some rankling wound, »
Or on thy youth pale poverty doth wait,
Till years on years heavy are roll'd away ;
Or where thou most didst hope firm faith to see,
Thou meetest fickleness estranged and cold ;
Or if some true and tender heart there be
On which, through every change, thy soul might trust,
Death comes with his fell dart, and smites it to the dust.»

XV.

But lusty Enterprise, with looks of glee,
Approach'd the drooping youth, as he would say,
« Come to the high woods and the hills with me,
And cast thy sullen myrtle-wreath away ! »
Upon a neighing courser he did sit,
That stretch'd its arched neck, in conscious pride,
And champ'd as with disdain its golden bit ;
But hark her animating voice applied, »
And Enterprise with speed impetuous pass'd,
Whilst the long vale return'd his wreathed bugle's blast

XVI.

Suddenly, lifting high his pond'rous spear,
A mailed man came forth with scornful pride,
I saw him, tow'ring in his dark career,
Along the valley like a giant stride :
Upon his helm, in letters of bright gold,
That to the sun's meridian splendour shone,
Ambition's name far off I might behold.
Meantime from earth there came a hollow moan :
But Fame, who follow'd, her loud trumpet blew,
And to the murmuring beach with eyes of flame he flew.

¹ Hermia, for aught that I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood ;
Or else misgraffed in respect of years ;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

² Dejected Pity on his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied.

COLLINS.

XVII.

And now already had he gain'd the strand,
 Where a tall vessel rode with sail unfurl'd,
 And soon he thought to reach the farther land,
 Which ■ his eager eye seem'd like a world
 That he by strength might win and make his own;
 And in that citadel, which shone so bright,
 Seat him, ■ purple sovereign, ■ his throne.
 So he went tilting o'er the waters white,
 And whilst he oft look'd back with stern disdain,
 In louder tone, methought, was heard the inspiring strain.

XVIII.

■ By the shade of cities old,
 By many a river stain'd with gore,
 By the sword of Sesac hold
 Who smote the nations from the shore
 Of ancient Nile to India's farthest plain,
 By Fame's proud pillars, and by Valour's shield,
 By mighty chiefs in glorious battles slain;
 Assert thy away: amid the bloody field
 Pursue thy march, and to the heights sublime
 Of Honour's glittering cliffs, ■ mighty conqueror, climb."

XIX.

Then said I in mine heart, • Man, thou dost rear
 Thine eye to heav'n, and vaunt thy lofty worth:
 The ensign of dominion thou dost bear
 O'er nature's works; but thou dost oft go forth,
 Urged by false hopes, to ravage and destroy;
 Thou dost build up a name by cruel deeds,
 Whilst to the peaceful scenes of Love and Joy,
 Sorrow, and Crime, and Solitude, succeeds.
 Hence, when her war-song Victory doth sing,
 Destruction flaps aloft her iron-hurtling wing!"

XX.

But see, ■ one awaked from deadly trance,
 With hollow and dim eyes and stony stare,
 Captivity with faltering step advance!
 Dripping and knotted was her coal-black hair:
 For she had long been hid, as in the grave;
 No sounds the silence of her prison broke,
 Nor one companion had she in her cave
 Save Terror's dismal shape, that ■ word spoke,
 But ■ ■ stony coffin on the floor
 With lean and hideous finger pointed evermore.

XXI.

The lark's shrill song, the early village chime,
 The upland echo of the winding horn,
 The far-heard clock that spoke the passing time,
 Had never pierced her solitude forlorn:
 At length released from the deep dungeon's gloom
 She feels the fragrance of the vernal gale,
 She sees more sweet the living landscape bloom;
 And while she listens to Hope's tender tale,
 She thinks her long-lost friends shall bless her sight,
 And almost faints with joy amidst the broad day-light.

¹ Sesac, Bacchus, or Sesostris (according to Sir Isaac Newton), one and the same king of Egypt, who conquered westward ■ far ■ the pillars of Hercules, and eastward to the Ganges. He set up two pillars in India, ■ the mountains, ■ the mouth of the Ganges.

XXII.

And ■ the spot, ■ with reluctant feet,
 Slowly desponding Melancholy drew,
 The wind and rain her naked breast had beat,
 Sunk ■ her eye, and sallow was her hue.
 In the huge forest's unrejoicing shade
 Bewilder'd had she wander'd day by day,
 And many a grisly fiend her heart dismay'd,
 And cold and wet upon the ground she lay:
 But ■ such sounds with mellow sweetness stole,
 As lapp'd in dreams of bliss her slow-consenting soul.

XXIII.

Next ■ the gleamy glen, poor Mania stray'd:
 Most pale and wild, yet gentle was her look,
 A slender garland she of straw had made,
 Of flow'rs and rushes from the running brook;
 But as she sadly pass'd, the tender sound
 Of its sharp pang her wounded heart beguiled.
 She dropp'd her half-made garland on the ground,
 And then she sigh'd, and then in tears she smiled,
 But smiled so that pity would have said,
 "O God, be merciful to that poor hapless maid!"

XXIV.

Now ravingly she cried, • The whelming main,
 The wintry wave rolls over his cold head,
 I never shall behold my love again—
 Hence, flattering fancies—he is dead, is dead!
 Perhaps upon some wild shore he is cast,
 Where ■ their prey Barbarians howling rush,
 O fiercer they than is the whelming blast!
 Hush, my poor heart—my wakeful sorrows, hush!
 He lives—I yet shall press him to my heart,
 And cry, O no, no, no,—we never more will part!"

XXV.

So hung she, when despairing, from his cell,
 ■ farthest in the lone umbrageous wood,
 Where many a winter he had loved to dwell,
 Came grim Remorse: ■ fix'd in thought he stood,
 His senses pierced by the unwonted tone
 He heard—the blood-drops from his locks he shook—
 He saw the trees that waved, the sun that shone,
 He cast around an agonized look;
 Then with a ghastly smile that spoke his pain,
 He hied him to his cave in thickest shades again.

XXVI.

And ■ the sun sunk westward, and the sky
 Was hung with thousand lucid pictures gay;
 When gazing on the scene with placid eye
 An ancient man appear'd in amice grey.
 His sandal shoes were by long travel worn,
 O'er hill and valley, many a ling'ring mile,
 Yet droop'd he not, like one in years forlorn;
 His pale cheek wore a sad, but tender smile;
 'T was sage Experience, by his look confess'd,
 And white ■ frost his beard descended to his breast.

XXVII.

Then said I, Master, pleasant is this place,
 And sweet are those melodious notes I hear,
 And happy they among man's toiling race
 Who, of their cares forgetful, wander near;

¹ Ed lo, Maestro, etc.—DANTE'S *Inferno*.

Me they delight, whom sickness and slow pain
Have bow'd almost ■ death with heavy hand;
The fairy scenes refresh my heart again,
And pleas'd I listen to that music bland,
Which seems to promise hours of joy to come,
And bids ■ tranquil seek my poor but peaceful home.

XXVIII.

He said, « Alas! these shadows soon may fly,
Like the gay landscapes of the element:
Yet do poor mortals still with raptur'd eye
Behold like thee the pictures they present;
And charm'd by Hope's ■ music on they fare,
And think they soon shall reach that blissful goal,
Where never ■ the sullen knell of Care
Departed friends and sever'd loves shall toll:
So on they fare; till all their troubles cease,
And on ■ lap of earth they lay them down in peace.

XXIX.

• But not there ceases their immortal claim
(From golden clouds I heard a small voice say),
Wisdom rejoiceth in a higher aim,
Nor heeds the transient shadows of ■ day.
These earthly sounds may die away, and all
These perishable pictures sink in night,
But Virtue from the dust her sons shall call,
And lead them forth to joy, and life, and light,
Though from their languid grasp earth's comforts fly,
And with the silent worm their buried bodies lie.

XXX.

« For other scenes there are, and in a clime
Purer, and other strains to earth unknown,
Where Heaven's high host with symphonies sublime
Sing ' Unto Him that sitteth ■ the throne.'
Enough for man, if he the task fulfil
Which God ordain'd, and to his journey's end
Bear him right on, beside him good or ill;
Then Hope to soothe his death-bed shall descend,
Nor leave him, till in mansions of the blest
He gain his destined home, his everlasting rest.»

SONG ² OF THE BATTLE OF THE NILE. ³

I.

SHOUT! for the Lord hath triumph'd gloriously!⁴
Upon the shores of that renowned land,
Where erst his ■ mighty arm and outstretch'd hand.
He lifted high,
And dash'd, ■ in pieces dash'd the enemy; ■—
Upon that ancient coast,
Where ■ Pharaoh's chariot and his host
He cast into the deep,
Whilst o'er their silent pomp he bid the swoln sea sweep;

¹ Nor leaves us till we die.—Pope.

² I need ■ any that « Song,» in this place, is used in its highest sense, as ■ Lyrical composition.

³ This piece, with those which follow down to the « Monody ■ the Death of Dr Warton» (inclusive), originally formed a ■ which ■ dedicated «To the Right Hon. the Countess of Mansfield, as ■ small testimony of gratitude and esteem; and with the highest respect for her taste, talents and private virtue.—Donhead, 1801.»

⁴ Exodus xv, 1. «I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.—4. Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he ■ into the sea.—6. Thy right-hand, ■ Lord, hath dash'd in pieces the enemy.—10. Thou didst blow with thy wind—the ■ covered them: they sank ■ lead ■ the mighty waters.»

Upon that eastern shore,
That saw his awful arm reveal'd of yore,
Again hath he arisen, and opposed
■s foes' defying vaunt.—O'er them the deep hath closed!

II.

Shades of mighty chiefs of yore,
Who triumph'd on the self-same shore!
Ammon,¹ who first o'er ocean's empire wide
Didst bid the bold bark stem the roaring tide:
Sesac,² who from the East to farthest West
Didst rear thy pillars over realms subdued:
And thou, whose bones do rest³
In the huge pyramid's dim solitude,
Beneath the uncouth stone,
Thy name and deeds unknown;
And Philip's glorious son,⁴
With conquest flush'd, for fields and cities won;
And thou, Imperial Cæsar, whose sole sway
The long-disputed world at length confess'd,
When on these shores thy bleeding rival lay:⁵
O could ye, starting from your long cold rest,
Burst Death's oblivious trance,
And once again with plumed pride advance!
How would ye own your fame surpass'd,
And on the sand your trophies cast,
When the storm of conflict o'er,
And ceased the burning battle's roar,
Beneath the morning's orient light,
Ye saw, with sails all swelling white,
Britain's proud fleet, to many ■ joyful cry,
Ride o'er the rolling surge in awful sov'reignty!

III.

For fierce Ambition fired your mind—
Beside your glittering car,
Amid the thickest war,
Went Superstition, sorceress blind,
In dimly-figured robe, with scowling mien,
Half-hid in jealous hood;⁶
And Tyranny, beneath whose helm was ■
His eye suffused with blood;

¹ He was the first that built long and tall ships with sails—■ Till then they used small and round vessels of burden ■ the Red Sea, and kept within sight of shore.—Sir Isaac Newton.

² 1510 years before Christ, Sesac, in the reign of his father Ammon, invades Arabia, and sets up pillars at the mouth of the Red Sea.—1008, invades Africa and Spain, and sets up pillars in all his conquests, and particularly at the mouth of the Mediterranean.—972, invades India, and ■ up pillars at the mouth of the Ganges. Newton.

³ The memory (says Pliny) of those who built the pyramids, as a just punishment for their vanity, is buried in oblivion. It is well known, that in the lowest chambers of the largest pyramid is a sepulchre cut out of entire stone.

⁴ I speak of Alexander only as a conqueror: but I feel the truth of the learned Dr Vincent's masterly development of his enlarged views, and superior character.

⁵ I need not possibly, to any reader, mention the murder of Pompey, on the shores of Egypt, by which the greatest part of the known world was possessed by Julius Cæsar.

Cum Ptolemaeorum cautes, seriemque putendam,
Pyramides claudant, indignaque mausolea:
Littora Pompeium feriant, trancusque vadosis
Huc illic jactatur agnis.

Phar. Lib. viii.

⁶ I mean by this expression merely to characterise, in general, the mystery and obscurity of Egyptian superstition, according to the idea of an ancient inscription in the temple of Isis, at Sais:

I am whatever has been, is, and shall be; and no one hath taken off my veil.

And giant Pride,
That the great ■ with haughty smile defied;
And Avarice, that grasp'd his guilty gold;
These, as the sorceress her loud sistrum rung,
Their dismal psalm sung;
And still, far off, pale Pity hung her head,
Whilst o'er the dying and the dead
The victor's brazen wheels with gory axle roll'd.
Now look on Him, in holy courage bold—
The assertor of his country's cause behold!
He lifts his gaze ■ Heav'n, serenely brave,
And whilst around war's fearful banners wave,
He prays, "Protect us, ■ our cause is just,
For in thy might alone, Judge of the world! we trust."

IV.

And they are scatter'd—the destroyers die!
They that usurp'd the bloody victor's claim,
That spoke of freedom—but ■ behold ■ cry!
They, that like ■ wasteful flame,
Or the huge sandy pillar that amain
Whirls 'mid the silence of the desert plain,
Deathful in their career of terror came,
And scatter'd ruin ■ they pass'd!
So rush they, like the simoom's horrid blast;¹—
They sweep, and all around is wilderness!
But from thy Throne on high,
Thou, God, hast heard the cry
Of nations in distress!
Britain goes forth beneath thy might
To quell the proud blasphemers in the fight—
And Egypt far along her winding main
Echoes the shout of joy, and genuine Freedom's strain!

V.

Now let them, who thy name, O God! defy,
Invoke the mighty Prophet of the East:
Or deck, ■ erst, the mystic feast
To Ashtaroath, queen of the starry sky!
Let them, in some cavern dark,
Seek Osiris' buried ark;
Or call ■ Typhon,² of gigantic form,
Lifting his hundred arms, and howling 'mid the storm;
Or to that grisly king
In vain their cymbals let them ring,
To him in Tophet's vale revered
(With smoke his brazen idol smear'd),
Grim Moloch,³ in whose fuming furnace blue
Th' un pitying priest the shrieking infant threw,
Whilst to shrill cries, and drums' and timbrels' sound,
The frantic and unhearing troop danced round;
To him despairing let them go,
And tell their fearful tale of hideous overthrow!

¹ See Bruce's sublime description of the terrific appearance of the vast columns of moving sand in the deserts.

² See also Bruce's description of this pestilential wind.

³ Egyptian deity.—Apollonius says he had ■ hundred heads; and from his hundred mouths issued devouring flames, and howlings so dreadful that they terrified gods and ■

⁴ Syrian deity.—There was a burning furnace at the feet of his statue, into which they threw the children whom they offered to that god; and whilst the miserable victim shrieked ■ it burned ■ death, the priests beat drums, etc. to hinder the cries from being heard. From this noise, the valley where it was most frequently worshipped was called "Tophet," the valley of dismal sounds.—Abbé BANIER.

See Milton's fine description in his Hymn ■ the Nativity.

VI.

Calm breathed the airs along the evening bay,
Where, all in warlike pride,
The Gallic squadron stretch'd its long array;
And o'er the tranquil tide
With beauteous bend the streamers waved ■ high:
But, ah! how changed the scene ere night descend!
Hark ■ the shout that heav'n's high concave rends!
Hark to that dying cry!
Whilst, louder yet, the cannon's roar
Resounds along the Nile's affrighted shore;
Where from his oozy bed
The cowering crocodile hath raised his head!
With bursting flame
Lightens the long track of the gleamy brine?
From yon proud ship it came—
That tower'd the leader of the hostile line!
Now loud explosion rends the midnight air!¹
Heard ye the last deep groaning of despair?—
Heav'n's fiery cope unwonted thunders fill,
Then, with one dreadful pause, earth, air, and seas are still!

VII.

But ■ the mingled fight
Begins its awful strife again!
Through the dun shades of night
Along the darkly-heaving main
Is seen the frequent flash:
And many a tow'ring mast with dreadful crash
Rings falling: Is the scene of slaughter o'er?
Is the death-cry heard no more?
Lo! where the East a glim'ring freckle streaks,
Slow o'er the shadowy wave the grey dawn breaks.
Behold, O sun! the flood
Strew'd with the dead, and dark with blood!²
Behold, all scatter'd on the rocking tide,
The wrecks of haughty Gallia's pride!
But Britain's floating bulwarks, with serene
And silent pomp, amidst the deathful scene
Move glorious, and more beautiful display
Their ensigns streaming to thy orient ray.

VIII.

Awful Genius of the land,
Who (thy reign of glory closed)
By marble wrecks, half-hid in sand,
Hast mournfully reposed;
Who long, amidst the wasteful desert wide,
Hast loved with death-like stillness to abide;
Or wrapt in tenfold gloom,
From noise of human things for ages hid,
Hast sat upon the shapeless tomb
In the forlorn and dripping pyramid;
Awake! Arise!—
Though thou behold the day no more
That saw thy pride and pomp of yore;
Though, like the sounds that in the morning ray
Trembled and died away
From Memnon's statue; though like these, the voice
That bid thy vernal plains rejoice,
The voice of Science is no longer heard;
And all thy gorgeous state hath disappear'd:

¹ Crocodiles ■ seldom ■ below the falls, but I hope the idea may be excused as poetic.

² The burning of the L'Orient.

■ —μελαν αιμα.—HOMER.

Yet hear, with triumph, and with hope again,
The shouts of joy that swell from thy forsaken main!

IX.

And, oh! might He, at whose command
Deep darkness shades a mourning land;
At whose command, bursting from night,
And flaming with redoubled light,
The Sun of Science mounts again,
And re-illumes the wide-extended plain;
Might He, from this eventful day,
Illustrious Egypt! to thy shore
Science, Freedom, Peace restore,
And bid thy crowded ports their ancient pomp display!
No more should Superstition mark,
In characters uncouth and dark,
Her dreary, monumental shrine!
No more should meek-eyed Piety
Outcast, insulted lie
Beneath the mosque whose golden crescents shine;
But starting from her trance,
O'er Nubia's sands advance
Beyond the farthest fountains of the Nile!¹
The dismal Gallas should behold her smile,
And Abyssinia's inmost rocks rejoice
To hear her awful lore, yet soft consoling voice!

X.

Hasten, O God! the time, when never more
Pale Pity, from her moonlight seat, shall hear
(And dropping at the sound a fruitless tear)
The far-off battle's melancholy roar;
When never more Horror's portentous cry
Shall sound amid the troubled sky;
Or dark Destruction's grimly-smiling mien,
Through the red flashes of the fight be seen!
Father in Heav'n! our ardent hopes fulfil—
Thou speakest « Peace, » and the vex'd world is still!
Yet should Oppression huge arise,
And, with bloody banners spread,
Upon the grasping nations tread,
Whilst he thy name defies,
Trusting in Thee alone, we hope to quell
His furious might, his purpose fell;
And as the ensigns of his baffled pride
O'er the seas are scatter'd wide,
We will take up a joyous strain and cry—
« Shout! for the Lord hath triumph'd gloriously! »

INSCRIPTIONS.²

■ A GARDEN-SEAT AT HOME.

Oh no!—I would not leave thee, my sweet home,
Deck'd with the mantling woodbine and the rose,
And slender woods that the still scene inclose,
For yon magnificent and ample dome³
That glitters in my sight: yet I can praise
Thee, Arundel, who, shunning the throng'd ways

¹ Πητρα υπο βλερων οθεν ουχ επι Νειλος ορατος.

THEOCR. *Idyl.* 7. l. 114.

² These should rather have been called « INSCAPTIVE PICTURES, » as they are written in the form of inscriptions, but at the same time only convey the particular sentiments of the Author, such as the scenery before him suggested to his mind.

³ Wardour Castle.

Of glittering vice, silently dost dispense
The blessings of retired munificence.
Me a sequester'd cottage, on the verge
Of thy outstretch'd domain, delights; and here
I wind my walks, and sometimes drop a tear
O'er *****'s urn, ***** wishing to emerge
Into the troubled ***** of that life,
Where all is turbulence, and toil, and strife.
Calm roll the seasons o'er my shaded niche;
I dip the brush, ***** touch the tuneful string,
Or hear at ***** the uncared blackbirds sing;
Enough if, from their loftier sphere, the rich
Deign my abode ***** visit, and the poor
Depart not, cold and hungry, from my door.
Donhead, Oct. 12, 1798.

■ HORTO PROPRIO.

GENOTAPHII INS.

Has inter placidas umbras et amœna vireta
Qua trepidans leni labitur unda sono,
Sperabam longos, heu! tecum ducere soles,
Et fido acclinis consenuisse sinu!
Fato aliter visum est—urnam mihi restat inanem
Ornare, et mœsta dicere voce « Vale. »
Decembris, 1798.

■ HORTO REV^{NDI} J. STILL,

APUD KNOTER, VILLAM AMOENISSIMAM.

ADVENA, paulisper veteris requiesce sub umbrâ
Arboris, adversos colles et florea rura
Prospiciens, tacitâ si ***** dulcedine mentem
Naturæ tangat facies (sub tempore verno
Dum juxta vaga mussat apic), lætare; corusca
Eh! tibi ***** viret, lauris accincta et amœnis
Sparsa rosis, aviùm fervent arbusta querelis,
Et raptim foliis trepidantibus aura susurrat.
Lætare, et verno jamjam sub lumine, carpe,
Dum licet, ipse rosas, et fallas tristia vitæ.

TRANSLATION.

STRANGER! awhile beneath this aged tree
Rest thee, the hills beyond, and flow'ry meads,
Surveying; and if Nature's charms may wake
A sweet and silent transport at thine heart
(In spring-time, while the bee hums heedless nigh),
Rejoice!—for thee the verdant spot is dress'd,
Circled with laurels green, and sprinkled o'er
With many a budding rose: the shrubs all ring
To the birds' warblings, and by fits the air
Whispers amid the foliage o'er thine head!—
Rejoice, and oh! if life's sweet spring be thine,
So « gather its brief rose-buds, » and deceive
The ***** and crosses of humanity.

AT GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

COME ***** these peaceful seats, and think no more
Of cold, of midnight watchings, or the roar
Of Ocean, tossing ***** his restless bed!
COME ***** these peaceful seats, ye who have bled
For honour, who have traversed the great flood,
Or ***** the battle's front with stern eye stood,

When roll'd its thunder, and the billows red
Oft closed, with sudden flashings, o'er the dead!

O heavy ■ the ■ that beset
Old age! and hard it is—hard to forget
The sunshine of ■ youth, our manhood's pride!
But here, O aged men, ye may abide
Secure, and ■ the last light on the wave
Of Time, which wafts you silent to your grave:
Like the calm evening ray, that smiles ■
Upon the tranquil Thames, and cheers the sinking ■

FOR A RUSTIC SEAT NEAR ■ SEA.

To him, who many a night upon the main
At midwatch, from the bounding vessel's side
Shiv'ring, has listen'd ■ the rocking tide,
O how delightful smile thy views again,
Fair Land! the shelter'd hut, and far-seen mill
That safe sails round and round; the tripping rill
That o'er the grey sand glitters; the clear sky,
Beneath whose blue vault shines the village tow'r,
That high elms, swaying in the wind, embow'r;
And hedge-rows, where the small birds' melody
Solace the lithe and loit'ring peasant lad!
O Stranger, ■ thy pausing fancy sad
At thought of many evils which do press
On wide humanity!—Look up—address
The God which made the world! but let thy heart
Be thankful, though ■ heavy thoughts have part;
That, shelter'd from the human storms' career,
Thou meetest innocence and quiet here.

AT WARDOUR CASTLE.

If rich designs of sumptuous art may please,
Or Nature's loftier views, august and old,
Stranger, behold this spreading scene;—behold
This amphitheatre of aged trees,
That solemn wave above thee, and around
Darken the tow'ring hills! Dost thou complain
That thou shouldst cope with penury or pain,
Or sigh ■ think what pleasures might be found
Amid such wide possessions?—Pause awhile—
Imagine thou dost see the sick man smile,
See the pale exiles, ¹ that in yonder dome,
Safe from the wasteful storm, have found ■ home;
And thank the Giver of all Good, that lent
To the humane, retired, beneficent,
The pow'r ■ bless:—Nor lift thy heart elate,
If such domains be thine; but emulate
The fair example, and those deeds, that rise
Like holy incense wafted to the skies,—
Those deeds that shall sustain the conscious soul,
When all this empty world is perish'd, like ■ scroll?

AT POLE-VELLUM, CORNWALL,

■ PICTURESQUE COTTAGE AND GROUNDS BELONGING TO
J. LEMON, ESQ.

STRANGER! mark this lovely scene,
When the evening ■ serene,

¹ French Emigrants, chiefly supported by ■ bounty of Lord Arundel.

And starting o'er the silent wood,
The last pale sunshine streaks the flood,
And the water gushing near
Soothes, with ceaseless drip, thine ear:
Then bid each passion sink ■ rest—
Should e'en ■ wish rise in thy breast,
One tender wish, ■ ■ in mine,
That some such quiet spot ■ thine,
And thou, recalling seasons fled,
Couldst wake the slumbers of the dead,
And bring back her you loved, to share
With thee calm peace and comfort there;—
O check the thought! but inly pray
To Him, ■ who gives and takes away,
That many years this fair domain
■ varied beauties may retain:
So when ■ wand'rer, who has lost
His heart's best treasure, who has cross'd
In life bleak hills and passes rude,
Should gain this lovely solitude,—
Delighted he may pause awhile,
And when he marks the landscape smile,
Leave with its willows, ere he part,
The blessings of a soften'd heart.

July, 1786.

ON A BEAUTIFUL SPRING,

■ A COLD BATH, AT COOMBE, NEAR DONHEAD, BE-
LONGING TO MY BROTHER, CHARLES BOWLES, ESQ.

LYMPHA, fluas per opaca loci, super humida ■
Murmur lenè ciens, et si quis venerit hospes
Confectus morbo, præstat pura unda salutem,
Et lætum revocet languenti lumen oculo.
Tum celsæ umbroso nutantes margine quercus,
Atque avium cantus, collapsaque lympa per antrum
Mulcebunt lacerum, suavis seu musica, pectus!
At tu qui venias patriis expulsus ab aris,
O si Lethæos hic sumas lætior haustus,
Neve ultra terram natalem, cœde madentem,
Aut dulces agros recoles, aut nota fluentia,
Aut vespertinâ campanam valle sonantem!

TRANSLATION.

FOUNTAIN, that sparklest through the shady place,
Making ■ soft sad murmur o'er the stones
That strew thy lucid way! O, if ■ guest
Should haply wander near, with slow disease
Smitten, may thy cold springs the ■ of health
Bring back, and the quick lustre to his eye!
The ancient oaks that on thy margin wave,
The song of birds, and through the rocky cave
The clear stream gushing, their according sounds
Should mingle, and, like some strange music, steal
Sadly, yet soothing, o'er his aching breast.
And thou, ¹ pale exile from thy native shores,
Here drink (O couldst thou! as of Lethe's stream!),
Nor friends, nor bleeding country, nor the views
■ ■ or streams beloved, nor vesper's bell,
■ in the twilight vale, remember more!

¹ French priests, who have a residence near.

FOR A CENOTAPH,

TO THE MEMORY OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ISAAC, WHO DIED
AT NICKOLA MOLA, 1797.

O HADST thou fall'n, brave Youth! ■ that proud day,
When our victorious fleet o'er the red surge
Roll'd in terrific glory, thou hadst fall'n
Most-honour'd; and rememb'rance, while she thought
Upon thy gallant end, had dried her tear!
Now far beyond the huge Atlantic ■
Thy bones decay!—the withering pestilence,
That swept the islands of the western world,
Smote thee, untimely drooping ■ the tomb!
But 't is enough—whate'er ■ soldier's fate—
That firm he hied him, where stern honour bade;
Though, with unequal strength, he sunk and died.

AD BLYTHUM AMNEM, 1764.

[The following beautiful and pathetic Lines ■ written by
NEWTON OGLE, DEAN OF WINCHESTER,
At his paternal Estate, Kirkley, Northumberland.]

Tu qui strepente, subter, Amnis gurgite
Paterna lambis prædia,
Inter reluctantes lapillos ad mare
Iter minutum dividens;
Tu scilicet per prata ut olim voveris,
Non ista sed meus est mihi
Olim quæ erat, fluente cum propter tua
Securus errabam puer,
Horas inertes, imputandas vix reor,
Fallens labore ineptulo!—
Seu congerobam flexuoso in margine
Quos sistit unda calculos,
Pedes lubebat ■ magis tenellulos
Frigente lympa tingere,
Aquatiles sen fortè inescarem incolas
• Opima jactans præmia! •
Curis peribant his dies inanibus,
Nunquam heu reversuri dies!
Heri puer eram, cras futurus ■ senex;
Sic annus ■ dimovet,
Et irremisso pede dies urget diem;
Velociore ■ quidè
Tux loquaces sata per et sylvas aquæ
Volvuntur in vastum mare.
Quin aufer hinc tecum pelagus in turbidum
Longè aufer has curas precor,
Et ritè pergas sospitare flumine
Circumfluo ■ domum.

TRANSLATION.

O Thou, that prattling on thy pebbled way
Through my paternal vale dost stray,
Working thy shallow passage ■ the sea;
O stream, thou speedest ■
The ■ as many ■ gone;
But not, alas! to me
Remain the feelings that beguiled
My early road, when careless and ■
(Losing the hours in pastimes innocent)
Upon thy banks I stray'd, a playful child;

¹ The 1st of June, 1794, when Col. Isaac greatly distinguished himself as commander ■ military ■ board Lord Howe's ship.

Whether the pebbles that thy margin strew,
Collecting, heedlessly I threw;
Or loved in thy translucent ■
My tender shrinking feet ■ lave;
Or else ensnared your little fry,
And thought how wondrous skill'd was I!—
So pass'd my boyish days, unknown to pain,
Days that will ne'er return again.

■ but yesterday

I was a child—to-morrow to be grey!
So years succeeding years steal silently away.
Not fleeter thy own current, hurrying thee,
Rolls down to the great ■
Thither O carry these sad thoughts—the deep
Bury them;—thou meantime thy ■ keep,
And winding through the green-wood, cheer,
As erst, my native peaceful pastures, here.

CALPE OBSESSA.

[The following Latin composition, on the « Siege of Gibraltar, »
gained the Chancellor's Prize in the University of Oxford, in the
year 1781.]

JAM DUDUM infaustos ausus et fracta laboris
Consilia ingentis, sparasque impune catervas
Callia plorabat: nequicquam classe frequenti
Stipata iratas hinc illinc occupat undas,
Nequicquam extremo surgens Hispania nisu
Sese infert belli sociam, obsessumque per æquor
Amplior incedit: Tu, Calpe, immobilis hæres,
Et longè innocuum spectas illæsa tumultum.

Alma oh, quæ proprias, invicto numine, vires
Suppeditans, pleno permixta in pectore vivas,
Libertas; et tu, magnæ Virtutis imago,
Majestate vigens sublimior inconcussa
Dum patriæ pia urget amor; si littora, vobis
Cognita, si rupes Grævia lustrata triumphis,
Si devota acies, et vis peritura juventæ
Spartanæ, (dum jam calcata per agmina Xerxis
Scindit iter, vindexque recondi respuit ensis),
Non ingrata olim; simili succurrite fato
Oh tandem, et vestros ultro spectate Britannos.
Tum mihi, si vos rite voco, aspirate canenti,
Dum refero insueti spectacula lurida belli,
Atque instructa novis armamentaria telis.

Continuò ante oculos ■ objicit ardua rupes,
Non ignota olim famâ, ancipitique resurgens
Despicit ■ undas, custosque in limine regnat
Vi secunda sua: quippe arcè angusta profundæ
Claustra premunt, utrique objecta repagula ponto;
Invadit campos hic impacatus Iberus
Vicinos nimium, ■ tergo, finesque propinquos,
Et Calpem disjunctam, ■ ■ culmina spectans.
Scilicet hanc etiam regni de parte revelli
Invidet, et jam ■ ultricibus ■ armis:
■ mente, ut possit pelagi jus ipse tueri
Subjecti, et placidâ tandem statione potitus
Tutius in proprias Commercia vertere Gadesû.

Ergo, ubi jam longo confecta Britannia bello
Ægre lassatis vix vix ■ arrigit armis,
Grande opus aggreditur, socioque cupidine ductos
Juncta, nec invitos, vocat in certamina Gallos.

Unâ intenti omnes non æquo Marte labantem
Diruere, et præscum properant divellere sceptrum.
Urget amor patriæ, tum magni gloria facti,
Vindictæque ardor, lætæque injuria famæ.

Protinus innumerae coëunt hinc inde catervæ.
Et quos clivosis Hispania mittit ab oris,
Quique ■ nativos scopulos, vitesque paternas
Linquebant, acti intentati Martis in arma.
Undique tum rupem porrecto milite cingunt
Obsessam, ■ propriis latè dominantur in undis.

Quid tum quid miseris sperare? en! hostia ubique
Cinxit! jam terret teterrima mortis imago,
Ostendens vultum et stillantes sanguine crines;
Jamque expectanti sensim confecta dolore
Ægra famæ, taciturno implorans lumine victum!
At non idcirco firmi fiducia cæpti
Herol Angliaco cessit, vel pectoris ingens
Consilium. Multæ stat sese opponere morti,
Tum tempestatem belli incertosque tumultus
Temperant, et placidâ præsens virtute serenat,
Ipse alaeri studio, promtisque laboribus instans.

At pulsa et fractis jam pridem arrectior iris
Majori assurgit cæpto, atque immane volutat
Gallia mortis opus. Quippe ingentem ordine molem,
Turrito tumidos superante culmine fluctus
Ædificant, vastique atollunt pondera ligni.
Scilicet ut cæco penitus munimine septi
Mortem aspernentur propiore, et fulmina missa,
Atque impune ignes trepidos jaculentur in hostes.
Surgit opus, furtimque futuro fudere fortuna
Sulcat aquas longe minitans; nec tristior illa
Quæ salva in miseram surgebat machina Trojani,
Horrendum incumbens devotæ desuper urbi.
Heu Troja infelix nimium! quod si tibi talis
Contigerat ductor, qualis tibi, prospera Calpe,
Urbs antiquâ diu staret, nec Græcia vindex
Straverat immani fumantia templa ruina.
Quinetiam dum jam propiori fronte minatur.
Benignæ species miri, peregrinæque classis,
Alitè heros tacitum volvit sub corde triumphum
Collecto, atque aciem attentus collustrat euntem,
Conscius interea consurgit pectoris ardor,
Tum clamat:— Vos, oh! rupes, et sola locorum
Religio, innumeros nedum violata per annos;
Tuque adeo quæcunque imâ tellure potestas
Sæva arcana tenes; liceat mihi, numine vestro,
Tentare hoc saltem, ■ veteres turbare ■
Vosque etiam, socii, pars oh carissima, ■
Quos una adjuvit cura et commune periculum,
Si vel tangat amor, magnorum aut cura parentum,
Nunc, oh nunc, unâ supremo incumbite nisu,
Et priscos revocate animos, geniumque priorem.

Sic ait, accenditque acres per pectora flammæ.
Arma fremunt; nec vastâ instans immamior umbrâ
Machina, nec cædis jam jam minitantis imago
Altum animum, firmosve valet deflectere ■
Protinus insolito reboant tormenta fragore
Ignitosque globos, et fulmen missile torquent.
Alma dies, aliis quæ frustra lætior oris
Surrexisti, iterum redeuntia gaudia volvens,
Heu quales ibi tum strages, quæ funera testis
Spectabas! cædis quantos hinc inde tumultus!
Te redeunte, tamen, lætata est plurima ■

(Gallia, villarum per limina sparsa tuarum)
Et natum absentem revocat « quin præmia famæ
Jam tulit, » exclamat, « jam nunc sua tempora lauro
Victrici cingit, sociis spectandus, » at ille
Ille miser periit, ■ rursum gaudia ruris,
Neve domus, matrisve reducat cura senilis,
Nec deserta ■ vicinâ fistula valle.

Nec vero, ■ retulit nox exoptata tenebras
Cessavit furor, ardenti conjecta ruinâ
Sævit adhuc longe missi vis flammæ ferri.
Continuò exustæ dant mœsta incendia naves,
Umbrosæque vadum fumantî tramite signant.
Securi Britones geminata tonitrua torquent:
Ipse inter medios, altoque serenior ore,
Dux latè Martem spectat sublimis opacum
(Seu quondam proprio vestitum fulmine numen)
Arma tenens, fatique velut moderatur habenas.
Audit insolitum sola sub nocte fragorem
Adversum Libyæ littus, longèque tremiscit
Montanas inter latebras exsomnis Hyæna!

Hic labor, et victis cessit spes ultima Gallis.
Partem flamma rapit tentantem heu plurima frustra,
Pars arcepta undis, scopulisque illisa cruentis
Deridit, et moriens muto ægre suspicit ore.
Tum quoque semineces dum vix luctantur in undis,
Dux ipse auxilium, si quid pia cura juvaret,
Hostibus heu miseris, ultrâ vix hostibus, offert
Paulatim eluctans redit in præcordia sanguis,
Et pallens tacitum testatur vultus amorem!
At vos, æterno surgentes culmine rupes,
Quæ spectavistis latè eademque fugamque
Dicite, cum tandem peragrato victor ab orbe
Alcides olim rediens, hinc littore vestro
Certos instituit fines, metamque viarum;
Dicite, ■ rutilis descendens Julius armis
Primum intentati perripit claustra profundî
Per vestros aditus; an justior inde triumphus,
Ac quando Angliacus, flammis victricibus, heros
Hinc conjuratas truculento milite turmas
Confregit, lacerasque rates, et signa per amplas
Sparsa undas, summa victor lustrabat ab arce?
Tuque etiam variis distracta O patria curis,
Si quid ■ amor, si quid pia vota valebant,
Sic etiam strato surgas sublimior hoste
Majestate novâ, viresque a vulnere sumas.
Nec mihi vana fides—jam nunc promissa futuri
Splendida, musa videt, lætosque ex ordine menses.
Ipsa suam agnoscit jam America fida parentem,
Jam tibi per longos fines victa oceani vis
Submittit vetus imperium, curvasque per oras
Late aperit mundi Commercia plena remoti.
Salveto, oh tandem trepidis erepta periclis!
Æternùm invicta florescas, Anglia, fama,
Dum, velut unda tuam quæ verberat irrita Calpein,
Incassum fractâ discordia murmurat irâ.

ST MICHAEL'S MOUNT.¹

■ TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD SOMERS,
■ OF EVESHAM.

WHILE Summer airs scarce breathe along the tide,
Oft pausing, up the Mountain's craggy side

¹ St ■ Mount is well known as a singular rock in Mount's Bay, Cornwall. Its striking situation and appearance, its history,

We climb:—How beautiful, how still, how clear,
The [] that stretch around! The rocks that rear
Their shapes, in rich fantastic colours drest;
The hill-tops, where the softest shadows rest:
The long-retiring bay, the level sand,
The fading sea-line; and the farthest land,
That seems, [] low it lessens from the eye,
To steal away beneath the cloudless sky!

But yesterday, the misty morn [] spread
In dreariness on the bleak mountain's head:—
No glittering prospect from the upland smiled:
The driving squall came dark, the sea heaved wild,
And lost and lonely, the way-farer sigh'd,
Wet with the hoar spray of the flashing tide.
How changed is [] the circling scene! The deep
Stirs not; the glancing roofs and white tow'rs peep
Along the margin of the lucid bay;
The sails, deserted far in the offing grey,
Hang motionless, and the pale headland's height
Is touch'd [] with sweet gleams of fairy light!

Oh! live there on earth's busy-stirring scene,
Whom Nature's tranquil charms, her airs serene,
Her seas, her skies, her sun-beams, fail to move
With stealing tenderness and grateful love?
Go, thankless man, to Misery's cave—behold
Captivity, stretch'd in her dungeon cold!
Or think on those, who, in yon dreary mine,¹
Sunk fathoms deep beneath the rolling brine,
From year to year, amid the lurid shade,
O'er-wearied, ply their melancholy trade!
That thou mayst bless the glorious sun; and hail
Him, who with beauty clothed the hill and vale,
Who bent the arch of the high heav'ns for thee,
And stretch'd in amplitude the broad blue sea.
Now sunk are all its murmurs—and the air
But moves by fits the bents, that here and there
Upshoot in casual spots of faded green:
Here straggling sheep the scanty pasture glean,
Or on the jutting fragments that impend,
Stray fearlessly, and gaze, as we ascend.

Mountain!² no pomp of waving woods hast thou,
That deck with varied shade thy hoary brow;

and the popular superstitions of which it has been for many ages the scene, render it a subject particularly adapted to poetry.

* Stepping over the South sea (for the distance is in comparison but a step), St Michael's Mount (says Carey) looketh so aloft, as [] brooketh no concurrent, for the highest place.—Ptolemy termeth it 'Uerinum;' the Cornish [] 'Cars Cowy,' that is, 'the Hoar Rock in the wood.'—The [] is sondred from the main land by a sandy playne, of a flight short in breadth, passable at the ebbe, on foot; with boat, on the flood. Your arrival on the other side is entertain'd by [] open greene, of [] largeness, which, finishing where the hill beginneth, leaveth you [] the conduction of a winding and craggy path: and that at the top delivereth you into a little playne, occupied for the moste part by a fort of the olde making. A little without the castle, there is a bad seat in a craggy place, somewhat dangerous for access, and therefore holy for the adventure.—*Survey of Cornwall.*

Who knows [] Mighel's meant and chaire,
The Pilgrim's holy vault. *Ibid.*

¹ A Mine called [] Wherry-Mine, beneath [] surface of the sea near Penzance.

² Three or four sheep [] seen rambling among the precipices, and picking here [] there a blade of grass; but in general the Rock is naked, and extremely steep and craggy.

No sunny meadows at thy feet [] spread,
No streamlets sparkle o'er their pebbly bed.
But thou canst boast thy beauties—ample views
That catch the rapt eye of the pausing Muse;
Headlands around new-lighted; sails, and seas
Now glassy-smooth, now wrinkling to the breeze;
And when the drisly Winter, wrapt in sleet,
Goes by, and winds and rain thy ramparts beat,
Fancy [] thee standing thus aloof,
And frowning, bleak and bare, and tempest-proof,
Look [] with awful confidence, and brave
The howling hurricane, the dashing wave;
More graceful, when the storm's dark vapours frown,
Than when the summer suns in pomp go down!

And such is he, who, clad in homely weeds,
And boasting little more than nature needs,
Can wrap him in contentedness, and []
A port unchanged, in seasons rude or fair.
His may be Fancy's sunshine; and the Muse
May deck his visions with her fairest hues;
And he may lift his honest front, and say
To the hard storm, that rends his locks of grey,
• I heed thee not;—he unappall'd may stand
Beneath the cloud that shades a sinking land
(While heedless of the storm that onward sweeps,
Mad impious riot his loud wassal keeps),
Pre-eminent in native worth; nor bend,
Though gathering ills on his bare head descend:
And when the wasteful storm sweeps o'er its prey,
And rends the kingdoms of the world away,
He, firm as stands the Rock's unshaken base,
Yet panting for a surer resting-place,
The human hurricane unmoved can see,
And say, «O God, my refuge is in Thee!»

States, anchor'd deep, that far their shadow cast,
Rock, and are scatter'd by th' Almighty's blast!
As when, awaken'd from his horrid sleep,
In fiery caves, a thousand fathoms deep,
The Earthquake's Demon hies aloft—he waits
Nigh some high-turreted proud city's gates,
As listening to the mingled shouts and din
Of the mad crowd that feast or dance within.
Mean time sad nature feels his sway, the wave
Heaves, and low sounds moan through the mountain
cave;

Then all at once is still, still as midnight,
When [] the lime-leaf moves!—O, piteous sight!
For now the glittering domes crash from [] high—
And hark, a strange and lamentable cry!
It ceases—and the tide's departing roar
Alone is heard upon the desert shore,
That, [] it sweeps, with slow huge swell, away,
Remorseless mutters o'er its buried prey.

So Ruin hurrieth o'er this shaken ball:
He bids his blast go forth, and lo! they fall,
A Carthage or a Rome.—Then rolls the tide
Of deep Forgetfulness, whelming the pride
Of man, his shatter'd and forsaken bow'rs!
His noiseless cities, and his prostrate tow'rs,

¹ [] the stillest night of summer there generally is observed a faint tremulous motion among the pale leaves of the lime-tree, which by moon-light has a beautiful effect. The image is here introduced [] give an idea of perfect stillness [] midnight.

But calm, and heedless of the storms that beat,
Here Elegance and Peace assume their seat;
And when the night descends, and Ocean roars,
Rocking without upon his darken'd shores,
These vaulted roofs ■ gentle sounds reply
The voice of social cheer, ■ song of harmony.¹

So fade the modes of life with slow decay,
And various ages various hues display!
Fled are the grimly shadows of Romance—
And pleased ■ ■ in beauteous troop advance
New arts, ■ manners, from the Gothic gloom
Escaped, and scattering flow'rs that sweeter bloom!

Refinement wakes—before her beaming eye
Dispersed, the fumes of feudal darkness fly.
Like orient Morning ■ the Mountain's head,
A softer light on life's wide scene is shed:
Lapping in bliss the ■ of human cares,
Hark! Melody pours forth her sweetest airs;
And like the shades that on the still lake lie,
Of rocks, or fringing woods, or tinted sky,
Painting her hues ■ the clear tablet lays,
And her own beauteous world with tender touch displays!
Then Science lifts her form, august and fair,
And shakes the night-dews from her glitt'ring hair;
Meantime rich Culture clothes the living waste,
And purer patterns of Athenian Taste
Invite the eye, and wake the kindling sense;
And milder Manners, ■ they play, dispense,
Like tepid airs of Spring, their genial influence.

Such is thy boast, Refinement.—But deep dyes
Oft ■ the splendour of thy noon-tide skies:
Then Fancy—sick of follies that deform
The face of day, and in the sunshine swarm;
Sick of the fluttering fopp'ries that engage
The vain pursuits of ■ degenerate age;
Sick of smooth Sophistry's insidious cant,
Or cold impiety's defying rant;
Sick of the muling sentiment that sighs²
O'er its dead bird, while Want unpitied cries;
Sick of the pictures that pale Lust inflame,
And flush the cheek of Love with deep, deep shame—
Would fain the shade of elder days recall,
The Gothic battlements, the banner'd hall;
Or list of Elfin harps the fabling rhyme,
Or wrapt in melancholy trance sublime,
Pause o'er the working of some wond'rous tale,
Or bid the Spectres of the Castle hail!

O might I now, amid the frowning storm,
Behold, great Vision of the Mount, thy form,
Such and so vast as thou wert seen of yore,
When looking stedfast to Bayona's shore,³
Thou sattest awful ■ the topmost stone,
Making the Rock thy solitary throne!

¹ This and the foregoing reflections ■ suggested by seeing instruments ■ music, books, etc. in an apartment, elegantly, but appropriately fitted up.

² Alluding to such pathetic histories ■ that of a dead canary-bird, etc.

Quis talia fando
Temperet & lacrimis ■

³ Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
Looks to Numanco's and Bayona's hold.
Milton's *Lycidas*.

For up the narrow steps, winding with pain,
The watch-tow'r's loftiest platform now ■ gain:
Departed spirit, fruitless is the pray'r!
We ■ alone thy long-deserted chair,¹
And ■ more, ■ in the storm of night,
Or by the glimm'ring Moon's illusive light,
Or when the flash, with red and hasty glance,
Sudden illumines the sea's remote expanse,
The shores, the cliffs, the mountain (till again
Deep darkness closes on the roaring main),
Shalt thou, dread Angel, with unalter'd mien,
Sublime upon thy cloudy ■ be seen!

Yet, musing much on wild tradition's lore,
And many ■ phantom tale, believed of yore,
Chiefly rememb'ring the ■ song (whose strain
Shall never die) of Him who wept in vain
• For his loved Lycidas, • in the wide sea²
Whelm'd, when he cried, great Angel, unto thee,
The fabled scene of thy renown ■ trace,
And hail, with thronging thoughts, thy hallow'd resting-
place!

The stealing Morn goes out—here let ■ end
Fittest our song, and to the shore descend.

Yet once more, azure Ocean, and once more
Ye lighted headlands,³ and thou stretching shore,
Down on the beauties of your scenes we cast
A tender look, the longest and the last!
Amid the arch of Heav'n, extended clear,
Scarce the thin frecks of feathery clouds appear!
Beyond the long curve of the lessening bay
The still Atlantic stretches its bright way;⁴
The tall ship moves not on the tranquil brine;
Around, the solemn promontories shine;
No sounds approach us, save, ■ times, the cry
Of the grey gull, that scarce is heard ■ high!
The billows make no noise, and on the breast
Of charmed Ocean, Silence sinks to rest!

■ might we thus from Heav'n's bright battlements
Behold the scene Humanity presents;
And see, like this, all harmonized and still,
And hear no far-off sounds of earthly ill!
Wide landscape of the world, in purest light
Array'd—how fair, how cheering were the sight!

Alas! we think upon this seat of care,
And ask, if peace, if harmony be there.

¹ On the highest turret of the Castle ■ a place called ■ *Michael's Chair*.

² See T. Warton's interesting ■ on the passage of Milton's exquisite *Lycidas*, relating to the «great vision of the guarded Mount.»

³ Yet ■ more, O ye laurels, and ■ more,
Ye myrtles brows, etc.— *LYCIDAS*.

⁴ Mr. Mason's description of ■ view from the top of the castle is very just and striking.

■ ■ stone stair-case in ■ of ■ angles leads to ■ top of the tower. The prospect hence is of so grand ■ kind ■ to defy description, and is perhaps ■ striking as any that ■ ■ to 'mortal eye,' at the ■ height. The immense extent of sea, which it exhibits, raises the most sublime emotions: the ■ the British, Irish, and Atlantic seas, all roll within ■ compass of the sight; and the union of the two latter is interrupted only by the bold eminences about the Land's-end. More under the feet, Penzance ■ distinctly seen—the scaffolding of the famous Wherry-mine—and the hills eastward of the bay uniting into a long rocky ridge.—Mason's *Observations on the Western Counties*.

We hear the clangours and the cries, that shake
The mad world, and their dismal music make!
We see gaunt Vice, of dread _____ size,
That fearless in the broad day swelt'ring lies,
And scorns the feeble arrow that assails
His Heav'n-defying crest and iron scales!
His brows with wan and wither'd roses crown'd,
And reeling to the pipe's lascivious sound,
We _____ Intemperance his goblet quaff;
And mocking Blasphemy, with mad loud laugh,
Acting before high Heav'n _____ direr part,
Sport with the weapons that shall pierce his heart!

If o'er the southern wave we turn _____ sight,
More dismal shapes of hideous _____ affright!
Grim-visaged War, that ruthless _____ he hies,
Drowns with his trumpet's blast a brother's cries;
And Massacre, by yelling furies led,
With ghastly grin and eye-balls rolling red!
O'er _____ vast field, wide heap'd with festering slain,
Hark! how the Dæmon Passions shout amain,
And cry, exulting, while the death-storm low'rs,
Hurrah! the kingdoms of the world are outs!

O God! who madest man, I _____ these things,
And wearied wish for _____ fleet angel's wings,
That I might fly away, and hear no more
The surge that moans along this mortal shore!
But Joy's unclouded sunshine may not be,
Till, Father of all worlds, we rest with Thee!
Then Truth, uplifting from thy works the pall,
Shall speak, _____ in wisdom hast thou made them all;
Then Angels and Arch-angels as they gaze,
And all th' acclaiming host of Heaven, shall raise
The loud Hosanna of eternal praise!

Here all is mixt with sorrow—and the clouds
Hang awfully, whose shade the dim earth shrouds—
Therefore I mourn for man, and sighing say,
As down the steep I wind my homeward way,
Oh, when will Earth's long-muttering tempests cease,
And all be sunshine (like this scene) and peace!

ON AN UNFORTUNATE AND BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.¹

WRITTEN DECEMBER, 1783.

Oh! _____, when distress and anguish came,
And slow disease prey'd on thy wasted frame;
When every friend, e'en like thy bloom, was fled,
And want bow'd low thy unsupported head;
Sure sad Humanity a tear might give,
And Virtue say, "live, beauteous sufferer, live!"

But should there one be found (amidst the few
Who with compassion thy last pangs might view),
One who beheld thy errors with _____ tear,
To whom the ruins of thy heart were dear,
Who fondly hoped, the ruthless season past,
Thy faded virtues might revive at last;
Should such be found—oh! when he saw thee lie,
Closing _____ every earthly hope thine eye;
When he beheld despair, with rueful trace,
Mark the strange features of thy alter'd face!

¹ Alluding to the cruelties committed in France.

² This and _____ following pieces were first published under the title of "Juvonilla, written chiefly at Oxford."

When he beheld, _____ painful death drew nigh,
Thy pale, pale cheek, thy feebly-lifted eye,
Thy chill, shrunk hand, hung down as in despair,
Or slowly raised, with many _____ mutter'd pray'r!
When thus, in early youth, he saw thee bend
Poor _____ the grave, and die without a friend;
Some sadder feelings might unbidden start,
And _____ than common pity touch his heart!

Th' eventful scene is closed—with pausing dread
And sorrow, I drew nigh the silent bed—
Thy look was calm—thy heart was cold and still,
As if the world had never used it ill:
Methought the last faint smile, with traces weak,
Still seem'd to linger _____ thy faded cheek;
Poor _____! though most beauteous in thy face
Ere _____ touch'd it, beam'd each lovely grace;
Yet, oh, thy living features never wore
A look _____ sweet, so eloquent before;
As this, which bids all human passions cease,
And tells my pitying heart, "You died in peace!"

AT DOVER, 1786.

Thou, whose stern spirit loves the storm,
That borne on terror's desolating wings
Shakes the high forest, or remorseless flings
The shiver'd surge; when rising griefs deform
Thy peaceful breast, lie to yon steep, and think
(When thou dost mark the melancholy tide
Beneath thee, and the storm careering wide)
Toss'd on the surge of life how many sink!
And if thy cheek with one kind tear be wet,
And if thy heart be smitten, when the cry
Of danger and of death is heard more nigh,
O learn thy private sorrows to forget;
Intent, when hardest beats the storm, to save
One, who, like thee, has suffer'd from the wave.

AT OXFORD, 1786.

BRAVE me not of Fancy's shadowy dreams,
Which won my heart, or when the gay career
Of life begun, or when at times _____ tear
Sat sad on memory's cheek—though loftier themes
Await th' awaken'd mind, to the high prize
Of wisdom, hardly earn'd with toil and pain,
Aspiring patient; yet on life's wide plain
Left fatherless, where many a wanderer sighs
Hourly, and oft our road is lone and long,
T were not _____ crime, should we a while delay
Amid the sunny field; and happier they
Who, _____ they journey, woo the charm of song,
To cheer their way—till they forget to weep,
And the tired sense is hush'd, and sinks to sleep.

TO WODEN.

I need _____ perhaps mention, that Woden _____ the god of the Gothic
or Northern nations—his hall was called "Valhalla;" where
those who were slain in battle drank ale with him out of the
skulls of their enemies.

God of the battle, hear our pray'r!
By the lifted falchion's glare!

By th' uncouth fane sublime,
Mark'd with many a Runic rhyme;
By the "weird Sisters" dread,
That posting through the battle red
Chuse the slain,² and with them go
To Valhalla's halls below,
Where the phantom-chiefs prolong
Their echoing feast, a giant throng;
And their dreadful bev'rage drain
From the skulls of warriors slain.
God of the battle, hear our pray'r!³
And may we thy banquet share!

Save us, God, from slow disease;
From pains that the brave spirit freeze:
From the burning fever's rage;
From wailings of unhonour'd age,
Drawing painful his last breath!—
Give us in the battle death!
Let us lift a glitt'ring shield,
And perish, perish in the field!

Now o'er Cumri's hills of _____
To death, or victory, _____ go!

¹ Valkyries, or Chusers of the Slain:—See GRAY'S *Fatal Sisters*, etc.

² There are, besides, a great many virgins who officiate in Valhalla, pouring out beer and ale for the heroes, and taking care of the cups, and whatever belongs to the table. To this refers what _____ in the poem of *Grímnir*—“I wish Rísta and Mista would supply me with the drinking-horns, for they are the nymphs who should give cups to the heroes.” These goddesses _____ called *Valkyries*; Odin sends them into the fields of battle to make choice of those who are to be slain, and to bestow the victory. Gudar, Rosta, and the youngest of the “Destinies” or *Fairies*, who preside over time, viz. Skulda (or the Future), go forth every day on horseback to chuse the dead, and regulate what carnage shall ensue.—Edda.

³ Gangler goes on, and asks, Who _____ the gods whom men ought to acknowledge? Har answers, there are twelve gods whom you ought to _____ Jafnar _____, _____ the goddesses less sacred. Thridi proceeds—the first and most ancient of the gods is Odin. Odin is called the Universal Father; he is the father of all the gods;—he is also called the Father of Battles, because he adopts for his children all those who _____ slain with their swords in their hands. He assigns _____ for their place of residence the palaces of Valhall and Vingolf, and bestows on them the title of heroes.

The Gothic “Ode on Hæcon,” where these deities are introduced, is wild and poetical:—

The Goddesses “of Destiny,” who preside _____ battles, come, sent forth by Odin. They go to chuse among the Princes of the illustrious race of Yagron, him, “who is to perish, and go _____ dwell in the palace of the gods.

“Gondula, ‘one of these goddesses,’ leaned on the end of her lance, and thus bespake ‘her companions,’ the assembly of the gods is going _____ he increased: ‘the _____ of Hæcon _____ to invite this prince, with his numerous host, to _____ the palace of Odin.

“Thus spake these beautiful nymphs of _____; who were seated on their horses; who were covered with their shields and helmets, and appeared full of some great thoughts.

“Hæcon heard their discourse: Why (said he _____ of them), why hast thou thus disposed of the battle? Were we not worthy _____ have obtained from the gods a more perfect victory? It _____ we, she replied, who have given it to thee; it is _____ who have put thine enemies to flight.—Now, proceeded she, let _____ urge forward our horses _____ those green and verdant worlds, which are the residence of the gods. Let _____ go tell Odin, that the king is coming _____ visit him in his palace.

“When the father of the gods hears this news, he says, Hermode and Brage, my sons, go to meet the king: a king, admired by _____ men for his valour, _____ approacheth to our hall.

“At length king Hæcon approaches, and, arriving from the battle, is still all besprinkled and running down with blood. At the sight of Odin he cries out, Ah! how _____ and terrible doth this god appear to me!”—*Eulogium of Hæcon, Mallet's Antiquities*.

Hark! the chiefs their _____ prepare!
See, they bind their yellow hair—
Frenzy flashes from their eye—
They fly—our foes before them fly.

Woden, in thy empire drear,
Thou the groans of death dost hear,
And welcome _____ thy dusky hall
Those that for their country fall.

Hail, all hail the godlike train,
That _____ thee the goblet drain!
Or with many a huge compeer,
Lift _____ erst the shadowy spear;
While Hela's in _____ dread
Echo to their giant tread,
And ten thousand thousand shields
Flash lightning o'er the glimm'ring fields!

Hark! the battle-shouts begin—
Louder sounds the glorious din!
Louder than the ice's roar,
Bursting on the thawing shore;
Or crashing pines that strew the plain,
When the whirlwinds hurl the main!
Riding through the death-field red,
And singling fast the destined dead,
See the fatal Sisters fly!
Now my throbbing breast beats high—
Now I urge my panting steed
Where the foemen thickest bleed—
Soon exulting I shall go,
Woden, to thy halls below;
Or o'er the victims _____ they die,
Chaunt the song of Victory.

GILIMER.

Gilimer was the last of the Vandal kings of Africa, conquered by Belisarius; he retired to the heights of Papua, when his army _____ entirely beaten.—His answer to the message sent to him there by Belisarius is well known. He desired the conqueror to send him a Loaf of Bread, a Sponge, and a Lute: this request was thus explained—that the King had not tasted any baked bread since his arrival on that mountain, and earnestly longed to eat a morsel of _____ before he died; the sponge he wanted to allay a tumour that was fallen upon one of his eyes; and the lute, _____ which he had learnt _____ play, was to assist him in setting some elegiac verses he had composed on the subject of his misfortune.

“Hæcæ, soldier, to thy plumed chief;
Tell him that Afric's king,
Broken by years and bow'd with grief,
Asks but a lute, that he may sing
His sorrows to the moon; or (if he weep)
A sponge, which he in tears may steep;
And let his pity spare a little bread!”

Such, Gilimer, was thy last pray'r
To him, who o'er thy realm his gay host led,
When thou forlorn, and frozen with despair,
Didst sit _____ Papua's heights alone,
Mourning thy fortune lost, thy crown, thy kingdom
gone.

¹ See preceding Note.

When 't ■■■ still night, and on the mountain vast
The moon her tranquil glimmer cast,
From tent ■ tent, remotely spread around,
He heard the murmur'ing army's hostile sound,
And swell'd from his sad lute a solemn tone,
Whilst the lone valleys echoed—« All is gone!»

The sun from darkness rose,
Illumining the landscape wide,
The tents, the far-off ships, and the pale morning tide:
Now the prophetic song indignant flows—

• Thine, Roman, is the victory—
Roman, the wide world is thine—
In every clime thy eagles fly,
And the gay squadron's length'ning line,
That flashes far and near,
Its flouting banners ■ in scorn displays,—
Trump answers trump, to war-horse war-horse neighs.

• I sink forsaken here—
This rugged rock my empire, and this seat
Of solitude, my glory's last retreat!
Yet boast not thou,
Soldier, the laurels on thy victor brow;
They shall wither, and thy fate,
Leave thee, like me, despairing, desolate!

• With haggard beard, and bleeding eyes,
The conqueror of Afric lies!—
Where now his glory's crested helm?
Where now his marshall'd legions thronging bright,
His steeds, his trumpets, clanging to the fight,
That spread dismay through Persia's bleeding realm?

« Now see him poorly led,
Begging in age his scanty bread!
Proud victor, do our fates agree?
Dost thou now remember me—
Me of every hope bereft;
■■■ to scorn and ruin left?

• So may despair thy last lone hours attend;—
That thou too, in thy turn, mayst know,
How doubly sharp the woe—
When from fortune's summit hurl'd
We gaze around ■ ■ the world,
And find in all the world ■ friend!

OCTOBER, 1784.

WHEN in those eyes of tenderest light
A sadness, as of love, I see,
I sometimes think when I ■■ sad,
They look with kindness upon me.

O gentlest Maiden! dost thou grieve
For pleasant seasons past and gone;
And love to trace in others' looks
A shade of sadness like thy own?

Perhaps on some unthankful heart
For all thy hopes thou didst depend;
And now dost fondly turn to mark
The look but of ■ pitying friend.

¹ Alluding to the supposed miserable state of Bellarius in his old age.

Distrust me not—by hopes most dear
I swear, and God my witness be,
This heart, which wants ■ friend itself,
Should bleed to purchase peace for thee:

When ■■■ dimly on thy brow,
Its ■■■ cause I would not seek,
But kiss perhaps ■ falling tear,
And press thy hand, and never speak.

E'en now I inly pray that soon
Thy heart may ev'ry bliss attain;
■■■ mine, alas! which pitied thee,
I fear will ■■■ rest again.

I ■■■ the happy hour will come,
That shall to peace thy breast restore;
And that we two, beloved Friend,
Shall one day meet to part ■■ more.

■ grieves ■■ most, that parting thus,
All my soul feels I dare not speak;
And when I turn me from thy sight,
The tears in silence wet my cheek.

Yet I look forward to the time
That shall each wound of sorrow heal;
When I may press thee to my heart,
And tell thee all which ■■ I feel.

On, Music! if thou hast a charm
That may the sense of pain disarm,
Be all thy tender tones address'd
To soothe to peace my ■■■'s breast;
And bid the magic of thy strain
So still the wakeful throb of pain
That wrapt in the delightful measure,
Sweet Hope again may whisper pleasure,
And ■■■ the notes of spring ■ hear,
Prelude to a happier year.

And if thy magic ■■ restore
The shade of days that smile ■■ more,
And softer, sweeter colours give
To ■■■ that in rememb'rance live;
Be to her pensive heart a friend,
And whilst the tender shadows blend,
Recall, ■■ the brief trace be lost,
Each moment that she prized the most.

Perhaps, when many ■ cheerful day
Hereafter shall have stol'n away,
If then ■■■ old and fav'rite strain
Should bring back to her thoughts again
The hours, when silent by her side
I listen'd ■ her song and sigh'd—
Perhaps a long-forgotten name,
A thought, if not a tear, may claim;
And when in distant plains away,
Alone I ■■■ each ling'ring day,
She may a silent pray'r prefer
For him, whose heart once bled for her.

OCTOBER 26, 1791.

How shall I cheat the heavy hours, of thee
Deprived, of thy kind looks and converse sweet,
Now that the waving grove the dark storms beat,
And wintry winds sad sounding o'er the lea,¹
Scatter the fallow leaf? I would believe,
Thou, ■ this hour, with tearful tenderness
Dost ■ on absent images, and press
In thought my hand, and say, « O do not grieve,
Friend of my heart! at wayward fortune's pow'r;
One day ■ shall be happy, and each hour
Of pain forget, cheer'd by the summer ray.»
These thoughts beguile my sorrow for thy loss,
And, ■ the aged pines their dark heads toss,
Oft steal the sense of solitude away.

So am I sadly soothed, yet do I cast
A wishful glance upon the ■ past,
And think how diff'rent was the happy tide,
When thou, with looks of love, wert smiling by my side.

NOVEMBER, 1791.

Now Summer, the season of pleasure, is past,
And the rain it beats hard, and the leaves they fall fast,
And sad in this covert I linger alone,
For the friend of my heart she is far away gone.

Return, pleasant Spring! and oh hasten again
With the smile of thy sunbeam to gladden the plain;
But thy smile shall be vain, and thy aspect be drear,
And thy music, O Spring, will sound sad ■ mine ear;
And all thy green buds I with sorrow shall see,
If the friend of my bosom return ■ with thee.

MAY 4, 1792.

When the rack of the winter is rolled away,
And Summer comes in with her garland of May,
I cried, « Lovely Season, how pleased shall I see
The friend of my bosom returning with thee!»

With thee she returns not—Oh, how shall I bear
The breath of thy fragrance that whispers despair?
With thee she returns not—her death-bell has toll'd,
And every fond hope in my bosom is cold!

COOMBE-ELLEN;²

WRITTEN IN RADNORSHIRE, SEPTEMBER, 1798.

[Coombe-ElLEN (in Welch Cwm Elen) is situated among the ■ romantic mountains of Radnorshire, about five miles from Rhayd'r.—Mr Grove purchased ten thousand ■ and upwards, which he has greatly improved, by draining and watering, and he resides there with his family ■ of the summer months. As a place, it is well worth the attention of the Poet, the Painter, and the practical Agriculturist.]

CALL the strange spirit that abides unseen
In wilds, and wastes, and shaggy solitudes,

¹ Summer-Leas, ■ Knoyle.² This Poem was accompanied by the following Dedication:

« To THOMAS GROVE, Esq., of Fern, in Wiltshire. Dear Sir, these Lines, written ■ your Summer Residence in Radnorshire, during a visit there, I beg leave ■ inscribe to you, as a testimony of ■

And bid his dim hand lead thee through these scenes
That burst immense around! by mountains, glens,
And solitary cataracts that dash
Through dark ravines; and trees, whose wreathed roots
O'er-hang the torrent's channell'd course; and streams,
That far below, along the ■ vale,
Upon their rocky way, wind musical.

Stranger! ■ Nature charm thee—if thou lovest
To trace her awful steps, in glade ■ glen,
Or under covert of the rocking wood,
That sways its murmuring and mossy boughs
Above thy head; now, when the wind at times
Stirs its deep silence round thee, and the shower
Falls ■ the sighing foliage—hail her here
In these her haunts; and wrapt in musings high,
Think that thou holdest converse with ■ Power
Invisible and strange, such as of yore
Greece, in the shades of piny Mænalus,
The abode of Pan, or Ida's hoary caves,
Worshipp'd; and our old Druids, 'mid the gloom
Of rocks and woods like these, ■ with mutter'd spell
Invoked, and the loud ring of choral harps.

Hast thou oft mourn'd the chidings of the world,
The sound of her disquiet, that ascends
For ever, mocking the high throne of God?
Hast thou in youth known sorrow! Hast thou droop'd,
Heart-stricken, over youth and beauty's grave,
And ever after thought ■ the sad sound
The cold earth made, which, cast into the vault,
Consign'd thy heart's best treasure—« dust to dust!»
Here lapt into a sweet forgetfulness,
Hang o'er the wreathed water-fall, and think
Thou art alone in this dark world and wide.

Here Melancholy, ■ the pale crags laid,
Might muse herself to sleep; or Fancy come,
Witching the mind with tender cozenage,
And shaping things that are not; here all day
Might Meditation listen ■ the lapse
Of the white waters, flashing through the cleft,
And gazing ■ the many shadowing trees,
Mingle a pensive moral ■ she gazed.

High o'er thy head, amidst the shiver'd slate,
Behold, a sapling yet, the wild ash bend
Its dark red berries clust'ring, as it wish'd
In the clear liquid mirror, ■ it fell,
To trace its beauties: O'er the prone cascade,
Airy, and light, and elegant, the birch
Displays its glossy stem, amidst the gloom
Of alders and jagg'd fern, and evermore
Waves her light pensile foliage, as she wooed
The passing gale to whisper flatteries.
Upon the adverse bank, wither'd, and stript
Of all its pleasant leaves, a scathed oak
Hangs desolate—once sov'reign of the scene,
Perhaps, proud of its beauty and its strength,
And branching its broad ■ along the glen:
O speaks it ■ remonstrance ■ the heart?
It seems to say, « So shall the spoiler come,
The season that shall shatter your fair leaves,
Gay children of the summer! yet enjoy

for an upright Magistrate, a humane, sincere, and sensible Man.—
Donhead, Oct. 17, 1798.»

Your pleasant prime, and lift your green heads high,
Exulting; but the storm will come at last,
That shall lay low your strength, and give your pride
To the swift-hurrying stream of age, like mine.*

And so severe Experience oft reproves
The gay and careless children of the world;
They hear the cold rebuke, and then again
Turn to their sport, as likes them, and dance on!
And let them dance; so all their blooming prime
They give not up to vanity, but learn
That wisdom and that virtue which shall best
Bestead them, when the evil days draw nigh,
And the brief blossoms of their spring-time fade.

Now wind ■ up the glen, and hear below
The dashing torrent, in deep woods conceal'd;
And ■ again, white-flashing ■ the view,
O'er the huge craggy fragments. Ancient stream,
That murmur'st through the mountain solitudes,
The time has been when ■ eye mark'd thy course,
Save His who made the world! Fancy might dream
She saw thee thus bound on from age ■ age
Unseen of man, whilst awful Nature sat
On the rent rocks, and said, "These haunts be mine."
Now Taste has mark'd thy features; here and there
Touching with tender hand, but injuring not,
Thy beauties—whilst along thy woody verge
Ascends the winding pathway, and the eye
Catches at intervals thy varied falls.

But loftier scenes invite us; pass the hill,
And through the woody hanging, at whose feet
The tinkling Ellen winds, pursue thy way.
Yon bleak and weather-whiten'd rock, immense,
Upshoots amidst the scene, craggy and steep,
And like ■ high-embattled citadel,
That awes the low plain shadowing. Half-way up
The purple heath is seen, but bare its brow,
And deep-intrench'd, and all beneath it spread
With massy fragments riven from its top.

Amidst the crags, and scarce discern'd so high,
Hangs here and there ■ sheep, by its faint bleat
Discover'd, whilst the astonish'd eye looks up,
And marks ■ on the precipice's brink
Pick its scant food secure:—And fares it not
E'en ■ with you, poor orphans! ye who climb
The rugged path of life without ■ friend;
And ■ broken crags bear hardly ■
With pale imploring looks, that ■ ■ say,
"My mother!" she is buried, and ■ rest,
Laid in her grave-clothes; and the heart is still,
The only heart that throughout all the world
Beat anxiously for you! Oh, yet beat on;
He who sustains the bleating lamb shall feed
And comfort you: meantime the Heavens' pure beam,
That breaks above the sable mountain's brow
Lighting, one after one, the sunless crags,
Awakes the blissful confidence, that here,
Or in ■ world where sorrow never comes,
All shall be well.

Now through the whispering wood
We steal, and mark the old and mossy oaks
Imboss the mountain slope; or the wild ash,

With rich red clusters mantling; or the birch
In lonely glens light-wavering; till behold
The rapid river shooting through the gloom
Its lucid line along; and ■ its side
The bordering pastures green, where the swink'd ox
Lies dreaming, heedless of the numerous flies
That, in the transitory sunshine, hum
Round his broad breast; and farther up the cot,
With blue light smoke ascending: Images
Of peace and comfort! the wild rocks around
Endear your smile the more, and the full mind,
Sliding from scenes of dread magnificence,
Sinks on your charms reposing: Such repose
The sage may feel, when, fill'd and half-oppress'd
With vast conceptions, smiling he returns
To life's consoling sympathies, and hears,
With heart-felt tenderness, the bells ring out;
Or pipe upon the mountains; or the low
Of herds slow winding down the cottaged vale,
Where day's last sunshine lingers: such repose
He feels, who following where his Shakespeare leads,
As in a dream, through an enchanted land,
Here, with Macbeth, in the dread cavern hails
The Weird Sisters, and the dismal deed
Without a name; there sees the charmed isle,
The lone domain of Prospero, and, hark!
Wild music, such as earth scarce seems to own,
And Ariel o'er the slow-subsiding surge
Singing her smooth air quaintly: such repose
Steals o'er her spirits, when through storms at sea,
Fancy has follow'd some nigh-founder'd bark,
Full many a league, in ocean's solitude
Toss'd, far beyond the Cape of utmost Horn,
That stems the roaring deep; her dreary track
Still Fancy follows, and at dead of night
Hears, with strange thunder, the huge fragments fall
Crashing, from mountains of high-drifting ice
That o'er her bows gleam fearful; till at last
She hails the gallant ship in some still bay
Safe moor'd, or of delightful Tinian[†]
(Smiling, like fairy isle, amid the waste),
Or of New-Zealand, where from shelt'ring rocks
The clear cascades gush beautiful, and high
The woodland scenery tow'rs above the mast,
Whose long and wavy ensign streams beneath.
Far inland, clad in snow, the mountains lift
Their spiry summits, and endear the more
The sylvan scene around; the healing air
Breathes o'er green myrtles, and the Poe-bird flits,

[†] The isle of Tinian is about twelve miles long and six broad. The land rises in gentle slopes from the beach: but the ascent is frequently broken by valleys of a moderate depth, some of which irregularly traverse the country. These valleys, and the gradual swellings of the ground, ■ which their different combinations give rise, are beautifully diversified by the mutual approach of woods and lawns, which border on each other, and extend in large tracts ■ the whole island. The woods are composed of tall spreading trees, estimable both for their fruit and utility.—The lawns are covered with ■ uniform turf, composed of very fine trefoil, intermixed with various flowers. Hence arose a great diversity of the most luxuriant prospects, according to the different blendings of the woods and lawns, through the valleys and along the slopes.—The animals which enliven the landscape partake of the romantic cast of the island itself, and greatly increase its beauty.—Hundreds of cattle, all milk white, except their ears, may be seen feeding together; and the flocks of domestic poultry, with discordant music, give the perfect idea of the vicinity of farms and villages.

Amid the shade of aromatic shrubs,
With silver neck and bluey-burnished wing.

Now cross the stream, and up the narrow track
That winds along the mountain's edge, behold
The peasant-lass ascend : cheerful her look
Beneath the umbrage of her broad black hat,
And loose her dark-brown hair ; the plodding pad
That bears her, panting climbs, and with sure step
Avoids the jutting fragments ; she meantime
Sits unconcern'd, till, lessening from the view,
She gains the summit, and is seen no more.

All day, along that mountain's heathly waste,
Booted and strapt, and in rough coat succinct,
His small shrill whistle pendent at his breast,
With dogs and gun, untired the sportsman roams ;
Nor quits his wildly-devious range, till eve,
Upon the woods, the rocks, and mazy rills
Descending, warns him home : then he rejoins
The social circle, just as the clear moon,
Emerging o'er the sable mountain, sails
Silent, and calm, and beautiful, and sheds
Its solemn grandeur on the shadowy scene.
To Music then ; and let some chosen strain
Of Handel gently recreate the sense,
And give the silent heart to tender joy.

Pass on to the hoar cataract, that foams
Through the dark fissures of the riven rock ;
Prone-rushing it descends, and with white whirl,
Save where some silent shady pool receives
Its dash ; thence bursting with collected sweep,
And hollow sound, it hurries, till it falls
Foaming in the wild stream that winds below.
Dark trees, that ■ the mountain's height ascend,
O'er-shade with pendent boughs its mossy course,
And, looking up, the eye beholds it flash
Beneath the incumbent gloom, from ledge to ledge
Shooting its silvery foam, and far within
Wreathing its curve fantastic. If the harp
Of deep poetic inspiration, struck
At times by the pale minstrel, whilst a strange
And beauteous light fill'd his uplifted eye,
Hath ever sounded into mortal ears,
Here I might think I heard its tones, and saw,
Sublime amidst the solitary scene,
With dimly-gleaming harp, and snowy stole,
And cheek in momentary frenzy flush'd,¹
The great musician stand. Hush, every wind
That shakes the murm'ring branches ! and thou stream
Descending still with hollow-sounding sweep,
Hush !—"T was the bard struck the loud strings :—Arise,
Son of the magic song, arise,
And bid the deep-toned lyre
Pour forth its manly melodies ;
With eyes on fire
Caradoc rush'd upon the foe,
He rear'd his arm—he laid the mighty low.
O'er the plain see he urges his gore-bathed steed !
They bleed—the Romans² bleed !

¹ Nant-Yola.

² The *Silures*, comprehending Radnorshire, Herefordshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire, were the bravest of the Britons : Caradocus, the greatest and ■ renowned leader Britain had ■ produced, was their king.

He lifts his lance on high,
They fly ! the fierce invaders fly !
Fear not ■ the horse or spear,
Fear not now the foeman's might ;
Victory the cry shall hear
Of those who for their country fight ;
O'er the slain
That strew the plain
Stern ■ her sable war-horse shall she ride,
And lift her red right-hand in their heart's blood deep
dyed !.

Return, my Muse, the fearful sound is past ;
And now a little onward, where the way
Ascends above the oaks that far below
Shade the rude steep, let Contemplation lead
Our slow steps ; from this shady eminence
'T is pleasant, and yet fearful, to look down
Upon the river roaring, and far off
To see it stretch in peace, and mark the rocks
One after one, in solemn majesty
Unfolding their wild reaches ; here with wood
Mantled, beyond abrupt and bare, and each
As if it strove with emulous disdain
To tow'r in ruder, darker amplitude.
Pause, ere we enter the long craggy vale ;
It seems the abode of solitude. So high
The rock's bleak summit frowns above our head,
Looking immediate down, we almost fear
Lest some enormous fragment should descend
With hideous sweep into the vale, and crush
The intruding visitant ; no sound is here,
Save of the stream that shrills, and now and then
A cry as of faint wailing, when the kite
Comes sailing o'er the crags, or straggling lamb
Bleats for its mother. Here, remote from man,
And life's discordant roar, might Piety
Lift up her early orisons to Him
Who made the world ; who piled up, aged rocks !
Your huge o'er-shadowing summits ; who devolved
The mighty rivers on their mazy course ;
Who bade the seasons roll, and they roll'd on
In harmony ; who fill'd the earth with joy,
And spread it in magnificence. O God !
Thou also madest the great water-flood,
The deep that uttereth his voice ; whose waves
Toss fearful ■ thy bidding. Thou didst speak,
And lo, the great and glorious Sun, from night
Tenfold, upspringing, through the heavens' wide way
■ his untired career. These, in their course,
As with ■ shout of acclamation, praise
Thee, Lord ! thee, Father ! thee, Almighty King !
Maker of Earth and Heaven : Nor less the flower
That shakes its purple head, and smiles ■
Upon the mountain's van ; ■ less the stream
That tinkles through the cliff-encircled bourns,
Cheering with music the lone place, proclaim
— In wisdom, Father, hast thou made them all.

Scenes of retired sublimity, that fill
With fearful ecstasy, and holy trance,
The pausing mind ! We leave your awful gloom,
And lo, the foot-way plank, that leads across
The ■ torrent, foaming through the chasm

¹ Dol-Vinoc rock.

Below; the rugged stones are wash'd and worn
 Into a thousand shapes, and hollows scoop'd
 By long attrition of the ceaseless surge,
 Smooth, deep, and polish'd ■ the marble urn,
 In their hard forms. Here let us sit, and watch
 The struggling current burst its headlong way,
 Hearing the noise it makes, and musing much
 On the strange changes of this nether world.
 How many ages must have swept to dust
 The still-succeeding multitudes, that ■ fret
 Their little hours upon this restless scene,
 Or ■ the sweeping waters could have cut
 The solid rock so deep: ■ now its roar
 Comes hollow from below, methinks ■ hear
 The noise of generations, as they pass,
 O'er the frail arch of earthly vanity,
 To silence and oblivion. The loud coil
 Ne'er ceases—as the running river sounds
 From age ■ age, though each particular ■
 That made its brief noise, as it hurried on,
 Even whilst we speak, is past, and heard ■ more;
 So ever to the ear of Heaven ascends
 The long, loud murmur of the rolling globe;
 Its strife, its toil, its sighs, its shouts, the ■

But lo! upon the hilly croft, and scarce
 Distinguish'd from the crags, the peasant hut
 Forth peeping; nor unwelcome is the sight;
 It seems to say, Though solitude be sweet,
 And sweet are all the images that float
 Like summer-clouds before the eye, and charm
 The pensive wanderer's way, 't is sweeter yet
 To think that in this world a brother lives.
 And lovelier smiles the scene, that 'mid the wilds
 Of rocks and mountains, the bemused thought
 Remembers of humanity, and calls
 The wildly-roving fancy back ■ life.

Here then I leave my harp, which I have touch'd
 With careless hand, and here I bid farewell
 To Fancy's fading pictures, and farewell
 The ideal spirit that abides unseen
 'Mid rocks, and woods, and solitudes. I hail
 Rather the steps of Culture, that ascend
 The precipice's aid ■ She bids the wild
 Bloom, and adorns with beauty not its ■
 The ridged mountain's tract; she speaks, and lo
 The yellow harvest nods upon the slope;
 And through the dark and matted ■ upshoots
 The bursting clover, smiling ■ the sun.
 These are thy offspring, Culture! the green herb
 Is thine, that decks with rich luxuriance
 The pasture's lawny range; the yellow corn,
 That waves upon the upland ridge, is thine;
 Thine too the elegant abode, that smiles
 Amidst the rocky scene, and wakes the thought,
 The tender thought, of all life's charities.
 And senseless were my heart, could I look back
 Upon the varied way my feet have trod,
 Without a silent prayer that health and joy,
 And love and happiness, may long abide
 In the romantic vale where Ellen winds.

SUMMER EVENING, AT HOME.

MAY, 1799.

Come, lovely Evening! with thy smile of peace
 Visit my humble dwelling, welcomed in
 ■ with loud shouts, and the throng'd city's din,
 But with such sounds as bid all tumult cease
 Of the sick heart; the grasshopper's faint pipe
 Beneath the blades of dewy grass unripe,
 The bleat of the lone lamb, the carol rude
 Heard indistinctly from the village green,
 The bird's last twitter from the hedge-row scene,
 Where, just before, the scatter'd crumbs I strew'd,
 To pay him for his farewell song—all these
 Touch soothingly the troubled ear, and please
 The stilly-stirring fancies—though my hours
 (For I have droop'd beneath life's early show'rs)
 Pass lonely oft, and oft my heart is sad,
 Yet I ■ leave the world, and feel most glad
 To meet thee, Evening, here—here my ■ hand
 Has deck'd with trees and shrubs the slopes around,
 And whilst the leaves by dying airs are fann'd,
 Sweet to my spirit comes the farewell sound,
 That seems ■ say—“Forget the transient tear
 Thy pale youth shed—Repose and peace are here.”

WINTER EVENING, AT HOME.

DECEMBER 28, 1799.

Fare Moon! that at the chilly day's decline
 Of sharp December, through my cottage pane
 Dost lovely look, smiling, though in thy wane;
 ■ thought, to scenes, serene and still as thine,
 Wanders my heart, whilst I by turns survey
 Thee slowly wheeling on thy evening way;
 And this my fire, whose dim, unequal light,
 Just glimmering, bids each shadowy image fall
 Sombrous and strange upon the dark'ning wall,
 Ere the clear tapers chase the deep'ning night!
 Yet thy still orb, seen through the freezing haze,
 Shines calm and clear without, and whilst I gaze,
 I think—around me in this twilight room—
 I but remark mortality's sad gloom;
 Whilst hope, and joy, cloudless and soft appear
 ■ the sweet beam that lights thy distant sphere!

THE SPIRIT OF NAVIGATION AND DISCOVERY.¹

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. DR VINCENT, HEAD-MASTER
 OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

I.

STERN Father of the Storm! who dost abide
 Amid the solitude of the vast deep,
 For ever list'ning to the sullen tide
 *And whirlwinds, that the billowy desert sweep;

¹ The following notice ■ prefixed to this on its first appearance:
 “The following is the Introduction to a large Poem intended to
 have been written ■ the subject of Naval Discovery, from the ear-
 liest period to our own times, to consist of ten books or cantos; but
 considering the greatness and extent of the theme, I found the
 metre, as adopted in the present essay, too confined: I have, how-
 ever, published it as it is, reserving the subject for a different
 mode of treating it, unless it should be thought by better judges
 than myself that the present stanza might, with propriety, be em-
 ployed;—the following is therefore offered to the public merely as
 a specimen.”

Thou at the distant death-shriek dost rejoice,
The rule of the tempestuous main is thine,
Outstretch'd and lone; thou utterest thy voice,
Like solemn thunders, "These wild waves are mine,
Mine their dread empire, nor shall I profane
Th' eternal secrets of my ancient reign."

II.

The voice is vain! secure, and I in scorn,
The gallant vessel goes before the wind—
Her parting sails swell stately I the morn—
She leaves the green earth and its hills behind—
Gallant before the wind she goes, her prow
High bearing, and disparting the blue tide
That foams and flashes in its rage below;
Meantime the helmsman feels a conscious pride,
And while far onward the long billows swell,
Looks to the lessening land, which I to say "fare-
well!"

III.

Father of Storms! then let thy whirlwinds roar
O'er I of solitary amplitude:
Man, the poor tenant of thy rocky shore,
Man, thy terrific empire hath subdued;
And though thy waves I his high-founder'd bark
Where no dim watch-light gleams, still he defies
Thy utmost rage, and in his buoyant ark
Goes on, regardless of the dark'ning skies;
And o'er the mountain-surges as they roll,
Subdues his destined way, and speeds from pole to pole.

IV.

Behold him now, far from his native plain,
Where high woods shade I wild Hesperian bay,
Or green isles glitter in the southern main,
His streaming ensign to the morn display.
Behold him, where the North's pale meteors dance,
And icy rocks roll glimm'ring from afar,¹
Fearless through night and solitude advance;
Or where the pining I of Andamar
(When dark eclipse has wrapt the lab'ring moon)
Howl to the dæmon of the dread monsoon!

V.

Time was, like them, poor Nature's shiv'ring child,
Wand'ring the beach, and by the salt spray beat,
He watch'd the melancholy surge, or smiled
To see it burn and bicker at his feet;
In I rude shaggy spot, by fortune placed,
He dreamt not of strange lands, and empires spread
Beyond the rolling of the wat'ry waste;
He saw the sun shine I the mountain's head,
But knew not, whilst he hail'd the orient light,
What myriads bless'd his beam, or sicken'd at the sight.

¹ The following is a beautiful description of the appearance of an Ice-Mountain:—

"The ice that had parted from the main body, they I time to admire, as it no longer obstructed their course; I shapes in which the broken fragments appeared, I indeed very curious and amusing. One remarkable piece described a magnificent arch I large and completely formed, that a sloop I considerable burden might have sailed through it without lowering her masts. Another represented a church with windows, pillars, and domes, etc."—PRIPPS'S *Voyage to the North*.

VI.

From some dark promontory, that o'er-bent
The flashing waves, he heard their ceaseless roar,
Or carol'd in his light canoe content;
As bound from creek to creek it grazed the shore;
Gods of the storm the dreary space might sweep,
And shapes of death, and gliding spectres gaunt,
Might flit, he thought, o'er the remoter deep;
And whilst strange voices cried "Avaunt, Avaunt!"
Uncertain lights, seen through the midnight gloom,
Might lure him sadly on I his cold wat'ry tomb.

VII.

I city, then, amid the calm clear day,
O'er the blue waters' undulating line,
With battlements, and fans that glitter'd gay,
And piers, and thronging masts, I I to shine.
No cheerful sounds were wafted on the gale,
Nor humm'd the shores with early industry;
But mournful birds in hollow cliffs did wail,
And there all day the cormorant did cry,
While with sunk eye, and matted dripping locks,
The houseless savage slept beneath the foam-beat rocks.

VIII.

Thus slumb'ring long upon the dreamy verge
Of instinct, see, he rouses from his trance!—
Faint, and as glimmering yet, the Arts emerge,
One after one, from darkness, and advance
Beauteous, as o'er the Heav'ns the stars' still way.
Now I the tract of his dominion wide
Fair smiling, I the day-spring; cities gay
Lift their proud heads, and o'er the yellow tide,
Whilst sounds of fervent industry arise,
A thousand pennants float bright-streaming in the skies!

IX.

Genius of injured Asia! once sublime
And glorious, I dim I amid the storm
And melancholy clouds of sweeping time,
Who yet dost half reveal thine awful form,
Pointing, with sadden'd aspect and slow hand,
To vast emporiums, desolate and waste;
To wrecks of unknown cities, sunk in sand;
'T was at thy voice, Arts, Order, Science, Taste,
Upsprung, the East adorning, like the smile
Of spring upon the banks of thy own swelling Nile.

X.

'T was at thy voice huge Enterprise awoke,
That, long on rocky Aradus reclined,
Slumber'd to the hoarse surge that round her broke,
And hollow pipings of the idle wind;
She heard thy voice—upon the rock she stood
Gigantic—the rude scene she mark'd—she cried,
"Let there be intercourse, and the great flood
Waft the rich plenty, to these shores denied!"
And I thine eye delighted saw aspire,
Crowning the midland main, thy own Imperial Tyre.

XI.

Queen of the Waters! who didst ope the gate
Of Commerce, and display in lands unknown
Thy vent'rous sail, e'en now in ancient state
Methinks I see thee on thy rocky throne;

I see their massy piles thy cothons¹ rear,
And on the deep ■ solemn shadow cast;
I traverse thy once-echoing shores, and hear
The sound of mighty generations past:
I see thy kingly merchants' throng'd resort,
And gold and purple gleam o'er all thy spacious port.

XII.

I mark thy glitt'ring galleys sweep along—
The steady rowers to the strokes incline,
And chaunt in unison their choral song—
White through their oars the ivory benches shine—
The fine-wrought sails, which looms of Egypt wove,²
Swell beautiful beneath the bending mast,
Hewn from proud Lebanon's immortal grove;
The oaks of Bashan brave the roaring blast!
So o'er the western wave thy vessels float,
For verdant Egypt bound, or Calpe's cliffs remote.

XIII.

Queen of the waters! throned on thy ■
Amidst the sea, thy beauty and thy fame
The deep, that rolls low-murmuring at thy feet,
And all the multitude of isles, proclaim!
For thee Damascus piles her woolly store;
To thee their flocks Arabia's princes bring;
And Sheba heaps her spice and glitt'ring ore;
■ The ships of Tarsish of thy glory sing:³
Queen of the waters! who is like to thee,
Replenish'd in thy might, and throned ■ the sea?

XIV.

The purple streamers fly, the trumpets sound,
Th' advent'rous bark glides ■ in tranquil state,
The voyagers, with leafy garlands crown'd,
Draw back their arms together, and elate
Sweep o'er the surge; the spray amusive flies
Beneath the stroke of their unwearied oars;
To their loud shouts the circling coast replies;
And now o'er the deep ocean, where it roars
They fly—till slowly less'ning from the shore,
Beneath the haze they sink—sink, and are ■ more.

XV.

When Night descends, and with her silver bow
The Queen of Heaven⁴ ■ forth in radiance
bright,
Surveying the dim earth and ■ below;
Why from afar resounds the mystic rite

¹ Cothons, artificial harbours.

² Ezekiel, xxvii, 3. "And say ■ Tyros, O thou that art situate at the entry of the sea, which art a merchant of the people for many isles, Thus saith the Lord God; O Tyros, thou hast said, I am of perfect beauty. 4. Thy borders ■ in the midst of the seas, thy builders have perfected thy beauty. 5. They have made all thy ship-boards of fir-trees of Senir: they have taken cedars from Lebanon ■ make ■ for thee. 6. Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars: the company of the Ashurites have made thy benches of ivory, brought ■ of the ■ of Chittim. 7. Fine linen with brodered work from Egypt ■ that which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail: blue and purple from the isles of Elishah was that which covered thee."

³ Ezekiel, xxvii, 25.—"The ships of Tarsish did sing of thee in thy market; and thou wast replenished, and made very glorious in the midst of the seas."

⁴ Astarte, or the Moon, the goddess of the Sidonians, called the Queen of Heaven.—"The ■ knead their dough ■ make cakes to the Queen of Heaven." Jeremiah, chap. vii.

Hymn'd round her uncouth altar? Virgins there
(Amid the brazen tymbal's hollow ring)
And aged priests the solemn feast prepare;
To her their nightly orisons they sing;
That she may look from her high throne, and guide
The wand'ring bark secure along the trackless tide.

XVI.

■ his nightly watch the pilot views
Careful, and by her soft and tranquil light,
Along th' uncertain coast his track pursues;
And ■ he sees great Carmel's woody height,
Where nightly fires to grisly Baal burn;
Round the rough cape he winds—meantime far on
Thick eddying scuds the hollow surf upturn:
He thinks of the sweet light of summer gone!
He thinks, perhaps, dash'd on the rugged shore,
He never shall behold his babes' loved mother more!

XVII.

Slow comes the morn—but ah! what demon form¹
(While pealing thunder the high concave rends)
Rises more vast amid the rushing storm!
With dreadful shade his horrid bulk ascends
Dark to the driving clouds—beneath him roars
The deep—his troubled brow is wrapt in gloom;
Ah, it moves onwards; see! more huge it soars!
Who shall avert the poor sea-farer's doom?
Who now shall save him from the spectre's might
That treads the rocking waves in thunder and in night?

XVIII.

Dread phantom! art thou he whose fearful sway,
As Egypt's hoary chronicles have told,
The clouds, the whirlwinds, and the seas obey,
Typhon! of aspect hideous to behold?
O spare the wretched wanderers, who, led
By flattering hopes, have left the peaceful shore!
Behold they shrink—they bend with speechless
dread—

From their faint grasp drops the unheeded oar!
It ■ not, but mingling seas and sky
In clouds, and wind, and thunder, rushes by.

XIX.

Hail to thy light, lord of the golden day,
Who, bursting through the sable clouds again,
Dost cheer the seaman's solitary way,
And with new splendour deck the lucid main;
And lo! the voyage past, where many ■ palm,²
Its green top only seen, the prospect bounds,
Fringing the sunny sea-line, clear and calm—
Now hark! the slowly-swelling human sounds!
Meantime the bark along the placid bay
■ Tamias keeps her easy-winding way.

XX.

Here ■ we safe from scenes of peril past,
■ danger lurks in this serene retreat;
■ is heard the roaring of the blast,
But pastoral sounds of scatter'd flocks that bleat,

¹ Water-spouts are ■ frequent near the capes of Latikea, Grecco, and Carmel, than in any other parts of the Mediterranean Sea.—Shaw's Travels.

² The ■ of Egypt is not discovered till its trees ■ seen.

Or evening herds that o'er the campaign low;
Here citrons ■ and purple dates around
Delicious fragrance and cool shade bestow;
The shores with murmuring industry resound;
While through the vernal pastures where he strays,
The Nile,¹ as with delight, his many course delays.

WATER-PARTY ON BEAULIEU RIVER,

IN ■■■■ FOREST, JUNE, 1799.

I.

I THOUGHT 't ■ a toy of the fancy—a dream
That leads with illusion the ■ astray,
And I sigh'd with delight, ■ stole down the stream,
While Eve, ■ she smiled on our sails, seem'd to say,
• Rejoice in my light, ere it fade fast away! •

II.

We left the loud rocking of ocean behind,
And stealing along the clear current serene,
The Phœdria² spread her white sails to the wind,
And they who divided had many a day been,
Gazed with ■ delight ■ the charms of the scene!

III.

Each bosom ■ spirit of peace seem'd to feel,
■ We heard not the tossing, the stir, and the roar
Of the ocean without, we heard but the keel,
The keel that went whispering along the green shore,
And the stroke, as it dipp'd, of the feathering oar.

IV.

Beneath the dark woods now as winding we go,
What sounds of rich harmony burst on the ear;
Hark! cheerly the loud-swelling clarionets blow—
Now the tones gently die, ■ more mellow we hear
The horns through the high forest echoing clear.

V.

They cease, and no longer the echoes prolong
The swell of the concert: in silence we float—
In silence? O listen! 't is woman's³ sweet song—
The bends of the river reply to each note,
And the oar is held dripping, and still from the boat.

VI.

Mark the ■ that descends o'er the curve of the flood!
Seize, Wilnot,⁴ the pencil, and instant convey
To the tablet the water, the banks, and the wood,
That their colours may live without change ■ decay,
When these beautiful tints die in darkness away.

VII.

So, when ■ parted, and toss'd ■ the deep,
And no longer the light ■ our prospect shall gleam,
The semblance of one lovely scene we may keep,
And remember the day, and the hour, like a dream!
When we sigh'd with delight ■ stole down the

¹ The many turnings ■ river Nile mark the distance from Cairo to be near two hundred miles, though in a ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ will scarce amount to half that number.—Saw.

² Cutter belonging to Nath. Ogil, esq.

³ Mrs Sheridan.

⁴ Mrs Wilnot, ■ known ■ ■ ■ great talents in drawing, ■ ■ ■

FAIRY SKETCH.

SCENE—NETLEY-ABBEY.

I.

THERE ■ a morrice ■ the moon-light plain,
And music echo'd in the woody glade,
For fay-like forms, ■ of Titania's train,
Upon a ■ eve, beneath the shade
Of Netley's ivied ruins, ■ the sound
Of sprightly minstrelsy did beat the ground:—
• Come, take hands! and lightly move,
While our boat, in yonder cove,
Rests upon the dark'ning sea;
• Come, take hands, and follow me! •

II.

NETLEY! thy dim and desolated fane
Hath heard, perhaps, the spirits of the night
Shrieking, at times, amid the wind and rain;
Or haply, when the full-orb'd ■ shone bright,
Thy glimmering aisles have echo'd ■ the song
Of fairy Mab, who led her shadowy masque along.
Now, ■ to the sprightly sound
Of moon-light minstrelsy we beat the ground,
From the pale nooks, in accent clear,
Now, methinks, her voice I hear,
Sounding o'er the darksome sea,
• Come, take hands, and follow me! •

III.

• Here, beneath the solemn wood,
When paly-blue is all the sky,
And the moon is still on high,
• To the murmurs of the flood,
To the glimpses of the night,
We perform our airy rite;—
Care and pain, ■ us unknown,
To the dark'ning seas are flown.

IV.

• Hear no ■ life's fretful noise,
Heed not here pale envy's sting,
Far from life's distemper'd joys;
To the waters murmuring,
To the shadows of the sky,
To the ■ that rides ■ high,
To the glimpses of the night,
We perform our airy rite,
While ■ and pain, to us unknown,
To the dark'ning ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ flown. •

THE SNOW-DROP.

BY W. SCROPE, ESQ.

BENEATH the chilling airs, when I behold
Thee, lovely flow'r, recline thy languid head;
When I behold thee drooping, pale, and cold,
As sorrowing for thy vernal sisters dead;
Methinks I mark the orphan child of woe,
Exposed to hardship from his earliest birth,
Bending beneath the wintry ■ that blow,
His only portion ■ rude spot of earth;
Yet sure, like thine, meek flow'r, his spring draws near,
And Heav'n's sweet sunshine shall inhale each tear.

LATINÆ REDDITUM.

FRIGORE sub rigido te, veris floscule, cerno,
 Nutantem tenerum languidulumque caput,
 Atque ita pallentem, tumulatas sola sorores
 Seu plores, tempus quas hiemale premit.
 Sic pallet (dixi) deserta orbata juvenas,
 Dum jam tempestas desuper atra strepit;
 Sic caput inclinat, rudis inclementia mundi
 Dum ferit, et solo in tramite mœsta nitet.
 At citò ver veniat, veniet citò mitior aura
 Hauriat et lacrymam lux rediviva brevem!

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF DR WARTON.

Ληγετε, Βουκαλικας, μουθαι φιλει, ληγεται αιωνος.
 ΙΟΥΛΛ. 1.

On! I should ill thy gen'rous cares requite,
 Thou who didst first inspire my timid muse,
 Could I one tuneful tear ■ thee refuse,
 Now that thine aged eyes ■ closed in night,
 Poor Warton!—Thou hast stroked my stripling head,
 And sometimes, mingling kind reproof with praise,
 My path hast best directed through the maze
 Of thorny life—by thee my steps were led
 To that romantic valley, high o'erhung
 With sable woods, where many a minstrel rung
 His bold harp to the sweeping waterfall,
 Whilst Fancy loved around each form to call
 That fill the poet's dream: to this retreat
 Of Fancy (won by whose enticing lay
 I have forgot how sunk the summer's day),
 Thou first did guide my not unwilling feet;
 Meantime inspiring the gay breast of youth
 With love of taste, of science, and of truth.

The first inciting sounds of human praise,
 A parent's love excepted, came from thee;
 And but for thee, perhaps, my boyish days
 Had all pass'd idly, and what'er in me
 Now live of hope, been buried.

I ■ one,
 Long bound by cold dejection's numbing chain,
 As in ■ torpid trance, that deem'd it vain
 To struggle; ■ my eye-lids to the ■
 Uplifted—but I heard thy cheering voice!—
 I shook my deadly slumber off; I gazed
 Delighted round—awaked, inspired, amazed,
 I mark'd another world, and in my choice
 Lovelier, and deck'd with light!—On fairy ground
 Methought I buoyant trod, and heard the sound
 As of enchanting melodies, that stole,
 Stole gently, and entranced my captive soul.
 Then all was life and hope! 'T was thy first ray,
 Sweet Fancy, on the heart—as when the day
 Of Spring, along the melancholy tract
 Of wintry Lapland, dawns; the cataract,
 From ice dissolving on the silent side
 Of some white precipice, with paly gleam
 Descends, while the cold hills a slanting beam
 Faint tinges: till, ascending in his pride,
 The great Sun from the red horizon looks,
 And wakes the tuneless birds, the stagnant brooks,

And sleeping lakes! So on my mind's cold night
 The ray of Fancy shone, and gave delight
 And hope, past utterance.—

Thy cheering voice,
 O Warton! bade my silent heart rejoice,
 And waked to love of Nature: every breeze,
 On Itchin's brink, was melody: the trees
 Waved in fresh beauty; and the wind and rain,
 That shook the battlements of Wykeham's fane,
 Not less delighted, when with random pace
 I trod the cloister'd aisles: and, witness thou,
 Catharine,¹ upon whose fess-encircled brow
 We met the morning, how I loved to trace
 The prospect spread around—the rills below,
 That shone irriguous in the fuming plain;
 The river's bend, where the dark barge went slow,
 And the pale light on yonder time-worn fane.²

So pass'd my days with ■ delight—meantime
 To Learning's tender eye thou didst unfold
 The classic page, and what high bards of old,
 With solemn notes, and minstrelsy sublime,
 Have chaunted, we together heard; and thou,
 Warton! wouldst bid me listen, till a tear
 Sprung to mine eye: now the bold song we hear
 Of Greece's sightless master-bard:³ the breast
 Beats high,—with stern Pelides to the plain
 We rush; or o'er the corpse of Hector slain
 Hang pitying;—and lo! where pale, oppress'd
 With age and grief, sad Priam comes;⁴ with beard
 All white, ■ howls, kissing the hands besmeared
 With his last hope's best blood!⁵

The oaten reed⁶
 Now from the mountain sounds; the sylvan muse,
 Reclined by the clear stream of Arethuse,
 Wakes the Sicilian pipe;—the sunny mead
 Swarms with the bees, whose drowsy lullaby
 Soothes the reclining ox with half-closed eye;
 While in soft cadence to the madrigal,
 From rock to rock the whispering waters fall!
 But who is he,⁷ that, by yon wretched cave,
 Bids heav'n and earth bear witness to his woe?
 And hark! how hollowly the ocean-wave
 Echoes his plaint, and murmurs deep below!—
 Haste—let the tall ship stem the tossing tide,
 That he may leave his cave, and hear no more
 The Lemnian surges unrejoicing roar—
 And he great Fate⁸ through the dark world thy guide,⁹
 Sad Philoctetes!¹⁰—

So instruction bland
 With young-eyed Sympathy, went hand in hand

¹ Catharine-Hill.

² St Cross Hospital.

³ Homer.

⁴ See the last Book.

⁵ Τούσδ' ἐλαβ' εἰσελθὼν Ἡρίαμος μέγας, ἀγγι δ'
 ὄραστας,

Χερσιν Ἀχιλλῆος λάβε γούνατα, καὶ χύσε χεῖρας
 Δαιμόν, ἀδρορύνους, αἱ οἱ πολέες κτάνον υἱας.

HOMER. II. 24. L. 477.

⁶ Theocritus.

⁷ Philoctetes, see Sophocles—Youthful impressions ■ first read-
 ing it.

⁸ Μεγάλη μοῖρα.—SOPH.

⁹ Φέρε νῦν στείχων, χώραν καλίστην.

Χαῖρ', ὦ μέλαθρον, ξύμπροσθεν ἐμῆ;

O'er classic fields; and let my heart confess
 Its holier joy, when I essay'd to climb
 The lonely heights, where Shakspeare sat sublime,
 Lord of the mighty spell: around him press
 Spirits and fairy-forms:—He, ruling wide
 His visionary world, bids terror fill
 The shiv'ring breast, ■ softer pity thrill
 E'en to the inmost heart: within me died
 All thoughts of this low earth, and higher pow'rs
 Seem'd in my soul to stir—till, strain'd too long,
 The senses sunk:—

Then, Ossian, thy wild song
 Haply beguiled th' unheeded midnight hours,
 And, like the blast that swept Berrathron's tow'rs,
 Came • pleasant and yet mournful • to my soul!
 • See! o'er th' autumnal heath the grey mists roll!—
 Hark! to the dim ghosts' faint and feeble cry,
 As on the cloudy tempest they pass by!
 Saw ye huge Loda's spectre-shape advance,
 Through which the stars look pale!—

Nor ceased the trance
 Which bound the erring fancy, till dark night
 Flew silent by, and at my window-grate
 The morning bird sung loud—nor less delight
 The spirit felt, when still and charm'd I sat
 Great Milton's solemn harmonies to hear,
 That swell from the full chord, and strong and clear
 (Beyond the tuneless couplets' weak control)
 Their long-commingling diapason roll,
 In ■ sweetness:—

Nor, amidst the quire
 Of pealing minstrelsy, was thy own lyre,
 Warton, unheard;—as Fancy pour'd the song,
 The measured music flow'd along,
 Till all the heart and all the ■
 Felt her divinest influence
 In throbbing sympathy:—“Prepare the car,
 And whirl us, Goddess, to the war,
 Where crimson banners fire the skies,
 Where the mingled shouts arise,
 Where the steed, with fetlock red,
 Tramples ' the dying and the dead;'
 And amain, from side to side,
 Death his pale horse is seen to ride!—

Νύμφαι τ' ἐνυνδροὶ λειμωνιάδες,
 Καὶ κτύπος ἄρσεν πόντου προβλής,
 Οὐ πολλάκι δὴ τοῦμον ἐτέγχθη
 Κρατ' ἐνδομυχὸν πληρῆσι νότου,
 Πολλὰ δὲ φωνῆς τῆς ἡμετέρας
 Ἑρμαῖον ἄρος παρέπεμψεν ἐμῶι
 Στόνον ἀντέτυπον χειμαζομένῳ.
 Νῦν δ', ὦ χρῆναι, γλύχιον τε πατὸν,
 Λείπομεν ὑμᾶς, λείπομεν ἡδὴ,
 Λόξης οὐποτε πῆρδ' ἐπιδάντες.
 Χαῖρ', ὦ Λήμνου πέδον ἀμρῖαλον,
 Καὶ μ' εὐπλοία πέμψον ἀμέμπτως,
 Ἐνθ' ἡ Μεγάλη Μοῖρα κομίζει,
 Γνώμη τε φίλων, χ' ὡς πανδαματωρ
 Αἰμίμων, ὅς ταῦτ' ἔπερανεν.

SOPHOCLES, *Philoct.* L. 1498.

¹ See Warton's Ode to Fancy.

Or rather, sweet Enthusiast, lead
 Our footsteps to the cowslip mead,
 Where (as the magic spell is wound)
 Dying music floats around:—
 Or seek we some grey Ruin's shade,
 And pity the cold Beggar ' laid
 Beneath the ivy-rustling tow'r,
 At the dreary midnight hour,
 Scarce shelter'd from the drifting snow;
 While her dark locks the bleak winds blow
 • O'er ' her sleeping infant's' cheek!
 Then let the shrilling trumpet speak,
 And pierce in louder tones the ear,
 Till, while it peals, ■ seem to hear
 The sounding march, as of the Theban's song; •
 And varied numbers, in their course,
 With gath'ring fullness, and collected force,
 Like the broad cataract, swell and sweep along! •
 Struck by the sounds, what wonder that I laid,
 As thou, O Warton, didst the theme inspire,
 My inexperienced hand upon the lyre,
 And soon with transient touch faint music made,
 As soon forgotten.—

So I loved to lie
 By the wild streams of Elfin poesy,
 Rapt in strange musings: but when life began,
 I never roam'd, a visionary man
 (For taught by thee, I learnt with sober eyes
 To look on life's severe realities);
 I never made (a dream-distemper'd thing),
 Poor Fiction's realm my world; but ■ cold truth
 Subdued the vivid shapings of my youth:
 Save when the drisly woods were murmuring,
 Or some hard crosses had my spirit bow'd:
 Then I have left, unseen, the careless crowd,
 And sought the dark sea roaring, or the steep
 That braved the storm; or in the forest deep,
 As all its grey leaves rustled, woo'd the tone
 Of the loved lyre, that, in my spring-tide gone,
 Waked ■ to transport:

Eighteen summers now
 Have smiled on Itchin's margin, since the time
 When these delightful visions of our prime
 Rose on my view in loveliness.—And thou,
 Friend of my muse, in thy death-bed art cold,
 Who, with the tenderest touches, didst unfold
 The shrinking leaves of Fancy, else unseen
 And shelterless: therefore to thee are due
 Whate'er their summer sweetness; and I strew,
 Sadly, such flow'rets as ■ hillocks green,
 Or mountain-slope, or hedge-row, yet my hand
 May cull (with many a recollection bland,
 And mingled sorrow), Warton, on thy tomb,
 To whom, if bloom they boast, they ■ their bloom!

THE BELLS OF OSTEND.³

BEAUTIFUL MORNING, AFTER A STORM.

No, I never, till life and its shadows shall end,
 Can forget the sweet sound of the Bells of Ostend!

¹ Alluding to ■ pathetic lines in Warton's Ode to Fancy.

² See Warton's Ode ■ West's translation of Pindar.

³ This and the nine following pieces were first published under

The day ■ in darkness, the wind it blew loud,
And rung as it pass'd, through each murm'ring shroud:¹
My forehead ■ wet with the spume of the spray,
My heart sigh'd in secret for those far away;
When slowly the morning advanced from the East,
The toil and the noise of the tempest was ceased;
The peal, from a land I ne'er saw, seem'd ■ say,
• Let the Stranger forget every ■ day; •
And I never, till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the Bells of Ostend.

Yet the short-lived emotion ■ mingled with pain—
I thought of those eyes I should ne'er ■ again;
I thought of the kiss, the last kiss, which I gave,
And a tear of regret fell unseen ■ the wave.
I thought of the schemes fond affection had plann'd,
Of the trees, of the tow'rs, of my ■ native land—

■ still the sweet sounds, as they swell'd to the air,
Seem'd tidings of pleasure, though mournful, to bear;
And I never, till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the ■ sound of the ■ of Ostend!

STORMY EVENING AT WEYMOUTH.*

ON ■ THE MISSES THOMSON, OF PORTMAN-SQUARE, ■ PERGOLESI'S CELEBRATED "PAX, PAX."

As I roam, hoary Ocean, slone on thy side,
And hear, swelling-hollow, the dash of the tide;
I think, when my heart ■ with sadness oppress,
'T is the dirge of the dead in thy caverns that rest!

But when ev'ning has closed on the turbulent din,
And the song of sweet harmony echoes within;
Every thought is shut out, but of tender delight,
Like the roar of thy billows that rock to the night!

O happy, if thus, when each tumult ■ past,
Every passion unfelt, ■ unheard blows the blast;
The heart in the mansion of love might be blest,
While peace with such melodies sung it ■ rest!

THE LAPLANDER'S SONG.

'T ■ now mid winter's reign, ●
O'er the unmoving main
The ice is stretch'd in dead expanse,
Above, the meteors dance,
Whilst o'er the star-light hills afar,
The rapid rein-deer whirls the shadowy car.

SONG.

No sound is heard over the plain,
Yet a light, that is softer than morn,
Sits still on the tract of the main,
And decks the cold ice-hills forlorn:
O'er the snow, through the forests, in silence I ride,
And mark the swift shadow that flits by my side.

■ title of "Smaller Sea-Places and Epitaphs," and ■
■ ■ of Devonshire.

¹ Shrouds are ■ ropes ■ the ■

• Yet fleetier and fleetier speed on, my rein-deer,
Till ■ rest in the juniper grove;²
My whistle no more on the hills thou shalt hear,
■ in freedom shalt go,
O'er the rocks and the snow,
Or at home be cared by my love.

• I sigh, ■ forlorn o'er the mountains I stray,
O when shall I gaze ■ her charms?
The long summer's day
Shall speed happy away,
And then, when the stars of the winter shine clear,
She shall wake, and the pines, as they murmur, shall
hear,
And again hide her head in my arms!.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN,

ON ■ CITADEL AT PLYMOUTH, RETURNING, AS THE
SHIP, IN WHICH ■ SAILED, DISAPPEARED.

• I see the dim sail no more—
■ is pass'd like the track of the wind;
And thou mayst forget, on some far sever'd shore,
The friend thou hast left behind.
But every warm blessing my soul ■ bestow,
Go with thee wide over the main;
And mayst thou—oh never—my wretchedness know,
Till we meet—meet in transport—again!

• Thy voice—now I hear it no more—
That spoke so endearing and kind;
I hear but the sound of the surges that roar,
And the sea-bird that cries in the wind:
And cold hangs the evening, the rack hurries fast,
And wet is my hair with the rain;
O how many a night shall be heavily past,
Ere I rest on thy bosom again!

• When darkness descends on the sea,
Wilt thou to thy cabin retire,
And think with a tear of affection on me,
And my desolate evening fire?
How mournful, alas, will that evening low'r!
I shall watch, as it falls, the cold rain;
And count every night, every morn, every hour,
■ I rest ■ thy bosom again. •

LINES ON FALCONER.

WRITTEN ■ CLARKE'S ELEGANT EDITION ■ FAL-
CONER'S EXQUISITE POEM, "THE SHIPWRECK."

What pale and bleeding Youth (while the fell blast
Howls o'er the wreck, and fainter sinks the cry
Of struggling wretches, ■ o'erwhelm'd they die)
Yet floats upborne upon the driving mast?²

■ I fear there is not much ■ in this, considering the gene-
ral character of the Laplanders; but I must leave ■ to the indul-
gence of the reader. ■ will, however, recollect the beautiful ballad
so excellently translated by Consett:—

■ The snows are dissolving on Torso's rude side,
And the ice, ■ Lallea, rolls down thy dark tide;
Thy dark stream, Lallea, flows freely away,
And the snow-drop unfolds its pale beauties to day.

■ whole song is as delicate in sentiment, ■ it is striking in
poetical beauty.

² Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore.—*Shipwreck*, b. iii.

O poor Arion, ha, thy sweetest strain,
That charm'd old ocean's wildest solitude,
At this dread hour his darksome might subdued?
Let sea-maids thy reclining head sustain;
And wipe the blood, and briny drops, that soil
Thy looks, and give [redacted] thy wreathed shell
To ring with melody:—Oh fruitless toil!
Hark! o'er thy head again the tempests swell;
Hark! hark! again the storm's black dæmons yell
More loud; the billowing deep reclaims his spoil!
Peace! Peace! and weeping sea-maids sing thy knell!

STOKE'S-BAY.

APRIL, 1803.*

As light upon the sea the wherry goes,
Nor flitting bird, nor [redacted] from the shore,
Nor waters, parted by the whisp'ring oar,
Have power to break the spell, or discompose
The rapt and quiet spirit! When my heart
Oft throbs with sad remembrance, thus I love
To lose a silent hour: the clouds depart.
One after one, of shadowy thoughts, [redacted]
A sigh, or [redacted] unfelt: then every [redacted]
Of upland life, and every heart-felt loss
No more the mind with dark suffusion blot,
But, like the clouds of the aerial haze,
Silent and soft, and fading [redacted] we gaze,
Stray o'er the spirit, and disturb it not!
So, scarcely felt, the cares of life subside!
But prouder feelings swell the patriot's heart,
And [redacted] of conscious animation start,
When, stately streaming o'er the morning tide,
He [redacted] the tall ships in their glory ride!¹
Each partial thought, e'en like the passing wind,
Is gone—new triumphs flash upon his mind—
Whilst [redacted] each [redacted] object senseless grown,
He for his country breathes, and lives, and feels, alone.

EPITAPH

IN [redacted] WALMESLEY, ESQ. IN ALVERSTOKE CHURCH,
HANTS.

Oh! they shall ne'er forget thee—they, who knew
Thy soul benevolent, sincere, and true;
The poor, thy kindness cheer'd, thy bounty fed,
Whom age left shivering in its dreariest shed;
Thy friends, who sorrowing [redacted] thee (when disease
Seem'd first the genial stream of life [redacted] freeze)
Pale from thy hospitable home depart,
Thy hand still open, and yet [redacted] thy heart!

But how shall she her love, her loss, express—
Thy widow, in this uttermost distress,
When she with anguish hears her lisping train
Upon their buried father call in vain?

* Falconer [redacted] shipwrecked first in the *Britannia*, and afterwards lost in the *Aurora*.

¹ The Author [redacted] the time slowly recovering from a severe illness: and [redacted] cannot omit this opportunity of expressing his gratitude to [redacted] James Nooth, of Bath; and [redacted] his brother [redacted] Henry Bowles, physician [redacted] the staff to the military hospital [redacted] Foston, [redacted] Gosport.

² Ships at Spithead.

She wipes the tear despair had forced to flow,
She lifts her look beyond this vale of woe,
And rests (while humbled in the dust she kneels)
On him who only knows how much she feels.

EPITAPH ON THE REV. [redacted] HONEYWOOD,

IN THE CHURCH AT BATH.

Quæ vox ex imo pervenit missa sepulchro?
« Desine [redacted] conjux, sola relicta, queri.
En anima exultans cœlis spatiatur et altè
Despicit humanas, libera, læta, vices!
Te solum fido reminiscitur anxia amore,
Et paulum 'fractas plorat amicitias;
Donec tempus erit, cum nubila cuncta recedent,
Nosque iterum, æterno fœdere junget amor!»

AGE.

AGE, thou the loss of health and friends shalt mourn!
But thou art passing to that night-still bourne,
Where labour sleeps: The linnet, chitt'ring loud
To the May morn, shall sing; thou, in thy shroud,
Forgetful and forgotten, sink to rest,
And grass-green be the sod upon thy breast!

ON A YOUNG WOMAN,

WHO DIED AT EIGHTEEN, LEAVING AN INFANT CHILD.

He, whom I loved, betray'd—forsook!
Left my babe in helpless years,
For deep despair was on my look,
And gave my bloom of youth [redacted]

Pity me not; but, maidens fair,
Who pass as gay as summer by,
Think that ye hear a voice—Beware,
Lest ye too broken-hearted die.»

RUBENS' LANDSCAPE;

WRITTEN IN LONDON, MAY 1803, SUGGESTED BY A
MAGNIFICENT PICTURE, IN [redacted] POSSESSION OF [redacted]
GEORGE BEAUMONT.¹

NAY, let [redacted] gaze, [redacted] the [redacted] is full,
Upon the rich creation, shadow'd so

¹ The reader may remember a [redacted] [redacted] in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*:—

Let a garland on my hearse,
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow-branches bear,
Say I [redacted] true.

My love was false, but I was true
[redacted] hour of [redacted];
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth.

² These Lines were first published with the following Dedication:—
« To LADY BEAUMONT I have a particular pleasure in inscribing these verses; not so much on account of the kindness and hospitality I have myself experienced from her Ladyship and Sir George Beaumont, as that I have an opportunity of making a small return of gratitude, for the greatest obligations conferred by her family upon one who lives [redacted] to [redacted] them—my Father. (a)—May 29th, 1803.»

(a) The Rev. William Thomas Bowles, presented to the living of Uphill and Breano, Somerset, by John Willes, esq.

That not great Nature, in her loftiest pomp
Of living beauty, ever, on the sight,
Rose more magnificent; nor aught so fair
Hath Fancy, in her wild and sweetest mood,
Imaged of things most lovely, when the sounds
Of this cold cloudy world at distance sink,
And all alone the warm idea lives
Of what is great, or beautiful, or good,
In Nature's general plan.

So the vast scope,
O Rubens! of thy mighty mind, and such
The fervour of thy pencil, pouring wide
The still illumination, that the mind
Pauses, absorb'd, and scarcely thinks what pow'rs
Of mortal art the sweet enchantment wrought.
She sees the painter, with no human touch,
Create, embellish, animate at will,
The mimic scenes, from Nature's ampler range,
Caught, as by inspiration, while the clouds,
High wand'ring, and the fairest form of things
Seem, at his bidding, to emerge, and burn
With radiance and with life!

Let us, subdued
Now to the magic of the moment, lose
The thoughts of life, and mingle every sense
Even in the scenes before us!

The fresh morn
Of summer shines; the white clouds of the East
Are crisp'd; beneath, the bluey champaign steams;
The banks, the meadows, and the flow'rs, send up
An incensed exhalation, like the meek
And holy praise of Him, whose soul's deep joy
The lone woods witness: Thou, whose heart is sick
Of vanities; who, in the throng of men,
Dost feel no lenient fellowship; whose eye
Turns, with a languid carelessness, around
Upon the toiling crowd, still murmur'ing on,
Restless;—O think, in summer scenes, like these,
How sweet the sense of quiet gladness,
That, like the silent breath of morning, steals
From lowly nooks, and feels itself expand
Amid the works of Nature, to the Power
That made them: to the awful thought of Him
Who, when the morning ~~shout~~ shouted for joy,
Bade the great sun from tenfold darkness burst,
The green earth roll in light, and solitude
First hear the voice of man, whilst hills and woods
Stood eminent, in orient hues array'd,
His dwelling,—and all living Nature spail'd,
As in this pictured semblance, beaming full
Before us!

Mark again the various view—
Some city's far-off spires and domes appear,
Breaking the long horizon, where the morn
Sits blue and soft: what glowing imagery
Is spread beneath!—Towns, villages, light smoke
And scarce-seen windmill-sails, and devious woods,
Check'ring 'mid sunshine the grass-level land,
That stretches from the sight:

Now nearer trace
The form of trees distinct, the broad brown oak,

The poplars, that, with silvery trunks, incline,
Shading the lonely castle: flakes of light
Are flung behind the massy groups, that, now
Enlarging and enlarging still, unfold
Their separate beauties.—But awhile delay—
Pass the foot-bridge, and listen (for we hear,
Or think ~~we~~ hear her), listen to the song
Of yonder milk-maid, as she brims her pail,
Whilst in the yellow pasture, pensive near,
The red cows ruminate.

* Break off, break off,* for lo! where, all alarm'd,
The small birds, from the late resounding perch,
Fly various, hush'd their early song; and mark,
Beneath the darkness of the bramble-bank
That overhangs the half-seen brook, where nod
The flow'ring rushes, dew-despent; with breast
Ruddy, and emerald wing, the king-fisher
Steals through the dripping sedge away: what shape
Of terror scares the woodland habitants,
Marring the music of the dawn? Look round,
See, where he creeps, beneath the willowy stump,
Cowering, and low, step silent after step,
The booted Fowler: keen his look, and fixt
Upon the adverse bank, while, with firm hand,
He grasps the deadly tube: his dog, with ears
Hung back, and still and steady eye of fire,
Points to the prey; the hoot, intent, moves on
Panting, and creeping close beneath the leaves,
And fears lest even the rustling reeds betray
His foot-fall; nearer yet, and yet more near,
He stalks: Ah! who shall save the heedless group,
The speckled partridges, that in the sun,
On yonder hillock green, across the stream,
Bask unalarm'd beneath the hawthorn bush,
Whose aged boughs the crawling blackberry
Intwines?

And thus, upon the sweetest scenes
Of human loveliness, and social peace
Domestic, when the full fond heart reclines
Upon its hopes, and almost mingles tears
Of joy, to think that in this hollow world
Such bliss should be its portion; Then (alas!
The bitter change), then, with his unheard step,
In darkness shrouded, yet approaching fast,
Death, from amidst the sunny flow'rs, lifts up
His giant dread anatomy, and smites,
Smites the fair prospect once, whilst ev'ry bloom
Hangs rivet'd, and a sound of mourning fills
The lone and blasted valley: But no sound
Is here of sorrow or of death, though she,
The country Kate, with shining morning cheek
(Who, in the tumbril, with her market-geer,
Sits seated high, seems to expect the flash
Exploding, that shall lay the innocent
And feather'd tenants of the landscape low.
Not so the clown, who, heedless whether life
Or death betide, across the splashy ford
Drives slow; the beasts plod on, foot following foot,
Aged and grave, with half-erected ears,

* The Landscape is on so large a scale, that all these circumstances are most accurately delineated. The birds are chaffinches, sparrows, etc.

As — his whip above their matted manes
 Hangs trem'ling, while the dark and shallow stream
 Flashes beneath their fetlock : he, astride
 On harness saddle, not a sidelong look
 Deigns at the breathing landscape, or the maid
 Smiling behind ; the cold and lifeless calf
 Her sole companion : and so mated oft
 Is some sweet maid, whose thrilling heart — form'd
 For dearer fellowship. But lift the eye,
 And hail the abode of rural ease.—The man
 Walks forth, from yonder antique hall, that looks
 The mistress of the scene ; its turrets gleam
 Amid the trees, and cheerful smoke is seen,
 As if no spectred shape (though most retin'd
 The spot) there ever wander'd, stoled in white,
 Along the midnight chambers ; but quaint Mab
 Her tiny revels led, till the rare dawn
 Peep'd out, and chanticleer his shrill alarm
 Beneath the window rung, then, with a wink
 The shadowy rout are vanish'd !

As the —

Jocund ascends, how lovely is the view
 To him who — the fair domain ! the friend
 Of his still hours is near, to whom he vow'd
 His truth : her eyes reflect his bias ; his heart
 Beats high with joy ; his little children play,
 Pleased, in his pathway ; one the scatter'd flow'rs
 Straggling collects, the other spreads its arms,
 In speechless blandishment, upon the neck
 Of its caressing nurse.

Still let us gaze,

And image ev'ry form of heartfelt joy
 Which scenes like these bestow, that charm the sight,
 Yet soothe the spirit : all is quiet here,
 Yet cheerful — the green sea, when it shines
 In some still bay, shines in its loneliness
 Beneath the breeze, that moves, and hardly moves,
 The placid surface.

On the balustrade

Of the old bridge, that o'er the moat is thrown,
 The fisher with his angle leans intent,
 And turns, from the bright pomp of spreading plains,
 To watch the nimble fry, that glancing oft
 Beneath the grey arch shoot ! O happiest he
 Who steals through life, untroubled as unseen !
 The distant city, with its crowded spires,
 That dimly shines upon his view, awakes
 No thought, but that of pleasure more composed,
 As the winds whisper him to sounder sleep.
 He leans upon the faithful arm of her
 For whom his youthful heart beat, fondly beat,
 When life was new : time steals away, yet health
 And exercise are his ; and in these shades,
 Tho' sometimes he has mourn'd a proud world's wrong,
 He feels an independence that all cares
 Beasts with a carol of content ; he hears
 The green leaves of his old paternal trees
 Make music, soothing as they stir : the elm,
 And poplar with its silvery trunk, that shades
 The greensward of the bank before his porch,
 Are to him as companions,—while he turns
 With more endearment to the living smile
 Of those his infants, who, when he is dead,

Shall hear the music of the self-same trees
 Waving, till years roll on, and their grey hairs
 Go — the dust in peace.

Away, sad thought!—

Lo where the morning light, through the dark wood,
 Upon the window-pane is flung, like fire.
 Hail, Life, and Hope ; and thou, great work of art,
 That 'mid this populous and busy swarm
 Of men, dost smile serene, — with the hues
 Of fairest, grandest Nature ; mayst thou speak
 Not vainly of th' endearments and best joys
 That Nature yields. The manliest heart that swells
 With honest English feelings (while the eye,
 Sadden'd, but not cast down, beholds far off
 The darkness of the onward rolling storm),
 Charm'd for a moment by this mantling view,
 Its anxious tumults shall suspend : and ' Such,
 The pensive patriot shall exclaim, ' thy scenes,
 My own beloved country, such the abode
 Of rural peace ! and while the soul has warmth,
 And voice has energy, the brave arm strength,
 England, thou shalt not fall ! The day shall come,
 Yes, and now is, that thou shalt lift thyself,
 And woe to him who sets upon thy shores
 His hostile foot ! Proud victor though he be,
 His bloody march shall never soil a flow'r
 That hangs its sweet head, in the morning dew,
 On thy green village banks ! his muster'd hosts
 Shall be roll'd back in thousands, and the surge
 Bury them ! Then, when Peace illumines once more,
 My country, thy green nooks and inmost vales,
 It will be sweet amidst the forest glens
 To stray, and think upon the distant storm
 That how'd, but injured not !

At thoughts like these,

What heart, what English heart, but shall beat high ?
 Meantime, its keen flash pass'd, thine eye intent,
 Beaumont, shall trace the master-strokes of art,
 And view th' assemblage of the finish'd piece,
 As with his skill, who form'd it : Ruder views
 Savage, with solitary pines, hung high
 Amid the broken crags (where scowling wait
 The fierce banditti), stern Salvator's hand
 Shall aptly shade : O'er Poussin's clustering domes,
 With ample umbrage, the black woods shall hang,
 Beneath whose waving gloom the sudden flash
 Of broken light, upon the brawling stream
 Is flung below.

Aërial Claude shall paint

The grey fane peering o'er the summer woods,
 The azure lake below, or distant seas,
 And sails, in the pellucid atmosphere,
 Soft gleaming to the morn : Dark on the rock,
 Where the red lightnings burst, shall Wilson stand,
 Like mighty Shakspeare, whom the imps of fire
 Await : Nor oh, sweet Gainsborough, shall thee
 The muse forget, whose simple landscape smiles
 Attractive, whether we delight to view
 The cottage chimney through the high wood peep,
 Or beggar beauty stretch her little hand
 With look most innocent ; or homeward kine

Wind through the hollow road at eventide,
Or browse the straggling branches.

Scenes like these
Shall charm all hearts, while truth and beauty live,
And Nature's pictured loveliness shall
Each master's various touch; but chiefly thou,
Great Rubens, shalt the willing senses lead,
Enamour'd of the varied imagery,
That fills the vivid canvas, swelling still
On the enraptured eye of taste, and still
New charms unfolding; though minute, yet grand,
Simple, yet most luxuriant, every light
And every shade, greatly opposed, and all
Subserving magical effect,
Of Truth and Harmony.

 glows the scene;
And to the pensive thought refined displays
The richest rural Poem: oh may views
So pictured animate thy classic mind,
Beaumont, to wander 'mid Sicilian scenes,
And catch beauties the Pastoral Bard,
Shadowing wildest landscapes.—*Ætna's* fires,
Sibrycian rocks, *Anapus'* holy stream,
And woods of ancient Pan: the broken crag
And the old fisher here; the purple vines
There bending; and the smiling boy,² set down
To guard, who, innocent and happy, weaves,
Intent, his rushy basket, to
The chirping grasshoppers, nor the while
The lean fox meditate her morning meal,
Eyeing his scrip askance, whilst farther on
Another treads the purple grapes—he sits,
Nor aught regards, but the green rush he weaves.

 Beaumont! let this pomp of light and shade
Wake thee, to paint the woods, that the sweet Muse
Has consecrated: then the summer-scenes
Of Phasidamus,³ clad in richer light,
Shall glow, the glancing poplars, and clear fount;
While distant times admire (as now we trace
This summer-mantling view) hoar *Ætna's* pines,
The vine-hung grotto, and branching planes, that shade
The silver *Arethusa's* stealing wave.

ON HARP, AND DESPAIR, COWPER.

SWEET bard! whose tones great Milton might approve,
And Shakspeare, from high fancy's sphere,
Turning to the sound his ear,
Bend down a look of sympathy and love;
O swell the lyre again,
As if in full accord it pour'd angel's strain!
But ah! what means that look aghast,
E'en while it seem'd, in holy trance,
On scenes of bliss above glance?
Was it a fiend of darkness pass'd!
Oh speak—
Paleness is upon his cheek—

¹ Theocritus. Alluding to a design of illustrating the picturesque character of the venerable Sicilian, by paintings of Sir George, from new translations of Sotheby, Rogers, Howley, W. Spencer, and the author.

² Landscapes taken from the Idyll of Theocritus.

³ See the exquisite landscape in the seventh idyll.

On his brow the big drops stand,
To airy vacancy
Points the dread silence of his eye,
And the loved lyre it falls, falls from his nerveless hand!

• Come, peace of mind, delightful guest,
O come, and make thy downy nest
Once more on his sad heart;—
Meek Faith, a drop of comfort shed;
Sweet Hope, support his aged head;
And Charity, avert the burning dart!
Fruitless the pray'r—the night of deeper
Seems o'er the head e'en to close;
In vain the path of purity he trod,
In vain, in vain,
 pour'd from fancy's shell his sweetest hermit strain—
He has hope on earth—forsake him not, O God!

PROSPERO'S ADIEU TO ARIEL.

« Now be free, and fare thee well,
My spirit, my loved Ariel.

To freedom and delight resign'd,
Speed upon the viewless wind,
Speed upon the wind, or play,
Following swift the summer ray,
Buoyant on the western breeze,
Over hills and over seas!

Or in the bell of shel'ring flow'r,
When passing steams the vernal show'r,
Couch upon the trembling stem,
Yet shake not from its cup the gem;
Then away, away, away,
Where the rainbow-tints decay!

Never more shalt thou perform
My fearful hests amid the storm,
Pour the lightning's angry blaze,
Whilst all around is wild amaze!
Never more shalt thou go forth,
« Upon the sharp wind of the North,
Or do my errands in the deep,
Where the dead of ages sleep!

A thousand fathoms now below,
Thus my wizard wand I throw,
Ceased for ever is the spell,
Thou be free, and fare thee well.

LINES

WRITTEN IN BREMHILL GARDEN, SEPT. 1808.¹

Come, and where these runcles fall,
Listen to my madrigal!

Far from all sounds of all the strife
That murmurs through the walks of life;
From Grief, Inquietude, and Fears,
From of Riot, of Tears;

¹ This and the pieces which follow, down the Lines « Sun-dial in the Churchyard » (inclusive), were published separately in a volume entitled, « Poems written chiefly at Bremhill, in Wiltshire, » dedicated the Countess of Cork and Orrery.

From Passions, cank'ring day by day,
That wear the inmost heart away;
From pale Detraction's envious spite,
That worries where it fears to bite;
From mad Ambition's worldly chace;
Come, and in this shady place,
Thine Contentment's humble joys,
And a life that makes no noise,
Save when Fancy, musing long,
Turns to desultory song;¹
And wakes lonely melody,
Like the water dripping by.
Come, and where these runnels fall,
Listen my madrigal!

Bremhill Garden, Sept. 1808.

OLD TIME'S HOLIDAY,

SUGGESTED ■ SEEING A PICTURE ■ TIME PLAYING ■
A HARP. ■

Αργαλέως φερεται παλιος χρόνος αλλα παρερπων,
Και φαινας κλεπται φεγγομενων μεροπων.

Quoted from CAMDEN.

Though swift the ■ pass along,
To ■ they scarcely seem ■ move;
Whilst Fancy sings her old song,
Of Hope, of Joyance, and of Love.

As through a valley far remote I stray'd,
Methought, beside a mould'ring temple's stone,
The tale of whose dark structure was unknown,
■ the form of Time: his scythe's huge blade
Lay swathed in the grass, whose gleam was ■
Fearful, ■ oft the wind, the tussocks green
Moved stirring, to and fro: the beam of morn
Cast a dim lustre ■ his look forlorn;
When touching a responsive instrument,
Stern o'er the chords his furrow'd brow he bent:
Meantime ■ naked boy, with aspect sweet,
Play'd smiling with the hour-glass at his feet!
Apart from these, and in a verdant glade,
A sleeping Infant on the ■ was laid,
O'er which ■ female form her vigils kept,
And watch'd it, softly-breathing ■ it slept.
Then I drew nigh, and to my list'ning ear
Came, stealing soft and slow, this ditty clear:

• Lullaby, sing lullaby,—
Sweetest babe, in safety lie;
I thy mother sit and sing,
Nor hear of Time the hurrying wing.

• Here, where innocence reposes,
Fairy sylphs, your sports delay;
Then the breath of morning roses
From its bed of bliss convey.

• Lullaby, sing lullaby—
Sweetest babe, in safety lie;
I thy mother sit and sing,
Nor hear of Time the hurrying wing. ■

¹ And Fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.—PARNELL.

Hush'd in sweet slumber, its calm eye-lids closed,
One little hand upon its heaving breast,
Amidst the flow'rs ■ beauteous Child reposed,
And ring-doves murmur'd it to stiller rest.
Unseen, far off, the mutt'ring thunder roll'd,
Unheard, far off, the meteor lightnings play'd;
When all ■ sunshine here, and clouds, like gold,
Hung, ■ delaying, o'er the shadowy glade.
I turn'd, and lo! a bevy bright and fair
Come dancing, youths and virgins in ■ throng.
Heard ye the animated air
Rich tones of pleasure and of hope prolong?

«Golden lads and lasses gay, ■
Now is life's sweet holiday:
Time shall lay by his scythe for you,
And Joy the valley with fresh violets strew.»

Then sweeter came, methought with accents clear,
The song, in soft accordance to mine ear.
It said, «O Youth, still joyous on thy way,
Mayst thou be found; now that her purple wing
The morning waves, and the fresh woodlands sing.
Nor let cold wisdom's voice thy heart dismay,
Telling thee Slope and Pleasure last not long;
That Age will come, like pilgrim poor and old,
And wan Disease, with cheerless aspect cold;
But listen ■ my mirth-inspiring song:
The shadow'd landscape, and the golden sun,
The skies so pure, the vernal pastures green,
And hills and vales, at distance, softer seen,
Invite thee, life's glad race secure to run;
Thine every joy the smiling prospect yields—
To-morrow to fresh ■ and fairer fields.»²

As light of heart they pass'd along,
At once the dark Musician changed ■ song:

• Who, in tender transport lying,
While the gentle wizard sings,
Thinks not of the hour that's flying,
Or the noise of human things? ■

I look'd, and saw upon a lake, alone,
Stealing beneath the bank, ■ little boat
(Upon whose sail the beams of morning shone),
Soft ■ its shade without a murmur float.
Aërial rocks gleam'd o'er the woods remote:
On all things round there ■ a silence deep,
Save when ■ times was heard the turtle's note,
Or distant pipe, or bell of wand'ring sheep.
Upon ■ bank myrtles and lilies grew,
And spreading woodbines mark'd a sylvan cave,
And sometimes, deck'd with flow'rs of various hue,
The green-sward slope descended to the wave.

And in that boat, with look that witness'd joy
And hope, a beautiful and winged Boy³
Sat at the helm, and ■ the breezes fann'd
His yellow-stirring hair, filling the sail
Gently, he smiled, and lifted in his hand
A blooming May-thorn, whilst the Wizard sung,
Old Time, ■ he himself were beautiful and young,
And seem'd with mood joy the fairy sight to hail:

■ Golden Lads and Lasses must
All follow thee, and ■ to dust.—SHAKESPEARE.

² To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.—MILTON.

³ Ipse gubernator residens in ■ Cupido.—OVID.

■ the hour Endearment gives!
Who on earth's cold climate lives,
But has felt his heart rejoice,
When woman's smile, and woman's voice,
Hath sent, with magical control,
All sweetness to the soften'd soul?

« Oh! Happiness, where art thou found
(If indeed on mortal ground)
But with faithful hearts alone,
That Love and Friendship have made one—
In tenderness and faith sincere,
In affection's sweetest tear.»

It was a livelong holiday;
And in that boat, far from the faithless crowd,
They who true love and mutual trust avow'd,
Pursued in peace their solitary way.
And it was bliss to see the manly youth,
Whose look bespoke sincerity and truth,
Gaze upon her he loved, ■ he could bless
Th' Almighty Being, in the living light
Of whose warm sun he felt such happiness,
Whilst tears of transport almost dimm'd his sight.
To tenderness and confidence resign'd
On his protecting bosom she reclined
Her head: and so, beneath the gleamy sail,
They passed, amid the summer-shining vale.

Meantime the hoar Musician sings,
Hiding the shadow of his sable wings:—
« Come, and forget the coil of human things!
The sound of many sorrows, that dismay
The shrinking heart of man, here dies away!
Come, pure Endearment, be this moment thine;
Kiss from the lid the tears that rapturous shine,
And let one Spirit of Affection say,
Blest hours, but ah! too transient, could ye stay
Your rapid flight, how sweet were life's long way!»

Now where a gloom of thicker myrtles grew,
The fading vision lessen'd from my view.
As far away the stealing shadows float,
Still ev'ning slowly sheds her umbrage hoar,
One streak of light strays from the parting boat,
And softest sounds die on the distant shore.
I stood like ■ who with delighted eyes
Pursues the noon-tide rainbow ■ it flies;
When from a cloud that sapphire-bright appear'd,
Words, like the sound of waves remote, I heard:

« Mortal, would thy search obtain
True wisdom in a world of pain?
Oh, when all the valleys ring
To music of life's opening spring,
Let not Flattery's syren lay
Lure thy trusting heart astray.
Let Gaiety's glad dance and song
Detain, but not detain thee long.
Love's enchanting visions gleam,
But, ah! they ■ not what they seem!
Nor yet let sullen Care destroy
Vernal hopes, and ■ joy!
Use the present, but not ■
That it may lead ■ years of woe.
Take the joys the Heav'ns impart,
With a meek, ■ thankful heart;

And think them, when they steal away,
But ■ companions of ■ day.
Love, and youth's delightful spring,
Time shall bear with rapid wing;
But, when Passion's hour is past,
Fidelity and Truth shall last;
Last till life's few sands are run!
And Nature views the sinking Sun!
Nor think that then the parting knell
Sounds o'er the grave a last Farewell;
For higher, purer joys remain,
Far beyond yon starry plain;
Where sorrow shall no loss deplore,
Where Time and change shall be ■ more.»

I look'd, and saw no more the boat, the stream;
Pass'd like the silent pictures of a dream:—
I turn'd to the ■ spot, where with white beard
That Phantom-Minstrel o'er his harp inclined;
I saw alone his Shadow vast, and heard
The sound of mighty pennons, clanging in the wind!

PICTURES FROM THEOCRITUS.

INSCRIBED TO SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART.

These are inserted merely with a view of calling the attention of Artists to some of the romantic and picturesque circumstances which distinguish the Pastorals of the old Sicilian. They are not meant to be literal translations, and I have selected only those passages which appeared poetical, and would form Landscapes.

FROM IDYL. I.

Adū ti tò φθύριμα, etc.

GOATHERD, how sweet above the lucid spring
The high pines wave with breezy murmuring!
So sweet thy song, whose music might succeed
To the wild melodies of Pan's own reed.

THYRSIS.

More sweet thy pipe's enchanting melody
Than streams that fall from broken rocks ■ high.
Say, by the nymphs, that guard the sacred scene,
Where lowly tamarisks shade these hillocks green,
At noon-tide shall ■ lie?—

No; for o'er-wearied with the forest chase,
Pan, the great Hunter God, sleeps in this place!
Beneath the branching elm (while thy sad verse,
O Thyrsis, Daphnis' sorrows shall rehearse)
Fronting the wood-nymph's solitary seat,
Whose fountains flash amid the dark retreat;
Where the old statue leans, and brown oaks wave
Their ancient umbrage o'er the past'ral cave;
There will ■ rest, and thou, ■ erst, prolong
The sweet enchantment of the Doric song!

FROM THE SAME IDYLL.

Τοῖς δὲ μετὰ γριπύς το γέρον—

MARK, where the beetling precipice appears,
The toil of the old Fisher, grey with years;

■ I have purposely altered this image from the original.

Mark, as to drag the laden net he strains,
The lab'ring muscle and the swelling veins!
There, in the sun the cluster'd vineyard bends,
And shines empurpled, ■ the morn ascends!
A little boy, with idly-happy mien,
To guard the grapes upon the ground is seen;
Two wily foxes creeping round appear
(The scrip that holds his morning meal is near);
One breaks the bending vines; with longing lip,
And look askance, one eyes the tempting scrip.
He plaits and plaits his rushy net all day,
And hopes the vagrant grasshopper his prey;
He plaits his net, intent with idle care,
Nor heeds how vineyard, grape, ■ scrip may fare.

FROM ■ SAME.

Πᾶ πῶς ἄρ' ἔθ' ὄνα Δαφνίς—

WHERE were ye, Nymphs, when Daphnis droop'd with
love?

In fair Peneus' Tempe, or the grove
Of Pindus? Nor your pastimes did ye keep,
Where huge Anapus' torrent waters sweep;
On Ætna's height, ah! impotent to save,
Nor yet where Akis winds his holy wave!

FROM THE SAME.

■ Πᾶν, Πᾶν, εἴτ' ἐπὶ κατ' ὄρεα.

PAN, Pan! O mighty hunter, whether now,
Thou roamest o'er Lyceus' shaggy brow,
Or Mœnalus, outstretch'd in amplest shade,
Thy solitary footsteps have delay'd;
Leave Helice's romantic rock awhile,
And haste, oh haste, to the Sicilian isle;
Leave the dread monument, approach'd with fear,
That Lycaonian tomb the gods revere.
Here cease, Sicilian Muse, the Doric lay;—
Come, Forest King, and bear this pipe away;
Daphnis, subdued by love, and bow'd with woe,
Sinks, sinks for ever to the shades below!

■ IDYL. VII.

Εἰς οὖν, etc.

He left us;—we, the hour of parting come,
To Praxidamus' hospitable home,
Myself and Eucritus, together wend,
With young Amynticus, our blooming friend:
There, all delighted, through the summer day,
On beds of rushes, pillow'd deep, we lay;
Around, the lentisks, newly cut, were spread;
Dark elms and poplars whisper'd o'er ■ head:
A hallow'd stream, to all the wood-nymphs dear,
Fresh from the rocky cavern murmur'd ■
Beneath the fruit-leaves' many-mantling shade
The grasshoppers a coil incessant made;
From the wild thorny thickets, heard remote,
The wood-lark trill'd his far-resounding note;
Loud sung the thrush, musician of the scene,
And soft and sweet was heard the dove's sad note
between.

Then yellow bees, whose murmur soothed the ear,
Went idly flitting round the fountain clear.
Summer and autumn seem'd at once to meet,
Filling with redolence the blest retreat,
While the ripe pear came rolling to our feet.

FROM IDYL. XXII.

When the famed Argo now secure had pass'd
The crushing rocks,¹ and that terrific strait
That guards the wintry Pontic, the tall ship
Reach'd wild Bebrycia's shores; bearing like Gods
Her God-descended Chiefs. They, from her sides,
With scaling steps descend, and on the shore,
Savage, and sad, and beat by ■ winds,
Strew'd their rough beds, and on the casual fire
The vessels place. The brothers, by themselves,
Castor and red-hair'd Pollux, wander far
Into the forest solitudes. A wood
Immense and dark, shagging the mountain side,
Before them rose; ■ cold and sparkling fount
Well'd with perpetual lapse, beneath its feet,
Of purest water clear; scattering below,
Streams, as of silver and of crystal, rone,
Bright from the bottom: Pines, of stateliest height,
Poplar, and plane, and cypress, branching wide,
Were near, thick border'd by the scented flow'rs
That lured the honey'd bee, when spring declines,
Thick swarming o'er the meadows. There all day
A huge man sat, of savage wild aspect;
His breast stood roundly forward, his broad back
Seem'd as of iron, such as might befit
A vast Colossus sculptured. Full to view
The muscles of his brawny shoulders stood,
Like the round mountain-stones, the torrent wave
Has polish'd: from his neck and back, hung down
A lion's skin, held by its claws. Him first,
The red-hair'd youth address'd:² "Hail, stranger, hail,
And say, what tribes unknown inhabit here."

"Take to the seas thy 'hail': I ask it not,
Who never saw before, or thee, or thine."

"Courage! thou seest not men that are unjust
Or cruel!"

"Courage! shall I learn from thee?"

"Thy heart is savage; thou art passion's slave."

"Such as I am thou seest; but land of thine
I tread not."

"Come, these hospitable gifts
Accept, and part in peace."

"No; not from thee.
My gifts are yet in store."

"Say, may we drink
Of this clear fount?"

"Ask, when wan thirst has parch'd
Thy lips."

¹ Rocks which were supposed to strike ■ against the other, and so crush the ship that attempted to pass between.

² The dialogue which ensues is highly characteristic in the original, but loses its effect in translation. I have endeavoured to preserve it ■ account of its wildness and singularity.

• What present shall I give to thee? •

• None. Stand before me ■ a man; lift high
Thy brandish'd arms, and try, weak pugilist,
Thy strength. •

• But say, with whom shall I contend? •

• Thou seest him here; nor in his art unskill'd. •
• Then what shall be the prize of him who wins? •
• Or thou shalt be my slave, ■ I be thine. •
• The crested birds so fight. •

• Whether like birds

Or lions, for no other prize fight we! •
He said:—and sounded loud his hollow conch;
The gaunt Bebrycian brethren, at the sound,
With long lank hair, come flocking to the shade
Of that vast plane.

Then Castor hied, and call'd
The hero chiefs from the Magnesian ¹ ship.

To these Pictures from ■ Ancient, I have ventured
to add, ■ Notes, ■ Pictures from the Modern
School.

FROM ■ EXHIBITION, 1805.

WHAT various objects strike with various force,
Achilles, Hebe, and Sir Wutkin's horse!
Here summer scenes, there Pentland's stormy ridge,
Lords, Ladies, Noah's Ark, and Cranford Bridge!
Some that display the elegant design,
The lucid colours, and the flowing line;
Some that might make, alas! Walsh Porter (a) stare,
And wonder how the devil they got there!

LADY M———.

How clear a strife of light and shade is spread!
The face how touch'd with Nature's loveliest red!
The eye, how eloquent, and yet most meek!
The glow subdued, yet mantling ■ thy cheek!
M——ve! I mark, alone, thy beauteous face,
But all is nature, dignity, and grace!

HON. MISS MERCER.—HOPKINS.

■ those tempting eyes, that faultless form!
Those looks ■ feeling and with ■ warm,
The neck, the softly-swell'd bosom hide,
Nor, wanton gales, blow the light ■ aside;
For who, when beauties ■ ■ ■ ■
Silent applause, can ■ without delight?
But innocence, enchanting maid, in ■,
Thine eyes in liquid light unconscious shine;
And may thy breast no other feelings prove,
Than those of sympathy and mutual love!

EXHIBITION, 1807.

Blind Fiddler. WILKIE.

With mirth unfeign'd the cottage chimney rings,
Though only ■ vocal with four fiddle-strings! •
And see the poor blind Fiddler draws his bow,
And lifts intent his time-denoting toe;
While yonder Maid, as blithe as birds in June—
You almost hear her whistle to the tune!
Hard by, ■ Lad, in imitative guise,
Fix'd fiddle-like, the broken bellows plies.
Before the hearth, with looks of honest joy,
The Father chirrup ■ the chattering ■;
And ■ ■ his lifted thumbs with mimic glee,
To ■ glad urchin on ■ Mother's knee!

¹ ■ called, from the country where ■ ■ built.

(a) ■ gentleman well known for ■ taste, and fine collection.

TURNER'S Morning.

Up, for the morning shines with welcome ray,
And to the sunny sea-beach let us stray.
What orient hues proclaim the master's hand!
How light the ■ upon the half-wet sand!
■ beautiful the ■ as still we gaze,
Streams all diffusive, through the opening haze!
Artist—when to the thunder's pealing sound,
Fire, mix'd with hail-stones, ■ upon the ground;
When partial darkness the dread prospect hid,
And sole aspired the aged pyramid,
Sublimity thy genius seem'd to guide,
O'er Egypt's champaign desolate and wide;
But here delightful beauty reigns alone,
And decks the morning scene with graces ■ her own.

SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT'S Keswick.

How shall I praise thee, Beaumont, whose nice skill
Can mould the soft and shadowy ■ at will,
Chastise ■ harmony each gaudy ray,
Simple, yet grand, the mountain scene display;
The Lake where sober evening ■ to sleep,
Hills far retiring into umbrage deep;
Blond all with classic, pure, poetic taste,
And strike the more with forms and colours chaste?

CALCOT'S Market-Day.

THRO' the wood's maze our eyes delighted stray,
To mark the Rustics on the Market Day.
Beneath the branches winds the long white road;
Here peeps the rustic cottager's abode;
There, in the morning sun, the children play,
Or the crane creeps along the dusty way.

LOUTREAU'S Scene in France.

Artist, I own thy genius; but the touch
May be too restless, and the glare too much:
And ■ ■ ■ ever saw a landscape shine,
Basking in beams of such ■ sun ■ thine,
But felt a fervid dew upon his phiz,
And panting cried, « ah, Lord, how hot it is! »

WEST'S Death of Nelson.

TOOK to Britannia's triumphs on the ■ in:
See Nelson, pale and fainting, 'mid the slain,
Whilst Victory sighs, stern in the garb of war,
And points through clouds the rocks of Trafalgar!
Here cease the strain—but while thy hulls shall ride,
Britain, dark shadowing the tumultuous tide,
May other Nelsons, ■ the sanguine main,
Guide, like a God, the battle's hurricane;
And when the funeral's transient pomp is past,
High hang the banner, hush'd the battle's blast,
May the brave character ■ ages shine,
And Genius (a) ■ the immortal shrine.

WRITTEN AT SOUTHAMPTON-CASTLE.¹

INSCRIBED TO ■ MARQUIS ■ LANSDOWNE.

THE Moonlight is without,—and I could lose
An hour to gaze, though Taste and Splendour here,
As in ■ lustrous fairy palace, reign!
Regardless of the lights that blaze within,
I look upon the wide and silent sea,
That in the shadowy moonbeam sleeps:—

How still,

Nor heard to murmur, ■ to move, it lies;

(a) I cordially pay this tribute to West, whose kindness and benevolence equal his talents.

¹ Southampton-Castle is a magnificent pile, erected by the Marquis of Lansdowne, commanding the most striking views of ■ river, the Isle of Wight, the New-Forest, etc.

Shining in Fancy's eye, like the soft gleam,
The eve of pleasant yesterdays!

The clouds
Have all sunk westward, and the host of stars
Seem in their watches set, — gazing on,
While night's fair Empress, sole and beautiful,
Holds her illustrious course, through the mid heavens,
Supreme, the spectacle, for such she looks
Of gazing worlds:—

different is the scene,
That lies beneath this arched window's height!
The Town, that murmur'd through the busy day,
Is hush'd: the Roofs — solemn breadth of shade
Veils; but the tow'rs, and taper spires above,
The pinnets, and the grey embattled walls,
And masts that throng around the southern pier,
Shine all distinct in light; and mark, remote,
O'er yonder elms, St Mary's modest fane.

Oh! if such views may please, to me they shine
How more attractive! a few years have pass'd,
Since there I saw Youth, Health, and Happiness,
All circling round — aged Sire,¹ whose hairs
Are now in peace gone down: he — to me
A Friend, and almost with a Father's smile,
Hung o'er my infant muse. The cheerful voice
Of Fellowship, the song of Harmony,
And Mirth, and Wit,² were there.

That scene is pass'd,—
Cold Death and Separation have dissolved
The evening circle of once-happy friends!

So has it ever fared, and — must fare,
With all.—I see the moonlight wat'ry tract
That shines far off, beneath the forest-shades!
What seems it, but the mirror of that tide,
Which noiseless, 'mid the changes of the world,
Holds its inevitable course, the tide
Of years departing? — the distant eye
Still seeming motionless, though hurrying on,
From morn till midnight, bearing, as it flows,
The sails of pleasurable barks! These gleam
To-day, to-morrow other passing sails
Catch the like sunshine of the vernal morn.

Our pleasant days, — as the moon's brief light
On the pale ripple, passing — it shines!
But shall the pensive bard for this lament,
Who knows how transitory — all worlds
Before his eye who made them?

Cease the strain;
And welcome still the social intercourse
That soothes the world's loud jarring, till the hour,
When universal Darkness wrapping all
This nether scene, a light from heav'n shall stream,
Through clouds dividing, and a voice be heard,
• Here only pure and lasting bliss is found. •

¹ Late Dean of Winchester, — Newton Ogle.

² I speak this of Sheridan, who — often of the party.

THE WINDS.

When dark November bade the leaves adieu,
And the gale sung amid the sea-boy's shrouds,
Methought I saw four winged forms, that flew,
With garments streaming light, amid the clouds—
From adverse regions of the sky,
In dim succession, they went by—
The first, — o'er the billowy deep he past,
Blew from his brazen trump — far-resounding blast.

Upon — beaked promontory high,
With streaming heart, and cloudy brow severe,
Mark'd ye the Father — of the frowning year?
Dark vapours roll'd o'er the tempestuous sky,
When creeping Winter from his cave came forth;
• Stern Courier of the Storm! (he cried,) what
From the North! •

NORTH WIND.

• From the vast and desert deeps,
Where the lonely Kraken sleeps,
Where fix'd, the icy mountains high
Glimmer to the twilight sky;
Where, six lingering months to last,
The night has closed,—the day is past,—
Father, lo! I come, I come:
I have heard the wizard's drum,
And the wither'd Lapland hag,
Seal, with mutter'd spell, her bag:
O'er mountains white, and forests sere,
I flew, and with a wink am here. •

WINTER.

• Spirit of unwearied wing,
From the Baltic's frozen main,
From the Russ's bleak domain,
Say, what tidings dost thou bring? •

• Shouts, and the noise of battle! • and again
The winged wind blew loud a deadly blast;
• Shouts, and the noise of Battle, • the long main
Seem'd with hoarse voice to answer as he past.

The moody South went by, and silence kept;
The cloudy rack oft hid his mournful mien,
And frequent fell the show'rs, as if he wept
The eternal havoc of this mortal scene.

He had heard the yell, and cry,
And howling dance of Anarchy,
Where the Rhone, with rushing flood,
Murmur'd to the main, through blood:—
He seem'd to wish he could for ever throw
His misty mantle o'er a world of —

But rousing him from his depending trance,
Cold Eurus blew his sharp and shrilling horn;
In his right hand he bore an icy lance,
That far off glitter'd in the frost of morn;
The Old Man knew the clarion from afar,
• What from the East? • he cried,

— WIND.

• Shouts, and the noise of War! •
• Far o'er the land hath been my flight,
O'er many — forest dark as night,

• Then — the Father of the Tempest forth. — Thomson.

O'er champaigns where the Tartar speeds,
 O'er Wolga's wild and giant reeds,
 O'er the Carpathian summits hoar,
 Beneath whose snows and shadows froze,
 Poland's level length unfolds
 Her trackless woods and wild'ring wolds,
 Like a spirit, seeking rest,
 I have pass'd from east to west,
 While sounds of discord and lament
 Rose from the earth, where'er I went!
 I care not; hurrying, — in scorn,
 I shook my lance, and blew my horn;
 The day shows clear; and merrily
 Along the Atlantic now I fly."

Who comes in soft and spicy vest,
 From the mild regions of the West?
 An azure veil bends waving o'er his head,
 And show'rs of violets from his hands are shed.
 'T is Zephyr, — with a look — young and fair
 As when his lucid wings convey'd
 That beautiful and gentle maid
 Psyche, ' transported through the air,
 The blissful couch of Love's own God — share.

Winter avault! thy haggard eye,
 Will — him, as he wanders by,
 Him and the timid butterfly.
 He brings again the morn of May.
 The lark, amid the clear blue sky,
 Carols, but is not seen so high,
 And all the winter's winds fly far away!
 I cried, "O, Father of the world, whose might,
 The storm, the darkness, and the winds obey,
 Oh, when will thus the long tempestuous night
 Of warfare and of woe be roll'd away!
 Oh, when will cease the uproar and the din,
 And Peace breathe soft, ' Summer is coming in!'"

ON WILLIAM SOMMERS, OF BREMHILL.

When will the grave shelter thy few grey hairs,
 O aged man? Thy sand is almost run,
 And many a year, in vain, — meet the sun,
 Thine eyes have roll'd in darkness: — and cares
 Have been thy visitants from — to —
 While, trembling on existence thou dost live,
 Accept what human charity — give;
 But standing thus, time-palsied, and forlorn,
 Like a scathed oak, of all its boughs bereft,
 God and the grave are thy best refuge left.

When the bells rung, and summer's smiling ray
 Welcomed again the merry Whitsuntide,
 And all my humble villagers were gay;
 I saw thee sitting — the highway side,
 To feel once more the warm sun's blessed beam:
 Didst thou then think upon thy own gay prime,
 On such a holiday, and the glad time
 When thou wert young and happy, like a dream
 Now perish'd? No; the murmur'd prayer alone
 Rose from the trembling lips towards the Throne

¹ Alluding to a beautiful fable of Psyche, carried by Zephyr to be married to Cupid.

Of Mercy; that ere spring return'd again,
 And the long winter blew its dreary blast,
 To sweep the verdure from the fading plain,
 Thy burden would be dropt, thy sorrows past!

■ blind and aged man, bow'd down with cares,
 When will the grave shelter thy few grey hairs?

THE VISIONARY;

OR THE YOUNG POET'S PARADISE.

INSCRIBED TO MRS WILMOT.

I was — aware when the following Poem was written, that a young Poet, a most interesting example (bating his extreme religious melancholy) of such a character as I would describe, closed his eyes upon this world in his 31st year. I allude to Henry Kirke White. Though a genuine Poet, good sense was his distinguished characteristic.

"O! lend that lute, sweet Archimage, ' to me,
 Enough of care and heaviness
 The weary lids of life depress,
 And doubly blest that gentle heart shall be,
 That woos of Poesy the visions bland,
 And strays forgetful o'er enchanted land!
 Oh! lend that lute, sweet Archimage, to me."

So spoke, with ardent look, yet eyebrow sad,
 When he had pass'd o'er many a mountain rude,
 And many — wild and weary solitude,
 'Mid — green vale, a wand'ring Minstrel-lad.
 With eyes that shone in soften'd flame,
 With wings and wand, young Fancy came;
 And — she touch'd a trembling lute,
 The lone enthusiast stood entranced and mute.
 ■ was a sound that made his soul forego
 All thoughts of sadness in a world of woe.

"Oh, lend that lute!" he cried! "Hope, Pity, Love,
 Shall listen; and each valley, rock, and grove,
 Shall witness, as with deep delight
 From orient morn to dewy-stealing night
 My spirit wrapt in trance of sweetness high,
 Shall drink the heart-felt sound with tears of ecstasy!"

As thus he spoke, soft voices seem'd to say,
 "Come away, come away;
 Where shall the heart-sick minstrel stray,
 But (viewing all things like a dream)
 By haunted wood, or wizard stream?
 That, like a hermit weeping,
 Amid the grey stones creeping;
 With voice distinct, yet faint,
 Calls — Repose herself to hear its soothing plaint.

"For him, romantic Solitude
 Shall pile sublime her mountains rude;
 For him, with shades more soft imprest,
 The lucid lake's transparent breast
 Shall show the banks, the woods, the hill,
 More clear, more beautiful, more still.
 For him more musical shall wave
 The pines o'er Echo's moonlight cave,

¹ Chief Magician, or Fancy.

While sounds ■ of a fairy lyre
Amid the shadowy cliffs expire!*

This valley where the raptured Minstrel stood,
Was shaded with a circling slope of wood,
And rich in beauty, with that valley vied,
Thessalian Tempe, crown'd with verdant bay,
Where smooth and clear Peneus winds his way;
And Ossa and Olympus, on each side,
Rise dark with woods; or that Sicilian plain
Which Arethusa's clearest waters lave,
By many ■ haunt of Pan, and wood-nymph's cave,
Ling'ring, and list'ning to the Doric strain
Of him, the Bard whose music might ■ succeed
To the wild melodies of Pan's ■ own reed!*

This scene, the mistress of the valley, held,
Fancy, a magic maid; and at her will,
Aërial castles crown'd the gleamy hill,
Or forests rose, or lapse of water well'd.
Sometimes she sat with lifted eye,
And mark'd the dark storm in the western sky;
Sometimes she look'd, and scarce her breath would
draw,
As fearful things, not ■ he told, she saw;
And sometimes, like ■ vision of the air,
On wings of shifting light she floated here and there.
In the breeze her garments flew,
Of the brightest sky blue,
Lucid as the tints of morn,
When Summer trills his pipe of corn:
Her tresses to each wing descending fall,
Or, lifted by the wind,
Stream loose and unconfined,
Like golden threads, beneath her myrtle coronal.

The list'ning Passions stood aloof and mute,
As oft the west-wind touch'd her trembling lute.
But when its sounds the youthful Minstrel heard,
Strange mingled feelings, not to be express'd
Rose undefined, yet blissful ■ his breast,
And all the soften'd scene in sweeter light appear'd.

Then Fancy waved her wand, and lo!
An airy troop went beck'ning by:
"Come from toil and worldly woe;
Come live with us in vales remote," they cry.

These are the flitting phantasies; the dreams
That lead the heart through all that elfin land,
Where half-seen shapes entice with whispers bland.
Meantime the clouds, imprest with livelier beams,
Roll, in the lucid track of air,
Array'd in colour'd brede, with semblances more fair.
The airy troop, as on they sail,
Thus the pensive stranger hail:
"In the pure and argent sky,
There our distant chambers lie;
The bed is strew'd with blushing roses,
When Quietude at ■ reposes,
Oft trembling lest her bow'rs should fade,
In the cold earth's humid shade.

Come, rest with us," evanishing they cried—
"Come, rest with us," the lonely vale replied.*

Then Fancy beckon'd, and with smiling mien,
A radiant form arose, like the fair Queen
Of Beauty: from her eye divinely bright,
A richer lustre shot, ■ more attractive light.
She said, "With fairer tints I can adorn
The living landscape, fairer than the morn.
The summer clouds in shapes romantic roll'd,
And those that edge the fading west, like gold;
The lake that sleeps in sun-light, yet impress'd
With shades more sweet than real, ■ its breast;
Mid haffling stones, beneath ■ partial ray,
The small brook huddling its uneven way;
The bluey fading hills, the silvery sea,
And every scene of summer speaks of ■
But most I wake the sweetest wishes warm,
Where the fond gaze is turn'd ■ woman's breathing
form."

So passing silent through a myrtle grove,
Beauty first led him to the bow'r of Love.
A mellow light through the dim covert stray'd,
And opening roses canopied the shade.
Why does the hurrying pulse unhidden leap?
Behold, in yonder glade that Nymph asleep!
The heart-struck Minstrel hangs, with ling'ring gaze!
O'er every charm his eye impassion'd strays!

An edge of white is seen, and scarcely ■
(As soft she breathes), her coral lips between;
A lambent ray steals from her half-closed eye,
As her breast heaves ■ short imperfect sigh.
"Sleep, winds of summer! o'er the leafy bow'r,
Nor move the Light bells of the nodding flow'r;
Lest, but a sound of stirring leaves might seem
To break the charm of her delicious dream!
And ye, fond, rising, throbbing thoughts, away,
Lest syren Pleasure all the soul betray!"

Oh! turn, and listen to the ditty
From the lowly cave of Pity.
"On slaughter's plain, while Valour grieves,
There he sunk to rest,
And the ring-dove scatter'd leaves
Upon his bleeding breast!"

Her face was hid, while her pale arms enfold
What seem'd an urn of alabaster cold;
To this she press'd her heaving bosom bare:
The drops that gather'd in the dank abode
Fell dripping, on her long dishevell'd hair,
And still her tears, renew'd, and silent, flow'd:
And when the winds of autumn ceased to swell,
At times was heard a slow and melancholy knell!

"T ■ in the twilight of the deepest wood,
Beneath whose boughs (like sad Cocytus, famed
Through fabling Greece, from lamentation² named)
A river dark and silent flow'd, there stood
A pale and melancholy Man: intent
His look upon that drowsy stream he bent,

* Theocritus.

* Μετα Πανα το δευτερον αλόν αποισει.—Idyl. I.

* Undefined feelings of things remote from common life.

² From lamentation named, and loud lament.—MILTON.

As ever counting (when the fitful breeze
With strange and hollow sound sung through the trees)
Counting the fallow leaves, that down the current went.
He ■■■ them not—

Earth seem'd to him one universal blot.
Sometimes, ■■■ most distemper'd, to and fro,
He paced; and sometimes fix'd his chilling look
Upon ■■■ dreadful book,
Inscribed with secret characters of woe;
While gibb'ring imps, as mocking him, appear'd,
And airy laughter mid the dusk ■■■ heard.

Then Fancy waved her wand again,
And all that valley that ■■■ lovely smiled,
Was changed to ■■■ bare champaign, waste and wild :
■ ■■ What pale and phantom-horseman rides amain?—
'T is Terror,—all the plain, far on, is spread,
With skulls and bones, and bodies of the dead!
From his black trump he blew ■■■ louder blast,
And earthquakes mutter'd ■■■ the Giant pass'd.
Then said that Magic Maid, with aspect bland,
« 'T is thine to seize his phantom spear,
'T is thine his sable trumpet ■■■ command,
And thrill the inmost heart with shuddering fear.»

■■■ hark! to Music's softer sound,
New scenes, and fairer views accordant rise.
Above, around,
The mingled measure swells in air, and dies.

Music, in thy charmed shell,
What sounds of holy magic dwell?
Oft when that shell was to the ear applied,
Confusion of rich harmonies,
All swelling rose,
That came, as with a gently-swelling tide:
Then at the close,
Angelic voices seem'd, aloft,
To answer, as it died, the cadence soft.
Now, like the hum of distant ocean's stream,
The murmurs of the wond'rous concave seem;
And now exultingly their tones prolong
The chorded Pæans of the choral song.

Then Music, with ■■■ voice more wildly sweet
Than winds that pipe on the forsaken shore,
When the last rain-drops of the west are o'er,
Warbled : « Oh, welcome to my blest retreat,
And give my sounds to the responsive lyre:
With me to these melodious groves retire,
And such pure feelings share
As, far from noise and folly, soothe thee there.»

Here Fancy (as the prize were won,
And now she hail'd her favourite son)
With energy impatient cried,
« The weary world is dark and wide,
Lo! I am with thee still to comfort and ■■■ guide.»

■ ■■ Nor fear if, grim before thine eyes,
Pale worldly Want, ■■■ spectre, low'rs :
What is a world of vanities
To a world ■■■ sweet ■■■ ours?

¹ I have placed Music last, as I think a perfect musical ear implies the highest degree of cultivation.

When thy heart is sad and lone,
And loves to dwell on pleasures flown,
When that heart ■■■ more shall bound
At ■■■ kind Voice's well-known sound,
My spells thy drooping languor shall relieve,
And airy spirits touch thy lonely harp ■■■ eve.»

« Look!—Delight and Hope advancing
(Music joins her thrilling notes),
O'er the level lea come dancing :
Seize the vision ■■■ it floats.
Bright-eyed Rapture hovers o'er them,
Waving light his seraph wings,
Youth exulting flies before them,
Scattering cowslips ■■■ he sings!»

« Come now, my car pursue,»
The wayward Fairy cried,
« And high amid the fields of air,
Above the clouds, together we will ride,
And posting on the viewless wind,
So leave the cares of earth, and all its thoughts, behind.
I can sail, and I can fly,
To all regions of the sky,
Or the shooting meteors course,
On a winged griffin-horse!»

She spoke: when Wisdom's self drew nigh,
A noble sternness in her searching eye,—
Like Pallas helm'd, and in her hand a spear
As not in idle warfare bent, but still—
As resolute, to cope, with every earthly ill.
In youthful dignity severe,
She stood;—« And shall the aspiring mind,
To Fancy be alone resign'd?
Alas! she cried, « her witching lay,
Too often leads the heart astray.

« Still, weak minstrel, wouldst thou rove,
Drooping in the distant grove,
Forgetful of all ties that bind
Thee, ■■■ brother, to mankind?

« Has Fancy's feeble voice defied
The ills to poor humanity allied?
Can she, like Wisdom, bid thy soul sustain
Its post of duty in a life of pain?
Can she, like meek Religion, bid thee bear
Contempt and hardship in a world of care?

« Yet let not my rebuke decry,
In all, her blameless witchery,
Or from the languid bosom tear
Each sweet illusion nourish'd there.

« With dignity and truth combined,
Still may she rule the manly mind :
Her sweetest magic still impart
To soften, not subdue, the heart :
Still may she warm the chosen breast,
Not the Sovereign, but the Guest.
Then shall she lead the blameless Muse
Through all her fairest, wildest views;
To mark, amid the flow'rs of morn,
The bee go forth with early horn ;
Or when the moon, a softer light
Sheds ■■■ the rocks and ■■■ of night,

To hear the circling Fairy Bands
Sing, 'Come unto these yellow sands.
Sweeter is our light than day,
Fond enthusiast, come away!

• Then Chivalry again shall call,
The Champions to her banner'd hall!

« The pipe, and song, with many a mingled shout,
Ring through the forest, ■ the Satyr-rout
Dance round the dragon-chariot of Romance:
Forth pricks the Errant Knight with rested lance:
Imps, Dæmons, Fays, in antic train succeed,
The wau'dring maiden, and the winged steed!
The muttering Wizard turns, with haggard look,
The bloody leaves of the accursed book,
Whilst Giants, from the gloomy castle-tow'r,
With lifted Bats of Steel, more dreadful low'r!
At times, the magic shall prevail
Of the wild and wondrous Tale;
At times, high rapture shall prolong
The deep, enthusiastic Song!
Hence, at midnight, Thou shalt stray,
Where dark Ocean flings its spray,
To hear o'er Heav'n's resounding arch
The Thunder-Lord begin his march!
Or mark the flashes, that present
Some far-off shatter'd monument;
Whilst along the rocky vale,
Red fires, mingled with the hail,
Run along upon the ground,
And the thunders deeper sound!
The loftier Muse, with awful mien,
Upon a lonely rock is seen!
Full is the eye that speaks the dauntless soul;
She seems to hear the gathering tempest roll
Beneath her feet: She bids an eagle fly,
Breasting the whirlwind, through the dark-red sky!
Or, with elated look, lifts high the spear,
As sounds of distant battles roll ■ near.

• Now deep-hush'd in holy trance,
She ■ the Pow'rs of Heav'n advance,
And 'wheels, instinct with Spirit,' bear,
God's living Chariot through the air—
Now on the wings of morn she seems to rise,
And joins the strain of ■ than mortal harmonies.

« Thy heart shall beat, exulting ■ she sings,
And thou shalt cry, 'Give ■ an Angel's wings.'

« With sadder sound, o'er Pity's cave,
The willow in the wind shall wave;
And all the list'ning Passions stand,
Obedient to thy great command.

• With Poesy's sweet charm imprest,
Fancy, thus shall ■ thy breast.

¹ I need not mention, I trust (bating the metre), ■ « wild and wondrous » « Thalaba : » « Oberon, » so excellently translated by ■ Sotheby : Nor will any one, possessing the heart of a Poet, attempt to decry such exquisite ■ ■ Scott's « Lay of ■ Last ■ steel, » « Marmion, » and let ■ add, Mr Rose's translation of « Parthenope de Blois. »

² An imperfect description of sublimity, taken from a chapter in Exodus, to which only Handel's Music (*Israel in Egypt*) can pretend to do justice.

Still her smiling train be thine,
Still her lovely visions shine,
To cheer, beyond my boasted pow'r,
A sad, ■ solitary hour.

• Thus let them soothe awhile thy heart,
'Come like shadows, so depart;'
But never may the witching lay
Lead each sense from life astray;
For vain the Poet's muse of fire,
Vain the magic of his lyre,
Unless the touch subdued impart
Truth and Wisdom ■ the heart!

WRITTEN AT CADLAND, SOUTHAMPTON RIVER.

INSCRIBED TO ANDREW DRUMMOND, ESQ.

If ever Sea-maid, from her coral cave,
Beneath the hum of the great surge, has loved
To pass delighted from her green abode,
And, seated on a summer bank, to sing
No earthly music : in a spot like this,
The Bard might feign he heard her, ■ she dried
Her golden hair, yet dripping from the main,
■ the slant sun-beam.

So the pensive Bard
Might image, warm'd with this enchanting scene,
Thi' ideal form; but, though such things are not,
He, who has ever felt a thought refined;
He, who has wander'd on the sea of life,
Forming delightful visions of a home,
Of beauty and repose;—He, who has loved,
With filial warmth, his country, will not pass
Without a look of ■ than tenderness
On all the scene; from where the pensile birch
Bends on the bank, amid the cluster'd group
Of the dark hollies; ■ the woody shore
That steals diminish'd, to the distant spires
Of Hampton, crowning the long lucid wave.
White in the sun, beneath the forest-shade,
Full shines the frequent sail, like Vanity,
As she goes onward in her glittering trim,
Amid the glances of life's transient morn,
Calling on all to view her!

Vectis² there,
That slopes its green-sward to the lambent wave,
And shows through softest haze its woods and domes,
With grey St Catharine's³ creeping to the sky,
Seems like a modest fair, who charms the more,
Concealing half her beauties.

To the East,
Proud, yet complacent, ■ its subject realm,
With masts innumerable throng'd, and hulls
Seen indistinct, but formidable, mark,
Albion's vast Fleet, that, like the impatient storm,
Waits but the word, ■ thunder and flash death
On him, who dares approach, to violate
The shores and living ■ that smile ■
Beneath its dragon-watch!

¹ A beautiful seat of Henry Drummond, esq.

² The Isle of Wight.

³ The highest slowly-rising eminence in the Isle of Wight, ■ the River.

Long may they smile!

And long, majestic Albion (while the sound
From East to West, from Albion to the Po,
Of dark contention hurtles,) mayst thou rest,
As calm and beautiful this sylvan scene
Looks on the refluent wave that steals below.

ON A LANDSCAPE,

PAINTED BY MISS GOWARD, ■ BATH.

How lovely shines the Pictured Scene, array'd
As with the hues of nature, hills and woods,
And ocean-stream remote! The broad brown oak
Stretches his ancient arms, and length of shade,
High o'er the nearer glens; and the wild ash,
Hangs wavering on the upland croft, whose ridge,
With distant sheep, amid the goss and fern,
Is dotted: gleams of momentary light
Shoot o'er the long-retiring sands, and fall
Direct upon the battlement and tow'rs,
Of Carey's¹ mould'ring Castle: the low shore
Stretching far on its level line, reveals
The silver-shining main, that spreads beyond,
To the pale ray of morning: through those hills,
On either side blue-op'ning, the dim sails
Hang, as departing: one, with partial light
Touch'd, ere it fades; the other looks a speck,
Which the first airy spleen would dissipate,
So brief and evanescent seems its shade.

So charms the lucid Landscape! oh, when life
Was new, I thought the smiling world ■ such,
So sweet, ■ softly shadow'd! Fancy then
Call'd up all pleasant semblances, that shone
In the aerial distance, and the eye
Of young poetic Rapture, as it glanced
From scene to scene, in vernal beauty gay,
Saw only, in this weary world, the smile
Of peace, and love's sweet sunshine.

As the Child,²

That play'd in summer by ■ devious stream,
Enticed by beck'ning Fairies from his path,³

¹ The Elbe.

² View—Carey-Castle, Pembrokeshire.

³ The curious story which I have endeavoured to apply, may be found in Giraldus Cambrensis.—See ■ Richard Hoare's *Translation*, Vol. I, p. 158.

⁴ The following is the curious tale of superstition alluded to:

“A youth of twelve years old ran away, and hid himself under the hollow bank of a river; and after fasting in that situation for two days, two little men, of pigmy stature, appeared to him, saying, ‘If you will come with us, ■ will lead you into a country full of delights and sports.’ Assenting and rising up, he followed his guides through a path, at first subterraneous and dark, into a most beautiful country, adorned with rivers and meadows, woods and plains, but obscure and not illuminated with the full light of the sun. As often ■ they returned from our upper hemisphere, they reprobated our ambition, infidelities, and inconstancies. The boy frequently returned to our hemisphere, sometimes by the way he had first gone, sometimes by another: at first in company with other persons, and afterwards alone, and made himself known only to his mother, declaring to her the manners, nature, and state of that people. Being desired by her to bring a present of gold, with which that region abounded, he stole, while at play with the ■'s son, the golden ball with which he used to divert himself, and brought it to his mother in great haste; and when he reached the door of his father's house, but not unperceived, and was entering ■ in a great hurry, his foot stumbled on the threshold, and falling down into the room where his mother was sitting, the two pigmies

Who said, ‘Come follow us, and we will show
Scenes beautiful, and rare;’ he follow'd them,
Through subterraneous windings, dark and strange,
Till ■ they saw a country, fairer far
Than this Terrene: ■ pale and peaceful light
Sat ■ the vales, more clear than of the moon,
And softer than the sun's: aerial youths
With golden ■ tresses like the morn, ■ he hail'd
His fellows! ‘Here, I will for ever live,’
He cried, ‘I love not the sad earth I left;
Be this sweet land my home.’ So day by day,
■ sought that land of shadows, till elate,
One morn, he told to Matron Truth the tale,
‘And bring,’ she sternly cried, ‘(for I would know
If true or false thou speak'st,) from that strange land
Some token.’ By the secret path he sought
The vale of fairies, and at setting sun,
Brought in his hand a golden ball, and show'd
Delighted: when the unsubstantial toy
At once fell from his grasp, and while loud laughs
Of unseen imps were heard, he stood abash'd,
And ■ the treasure vanish'd, and the eye
Of Truth ■ stern. He sought in vain, at morn, ■
The well known-path, by the same river's side;
But every trace was lost, and the wild way
For ever hid from mortal search!

So fares
The fond and youthful vot'ry, in the realm
Of gay Imagination!—Love, and Hope,
Buoyant and bright, are his associates then,
All fairy children; and his heart is sad,
When ■ the real ills of this hard world
He thinks.—He woes poor Fancy's imagery,
And when indignant Truth, with stern rebuke
Appears, he looks around, and they are gone!

So seem'd the scene to me, and so the toys
Of early Fancy shone, when this wide world,
I thought all loveliness, and deck'd with hues
Soft ■ this Pictured Scene!

These things were dreams
Brief shadows of a solitary hour,
No more:—for ill bescem'd it, in a world,
Where we must struggle hard, spell-bound to sit
And image airy likelihoods, and forms
That fade, ere we can say they are; and lose,
So idly lose, the dignity of Truth,
Of Virtue, and of Manhood. Else indeed
The poor Enthusiast, till his hairs were grey,
Might still be dreaming by a summer brook,
In ruminating fancy, gend'ring forms,
Like countless insects, of distemper'd thoughts,
That Wisdom, waking from her sombrous trance,
Would brush away.

Therefore such things I loved,
But loved them as companions of ■ hour,
Lonely, ■ sad, forgotten in the crowd.

seized the ■ which had dropped from his hand, and departed, showing ■ boy every mark of contempt and derision. On recovering from his fall, confounded with shame, and execrating the evil counsel of his mother, he returned by the usual track to the subterraneous road, but found no appearance of any passage, though he searched for it ■ the banks of the river for ■ the space of a year.—Sir R. Hoare's *Translation of Giraldus*.

Still they were near my heart, and still mine eye
Sought every charm of nature; every light
That deck'd her forests, and each ev'ning scene,
When west away the crimson clouds were hung,
Seem'd like a tender thought.

Therefore I prize,—
Though all romantic visions long have flown,
Which never when they flatter'd most, deceived,
Yet wearied oft with many a sight and sound
Of sadness in the living world, I prize
A view like this—as beautiful, ■ still—
And pray that peace and happiness may wait
Thy latest years, fair Artist, whose nice touch
Has thus in softest light array'd ■ scene,
That Happiness and Peace, might wish their own.

THE LAST SONG OF CAMOENS.

INSCRIBED TO LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

The morning shone on Tagus' rocky side;
And airs of summer swell'd the yellow tide,
When rising from his melancholy bed,
And faint, and feebly by Antonio¹ led,
Poor Camoens, subdued by want and woe,
Along the winding margin wander'd slow.
His harp, that once could each warm feeling move,
Of patriot glory, or of tenderest love,
His sole and sable friend² (while a faint tone
Rose from the wires) placed by a mossy stone.

How beautiful the sun ascending shines,
From ridge to ridge, along the purple vines!
How pure the azure of the op'ning skies!
How resonant the nearer rock replies
To call of early mariners! and, hark!
The distant whistle from yon parting bark,
That down the channel as ■ she strays,
Her grey sail mingles with the morning haze,
Bound to explore, o'er Ocean's stormy reign,
New lands that lurk amid the lonely main!

A transient fervour touch'd the Old Man's breast,—
He raised his eyes, so long by care deprest,
And while they shone with momentary fire,
Ardent he struck the long-forgotten lyre.

■ From Tagus' yellow-sanded shore,
O'er the billows, ■ they roar,
O'er the blue sea, waste and wide,
Our bark threw back the burning tide,
By northern breezes cheerly borne,
On to the kingdoms of the morn!
Blanco, whose cold shadow vast
Chills the Western wave, is past!

■ Huge Bojador, frowning high,
Thy dismal terrors we defy!
But who may violate the sleep,
And silence, of the sultry deep;

¹ ■ faithful Indian who attended him in all his sorrows, ■ native of Java.

² Antonio, ■ who begged alms through Lisbon, and ■ night shared the produce with his broken-hearted master.—STRANGFORD'S Preface.

Where beneath th' intenser sun,³
Hot showers descend, red lightnings run?
Whilst all the pale expanse beneath,
Lies burning wide, without ■ breath;
And at mid-day from the mast,
No shadow on the deck is cast!
Night by night, still seen the same,
Strange lights along the cordage flame,
Perhaps, the Spirits of the Good,⁴
That wander this forsaken flood,
Sing to the seas, as slow we float,
A solemn and a holy note!

■ Spectre³ of the Southern Main,
Thou bar'st our onward way in vain,
Wrapping the terrors of thy form,
In the Thunder's rolling storm!
Fearless o'er th' indignant tide,
On to the East our galleys ride.

«Triumph!—For the toil is o'er—
We kiss the far-sought Indian shore!
Glittering to the orient ray,
The Banners of the Cross display.

■ Does my heart exulting bound?
Alas! forlorn, I gaze around:
Feeble, poor, and old, I stand,
A stranger in my native land.

■ My sable slave—(ah, no! my only friend,
Whose steps upon my rugged path attend—)
Secs, but with tenderness that fears to speak,
The tear that furrows down my aged cheek!
My harp is silent,—famine shrinks mine eye,—
'Give me a little food for charity!' ■⁴

MELODIES OF REMEMBRANCE.

INSCRIBED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE «PLEASURES OF MEMORY.»

Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores!
CATELLOS.

I need not, perhaps, say (as the title imports it) that the following were written in early Youth.

Yes! I have wish'd that one, like thee,
If such the world could often send,
Might place a tender trust in me,
And think I was indeed a friend!

I would not praise her vermeil cheek,
Her smile of youth, her eye of fire;
Nor trembling, when I could not speak,
Gaze with tumultuous fond desire.

³ Crossing the Line.

⁴ Lights called by the Portuguese «Corpo Sancto's», supposed to be the Spirits of Saints, hovering on the shrouds.

⁵ The terrific Phantom of the Cape, described by Camoens.

⁶ Camoens, the great Poet of Portugal, is supposed to have gone ■ the East-Indies in the same ship with the first Discoverer, round the Cape of Good-Hope, Vasco de Gama. This ■ not the case, though he wrote the noble poem descriptive of the voyage. He went ■ India some years afterwards, but the general idea ■ sufficient for poetical purposes. His subsequent sorrows and poverty, in his ■ tive land, are well known.

But I would look to Heav'n, and pray,
That every morn with joy might shine,
And «Angels,» when in peace she lay,
«Might bless her with a love like mine!»

Oh! could my warmest prayers prevail,
Health, and Hope, and Joy, were thine;
To bid no griefs that heart assail,
Would be the pride, the bliss of mine.

Then only breathe one pray'r for me,
That far away, where'er I go,
The heart that would have bled for thee,
May feel, through life, no other woe.

• • • • •

Ah, no! forgive the vain, intruding thought,
And let me, * * *, love thee as I ought:
Love thee with warmth no language ~~can~~ express,
With ecstacy, subdued by tenderness!

Love thee with fervent friendship, that would bear,
All griefs itself, so thou wert free from care!
Love thee with honour, by each action shown,
That held thy peace far dearer than my own!

I shall look back, when on the main,
Back to my native isle,
And almost think I hear again
Thy voice, and view thy smile.

But many days may pass away,
Ere I again shall see
Amid the young, the fair, the gay,—
One who resembles thee.

Yet when the pensive thought shall dwell,
On some ideal maid,
Whom Fancy's pencil pictured well,
And touch'd with softest shade;

The imaged form I shall survey,
And pausing ~~in~~ the view,
Recall thy gentle smile, and say,
«Oh, such a maid I knew!»

Why seems my heart oppress'd and cold,
And why do fears unbidden start,
When I approach the scenes that hold,
The only treasure of my heart?

Perhaps she may have breathed my name,
In solitude, when ~~no~~ could hear;
Or thought, in absence loved the same,
Of all my fortunes, with a tear.

Ah, since my feet so far have ranged,
Pale sickness may have marked her cheek;
And I may see her looks, how changed,
But never—never hear her speak!

* The reader may place any name he likes best, with the exception of Chloe, Della, or Dorothy!

Vain bodings cease! hush every sigh!
It is her smile, her hand, her voice!
«Rejoice!» with beating heart I cry:—
«God only knows how we rejoice!»

How shall I ~~miss~~ those pleasant fields again,
When I shall miss, where'er mine eyes I bend,
The look, the smile, of that beloved friend,
Who made this world, ~~an~~ oft a world of pain,
To me, oh, more than happy!—Every scene
Was here familiar, from life's early morn,
The trees, the tow'r, the cliff, the hill-top thorn;
And, long-accustom'd on my arm to lean,
I oft have heard her say, that «search around
The earth, no spot more blissful could be found.»

Thy path is now beyond those fading hills,
And many a fear my anxious bosom fills,
Which Fancy shapes in solitude! but yet,—
I know thy warm and honest heart replies,
(A tear of accusation in thine eyes)
«Oh! can I ever these or thee forget?»
Well! be thou happy! but I fear, the day
Will come, when I with aching heart shall say
(Watching the melancholy show'rs of eve),
«Why didst thou ever these green valleys leave?»

THE SYLPH OF SUMMER; OR, AIR.

■ INVOCATION. INSCRIBED TO W. SOTHEBY, ESQ.

[The following was written as part of a projected Poem on the
«ELEMENTS,»—Air, Earth, Fire, Water. The subject is in
every respect capable of the highest poetical ornament. I leave
it to abler writers, having closed my book for ever.]

«God said, let there be light, and there was light!»
At once the glorious Sun, at his command,
From space illimitable, void and dark,
Sprung jubilant, and angel hierarchies,
Whose long Halleluiah peal'd from orb to orb,
Sung, Glory be ~~to~~ Thee, God of all worlds!

Then beautiful, the hall of this Terrene
Roll'd in the beam of first-created day,
And all its Elements obey'd the voice
Of Him, the great Creator; Air, and Fire,
And Earth, and Water; each its ministry
Perform'd, while Chaos from his ebony throne
Leap'd up; and so magnificent, and deck'd,
And mantled in its ambient atmosphere,
The living world began its state!

To Thee,
Spirit of Air! I lift the vent'rous song,
Whose viewless presence fills the living scene,
Whose element ten thousand thousand wings
Fan joyous; o'er whose fields the morning clouds
Ride high; whose rule the lightning-shafts obey,
And the deep thunder's long-careering march!

The Winds too are thy subjects; from the breeze,
That like a child upon a holiday

On the high mountain's ■ pursues the down
Of the grey thistle, ere the autumnal show'r
Steals soft, and mars his pastime; ■ the King
Of Hurricanes, that sounds his mighty shell,
And bids Tornado sweep the Western world.

Sylph of the Summer Gale, to thee I call!
O come, when now gay June is in her car,
Wafting the breath of roses, ■ she moves,—
Come to this garden bow'r, which I have hung
With tendrils, and the fragrant eglantine,
And mandrake, rich with many-mantling stars.

'T is pleasant, when thy breath is on the leaves
Without, ■ rest in this embowering shade,
And mark the green fly, circling to and fro,
O'er the still water, with his dragon wings
Shooting from bank to bank, now in quick turns,
Then swift athwart, ■ is the gazer's pance,
Pursuing still his mate; they, with delight,
As if they moved in morris, to the sound
Amusive of this ever-dripping rill,
Now in advance, ■ in retreat, ■ round,
Dart through their mazy rings, and seem to say
« The Summer and the Sun are ours.»

But thou,
Sylph of the Summer Gale, delay awhile
Thy airy flight, whilst here Francesca leans,
And, charm'd by Ossian's harp, seems in the breeze
« To hear Malvina's plaint; » thou to her ear
Come unperceived, « like music of the song,
« From Conn's vale of streams; » then with the bee,
That sounds his horn, busied from flow'r to flow'r,
Speed o'er the yellow meadows, breathing ripe
Their summer incense; or amid the furze,
That paints with bloom intense the upland crofts,
With momentary essence tinge thy wings;
Or in the grassy lanes, ■ after one,
Lift light the nodding foxglove's purple bell.
Thence, ■ the distant sea, and where the flag
Hangs idly down, without a wavy curl,
Thou hover o'er the topmast, ■ extend
The full and flowing main-sail: « Steadily, »
The helmsman cries, ■ now thy breath is heard
Among the stirring cordage o'er his head,
« So, steadily, » he cries, as right he steers;
« Speeds our proud ship along the world of waves. »

Sylph, may thy fav'ring breath ■ gently blow,
More gently round the temples, and the cheek,
Of him, who, leaving home and friends behind,
In silence musing on the rail-way leans,
And watches every passing shade that marks
The southern Channel's fast-retiring line;
Then, ■ the ship rolls on, keeps a long look
Fix'd on the less'ning Lizard,¹ the last point
Of that delightful country, where he left
All his fond hopes behind: it lessens still,
Still,—still it lessens, and now disappears.
He turns, and only ■ the ■ that rock
Boundless!—How many anxious ■ shall rise
How many ■ shall light the farthest seas,
O'er what new ■ and regions shall he stray,

¹ The last point of Cornwall.

A weary man, still thinking of his home,
Ere he again that shore shall view, and greet
With blissful thronging hopes and starting tears,
Of heartfelt welcome, and of warmest love!

Perhaps, ah!—never!—So didst thou go forth,
My poor lost Brother!—

The airs of morning, as enticing, play'd,
And gently round thee, and their whisperings
Might soothe (if aught could soothe) a boding heart;
For thou wert bound to visit ■ of death,
Where the sick gale (alas, unlike the breeze
That bore the gently-swelling sail along)
Was tainted with the breath of Pestilence,
Who smote the silent camp, and night and day,
Sat mocking on the putrid carcasses.—
Thou too didst perish!—As the South-West blows,
Thy bones, perhaps, now whiten on the coast
Of old Algarva.² I, meantime, these shades
Of village solitude (hoping, erewhile,
To welcome thee, from many ■ toil restored)
Still deck, and now thy empty urn³ alone
I meet, where, swaying in the summer gale,
The willow whispers in my evening walk.

Sylph, in thy airy robe, I see thee float,
A rainbow o'er thy head, and in thy hand
The magic instrument,⁴ that as thy wing
(Lucid, and painted like the butterfly's)
Waves to and from, most musically rings,
Sometimes in joyance, as the flaunting leaf
Of the white poplar, sometimes sad and slow,
As bearing pensive airs from Pity's grave.

Soft child of Air! thou tendest on his way,
As gentle Ariel at the bidding hies
Of mighty Prospero; yet other winds
Throng to his wizard hest, inspiring some,
Some melancholy, and yet soothing much
The drooping wanderer in the fading copse;
Some terrible, with solitude, and death
Attendant on their march:—the wild Simoom,⁵
Riding on whirling spires of burning sand,
That move along the Nubian wilderness,
And bury deep the silent caravan:—
Monsoon, up-starting from his half-year sleep,
Upon the vernal shores of Indostan,
And tempesting with sounds of torrent rain,
And hail, the dark'ning main:—and red Sameel
Blasting, and with'ring, like ■ rivell'd leaf,
The pilgrim, ■ he ■:—Sirocco⁶ sad,
That pants, all summer, ■ the cloudless shores
Of faint Parthenope:⁷—Deep in the mine⁸
Oft lurking 'mid the lurid windings damp,
The ghastly fiend that blows, when the pale light
Quivers, and leaves the gasping wretch ■ die:—

¹ Dr Henry Bowles, on the medical staff, ■ to Gibraltar during the pestilential fever there.

² South coast of Portugal.

³ An urn is erected to his memory in Brompton Garden.

⁴ Æolian harp.

⁵ Simoom, Sameel, destructive winds ■ the desert of Asia.—See BACCH, etc.

⁶ ■ wind that is particularly felt ■ Naples, inducing extreme dejection.—See SWISSMAN.

⁷ Naples.

⁸ Damps ■ mines.

The imp,¹ that when the hollow curfew knolls,
Wanders the misty marish, lighting it
At night, with errant and fantastic flame :
Spirit of Air, these are thy ministers,
That wait thy will ; but thou art all in all,
And dead without thee were the flow'r, the leaf,
The waving forest rivell'd, the great ■■■
Still, the lithe birds of heav'n extinct, and ceased
The soul of melting music.

This fair scene

Lives in thy tender touch, for ■■■ it seems ;
Whilst universal nature owns thy sway,—
From the mute insect on the summer pool,
That with long cobweb legs (firm as on earth
The ostridge skims) flits idly to and fro,
Making no dimple, on the wat'ry mass ;
To the huge Grampus, spouting, as he rolls,
A cataract, amid the cold clear sky,
And furrowing far and wide the northern deep.

Thy presence permeates and fills the whole :
As the poor butterfly, that painted gay,
With menly wings, red, amber, white, or dropp'd
With golden stains, floats o'er the yellow corn,
Idly, ■■■ bent on pastime, while the morn
Smiles on his devious voyage ; if inclosed
In the exhausted prison,² whence thy breath
With suction slow is drawn ; he feels the change
How dire ! in palsied inanition drops !
Weak flags his weary wing, and weaker yet :
His frame with tremulous convulsion moves,
A moment, and the next is still in death.

So were the great and glorious world itself ;
The tenants of its continents, all ceased !
A wide, a motionless, a putrid waste,
Its Seas ! How droops the languid mariner,
When not a breath, along the heavy main,
Strays on the sultry surface as it sleeps ;
When far away the winds are flown, to dash
The congregated ocean on the Cape
Of Southern Africa, leaving, the while,
The flood's vast surface, noiseless, waveless, white,
Beneath Mosambic's long-reflected woods,
A gleamy mirror, spread from east to west,
Where the still ship, ■■■ a bed of glass,
Sits motionless. Awake, ye hurricanes,
Ye winds, that harrow up the wintry waste,
Awake ! for Thunder in his sounding car,
Flashing thick lightnings from the rolling wheels,
And the red volley, charged with instant death,
Were music to this ling'ring, sick'ning calm,
The same eternal sunshine ; still,—all still,—
Without ■■■ vapour, or a sound.

If thus,

Beneath the burning breathless atmosphere,
Faint Nature sick'ning droop ; who shall ascend
The height, where silence, since the world began,
Has sat on Chimborazo's highest peak,
A thousand toises o'er the cloud's career,
Soaring in finest æther ? Far below,
He sees the mountains burning at his feet,

¹ Ignis fatuus, commonly called Jack o' Lantern.

² Air-pump.

Whose smoke ne'er reach'd his forehead : never there,
Though the black whirlwind shake the distant shores,
The passing gale has murmur'd : never there,
The eagle's cry has echo'd ; never there—
The solitary Condor's weary wing
Hath yet ascended.

Let the rising thought

Beyond the confines of this vapoury vault
■■■ lifted, to the boundless void of space,
Flow dread, how infinite ! where other worlds,
Ten million and ten million leagues aloft,
In other precincts with their shadows roll.
There roams the sole erratic Comet, borne
With lightning speed, yet twice three hundred years
Its destined course accomplishing,

Then whirl'd,

Far from th' attractive orb of central fire,
Back through the dim and infinite abyss.
Dread flaming Visitant ! ere thou return,
Empires may rise and fall ; the palaces,
That shone on earth, may vanish like the dew
Of morning, scarce illumined ere they fly.
Dread flaming Visitant ! who that pursues
Thy long and lonely voyage, e'en in thought
(Till thought itself seem in the effort lost),
But tremblingly exclaims, « THERE IS A GOD : »
« There is a God, who lights ten thousand suns, »
Round which revolve worlds wheeling amid worlds.
He launch'd thy voyage through the vast abyss,
He bears his universe, through all its orbs,
As with one voice, proclaim,

THERE IS A GOD ! »

Lifted above this dim diurnal sphere,
So Fancy, rising with her theme, ascends,
And voyaging th' illimitable Void,
Where Comets flame, sees other worlds and suns
Emerge, and on this earth, like a dim speck,
Looks down : nor in the wonderful and vast
Of the dread scene magnificent, she views
Alone, th' Almighty Ruler, but the web
That shines in summer time, and only seen
In the slant sunbeam, wakes a moral thought.

In autumn, when the thin long spider gains
The leafy bush's top, he from his seat,
Shoots the soft filament, like threads of air, ■
Scarce seen, into the sky, and thus sustain'd,
Boldly ascends into the breezy void,
Dependent on the trembling line he wove,
Insidious, and intent on scenes of spoil
And Death :—So mounts Ambition, and aloft,
On his proud summit, meditates new scenes

¹ Fixed stars.

² Air-threads, in natural history, a name given to the long fila-
■■■■ frequently seen in autumn, shooting about the air. These
threads are the work of spiders, especially of that species called the
Long-legged Field-Spider ; which, having mounted to the summit
of a bush ■■■ tree, darts from its tail several of these threads, till
■■■■ is produced capable of supporting the creature in the air : on
this it mounts in quest of prey, and frequently rises to ■■■ very con-
siderable height. Nor does the spider that has thus raised itself,
descend by ■■■ same thread ; it often winds that up, and darts out
another ■■■ or less long, as the creature intends a higher or lower
flight.—*Philosophical Dictionary.*

Of plunder and dominion, till the breeze
Of fortune change, that blows to empty air
His feeble frail support, and once again
Leaves him a reptile, struggling in the dust!

But what the world itself, what, in his view,
Whose dread Omnipotence is over all?
A twinkling air-thread in the vast of space.
And what the works of that proud insect, Man?
His Mausoleums, Fanes, and Pyramids,
Frown in the dusk of long-revolving years,
While generations, as they rise, and drop,
Each following each, to silence and to dust,
Point as they pass, and say, 'It was a God'
That made them: but nor date, nor name,
Oblivion shows; cloud only—rolling on,
And wrapping darker, as it rolls, the works
Of Man!

Now raised on Contemplation's wing,
The blue vault, fervent with unnumber'd stars,
He ranges: speeds, as with an angel's flight,
From orb to orb; distant suns illumine
The boundless space, then bends his head to earth,
So poor is all he knows!

O'er sanguine fields
Now rides he, arm'd and crested like the God
Of fabled battles: where he points, pale Death
Strides over weltering carcases, nor leaves,—
But still a horrid shadow, step by step,
Stalks mocking after him, till now the noise
Of rolling acclamation, and the shout
Of multitude on multitude, is past:
The scene of all his triumphs, wormy Earth
Closes upon his perishable pride,
For «dust he is, and shall to dust return!»

But «Conscience,» a small voice from Heav'n replies,
«Conscience shall meet him in another world.»

«Let Man then walk, meek, humble, pure, and just,
Though meek, yet dignified, though humble, raised,
The heir of Life and Immortality:
Conscious that in this awful world he stands,
He only of all living things, ordain'd,
To think, and know, and feel, THERE IS A GOD!»

Child of the Air! though most I love to hear
Thy gentle summons whisper, when the Spring,
At the first carol of the village lark,
Looks out and smiles, or June is in her car;
Not undelightful is the purer air
In Winter, when the keen North-East is high,
When Frost fantastic his told garland weaves
Of brittle flow'rs, or soft-succeeding snows
Gather without apace, and heavy load
The berry'd sweet-brier, clinging to my pane.
The black-bird, then, that marks the ruddy pods
Peep through the snow, though silent is his song,
Yet, press'd by cold and hunger, ventures near.

The Robin-group familiar muster round
The garden-shed, where at his dinner set,

¹ So the Arabs say, speaking of the stupendous [] in the deserts.

The labour'd hind strews here and there a crumb
From his brown bread; then heedless of the winds
That blow without, and sweep the shiver'd snow,
Sees from his broken tube the smoke ascend.
On an inverted barrow, as in state,
He sits, though poor, the monarch of the scene,
As pondering deep the garden's future state,
His kingdom; the rude instruments of death,
Lie at his feet, fashion'd with simple skill,
With which he hopes to snare the prowling race,
The mice, rapacious of his vernal hopes.

So seated, on the spring he ruminates,
And solemn as a Sophi,¹ moves his hand,
Nor eye, till haply some more vent'rous bird
(The crumbs exhausted that he lately strew'd
Upon the groundsil), with often dipping beak,
And sidelong look, as asking larger dole,
Comes trotting to his feet: and say, ye great,
Ye mighty monarchs of this earthly scene,
What nobler views can elevate the heart
Of a proud patriot King, than thus to chase
The bold rapacious spoilers from the field,
And with an eye of morciful regard,
To look on humble worth, wet from the storm,
And chill'd by indigence.

But thoughts like these,
Ill suit the radiant Summer's rosy prime,
And the still temper of the calm blue sky.
The sunny show'rs is past; at intervals
Silent and soft the drops descend: and mark,
Upon the blue bank of yon western cloud,
That looms direct against th' emerging orb,
How bright, how beautiful the rainbow hues
Steal forth! how stately bends the colour'd arch
Above the hills, and tinging at its foot
The mead and trees! Fancy might think young Hope
Pants for the vision, and with ardent eye
Pursues the unreal shade, and spreads her hands,
Weeping to see it fade, as all her dreams
Have faded.

These, O Air! are but the toys,
That sometimes deck thy fairy element;
So oft the eye observant loves to trace
The colours, and the shadows, and the forms,
That wander o'er the veering atmosphere.
See, in the East, the rare Parhelia² shine
In mimic glory, and so seem to mock
(Fix'd parallel to the ascending orb)
The majesty, the splendour, and the form,
Of the illustrious Lord of Day, who cheers
The world, with light and heat. The Halo-ring
Bends over all.

With desultory shafts,
And long and arrowy glance, the Night-Lights shoot³

¹ Title of the Persian Emperor.

² About ten o'clock in the morning, I saw, after an Aurora Borealis the night before, an attempt towards two mock-suns. In about three quarters of an hour afterwards, I went to view the heavens, and found the appearance complete;—I mean two plain Parhelia, or mock-suns, tolerably bright and distinct, in the two intersections of a strong and large portion of a Halo—parallel to the horizon, passing through the true Sun.—*Philosophical Transactions.*—Paper by Whiston.

³ Aurora Borealis.

Of Woden named, with many ■ antique mound,
The warrior's grave), bids Exercise awake,
And Health, the breeze of morning to inhale:
Meantime, remote from storms, the myrtle blooms
Beneath my southern sash.

The hurricane
May rend the pines of snowy Labrador,
The blasting whirlwinds of the desert sweep
The Nubian Wilderness—we fear them not,—
Nor yet, my Country, do thy breezes bear,
From citrons, or the blooming orange-grove,
As in Rousillon's jasmine-border'd vales,
Incense at eve.

But temperate airs are thine,
England; and as thy climate, so thy sons
Partake the temper of thine isle, not rude,
Nor soft, voluptuous, or effeminate;
Sincere, indeed, and hardy, ■ becomes
Those who can lift their look elate, and say,
■ We strike for injured Freedom; and yet mild,
And gentle, when the voice of charity
Pleads like a voice from Heav'n: and, thanks to God,
The chain, that fetter'd Afric's groaning race,
The murd'rous chain, that, link by link, dropp'd blood,
Is sever'd; we have lost that foul reproach
To all our virtuous boast!

Humanity,
England is thine! not that false substitute,
That meretricious sadness, which, all sighs
For lark or lambkin, yet can bear unmoved
The bloodiest orgies of blood-bolter'd France:
Thine is consistent, manly, rational,
Nor needing the false glow of sentiment,
To melt it into sympathy, but mild,
And looking with a gentle eye on all,—
Thy manners open, social, yet refined,
Are temper'd with reflection: Gaiety,
In her long-lighted halls, may lead the dance,
Or wake the sprightly chord; yet Nature, Truth,
Still warm th' ingenuous heart: there is ■ blush
With those most gay, and lovely; and ■ tear
With those most manly!

Temperate Liberty
Hath yet the fairest altar on thy shores;
Such, and so warm with Patriot energy,
As raised its arm, when ■ false Stuart¹ fled;
Yet mingled with deep Wisdom's cautious lore,
That when it bade ■ ■ Papal Tyrant² pause
And tremble, held th' undeviating reins
On the fierce neck of headlong Anarchy.

Thy Church³ (nor here let zealot bigotry,
Vaunting, condemn all altars but its own),
Thy Church, majestic, but not sumptuous,
Sober, but not austere, with lenity
Tempering her fair pre-eminence, sustains
Her liberal charities, yet decent state.

¹ James the Second.

² There is an old establishment of Moravians in a hamlet belonging to Breamhill; and I am happy ■ bear public testimony ■ their inoffensive manners, and exemplary conduct. Speaking of the Church of England, Mr Falconer, in his energetic Sermon ■ the 5th of November, before the University of Oxford, says most truly, "Persecution is not an article in the Primer of Protestants: we have no opinions ■ which ■ could found it."

The tempest is abroad; the fearful sounds
Of armament, and gathering tumult, fill
The ear of anxious Europe: If, oh God!
It is thy will, that in the strife of death,
When we have lifted the brave sword in vain,
We too should sink, sustain us in that hour!

Meantime be mine, in cheerful privacy,
To wait thy will, not sanguine, nor depress'd;
In even course, nor splendid, nor obscure,
To steal through life among my villagers!—
The hum of the discordant crowd, the buzz
Of Faction, the poor fly that threads the air
Self-pleased, the ■ ■ that points its tiny sting
Unfelt, pass by ■ ■ like the idle wind
That I regard not; while the Summer-Sylph,
That whispers through the laurels, wakes the thought
Of quietude, and home-felt happiness,
And independence in ■ land I love!

ON READING FRAGMENTS BY A YOUNG LADY,

LATELY DECEASED.

Oh! wert thou then some gentle spirit pure,
Sent on this earth, to teach, exalt, allure,
And, scarce the task perform'd, to close thine eyes
On human griefs, and human vanities?

Yes! gentle Spirit, in the bloom of youth,
'T ■ ■ thine to teach Faith, Meekness, Wisdom, Truth;
To look on Nature with ■ Poet's glance,
Yet scorn the sickly fopp'ries of Romance;
With modesty and learning, ■ side by side,
Win, without art, excel, yet feel no pride!

Alas! a harder task remain'd,—to bear,
Meekly, the weight of sickness, and of care;
The long-loved landscapes of the peaceful Wye,
And Piercefield's rocks, to leave without a sigh;
In disappointment and distress, to cheer
A Mother's grief, and steal away her tear;
Then sink thyself, consuming by degrees,
Beneath the wasting touch of slow disease;
Sink, pale, and paler still, yet wear the while
The same calm sweetness, the same gentle smile!

He who could see, slow-sinking into shade,
Virtues, like these, unfolded but to fade,
Nor feel one tear of gen'rous pity start,
Though to thy ■ ■ unknown, has not ■ human heart

THE HARP OF HOEL;

A LYRICAL BALLAD.²

The following Lyrical Ballad, if it be not very poetical, I trust, will be found free from the extremes of false simplicity, or false ornament. It is founded on a story connected with an old Welsh tale. I have placed the circumstance in the time of preaching the Crusade, of which there is so interesting an account in Giraldus.

PART I.

It was a high and holy sight,
When Baldwin³ and his train,

¹ Alluding ■ part of the Book of Job, translated from the original by this extraordinary young lady.

² I ascribed to Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart.

³ Archbishop of Canterbury, who preached the Crusade in Wales.

With ■■■ and crosier gleaming bright,
Came chanting slow the solemn rite,
To Gwentland's¹ pleasant plain.

High waved before, in crimson pride,
The Banner of the Cross;
The silver Rood ■■■ then descried,
While deacon youths, from side to side,
The fuming censer toss.

The monks went two and two along,
And, winding through the glade,
Sung, as they pass'd, a holy song,
And harps and citterns, 'mid the throng,
A mingled music made.

They ceased: when lifting high his hand,
The white-robed prelate cried,
"Arise, arise! ■■■ Christ's command,
To fight for his name in the Holy Land,
Where a Saviour lived and died."

With gloves of steel, and good broadsword,
And plumed helm of brass,
Hoel, Landoga's² youthful lord,
To hear the father's holy word,
Came riding to the pass.

More earnestly the prelate spake—
"Oh heed ■■■ earthly loss!
He who will friends and home forsake,
Now let him kneel, and fearless take
The sign of the Holy Cross."

Then many a maid her tresses rent,
And sad did her love implore—
"Oh, go not thou to banishment!
For me, and the pleasant vales of Gwent,
Thou never wilt see more."

And many a mother, pale with fears,
Did kiss her infant son;
Said, "Who will shield thy helpless years,
Who dry thy widow'd mother's tears,
When thy father, who loved us, is gone?"

"God," with firm voice the prelate cried,
"God will the orphan bless;
Sustain the widow's heart, and guide
Through the hard world, obscure and wide,
The poor and fatherless."

Then might you see ■■■ shade o'ercast
Brave Hoel's ruddy hue,
But ■■■ the moment's thought is past,—
"Hark, hark, it is the trumpeter's blast!"
And he grasp'd his bow of yew.

Then might you see ■■■ moment's gloom
Sit on brave Hoel's eye;
"Make in the stranger's land my tomb,
I follow Thee, be it my doom,
O Christ, to live or die!"

¹ Monmouthshire.

² Landoga is situated near the Wye. "The river here makes a fine curve, whose right skreen ■■■ formed by ■■■ very extensive and lofty hill, every part of which is studded with cottages, from within a few yards of the Wye ■■■ the utmost summit of its rise."

HEATH'S *Historical and Descriptive Account of Tintern*.

■■■ he thought, though rich in fee,
Of any earthly loss,
But lighting, on his bended knee,
Said, "Father, here I take from thee
The sign of the Holy Cross.

"I have a wife, to me more dear
Than is my own heart's blood;
■ have a child,—" (a starting tear,
Which ■■■ he wiped, of love sincere,
On his stern eye-lid stood).

"To these farewell! O God above,
Thine is the fate of war;
But oh! reward Gwenthian's³ love,
And may my son a comfort prove,
When I ■■■ distant far.

"Farewell, my harp!—away, away!
To the field of death I go;
Welcome the trumpet's blast—the neigh
Of my bold and barbed steed of grey,
And the clang of the steel cross-bow!"

Gwenthian sat in the hall at night,
Counting the heavy hours;
She saw the moon, with tranquil light,
Shine on the circling mountain's height,
And the dim castle towers.

Deep stillness was on hill and glen,
When she heard ■■■ bugle blow;
A tramp from the watch-tower answer'd then,
And the tramp of steeds, and the voice of men,
Were heard in the court below.

The watch-dog started at the noise,
Then crouch'd at his master's feet;
He knew his step, he heard his voice;
But who can now like *her* rejoice,
Who flies her own lord to greet?

And soon her arms his neck enfold—
"But whence that alter'd mien?
Oh! say, then, is thy love grown cold,
Or hast thou been hurt by the robbers bold
That won in the Forest of Dean?"

"Oh no!" he cried, "the God above,
Who all my soul can see,
Knows my sincere, my fervent love:—
■ aught my stern resolve could move,
■ were *one* tear from thee.

"But I have sworn, in the Holy Land,—
Need I the sequel speak?"
"Too well," she cried, "I understand!"
Then grasp'd in agony his hand,
And hid her face on his cheek.

"My loved Gwenthian, weep not so,
From the lid that tear I kiss;
Though ■■■ the wars far off I go,
Betide ■■■ weal, betide me woe,
We yet may meet in bliss."

³ ■■■ Welch ■■■ ■■■ called the "Remembrance of Gwenthian," the name of the woman.

Fourteen ■■■ their course had roll'd,
When firmly thus he spake:
• Hear now my last request,—behold
This ring,—it ■ of purest gold,—
Thou keep it for my sake!

• When summers seven have robed each tree,
And clothed the vales with green,
If I come not back, then thou art free
To wed, or not, and to think of me
As I had ■■■ been!

• Nay, answer not,—what wouldst thou say?
Come, let my harp be brought;
For the last time I fain would play,
Ere yet ■ part, our fav'rite lay,
And cheat severer thought."

THE AIR.

On cast every ■■■ the wind,
And dry, best-beloved, the tear!
Secure that thou ■■■ shalt find
The friend of thy bosom sincere.
Still friendship shall live in the breast of the brave,
And we'll love, the long day, where the forest-trees
wave.

I have felt each emotion of bliss,
That affection the fondest can prove,
Have received on my lip the first kiss,
Of thy holy and innocent love.

But perish each hope of delight,
Like the flashes of night ■ the sea,
If ever, though far from thy sight,
My soul is forgetful of Thee!
Still the mem'ry shall live in the breast of the brave,
How we loved, the long day, where the forest-trees
wave.

• Now bring my boy:—May God above
Shower blessings ■ his head!
May he requite his mother's love,
And to her age ■ comfort prove,
When I perhaps ■■ dead."

The beams of ■■■ ■ his helm did play,
And aloud the bugle blew;
Then he leap'd ■ his harness'd steed of grey,
And sigh'd to the winds ■ he gallop'd away—
• Adieu, my heart's love, adieu!"

And ■■ he has join'd the warrior train,
Of knights and barons bold,
That, bound to Salem's holy plain,
Along the gently-swelling main
Their course exulting hold.

With ■ cross of gold, as on they pass'd,
The crimson streamers flew;
The shields hung glittering round the mast
(That on the waves a radiance cast),
And all the trumpets blew.

O'er the Severn surge, in long array,
So the proud galleys went;

Till soon, as dissolved in ether grey,
The woods, and the shores, and the Holms¹ steal
away,
And the long blue hills of Gwent.

PART II.

High ■ the hill, with moss o'ergrown,
A hermit chapel stood;
■ spoke the tale of seasons gone,
And half-reveal'd its ivied stone,
Amid the beechen wood.

Here often, when the mountain trees
A « leafy murmur » made,
Now still, now swaying to the breeze
(Sounds that the musing fancy please),
The widow'd ■■■ stray'd.

And many a morn she climb'd the steep,
From whence she might behold,
Beneath the clouds, in shining sweep,
And mingling with the mighty deep,
The sea-broad Severn roll'd.

Her little boy beside her play'd,
With sea-shells in his hand;
And sometimes, 'mid the bents delay'd,
And sometimes running onward, said,
« Oh! where is Holy Land?»

• My child, » she cried, « my prattler dear!
And kiss'd his light-brown hair;—
Her eye-lid glisten'd with a tear,
And none but God above could hear,
That hour, her secret pray'r.

As thus she nursed her secret woes,
Oft to the wind and rain
She listen'd, at sad autumn's close,
Whilst many a thronging shadow rose,
Dark-glancing o'er her brain.

Now, lonely to the cloudy height
Of the steep hill she strays;
Below, the raven wings his flight,
And often on the screaming kite
She sees the wild deer gaze.

The clouds ■■ gather'd on its brow,
The warring winds were high;
She heard ■ hollow voice, and ■■
She lifts to heav'n a secret vow,
Whilst the king of the storm rides by.

• Seated on ■ craggy rock,
What aged man appears?
There is ■ hind—no straggling flock—
Comes the strange shade my thoughts to mock,
And shake my soul with fears?"

Fast drive the hurrying clouds of morn.—
A pale ■■ stands confess'd;
With look majestic, though forlorn,
A mirror in his hand, and horn
Of ivory on his breast.

¹ Islands in the Bristol Channel.

« Daughter of grief! » he gently said,
And beckon'd her, « — near,—
Now say, what would you give to me,
If you brave Hoel's form might see,
Or the sound of his bugle hear? »

« Hoel, my love! where'er thou art,
All England I would give,¹
If,—never, never more to part,—
I now could hold thee to my heart,
For whom alone I live. »

He placed the white horn to her ear,
And sudden a sweet voice
Stole gently, as of fairies near,
While accents soft she seem'd to hear—
« Daughter of grief, rejoice!

« For soon to love and thee I fly,
From Salem's hallow'd plain! »—
The mirror caught her turning eye,—
As pale in death she — him lie,
And sinking 'mid the slain.

She turn'd to the strange Phantom-Man,
But she only — the sky,
And the clouds on the lonely mountains' van,
And the Clydden-Shoots,² that rushing ran
To meet the waves of Wye.

Thus seven long years had pass'd away,—
She heard no voice of mirth;
No minstrel raised his festive lay,
At the sad close of drizzly day,
Beside the blazing hearth.

She seem'd in sorrow, yet serene,—
No tear was on her face;
And lighting oft her pensive mien,
Upon her languid look was seen
A meek attractive grace.

In beauty's train she yet might vie;
For though in mourning weeds,
No friar, I deem, that passed by,
Ere saw her dark, yet gentle eye,
But straight forgot his beads.

Eineon, the gen'rous and the good,
Alone with friendship's aid
(Eineon, of princely Rhy's blood,
Who 'mid the bravest archers stood),
To soothe her griefs essay'd.

He had himself been early tried
By stern misfortune's doom;
For she who loved him droop'd and died,
And on the green hill's flow'ry side,
— raised her grassy tomb.

¹ Wales, England, and Llewellyn,
All would I give for a sight of William.
GIRALDUS, vol. i, p. 46.

² Nearly through the centre of the hill that backs the village
(Landoga) is a deep ravine, called Clydden-Shoots, which, when the
springs are full, forms a beautiful cascade.—HEATH.

What wonder, in his lonely heart,
To faith and friendship true,
If, when her griefs she did impart,
And — of mem'ry oft would start,
If—more than pity grew?

With — mild he oft would seek
To soothe her sense of care;
As the west wind, with breathings weak,
Wakes, — poor Hectic's faded cheek,
A smile of faint despair.

The summer's eve was calm and still,
When — his harp he strung;
Soft — the twilight on the hill,
Affection seem'd his heart to fill,
Whilst eloquent he sung:

« When Fortune to all thy warm hopes was unkind,
And the morn of thy youth — o'erclouded with woe,
In me, — a stranger to grief, thou shouldst find,
All that friendship, and kindness, and truth could be-
stow.

« Yes! the time it has been, when my soul — oppress'd,
But no longer this heart would for heaviness pine,
Could I lighten the load of an innocent breast,
And steal but a moment of sadness from thine. »

He paused; then with a starting tear,
And trembling accent, cried—
« O Lady, hide that look severe!
The voice of love, of friendship hear,
And be again a bride.

« Mourn not much-loved Hoel lost,—
Lady! he is dead—is dead;
Far distant wanders his pale ghost,
His bones by the white surge are toss'd,
And the wave rolls over his head. »

She said—« Seven years their course have roll'd
Since thus brave Hoel spake,
When last I heard his voice—' Behold
This ring,—it is of purest gold,
Thou keep it for my sake.

« ' When summers seven have robed each tree,
And deck'd the combs with green,
— I come not back, then thou art free,
To wed, — not, and to think of —
As I had never been. »

« Those seven sad summers now — o'er,
And three I yet demand;
— in that space I see no more
The friend I ever must-deplore,
Then take a mourner's hand. »

The time is pass'd:—the laugh, the lay,
The nuptial feast proclaim:
From many a rushing torrent grey,
From many a wild brook's wand'ring way,
The hoary minstrels came.

From Kymin's crag, with fragments strew'd,
From Skirid, bleak and high;
From Penalt's shaggy solitude,¹
From Windeliff, desolate and rude,
That frowns o'er the mazy Wye.

With harps the gall'ry glitter'd bright,—
The pealing rafters rung;
Far off upon the woods of night,
From the tall window's arch, the light
Of tapers clear was flung.

The harpers ceased th' acclaiming lay,—
When with descending beard,
Scallop, and staff his steps to stay,
As foot-sore by his weary way,
A Pilgrim ~~■~~ appear'd.

• Now lend me ■ harp for St Mary's sake,
For I my skill would try,
A poor man's offering to make,
If happy still my hand may wake
Some pleasant melody.*

With scoffs the minstrel-crowd replied,
• Dost thou a harp request? »
And loud in mirth, and swell'd with pride,
Some his rain-dripping hair deride,
And some, his sordid vest.

• Pilgrim! a harp shall soon be found, »
Young Hoel instant cried;
• There lies a harp upon the ground,
And none hath ever heard its sound,
Since my brave father died.*

The harp is brought; upon the frame
A filmy cobweb hung;
The strings were few—yet 't ~~■~~ the same:
The old man, drawing near the flame,
The chords imperfect rung.

AIR.

« Oh! cast ev'ry care to the wind,
And dry, best-beloved, the tear;
Secure that thou ever shalt find
The friend of thy bosom sincere.*

She speechless gazed:—he stands confess'd,—
The dark eyes of Hoel shine;
Her heart has forgotten it e'er ~~■~~ oppress'd,
And she murmurs aloud, ■ she sinks on his breast,
• Oh! press my heart to thine.*

He turn'd his looks a little space,
To hide the tears of joy;
Then rushing, with a warm embrace,
Cried, ■ he kiss'd young Hoel's face,
• My boy, my heart-loved boy!

• Proud Harpers, strike a louder lay,—
No more forlorn I bend!
Prince Eincon, with the rest, be gay,
Though fate hath torn a bride away,
Accept ■ long-lost friend.*

¹ Penalt, above the Severn, at this time a forest.

• • • • •
• • • • •

This tale I heard, when at the close of day
The village harper tuned an ancient lay;
He struck his harp, beneath a ruin hoar,
And sung of love and truth, in days of yore,
And I retain'd the song, with counsel sage,
To teach one lesson to a wiser age!

AVENUE IN SAVERNAKE FOREST.

How soothing sound the gentle airs that move
Th' innumerable leaves, high over head,
When autumn first, from the long avenue,
That lifts its arching height of ancient shade,
Steals here and there ■ leaf!

Within the gloom,
In partial sunshine white, some trunks appear,
Studding the glens of fern, in solemn shade:¹
Some mingle their dark branches, but yet all,—
All make a sad sweet music, as they move,
Not undelightful to a stranger's heart.
They seem to say, in accents audible,
• Farewell to summer, and farewell the strains
Of many a lithe and feather'd chorister,
That through the depth of these incumbent woods,
Made the long summer gladsome.*

I have heard
To the deep-mingling sounds of organs clear
(When slow the choral anthem rose beneath),
The glimmering Minster, through its pillar'd aisles,
Echo;—but not more sweet the vaulted roof
Rung to those linked harmonies, than here
The high wood answers to the lightest breath
Of nature.

• Oh may such sweet music steal,
Soothing the cares of venerable age,¹
From public toil retired: may it awake,
As still and slow, the sun of life declines,
Remembrances, not mournful, but most sweet.—
May it, as oft beneath the sylvan shade
Their honour'd owner strays, come like the sound
Of distant seraph harps, yet speaking clear,
• How poor is every sound of earthly things,
When Heav'n's own music waits the just and pure.*

DIRGE OF NELSON.

TOLL Nelson's knell! ■ soul more brave
Ne'er triumph'd on the green-sea wave!
Sad o'er the hero's honour'd grave,
Toll Nelson's knell!

The ball of Death unerring flew:
His cheek has lost its ardent hue:
■ sinks, amid his gallant crew!

Toll Nelson's knell!

¹ The Earl of Aylesbury.

Yet lift, brave Chief, thy dying eyes;
Hark! loud huzzas around thee rise;
Aloft the flag of conquest flies!

The day is won!

The day is won—Peace to the brave!
But whilst the joyous streamers wave,
We'll think upon the Victor's grave!

Peace to the Brave!

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOKE,

OF THE BELLEROPHON, KILLED ■ THE SAME BATTLE.

When anxious Spain, along her rocky shore,
From cliff to cliff return'd the sea-fight's roar;
When flash succeeding flash, tremendous broke
The haze incumbent, and the clouds of smoke,
As oft the volume roll'd away, thy mien,
Thine eye, serenely terrible, ■ seen,
My gallant friend.—Hark! the shrill bugle¹ calls.
Is the day won? alas, he falls—he falls!—
His soul from pain, from agony release.²
Hear his last murmur, • Let me die in peace! •

Yet still, brave Cooke, thy country's grateful tear
Shall wet the bleeding laurel on thy bier.
But who shall wake to joy, through a long life
Of sadness, thy beloved and widow'd wife,
Who now, perhaps, thinks how the green seas foam,
That bear thy victor ship impatient home?

Alas! the well-known views,—the swelling plain,
Thy laurel-circled home, endear'd in vain,
The brook, the church, those chestnuts darkly-green,³
Yon fir-crown'd summit,⁴ and the village scene,
Wardour's long sweep of woods, the nearer mill,
And high o'er all, the pinnets of Pont-Hill,
These views, when summer comes, shall charm no more
Him, o'er whose weltring corse the wild waves roar.

Enough: 't was Honour's voice that awful cried,
• Glory to him who for his country died. •
Yet dreary is her solitude, who bends
And mourns the best of Husbands, Fathers, Friends!
Oh! when she wakes at midnight, but to shed
Fresh tears of anguish ■ her lonely bed,
• Thinking on Him who is not, • then restrain
The tear, oh God, and her sad heart sustain!

Giver of Life! may she remember still
Thy chastening hand, and to thy sov'reign will
Bow silent, but not hopeless, while her eye
She raises to a bright Futurity,
And meekly trusts, in Heav'n, Thou wilt restore
That happiness the world can give no more!

¹ He bore down into the thickest fight with a bugle-horn, sounding.

² His own words, the last he spoke. If I have here been ■ particular in this description than in that of the great Commander, it will be attributed to private friendship, Capt. Cooke having lived in the same village.

³ Portrait of Capt. Cooke's place, at Donhead.

⁴ Barker's-hill, near Donhead.

WRITTEN AFTER THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

The tide of fate rolls on:—heart-pierced and pale,
The gallant Soldier lies, ■ aught avail
The shield, the sword, the spirit of the brave,
From rapine's armed hand thy vales to save,
Land of illustrious heroes, who, of yore,
Drench'd the same plains with the invader's gore,
Stood frowning, in the front of death, and hurl'd
Defiance to the conquerors² of the world!

Oh! when we hear the agonizing tale
Of those who, faint, and fugitive, and pale,
Saw hourly, harass'd through their long retreat,
Some poor companion sinking at their feet,
Yet e'en in danger, and from toil more bold,
Back ■ the gathering foes their bleeding battle roll'd;—
While tears of pity mingle with applause,
On the dread scene in silence let ■ pause;
Yes, pause, and ask, • ■ not thy awful hand
Stretch'd out, O God, o'er a devoted land!
Whose vales of beauty Nature spread in vain,
Where Mis'ry moan'd on the uncultured plain,
Where Bigotry went by with jealous scowl,
Where Superstition mutter'd in his cowl;
Whilst o'er the Inquisition's dismal holds,
Its horrid banner waved in bleeding folds! •

And dost thou thus, Lord of all might fulfil
With wreck and tempests, thy eternal will,
Shatter the ■ in which weak kingdoms trust,
And strew their scatter'd ensigns in the dust?
Oh! if no human wisdom may withstand
The terrors, Lord, of thy uplifted hand;
■ the dark tide no prowess can control,
Yet nearer, charged with dread commission, roll,
Still may my country's ark majestic ride,
Though sole, yet safe, on the conflicting tide;
Till hush'd be the wild rocking of the blast,
And the red storm of death be overpast!

SKETCH FROM BOWDEN HILL,

AFTER SICKNESS.

How cheering are thy prospects, airy hill,
To him who, pale and languid, on thy brow,
Pauses, respiring, and bids • Hail • again
The upland breeze, the comfortable sun,
And all the landscape's hues! Upon the point
Of the descending steep I stand!

How rich,
How mantling in the gay and gorgeous tints
Of summer; far beneath me, sweeping on,
From field ■ field, from vale ■ cultured vale,
The prospect spreads its crowded beauties wide!
Long lines of sunshine, and of shadow, streak
The farthest distance; where the passing light
Alternate falls, 'mid undistinguish'd trees,
White dots of gleamy domes, and peeping tow'rs,
As from the painter's instant touch, appear.

¹ Sir John Moore.

² Near Mount Medulio, the remains of a great native force destroyed themselves in sight of a Roman army, rather than submit to bondage.—Southey's *Travels in Spain and Portugal*.

As thus the eye ranges, from hill to hill,
Here, white with passing sunshine; there, with
Innumerable shaded, clust'ring more,
As the long vale retires, the ample scene,
Warm with new grace, and beauty, to live.

Lives! all is Animation! Beauty! Hope!
Snatch'd from the dark and dreamless grave, so late,
Shall I pass silent, first issuing forth,
To feel again thy fragrance, to respire
Thy breath, hail thy look, thy living look,
O Nature?

Let me the deep joy contrast
(Which the inmost heart, like music, fills),
With the sick chamber's sorrows, oft from morn,
Silent, till lingering eve, when the sound
Of whispers steal, and bodings breathed more low,
As friends approach the pillow: awaked
From deadly trance, the sick man lifts his eyes,
Then in despondence closes them on all,
All earth's fond wishes! O how changed are
His thoughts! he sees rich nature glowing round,
He feels her influence! languid with delight
(And whilst his eye is fill'd with transient fire),
He almost thinks he hears her gently say,
Live, Live! O Nature, thee, in the soft winds,
Thee, in the soothing sound of summer leaves,
When the still earth lies sultry; thee, methinks,
E'en now I hear bid "Welcome" to thy vales
And woods again!

And I will welcome them,
And pour, as erst, the song of heart-felt praise.

From yonder line, where fade the farthest hills
Which bound the blue lap of the swelling vale
(On whose last line, seen like a beacon, hangs
Thy Tow'r,¹ benevolent, accomplish'd Hoare),
To where I stand, how wide the interval!
Yet instantaneous, to the hurrying eye
Display'd; though peeping tow'rs and villages
Thick scatter'd, 'mid the intermingling elms,
And towns remotely mark'd by hovering smoke,
And grass-green pastures with their herds, and seats
Of rural beauty, cottages and farms,
Unnumber'd as the hedge-rows, lie between!

Roaming at large to where the grey sky bends,
The eye scarce knows to rest, till back recall'd
By yonder ivied cloisters² in the plain,
Whose turret, peeping pale above the shade,
Smiles in the venerable grace of years.
As the few threads of age's silver hairs,
Just sprinkled o'er the forehead, lend a grace
Of saintly reverence, seemly, though compared
With blooming Mary's tresses like the morn;
So the grey weather-stained tow'rs yet
A secret charm impressive; though opposed
To views in verdure flourishing, the woods,
And scenes of Attic taste, that glitter near.³

O Venerable Pile,¹ though no
The pensive passenger, at evening, hear
The slowly chanted vesper; or the sounds
Of "Miserere," die along the vale;
Yet Piety and Honour'd Age² retired,
There hold their blameless sojourn, ere the bowl
Be broken, or the silver chord be loosed.

Nor can I pass, snatch'd from untimely fate,
Without a secret pray'r, that so my age,
When many a circling season has declined,
Charity, and peace, may wait its close.

Yet still be with me, O! delightful friend,
Soothing companion of my vacant hours,
Oh, still be with me, Spirit of the Muse!
Not subdued, or hold in moody spell,
The erring senses; but to animate
And warm my heart, where'er the prospect smiles,
With Nature's fairest views; not to display
Vain ostentations of a poet's art,
But silent, and associate of my joys
Or sorrows, to infuse a tenderness,
A thought, that seems to mingle, I gaze,
With all the works of God: so cheer my path,
From youth to sober manhood, till the light
Of evening smile upon the fading scene.

And though no pealing clarion swell my fame,
When all my days are gone; let me not pass,
Like the forgotten clouds of yesterday,
Nor unremember'd by the fatherless
Of the loved village where my bones laid.

SUN-DIAL, IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

So passes, silent o'er the dead, thy shade,
Brief Time; and hour by hour, and day by day,
The pleasing pictures of the present fade,
And like a vapour steal away.

And have not they, who here forgotten lie
(Say, hoary chronicler of ages past),
Once mark'd thy shadow with delighted eye,
Nor thought it fled,—how certain, and how fast?

Since thou hast stood, and thus thy vigil kept,
Noting each hour, o'er mould'ring stones beneath;
The pastor and his flock alike have slept,
And "dust to dust" proclaim'd the stride of death.

Another race succeeds, and counts the hour,
Careless alike; the hour still seems to smile,
As hope, and youth, and life, in our pow'r;
So smiling and so perishing the while.

I heard the village bells, with gladsome sound
(When to these scenes a stranger I drew near),
Proclaim the tidings to the village round,
While mem'ry wept upon the good man's bier.³

¹ Sir Richard Hoare's Stourhead.

² Lacock Abbey.

³ Howood; Mr Dickenson's; and Mothron's magnificent mansion.

¹ Lacock Abbey.

² The venerable Catholic Countess, who resides in the abbey.

³ My predecessor, the Rev. Nathaniel Hume, canon residentiary, and precentor of Salisbury, a of exemplary benevolence.

Even so, when I am dead, shall the same bells
Ring merrily, when my brief days are gone;
While still the lapse of time thy shadow tells,
And strangers gaze upon my humble stone!

Enough, if we may wait in calm content
The hour that bears us to the silent sod;
Blameless improve the time that Heav'n has lent,
And leave the issue to thy will, O God.

POLITICAL ECONOMY, * A VISION.*

WRITTEN IN 1825.

I had a dream:—before my sight
A beautiful vessel was sailing in light—
I saw the subject-surge below,
Break and hicker round the prow—
Proud to the gale her ensign flew—
« Old England! » shouted loud the gallant crew!
So gloriously that vessel sail'd along,
And « Britain, rule the waves, » every seaman's song.

Was it the battle-blast her ensign rent,
And caus'd that long and loud lament?
Was it the whirlwind of the North
With desolating sweep sweep forth?
No! scarce along the level seas,
Was heard the ripple of the breeze;
The morning light sat in its lovely glory,
On each white clift and distant promontory;
Stern war had ceased to roar,
And airs of music died along the peaceful shore.

With muttering lips, and withering look,
I saw a wizard, o'er his cursed book;
That wizard, with pale face and poring eye,
Was call'd « Political Economy! »
And still he whisper'd, in the pilot's ear—
« Steer this way—this way—this way steer!
Yonder the hills of wealth behold!
And Eldorado's glittering coast of gold! »

The pilot turn'd his wheel! a lurid smile
Wrinkled the old man's face the while:
For the pilot steer'd right on, where dark, beneath,
Lurk'd the reef, and rocks of death!
That gallant ship—she—she—she random toss'd—
I look'd—the old man with his book was fled,
A swart and hideous imp appear'd instead,
That gibber'd, as it vanish'd, « Lost—Lost—Lost! »

CHILDE HAROLD'S LAST PILGRIMAGE.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE ACCOUNT OF THE
FUNERAL OF LORD BYRON.

INSCRIBED TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

So ends CHILDE HAROLD his last pilgrimage!—
Upon the shores of Greece he stood, and cried
« LIBERTY! » and those shores, from age to age
Renown'd, and Sparta's woods and rocks, replied
« Liberty! » But a spectre, at his side,
Stood mocking;—and its dart, uplifting high,
Smote him:—he sank to earth in life's fair pride:
Sparta! thy rocks then heard another cry,
And old Ilissus sigh'd—« Die, generous exile, die! »

* See « Lay of the Last Minstrel. »

I will not ask sad Pity to deplore
His wayward errors, who thus early died;
Still less, CHILDE HAROLD, now thou art no more,
Will I say aught of genius misapplied;
Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride:—
But I will bid th' Arcadian cypress wave,
Pluck the green laurel from Peneus' side,
And pray thy spirit may such quiet have,
That not one thought unkind be murmur'd o'er thy grave.

So HAROLD ends, in Greece, his pilgrimage!—
There fitly ending,—in that land renown'd,
Whose mighty genius lives in Glory's page,—
He, on the Muses' consecrated ground,
Sinking to rest, while his young brows are bound
With their unfading wreath! To bands of mirth,
No more in Tempe¹ let the pipe resound!
HAROLD, I follow, to thy place of birth,
The slow hearse—and thy last sad pilgrimage on earth.

Slow moves the plumed hearse, the mourning train,—
I mark the sad procession with a sigh,
Silently passing to that village fane,
Where, HAROLD, thy forefathers mouldering lie;—
There sleeps that mother,² who with tearful eye
Pondering the fortunes of thy early road,
Hung o'er the slumbers of thine infancy;
Her son, released from mortal labour's load,
Now comes to rest, with her, in the same still abode.

Bursting Death's silence—could that mother speak—
(Speak when the earth was heap'd upon his head)—
In thrilling, but with hollow accent weak,
She thus might give the welcome of the dead:—
« Here rest, my son, with me;—the dream is fled;—
The motley mask and the great stir is o'er:
Welcome to me, and to this silent bed,
Where deep forgetfulness succeeds the roar
Of life, and fretting passions waste the heart no more.

« Here rest, in the oblivious grave repose,
After the toil of earth's tumultuous way;
No interruption this deep silence knows;
Here, no vain phantoms lure the heart astray:
The earth-worm feeds its unconscious prey;
Rest here in peace—in peace till earth and sea
Give up their dead! At that last awful day,
Saviour, Almighty Judge, look down on me,
And oh! my son, my son, have mercy upon thee! »

LINES

WRITTEN FROM THE IMPRESSION OF THE MOMENT, ■■■
ACCIDENTALLY MEETING, AND PARTING WITH, SIR
WALTER SCOTT, WHOM I HAD NOT SEEN FOR MANY
YEARS, ■■■ THE STREETS OF LONDON, MAY, 1828.

SINCE last I saw that countenance so mild,
Slow-stealing age, and a faint line of care,
Had gently touch'd, methought, some features there;
Yet look'd the man as placid as a child,
And the same voice,—while, mingled with the throng,
Unknowing, and unknown, we pass'd along—

¹ The beautiful pastoral vale of Tempe, in Arcadia, celebrated by all the poets of Greece.

² ■■■ died in Scotland. I have presumed she might have been buried at Newstead, ■■■ that he was born there.

That voice, a share of the brief time beguiled !
 ' That voice, I ne'er may hear again, ' I sigh'd,
 At parting, — ' wheresoe'er ■ various way,
 In this great world, — but from the banks of Tweed,
 As slowly sink the shades of eventide,
 Oh ! I shall hear the music of his reed,
 Far off, and thinking of that voice, shall say,
 ' A blessing rest upon thy locks of grey ! '.

THE SANCTUARY.

■ DRAMATIC SKETCH.

(In this wise ■ of Gloucester took upon himself the order and governance of ■ young king, whom with much honour and humble ■ conveyed towards London. But at the tidings of this matter ■ hastily ■ the queen, a little before the mid-night following, and that in the secret wise, her ■ ■ taken, her brother, her son, ■ other friends, arrested, and sent so man wist whither, ■ be done with God wot what. With which tidings the queen, with great heaviness, bewailed her child's reign, her friends' mischance, and her own misfortune; damning the time that ■ she dissuaded the gathering of powers about the king, got herself, in all ■ possible, with her young ■ and her daughter, out ■ the ■ of Westminster, in which they then lay, into the Sanctuary, lodging ■ and company there in the Abbot's place.)—*Spenser's History of England*, ■ 12.

SCENE I.

ELIZABETH, *Widow of EDWARD IV, in the Palace at Westminster, watching her younger Son RICHARD, sleeping.*

ELIZABETH.

The Minster-clock tolls midnight—I have watch'd
 Night after night, and heard the same sad sound
 Knolling—the same sad sound, night after night;
 As if amid the world's deep silence, Time,
 Pausing a moment in his onward flight,
 From yonder solitary moon-lit pile
 More awful spoke, ■ with a voice from heaven,
 Of days and hours departed, and of those
 That ■ not, ■ till, like dreams of yesterday,
 The very echo dies.

Oh ! my poor child,
 Thou hast been long asleep—by the pale lamp
 I sit and watch thy slumbers—thy calm lids
 Are closed; thy lips just parted; ■ hand lies
 Upon thy breast, that ■ is ■ to heave
 Beneath it; and thy breath ■ still ■ drawn,
 Save to ■ sleepless ■ listening ear,
 It were inaudible;—and see, ■ smile
 Seems even now lighting on thy lip, dear boy,
 As thou wert dreaming of delightful things
 In ■ celestial region of sweet sounds,
 Or summer-fields, and skies without a cloud—
 (Ah ! how unlike this dark and troubled world).
 Let not ■ kiss awaken thee—one kiss,
 Mingled with tears and prayer ■ God in heaven.
 So dream—and never, never may those eyes
 Awake suffused with tears, ■ mine ■ now,
 To think that Life's best hopes ■ such a dream !
 Now sleeps the city through its vast extent,
 That, restless as the ocean-waves, at morn,
 With its ten thousand voices shall awake,
 Lifting the murmur of its multitude
 To heaven's still gate!—Now all is hushed as death—
 None are awake, save those who wake to weep

Like me: ■ those who meditate revenge,
 Or beckon muttering murder.—God of heaven!
 From the Hyæna, panting for their blood,
 Oh ! ■ my youthful EDWARD—and, poor child,
 Preserve thy innocence to happier hours:

■ !—There is knocking at the western gate.

[*A Messenger enters, and announces ■ her that her brother had been arrested on the road, by the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.*

ELIZABETH.

Oh my poor child, thou sleepest ■ in peace !
 Wilt thou sleep thus another year ? Shall I
 Hang o'er thee with a mother's look of love ?
 Thus bend beside thy bed ! thus part the hair
 Upon thy forehead ? and thus kiss thy cheek ?
 Richard, awake ! the tiger is abroad !
 We must to Sanctuary instantly.

RICHARD (*awaking*).

Oh ! I have had the sweetest dreams, dear mother ;
 Methought my brother Edward and myself,
 And—

ELIZABETH.

Come, these are no times to talk of dreams ;
 We ■ to Sanctuary, my poor boy—
 We'll talk of dreams hereafter—kneel with me.

[*Takes him from his couch and kisses him.*

RICHARD.

Mother, why do you weep and tremble so ?

ELIZABETH.

I have a pain at heart !—Come, stir thee, boy,
 Lift up thy innocent hands ■ heaven, here kneel
 And pray with me before this crucifix.

[*Her daughters enter, and they all kneel together.*

SCENE II.

In the Sanctuary at Westminster.

RICHARD.

Oh ! my dear mother, why do we sit here,
 Amid these dusky walls and arches dim,
 When it is summer in the fields without,
 And sunshine ? Say, is not my brother king ?
 Why will he not come here to play with me ?
 Shall I not ■ my brother ?

ELIZABETH.

My own child—

Oh ! let ■ hide these tears upon thy head !
 Thy brother ! shalt thou ■ him ? yes, I hope—
 Come, I will tell ■ tale. There ■ a boy,
 Who had ■ cruel uncle—

RICHARD.

I have heard

My uncle Gloster was ■ cruel man—
 But he was always kind ■ me, and said,
 That I should be a king, ■ Edward died ;
 I'd rather be ■ bird, ■ fly away,
 Or sing.—

ELIZABETH.

The serpent's eye of fire,
 With slow and deadly glare, poor bird, I fear,
 ■ fixed on thee and Edward—God avert it !

■ ■ ■

And therefore must ■ I go ■ to play ?

ELIZABETH.

Go, play among the tombs.—I will go too—

Go, play with skulls and bones ! or the train
Of sceptred kings slowly through the gloom,
And widow'd queens move in the shroud of death
Along the glimmering aisles, and hollow vaults;
Would I with them—I shall be so

RICHARD.

Mother, methought I saw him yesterday—

ELIZABETH.

Saw whom ?

RICHARD.

My father—and he seem'd to look—
I cannot say how sadly—could it be
spirit ? was arm'd, but very pale
And sorrowful his countenance. I heard
No sound of footsteps when he moved away,
And disappear'd among the distant tombs
In further darkness.—

ELIZABETH.

Oh ! my son—my son ;
Thou hadst a king thy father—he is dead ;—
Thou hadst been happier as a peasant's child.

RICHARD.

Oh ! how I wish I was a shepherd's boy !
For then, dear mother, I would run and play
With Edward, and two, in primrose-time,
Would wander out among the villages,
Or go a-maying, by some river's side,
And mark the minnow-shoals, when morning shone
Upon the yellow gravel, shoot away
Beneath the old grey arch, or bring home cowslips
For all my sisters—for Elizabeth,
And you, dear mother, if you would not weep so.

ELIZABETH.

Richard, break not my heart ; give me your hand,
And kneel with me by this cold monument.
Spirit of my loved husband, now in heaven !
If, this moment, thou dost thy son,
And me, thus broken-hearted—oh ! if aught
Yet human touches thee, assist these prayers,
That him, and me, and my poor family,
God, in the hour of evil, may protect !
Let not my heart yet break—

Come, my poor boy.

SCENE III.

The CARDINAL, YORK, QUEEN, RICHARD.

Now, my Lord Cardinal, what is the will
Of our great Lords with me ?—Your Grace well knows
I am a helpless woman—have no power—
I only wish, for what of my life remains,
Prayer and repose, and for my poor child here
Safety.—

CARDINAL.

The Council, Madam, wish less ;—
But, for your son, they deem his durance here
Breeds ill report—this separation too
Of those in blood allied, almost of years
The same, who have been cradled in one lap ;
What can it say, but that one brother stands
In peril of the other ? and besides,

¹ The Cardinal sent by the Duke of Gloucester and the High Commissioners to persuade the queen to resign her son to them : the dialogue is almost entirely Speed.

Were it not for the comfort of them both,
That they should be together ? Sport, care,
Becomes their early years.—

I say nay.—

is most fitting that my youngest son
Were with the king, his brother—in good faith,
I know it would be comfort them both ;
But, when I think upon the tender years,
Even of the eldest, I must also think
A mother's custody best for either.
You have no children, else I would ask,
« Is there a guardian like a mother's love ? »
Richard, look up ! This good man here intends
No harm to me or you—look up, my boy—
No power on earth—nothing but death itself
Shall sever us—

What would you more, my lord ?

CARDINAL.

Madam, man contendeth that your Grace
Is not the fittest guardian of your child,
And tenderest ; but, if so it pleases you
Here to lie hid, shut out from all the world,
Be it for humour or for jealousy,
We hold it meetest, that no power on earth
Should detain a brother of the king's.
And let me add, when reasons of the state
Required the absence of your eldest son,
Yourself were well content—

ELIZABETH.

Not very well ;—

Nor is the case the same ;—one was in health,
The other here declines ; and let me marvel
That he, the Lord Protector of this realm,
Should wish him out ; for, should aught betide,
Suspicion, in some tempers, might arise
Against the keeping of his Grace :—my Lord,
Do they complain that my child Richard here
Is with his desolate and widow'd mother,
Who has no other comfort ?—Do they claim
His presence, for that here his residence
Consorts not with his fortunes ? I am fix'd
Not to come forth and jeopardy his life—

CARDINAL.

Jeopardy !—where ? and how ?—why should, indeed,
Your friends have any fears ?—can you say why ?

ELIZABETH.

Truly, nor why in prison they should be,
As now they are—I know the reason why ;—
But this I know, that they who, without colour,
Have cast them into prison, if they will,
Their death may compass with as little cause !
My Lord, no more of this.

CARDINAL.

My gracious Queen,

This only let me say—if by arrest
Your Grace's high and honourable kin
Be now confined, when trial has been had,
They shall do well ; and, for your Grace's self,
There was, nor be, jeopardy.

Why should I trust ? That I am innocent !
And were they guilty ? that I loved,
Even by those enemies, who only hate
Them for my sake !

Therefore I forth,

Nor shall my son:—Here will ~~we~~ both abide—
 These shrines shall be the world to him and me,
 These monuments our sad companions;
 Or when, as now, the morning sunshine streams
 'Slant from the rich-hued window's height, and rests
 On yonder tomb, it shall discourse to me
 Of the brief sunshine in the gloom of life!
 No, of Heaven's light upon the silent grave—
 Of the tired traveller's eternal home—
 Of hope and joy beyond this vale of tears.

CARDINAL.

Then pardon me.—We will not bandy words
 Further—if it shall please you, generous Queen,
 To yield your son, I pledge my life and soul,
 Not only for a surety, but estate;
 If resolutely still you ~~say~~ "No,"
 We shall forthwith depart; for nevermore
 Will I be suitor in this business
 Unto your majesty, who thus accuse
 Either of want of knowledge or of truth,
 Those who would stake their lives on the event:—
 Madam, farewell.

~~He~~ (after a pause).

Stay, let ~~me~~ think again—
 If you say sooth, and I have found you ever,
 My Lord, a faithful friend and counsellor,
 Into your hands I here resign, in trust,
 My dearest treasure upon earth,—my son.
 Of you I will require him, before Heaven;
 Yet for the love which his dead father bore you,
 For kindnesses of old, and for that trust
 The King, my husband, ever placed in you,
 Think, if a wretched mother fear too much,
 O think, and be you wary lest you fear
 Too little!—

My poor child! here then we part.—
 Richard! Almighty God shower ~~on~~ your head
 His blessings, when your mother is ~~no~~ more.—
 Farewell! my own sweet son:—yet ere we part,
 Kiss me again, for God doth know, poor babe,
 Whether in this world ~~we~~ shall ~~meet~~ again!—
 Nay, my boy Richard, let ~~me~~ dry thy tears,
 Or hide them in my bosom—dearest child,
 God's blessing rest with thee!—Farewell, farewell—
 My heart is almost broken—Oh! farewell.

THE EGYPTIAN TOMB.

Pomp of Egypt's elder days!
 Shade of the mighty pass'd away
 (Whose giant works still frown sublime,
 'Mid the twilight shades of time),
 Fanes, of sculpture vast and rude,
 That strew the sandy solitude,
 Lo! before our startled eyes,
 As at a wizard's wand, ye rise
 Glimmering larger through the gloom!
 While on the secrets of the tomb,
 Rapt in other times, ~~we~~ gaze,
 The mother-queen of ancient days,
 Her mystic symbol in her hand,
 Great Isis, ~~we~~ herself to stand.

From mazy vaults, high-arch'd and dim,
 Dark! heard ye not Osiris' hymn?

And ~~we~~ ye not in order dread
 The long procession of the dead?
 Forms that the night of years conceal'd,
 As by a flash, are here reveal'd;
 Chiefs who sang the victory song,—
 Sceptred Kings—a shadowy throng,
 From slumber of three thousand years,
 Each, as in light and life, appears,
 Stern as of yore! yes, vision vast,
 Three thousand years have silent past,
 Suns of empire risen and set
 (Whose story Time ~~we~~ ne'er forget),
 Time, in the morning of her pride,
 Immense, along the Nile's green side,
 The City of the Sun! appear'd,
 And her gigantic image rear'd.

As Memnon, like a trembling string,
 When the sun, with rising ray,
 Streak'd the lonely desert grey,
 Sent forth its magic murmuring,
 That just was heard—then died away;
 So pass'd, O Thebes! thy morning pride!
 Thy glory was the sound that died!
 Dark city of the desolate,
 Once thou wert rich, and proud, and great!
 This busy-peopled isle was then
 A waste, or roam'd by savage men,
 Whose gay descendants now appear
 To mark thy wreck of glory here.

Phantom of that city old,
 Whose mystic spoils I now behold,
 A kingdom's sepulchre,—oh say,
 Shall Albion's own illustrious day,
 Thus darkly close? her power, her fame,
 Thus pass away, a shade—a name?
 The mausoleum murmur'd as I spoke;
 A spectre seem'd to rise, like lowering smoke;
 It answer'd not, but pointed as it fled
 To the black carcase of the sightless dead.
 Once more I heard the sounds of earthly strife,
 And the streets ringing to the stir of life.

ON THE LEGEND OF ST CECILIA AND THE ANGEL.¹

'Twas when, oh, meekest eve! thy shadows dim
 Were slowly stealing round;
 With more impassion'd sound,
 Divine Cecilia sung her vesper-hymn,
 And swell'd the solemn chord
 In hallelujahs to thy name, O Lord!
 And ~~we~~ I ~~we~~ her raise
 Rapt adoration's gaze,
 With lips just opening, and with humid eyes
 Uplifted; while the strain
 Now sinks—now swells again—
 Now, rising, seems to blend with Heaven's own har-
 monies.

¹ Thebes.

² See Golden Legend and Dryden's Ode.

But who is that, divinely fair,
 With more than mortal beauty in his mien;
 With eyes of heav'nly light, and glist'ning hair;
 His white and ample wings half seen?
 O radiant and immortal guest!
 Why hast thou left thy seraph-throng?
 On earth the triumph to attest,
 Of Beauty, Piety, and Song.

ON SEEING A BUST OF R. B. SHERIDAN,

■ A CAST TAKEN AFTER DEATH, AT DEVILLE'S,
 STRAND.

Alas, poor Sheridan! when first we ■
 'T was 'mid ■ smiling circle! and thine eye,
 That flash'd with eloquent hilarity
 And playful fancy, I remember yet
 Freshly ■ yesterday:—the gay and fair,
 The young and beautiful—now in their grave—
 Surrounded us, while ■ the lucid wave
 Of Hampton's waters! ■ the morning air
 The streamer softly play'd ■ ■ light boat,
 Which seem'd ■ ■ ■ magic ■ ■ float.

I saw thee after in this crowd of life,
 Conflicting, but yet blandly, with its strife.
 As the still car of Time roll'd on, thy cheek
 Wore the ■ smile, yet with a trace more weak.
 Long sorrow came ■ life declined, and care,
 And age, with slowly-furrowing line, ■ there.

I could have spared this fearful sight! most strange
 ■ the eventful tale of mortal change,
 Inevitable; but death, brought ■ nigh,
 In form so tangible, harrows the eye.
 As all the past floats like a cloud away,
 « Alas, poor Sheridan! » I turn and say,
 Not without feelings which such sights impart,
 Sad, but instructive, to the Christian's heart.
 May 18, 1826.

RESTORATION OF MALMESBURY ABBEY.

This majestic but dilapidated ■ pile has been repaired at great ex-
 pence, and with ■ and judgment in every respect consonant ■
 ■ worthy of its ancient character. These verses were written
 under the contemplation of this singularly beautiful and unique
 pile being opened again for public worship, by a sacred musical
 performance.

MONASTIC and time-consecrated fane!
 Thou hast put on thy shapely ■ again,
 Almost august, as in thy early day,
 Ere ruthless Henry rent thy pomp away.
 No more the Mass ■ holidays is sung,
 The Host high-raised, or fuming ■ swung;
 No more, in amice white, the fathers, slow,
 With lighted tapers, in long order go;—
 Yet the tall window lifts its arched height,
 As to admit Heaven's pale but purer light:
 Those massy-cluster'd columns, whose long rows,
 E'en at ■ day, in shadowy pomp repose,
 Amid the silent sanctity of death,
 Like giants seem to guard the dust beneath:

¹ See Moore's Life of Sheridan.

Those roofs re-echo (though no altars blaze)
 The prayer of penitence, the hymn of praise;
 Whilst meek Religion's self, ■ with a smile,
 Reprints the tracery of the hoary pile,
 Worthy its guest, the temple. What remains?
 Oh, Mightiest Master! thy immortal strains
 These roofs demand. Listen,—with prelude slow,
 Solemnly sweet, yet full, the organs blow.
 And, hark! again, heard ye the choral chaunt
 Peal through the echoing arches, jubilant?
 More softly now, imploring litanies,
 Wafted ■ Heaven, and mingling with the sighs
 Of penitence, from yon high altar rise:
 Again the vaulted roof « Hosannah » rings—
 « Hosannah! Lord of Lords, and King of Kings! »
 Rent, but not prostrate, stricken, yet sublime,
 Reckless alike of injuries ■ time;
 Thou unsubdued, in silent majesty,
 The tempest hast defied, and shalt defy!
 The temple of our Sion ■ shall mock
 The muttering storm, the very earthquake's shock,
 Founded, O Christ! on thy eternal rock.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A FIRST VIEW ■ Fonthill Abbey.

The mighty master waved his wand, and lo!
 On the astonish'd eye the glorious show
 Burst like a vision! Spirit of the place!
 Has the Arabian wizard with his mace
 Smitten the barren downs, far onward spread,
 And bade the enchanted palace rise instead?
 Bade the dark woods their solemn shades extend,
 High to the clouds yon spiry tower ascend?
 And, starting from the umbrageous avenue,
 Spread the rich pile, magnificent, to view?
 Enter!—From the arch'd portal look again
 Back, on the lessening woods and distant plain!
 Ascend the steps!—The high and fretted roof
 Is woven by some elfin hand aloof;
 Whilst from the painted window's long array
 ■ mellow light is shed ■ not of day.
 How gorgeous all!—Oh! never may the spell
 Be broken, that array'd those radiant forms so well!

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN TO WINDSOR CASTLE.

Not that thy name, illustrious dome, recalls
 The pomp of chivalry in banner'd halls,
 The blaze of beauty, and the gorgeous sights
 Of heralds, trophies, steeds, and crested knights,
 Not that young Surrey there beguiled the hour
 With ■ eyes upturn'd unto the maiden's tower:—
 ■ ! not for these, the muse officious brings
 Her gratulations to the best of Kings;
 But that from cities and from crowds withdrawn,
 Calm peace may meet him on the twilight lawn,
 That here, among these grey primeval trees,
 He ■ inhale health's animating breeze—
 That these old oaks, which far their shadow cast,
 May soothe him, while they whisper of the past;
 And when from that proud terrace he surveys
 Slow Thames devolving his majestic maze

(Now lost ■ the horizon's verge, now ■
 Winding through lawns, and woods, and pastures green)
 May he reflect upon the waves that roll,
 Bearing ■ nation's wealth from pole to pole,
 And ■ (ambition's proudest boast above)
 A King's best glory is his country's love.

ON MEETING SOME FRIENDS OF YOUTH AT , CHELTENHAM,

■ ■ FIRST TIME ■ ■ WE PARTED, AT OXFORD.

And wept to see the paths of life divide.
 SENSATIONS.

Here, the companions of ■ careless prime,
 Whom Fortune's various ways have sever'd long
 Since that fair dawn, when Hope her vernal song
 Sung blithe,—with features mark'd by stealing time,
 At these restoring springs, are met again!
 We, young adventurers, ■ life's opening road
 Set out together:—to their last abode
 Some have sunk silent—some awhile remain,
 Some ■ dispersed:—of many, growing old
 In life's obacurer bourne, ■ tale is told.
 Here, ere the shades of the long night descend,
 And all our wanderings in oblivion end,
 The parted meet once more and pensive trace
 (Mark'd by that hand unseen, whose iron pen
 Writes, « Mortal change, » upon the fronts of men)
 The creeping furrows in each other's face.
 « Where shall we meet again? » Reflection sighs;
 « Where?—In the dust! » Time, rushing on, replies.
 Then hail the hope that lights the pilgrim's way,
 Where there is neither change, nor darkness, ■ decay!

ON ■ FITZGERALD AND LORD KERRY, PLANTING TWO CEDARS IN BREMBILL CHURCHYARD.

■ Yes, Pamela, this infant tree,
 Planted in sacred earth by thee,
 Shall strike its root, and pleasant grow,
 While I am mould'ring dust below.
 This churchyard turf shall still be green,
 When other pastors here are seen,
 Who, gazing on that dial grey,
 Shall mourn, like me, ■ a passing ray.—
 What says its monitory shade?
 « Thyself ■ blooming now, shall fade;
 And e'en that fair and lightsome boy,
 Elastic ■ the step of joy,
 The future lord of yon domain
 And all this wide extended plain,
 Shall yield to creeping time, when they
 Who loved him shall have pass'd away.—
 Yet planted by his youthful hand,
 The fellow cedar still shall stand,
 And when it spreads its boughs around,
 Shading the consecrated ground,
 ■ may behold its shade and say
 (Himself then haply growing grey),
 « Yes, I remember, aged tree,
 When I was young, who planted thee.»
 But long may time, gay maiden, spare
 Thy lighted eyes, thy crisped hair,

Thy unaffected converse kind,
 Thy gentle and ingenuous mind.
 For him, when I in dust repose,
 May virtue guide him as he grows;
 And may he, when ■ longer young,
 Resemble those from whom he sprung!
 Then let these trees extend their shade,
 Or live, or die, or bloom or fade,
 Virtue uninjured and sublime,
 ■ lift her brightest wreath, untouch'd by time.

ON AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON AT MIDNIGHT.

Up—up—into the vast expanded space,
 Thou art ascending in thy majesty,
 Beautiful Moon, the queen of the pale sky!
 But what is that, which gathers on thy face,
 A dark, mysterious shade, eclipsing—slow—
 The splendour of thy calm and steadfast light?
 It is the shadow of this world of woe,
 Of this vast moving world: portentous sight!
 As if we almost stood and ■ more near
 Its very action—almost heard it roll
 On, in the swiftness of its dread career,
 As it hath roll'd for ages! Hush, my soul!—
 Listen! there is no sound:—but we could hear
 The ■ of its multitudes who toil
 Through their brief hour—the heart might well recoil.
 But this is ever sounding in His ear
 Who made it, and who said « Let there be light »—
 And ■ the creatures of a mortal hour,
 'Mid hosts of worlds, are ever in his sight,
 Catching, as now, dim glimpses of his power.

The time shall come when all this mighty scene
 Darkness shall wrap, as it had never been.
 Oh! father of all worlds, be thou our guide,
 And lead us gently on, from youth to age,
 Through the dark valley of our pilgrimage!
 Enough, if thus—bending to thy high will—
 We hold our Christian course, through good or ill,
 And to the end, with Faith and Hope, abide.

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

« My father's grave, » I heard her say,
 And mark'd a stealing tear,—
 Oh no! I would not go away—
 My father's grave is here!

A thousand thronging sympathies,
 The lonely spot endear,
 And every eve remembrance sighs,
 My father's grave is here!

Some human tears unbidden start,
 As spring's gay birds I hear,
 For all things whisper to my heart,
 My father's grave is here!

Young hope may blend each colour gay,
 And fairer views appear;
 But no! I would not go away—
 My father's grave is here.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONERS.

WHEN evening listen'd to the dripping oar,
 Forgetting the loud city's ceaseless roar,
 By the green banks, where Thames, with conscious pride,
 Reflects that stately structure on his side,
 Within whose walls, ■ their long labours close,
 The wanderers of the ocean find repose,
 We wore in social ease the hours away,
 The passing visit of a summer's day.

Whilst some to range the breezy hill are gone,
 ■ linger'd on the river's marge alone,
 Mingled with groups of ancient sailors grey,
 And watch'd the last bright sunshine steal away.

As thus I mused amidst the various train
 Of toil-worn wanderers of the perilous main,
 Two sailors—well I mark'd them (as the beam
 Of parting day yet linger'd ■ the stream,
 And the sun sunk behind the shady reach)—
 Hasten'd with tottering footsteps ■ the beach.

The one had lost a limb in Nile's dread fight;
 Total eclipses had veiled the other's sight
 For ever! As I drew more anxious near
 I stood intent, if they should speak, to hear;
 But neither said ■ word!—he who was blind,
 Stood as to feel the comfortable wind
 That gently lifted his grey hair—his face
 Seem'd then of a faint smile to wear the trace.

The other fix'd his gaze upon the light,
 Parting, and when the sun had vanish'd quite,
 Methought a starting tear that Heaven might bless,
 Unfelt, or felt with transient tenderness,
 Came to his aged eyes and touch'd his cheek!
 And then, ■ meek and silent as before,
 Back hand-in-hand they went and left the shore.

As they departed through the unheeding crowd,
 A caged bird sung from the casement loud,
 And then I heard alone that blind man say,
 "The music of the bird is sweet to day."

I said, "O Heavenly Father none may know
 The cause these have for silence or for woe!
 Here they appear heart-tricken and resign'd
 Amidst the unheeding tumult of mankind.

There is a world, a pure unclouded clime,
 Where there is neither grief, nor death, nor time!
 Nor loss of friends! Perhaps when yonder bell
 Beat slow, and bade the dying day farewell,
 Ere yet the glimmering landscape sunk to night!
 They thought upon that world of distant light!
 And when the blind man, lifting light his hair,
 Felt the faint wind, he raised ■ warmer prayer;
 Then sigh'd, as the blithe bird sung o'er his head,
 "No ■ will shine on me till I ■ dead."

THE BLIND SOLDIER AND DAUGHTER.

CHRISTMAS VERSES.

Old soldier, old soldier, the beams of the day
 That shone ■ thy sabre have long pass'd away,
 And thy sun is gone down, and thy few hairs are grey,
 Old soldier.

The drum and the hurrahs, where victory led,
 No longer are heard ■ the battle-field red!
 Thy comrades in glory ■ scatter'd, or dead,
 Old soldier.

Perhaps thou wert foremost of some gallant band,
 By Acre's white walls, or in that ancient land,
 Where the sphinx and grey pyramid shaded the sand,
 Old soldier.

Left lonely and poor, but to fortune resign'd,
 Forgetting the trumpet that clang'd in the wind,
 Thou turnest thy organ, unnoticed and blind,
 Old soldier.

That red faded jacket still speaks of some pride,
 And a dutiful daughter is seen at thy side,
 To beat her light drum, or thy footsteps to guide,
 Old soldier.

Ah! ■ ■ the heart that would seek ■ betray,
 Or lure from a desolate parent away,
 That dutiful child, and thy age's last stay!
 Old soldier.

But may every true Briton, whose country is dear,
 Bestow ■ small boon, now the season is drear,
 Thy warm chimney-corner at Christmas to cheer,
 Old soldier.

Then the thought of the days of past glory shall spring,
 And, wiping ■ tear from thy cheek, thou shalt sing
 "Old England for ever, and God save the King!"
 Old soldier.

SONNETS.

ON THE BUSTS OF MILTON, IN YOUTH AND AGE, AT
STOURHEAD.

■ YOUTH.

MILTON! our noblest poet, in the grace
 Of youth, in those fair eyes and clustering hair,
 That brow, untouch'd by one faint line of care,
 To mar its openness, we seem to trace
 The front of the first Lord of human race,
 'Mid thy ■ paradise portray'd so fair,
 Ere sin or sorrow scath'd it:—such the air
 Which characters thy youth. Shall time efface
 These lineaments, as crowding cares assail?
 It is the lot of fall'n humanity.
 What boots it? Arm'd in adamant mail
 Th' unconquerable mind, and genius high,
 Right onward hold their way through weal or woe,
 Or whether life's brief lot be high or low.

IN AGE.

And « art thou he» now « fall'n ■ evil days,
 And changed indeed? Yet what does this sunk cheek,
 These thinner locks, and that calm forehead, speak?
 ■ spirit reckless of man's blame or praise,—
 A spirit—when thine eyes to the noon's blaze
 Their dark orbs roll in vain—in sufferance meek,
 As in the sight of God, intent ■ seek,
 'Mid solitude, ■ age, or through the ways

Of hard adversity, th' approving look
Of its Great Master; while the conscious pride
Of wisdom, patient, and content to brook
All ills, to that sole Master's task applied,—
Still show before high Heav'n the unaltered mind,
Milton, though thou ■■■ poor, and old, and blind.

CHANTREY'S SLEEPING CHILDREN.

Look at those sleeping children!—sofly tread,
Lest thou do mar their dream, and come not nigh
Till their fond mother, with a kiss, shall cry,
• 'T is morn, awake! awake! Ah! they are dead!—
Yet folded in each other's arms they lie—
So still—oh look!—so still and smilingly—
So breathing and so beautiful they ■■■
As if to die in youth were to dream
Of spring and flowers!—of flowers? yet nearer stand—
There is a lily in one little hand,
Broken, but not faded yet,
As if its cup with tears was wet.
So sleeps that child, not faded, though in death,—
And seeming still ■■■ hear her sister's breath,
As when she first did lay her head to rest
Gently on that sister's breast,
And kiss'd her ere she fell asleep!
Th' archangel's trump alone shall wake that slumber deep.
• Take up those flowers that fell
From the dead hand, and sigh a long farewell!
Your spirits rest in bliss!
Yet ■■■ with parting prayers we say
Farewell for ever! to the insensate clay,
Poor maid, those pale lips we will kiss!
Ah! 't is cold marble!—Artist, who hast wrought
This work of nature, feeling, and of thought,—
Thine, Chantrey, be the fame
That joins to immortality thy name.
—For these sweet children that so sculptured rest—
A sister's head upon a sister's breast—
Age after age shall pass away,
Nor shall their beauty fade, their forms decay.
For here is no corruption—the cold worm
Can never prey upon that beauteous form:
This smile of death that fades not, shall engage
The deep affections of each distant age!
Mothers, till ruin the round world hath rent,
Shall gaze with tears upon the monument!
And fathers sigh, with half suspended breath,
• How sweetly sleep the innocent in death! •

■■■ SWALLOW AND THE RED-BREAST.

AN APOLOGUE.

THE swallows at the close of day
When autumn shone with fainter ray,
Around the chimney circling flew,
Ere yet they bade ■■■ long adieu
To climes where soon the winter drear
Shall close the unrejoicing year.
Now with swift wing they skim aloof,
Now settle on the crowded roof,
As council and advice ■■■ take,
Ere they the chilly north forsake;

Then one disdainful turn'd his eye,
Upon a red-breast twittering nigh,
And thus began, with taunting scorn—
• Thou household imp, obscure, forlorn,
Through the deep winter's dreary day,
Here, dull and shivering, shalt thou stay,
Whilst we, who make the world our home,
To softer climes impatient roam,
Where summer, still on some green isle,
Rests, with her sweet and lovely smile.
Thus speeding, far and far away,
We leave behind the shortening day.
• 'T is true (the red-breast answer'd meek),
No other scenes I ask, ■■■ seek;
To every change alike resign'd,
I fear not the cold winter's wind.
When spring returns, the circling year
Shall find me still contented here;
But whilst my warm affections rest
Within the circle of my nest,
I learn to pity those that roam,
And love the more my humble home.»

THE LITTLE SWEEP.

TO BRITISH SENATORS.

THEY sing of the poor sailor boy, who wanders o'er the
deep,
But few are they who think upon the friendless LITTLE
SWEEP!
In darkness to his dreary toil, through winter's frost
and snows,
When the keen north is piping shrill, the shivering
urchin goes.
He has ■■■ father, and from grief his mother's eyes ■■■
dim,
And none besides, in all the world, awakes to pray for
HIM:
For him ■■■ summer Sundays smile, no health is in the
breeze;
His mind dark as his fate, his frame a prey to dire
disease.
Oh, English Gentlemen! your hearts have bled for the
black slave,
You heard his melancholy moan from the Atlantic
wave;
■■■ thought upon his father's land, and cried, • a LONG
FAREWELL,»
But bless'd you, gazing at the sun, when first his fetters
fell.

And if ye plead for creatures dumb,¹ and deem their
fate severe,
■■■ human wrongs, in your own land, call forth no
generous tear?
Humanity implores! Awake from apathy's cold sleep!
And, when you plead for other's wrongs, forget not the
POOR SWEEP.

¹ The terrible • soot cancer,» ■■■ which all climbing-boys are
subject.

² See Mr Martin's bill.

When — comes the bells shall ring, and flowers
and hawthorns blow,
The village lasses and the lads shall all • a-maying go:
Kind-hearted lady,¹ may thy soul in heaven • blessing
reap,
Whose bounty ■ that ■ flows, ■ cheer the LITTLE
■ !

'T is yours, ye English Gentlemen, such comforts ■ pro-
long;
'T is yours the friendless to protect, and all who suffer
wrong.
But one day in the toiling year the friendless sweep is
gay:
Protect—and smiling industry shall make his long year
MAY.

THE GIPSY'S TENT.

When ■ cold winter's snow is fled,
And birds sing blithe again,
Look, where the gipsy's tent is spread,
In the green village-lane.

Oft by the ■ park-pales, beneath
The branches of the oak,
The watch-dog barks, when in slow wreath
Curls o'er the woods the smoke.

No home receives the wandering race,
The pannier'd ass is nigh,
Which patient bears, from place ■ place,
The infant progeny.

Lo! houseless o'er the world they stray,
But I at home will dwell,
Where I may read my book and pray,
And hear the Sabbath-bell.

WRITTEN AT SILCHESTER,

THE ANCIENT CALLEVA:

A ■ STATION AND CITY, ON THE ■
■ FROM BATH ■ LONDON;—THE WALLS OF WHICH,
COVERED WITH TREES, YET ■ NEARLY ENTIRE.

THE wild pear whispers, and the ivy crawls,
Along the circuit of thine ancient walls,
Lone city of the dead!—and near this mound,²
The buried coins of mighty men are found,
Silent remains of Cæsars and of kings,
Soldiers of whose renown the world yet rings,
In its sad story!—These have had their day
Of glory, and are pass'd—like sounds—away!

And such their fame!—while ■ the spot behold,
And ■ upon the tale that time has told,
We ask, where are they?—they whose clarion bray'd,
Whose chariot glided, and whose war-horse neigh'd;
Whose cohorts hasten'd o'er the echoing way,
Whose eagles glitter'd to the orient ray!

¹ The late ■ Montague, whose bounty, ■ May-day, ■ these
children is well known.

² ■ Amphitheatre.

—Ask of this fragment, rear'd by Roman hands,
That, now, ■ lone and broken column stands!
Ask of that road—whose track alone remains—
That swept, of old, o'er mountains, downs, and plains;
And, still, along the silent champaign leads,—
Where ■ its noise of cars and tramp of steeds?
Ask of the dead!—and silence will reply,
• Go seek them in the grave of mortal vanity!

■ this a Roman veteran?—look again,—
■ is ■ British soldier, who, in Spain,
At Albuera's glorious fight, has bled;
He, too, has spurred his charger o'er the dead!
—Desolate, now—friendless and desolate,
Let him the tale of war and home relate.—
His wife—(and Gainshorough such ■ form and mien
Would paint, in harmony with such a scene),—
With pensive aspect—yet demeanour bland,
—A tottering infant guided by her hand—
Spoke of her own green Erin, while her child,
Amid the scene of ancient glory, smiled,
As spring's first flower smiles from a monument
Of other years, by time and ruin rent!

Lone city of the dead! thy pride is past,
Thy temples sunk—as at the whirlwind's blast!
Silent—all silent, where the mingled cries
Of gather'd myriads rent the purple skies!
Here—where the summer breezes wave the wood:—
The stern and silent gladiator stood,
And listen'd to the shouts that hail'd his gushing blood
And, ■ this wooded mount,—that oft, of yore,
Hath echoed to the Libyan lion's roar,—
The car scarce catches, from the shady glen,
The small pipe of ■ solitary wren!

GLASTONBURY ABBEY AND WELLS CATHEDRAL.

WRITTEN AFTER VIEWING THE RUINS OF THE ONE, AND
HEARING THE CHURCH SERVICE, IN THE OTHER.

GLORY and boast of Avalon's fair vale,
How beautiful thy ancient turrets rose!
Fancy yet sees them, in the sunshine pale
Gleaming, or ■ majestic in repose,—
When, west-away, the crimson landscape glows,—
Casting their shadows on the waters wide,¹
How sweet the sounds, that, at still day-light's close,
Came, blended with the airs of eventide,
When, through the glimmering aisle, faint ■ miscreants
died!

But all is silent now!—silent the bell
That, heard from yonder ivied turret high,
Warn'd the cowl'd brother from his midnight cell;—
Silent the vesper-chaunt—the litany
Responsive to the organ!—scatter'd lie
The wrecks of the proud pile, 'mid arches grey,—
Whilst hollow winds, through mantling ivy, sigh!

¹ The Vale of Avalon was surrounded by waters ■ the time, King
Arthur ■ described as buried in the island of Avalon. Part of a
sculptured lion remains; and it may ■ observed, that Leland, in
his Itinerary, speaks of • *Dun Leones sub pedibus Artur.* The
masonry ■ the sacred well, discovered by ■ Warner, is ami-
nently beautiful. It is a singular fact, that the last meeting of the
■ Society ■ held amidst the august desolation of Glastonbury
Abbey.

And *even* the mouldering shrine is *away*,
Where, in his warrior weeds, the British Arthur lay.
Now, look upon the sister fane of Wells!—
It lifts its forehead in the lucid air;—
Sweet, o'er the champaign, sound its Sabbath bells,—
The roof rolls back the chaunt, or voice of prayer.
Anxious *we* ask, will heaven that temple spare,
Or mortal tempest sweep it from its state?
Oh! say,—shall time *the* fabric fair,
Or *it* meet, in distant years, thy fate,
Shatter'd, proud pile, like thee, and left *desolate*?
No! *we* subdue *we* elevate the soul,
Our best, our purest feelings *we* refine,
Still shall *we* solemn diapasons roll
Through that high fane! still hues, reflected shine
From *we* windows, *we* the sculptured shrine,
Ringing the pavement! for He shall afford—
Who directs the storm—his aid divine,
Because its Sion *we* left thy word,
Nor sought for other guide than thee, Almighty Lord!

SORROWS OF SWITZERLAND.

To *we* Douglas, a native of the Country whose wrongs
the following lines imperfectly describe. The Poem is respectfully
inscribed by her sincere Friend and Servant,
Donhead, May 15, 1801. W. L. BOWLES.

PART I.

W^HY *we* thou come, man of despair and blood,
To these green vales, and streams o'erhung with wood?
These hills, where far from life's discordant throng,
The lonely goat-maid chaunts her main song?
This cottaged glen, where *we* in peace reclines,
Soothed by the whisper of his native pines;
Where, in the twilight of his closing days,
Upon the glimmering lake he loves to gaze;
And, like his life, sees on the shadowy flood
The *we* descending: Man of blood!
Burst *we* his holy musings. Innocence
And peace these vales inhabit: bid thee hence
To the *we* wilderness, the mournful main,
To caves, where silence and deep darkness reign
(Where God's eye only *we* the gloom pervade),
And shroud thy visage in their dreariest shade!
Or if these *we* so beg *we* may impart
A momentary softness to *we* heart,
Let *we* plead—plead for a guiltless land—
Ere yet thou *we* the desolating brand;
Ere yet thou bid the peaceful echoes swell
With havoc's shouts, and many a mingled yell!
Pause yet a moment! By the beard
Of him whose eyes *we* Heav'n *we* rear'd;
By her, who frantic lifts her helpless hand;
By those poor little-ones, that speechless stand—
If thou hast nature in thee, oh, relent!
Nor crush the lowly shed of virtue and content!

No golden shrines can tempt thy plunder here;
No jealous castles their dark turrets *we*
Peeping *we* dawn among the mountain vines,
The village-pastor's simple mansion shines,
In *we* tower, the music *we* whose bells
Soft o'er the *we* lake each Sabbath swells;

No taper'd halls, that blaze till morn, reply
To sounds of proud voluptuous revelry;
we one *we* pipe, by ling'ring lover play'd,
Cheers the dim valley, *we* the day-tints fade;
While in the rocks, the torrents, and the trees,
Her *we* world with pride Affection sees.

Survey the prospect well:—Soldier, dost thou
(Thy blood-red plumage rustling on thy brow)
we the poor villagers (who, in the shed
Of their forefathers, *we* their virtuous bread)
To hard Oppression bend the prostrate knee,
Or learn BENEVOLENCE and LOVE from thee?

And dost thou talk *we* Freedom? Freedom here
Lifted, with death-denouncing frown, her spear—
Here, joining her loud voice's solemn call
To the deep thunders of the water-fall,
She hail'd her chosen home: these dark woods rung,
As her bold war-song *we* the rocks she sung—
At *we* a thousand banners to the air
Streaming, *we* thousand falchions brandish'd bare,
Proclaim'd her son's dread homage, 'We will die,
Or live thy children, holiest LIBERTY!'

Oh, think of this! Alas, the voice is vain!
Poor injured land! thy brave, thy blameless train;
Thy lovely landscapes, bursting bright around;
Thy glens, that echoed every cheering sound;
Thy rocks, that gleam'd with many a high-hung cot;
And FREEDOM'S holy name, AVAIL THEE NOT!

Then rise, insulted country—in despair
Lift thy brave arm *we* terrible—and swear,
Swear thou wilt never sheath th' avenging steel,
Till thou hast made the fell invader feel
How vain the terrors of his glittering crest;
How warm the flame that fires a patriot's breast!
How nerved their arm, opposed to tenfold might,
Who for the dearest hopes, their homes, their offspring,
fight!
And hark! e'en now, methought, stern Freedom call'd,
From the wild shores of rocky UNDERWALD!

'Rush, like the mountain avalanche,' *we* those
Who, foes to you, my sons, *we* Virtue's foes!
Lo! where the legions of insulting FRANCE
Already on your ravaged plains advance;
See your pale daughters—they for mercy plead;
Behold your white-hair'd sires!—they sink—they bleed!
Oh! yet your patriot energies unite,
To quell the insolent oppressor's might!
Behold the scene² where your forefathers broke,
And sternly trampled on, the Austrian yoke!
Behold the spot, where the undaunted band
First met, and clasping each his brother's hand,
Bade the ALMIGHTY bear their solemn vow:
That never should their injured country bow
'A slave!' then lifted in the midnight air
Their spears, while the dun rocks replied, 'WE SWEAR.'
Think that the *we* behold you!—He whose bow
Laid the grim tyrant of these valleys low,
On yonder eminence yet *we* stand,
To you he dimly waves his awful hand.

¹ *we* mass of *we* that falls from the tops of the mountains.

² The scenes renowned by the names of Tell, Stauffer, etc.

Go forth my sons—in each bold bosom swell
The injured spirit of another TELL;¹
And rush, like the huge avalanche, on those
Who, foes to you, are FREEDOM'S, VIRTUE'S foes.²

So FREEDOM spoke; she stood august and high;
Like a pale meteor shone her troubled eye;
She smote her shield, and with indignant look
More awful her uplifted war-spear shook.

From many a wild and woodland solitude,
O'erhung with snowy-silver'd mountains rude;
From glassy lakes, or where the bursting brook
Wells sparkling through ~~the~~ beech-embower'd nook;
From scatter'd chalets,³ deck'd with mantling vines,
Above whose blue smoke wave th' impending pines;
From many a covert green, or gleamy rock,
The rude defenders of their country flock.

Upon a cliff, that at grey morning throws
Its shadow o'er the deep clear lake's repose,
With firm yet sadden'd look, fix'd on the sun,
Their holy leader³ stands: "Children!" he cries
(And one sad tear-drop gathers in his eyes).
"THEIR ARMS PREVAIL:—HELVETIA mourns in vain,
Bound by the ruthless victor's griding chain;
We only 'mid these rocky ramparts find
Short shelter from the vultures of mankind:
Hither they speed their desolating way,
They flap their bloody pennons o'er their prey.
But we have hearts, my brethren, and ~~we~~ know
What ~~we~~ our country—to our God—we owe;
And ~~we~~ have arms—arms that may make them rue
(Though rude our ramparts, our defenders few)
The hour when they assail'd this last retreat:
Feel we our hearts leap high, our pulses beat?
"Death calls us—yet, oh! lowly let us bend,
And pray ~~on~~ Him, who is the poor man's friend,
That he would guard our orphans when we bleed,
And shield them in the bitter hour of need!"

Now, soldier, let thy huge artillery roar,
Thy marshall'd columns flash along the shore;
Thy armed transports with long shadow ride,
Terrific o'er the lake's once tranquil tide;
And thy loud trumpets bray, ~~in~~ in disdain
Of the poor ~~of~~ of the snowy plain!

They fear thee not—they ~~are~~ Oppression's foes—
Unscared, thy march of carnage they oppose.
Though their fall'n-brethren have in vain withstood,
Though yet thy sword be red with their best blood;
Thy sword, thy steeds, thy legions, they defy—
And death is couch'd within their flashing eye.

Age has new energies—in traces weak
One angry hectic rises ~~on~~ his cheek:
And as his time-touch'd features kindling glow,
"Lead me," he cries, "yet lead ~~me~~ to the foe!"
Stern manhood o'er his boy low murr'ring bends,
Then, ~~his~~ his deadly weapon he extends,
Proudly exclaims, "Freedom ~~is~~ Death, my son!
And thou, O God of Justice, lead ~~me~~ on!"

¹ William Tell, founder of Swiss Liberty.

² Peasant's hut.

³ Father Paul Stiger, leader of the Underwalders.

Hark! with one shout they rush into the fight—
The pale foe shrinks before their gathering might!
Fragments of rocks in wild despair they wield,
And helms and shiver'd swords bestrew the field.
The frantic mother, hushing every grief,
Joins the dread scene, and to some plumed chief
(All pale with rage, with desperation wild)
Cries, as she smites his heart, "Hadst thou ~~a~~ child?"

Unequal strife! the ~~hour~~ of death is o'er,
Mother and child lie side by side in gore!

When evening comes, through the lone cottage pane
No light looks cheerful in the dark'ning plain;
No pleasing sounds stray the dim hills along;
No home-returning goat-maid trills her song;
At intervals, wild accents of despair
Or shouts are heard, or dismal night-fires glare.
But all is dark and silent ~~the~~ the heap
Where the fallen heroes of the hamlet sleep;
Save that at times a hollow groan is heard,
Or melancholy cry of the night-bird;
Save where some dog, amidst the scene of death,
Moans, as he watches yet his master's breath;
While with despair, and love that seems ~~to~~ speak,
He licks the blood that stagnates on his cheek.
The ~~moon~~ looks through the hurrying clouds, the air
Sighs, as it lifts, ~~in~~ times, the dead man's hair;
Upon the slaughter'd heaps the cold stars shine,
And Freedom sighs, "The triumph, GAUL, is thine!"

How dawns the morn, o'er vales with blood defiled,
Where late affection's sweetest pictures smiled!
O'er the still lake how sadly peals the bell
That sounds of every earthly hope the knell!

Pale o'er the bloody snows, without a home,
The sad survivors of the death-storm roam;
Their infants, outcast on the desert plain,
Demand their mothers and their sires in vain;
And when the red ~~sun~~ leaves the dark'ning sky,
Amid the gory tracks sit down and sigh.

Shores of LUGERNE! where many a winding bay
Shone beauteous to the morn's returning ray;
Where rosy tints upon the blue lake shone,
And touch'd the rocks with colours not their own;
Who now, with eyes that swim in tenderness,
The scenes, to every ~~eye~~ ~~eye~~ dear, shall bless?
What pleasure now shall the rich landscape yield—
The sparkling cataract—the pendent field—
'Mid hoar declivities the sunny tow'r,
Peering o'er beeches that its roof embow'r;
And cottage-tops, with light smoke trailing slow
O'er the grey vapours looming far below.
Who shall ascend proud Pilate's ¹ height, and mark
The motley clouds sail o'er the champaign dark,
Now breaking in fantastic forms, and ~~the~~
Dappling the distant promontory's brow?
Then, when the ~~sun~~ that lights the scene, rides high,
And far away the scatter'd volumes fly,
Look up to the great God that rules the world,
By whom proud Empires from their seats ~~are~~ hurl'd,
And feel a glow of holy gratitude,
That here, 'mid hollow glens, and mountains rude,

¹ Mount Pilate ~~is~~ the Lake of Lucerne.

Far from Ambition's march, and Discord's yell,
Content, and Love, and Happiness, should dwell!

Who now along those banks shall list'ning stray,
When evening lights each inlet west away,
And hear the solitary boatman's oar,
Dip duly, ■ he nears the shaded shore;
Or catch the whispers of the waterfall,
That through the ivied clefts swells musical.
These scenes, these sounds, could many ■ joy impart,
With sadness mix'd:—The wand'ring youth whose heart
Was sick with many sorrows, resting here
At such an hour, forgot his starting tear;
■ felt ■ pensive calm, sweeter than sleep,
Steal gently o'er his aching breast; the deep,
And clear repose of th' unruffled lake
His spirit seem'd unconscious to partake;
And still the water, as it whisper'd near,
Or high-woods, ■ they rustled, soothed his ear,
Like the remembrance of a melody,
Heard in his infant happy days gone by.
Now in his distant country, when with tears
The tale of ruffian violence he hears—
Hears that the spot, which smiled with lovely gleam,
Like some sweet image of a tender dream,
Upon his morning path, is drench'd with gore—
Its harmless tenants weltring on the shore!
He will exclaim, while from his breast he draws
A deep, deep sigh, « Avenge, O God! their cause.»

Who would not sigh for SWITZERLAND? What heart,
That ■ bore in human ■ a part;
That ever felt Affection's genuine flame;
That ever leap'd at injured Freedom's name;
Would not for her dark foes feel honest hate,
And swell with indignation at her fate?

If thus her lot of ■ have impress'd
Grief and resentment on ■ stranger's breast,
How ■ he hear the murd'rous tale of death,
He, who in these still vales first drew his breath!
'T is his, perhaps, in distant climes to roam,
Far from the shelter of his early home;
Yet still, ■ fancy paints the spot, he sees
His father's cottage, and the mountain trees;
Again by the wild streams he ■ to rove;
He hears the voice of her who won his love,
His heart's first love; for her he presses the vine,
Whose clust'ring leaves the rustic porch entwine;
The mountain's van together they ascend,
They see, Alps piled ■ Alps, far ■ extend;
They mark the casual sunshine light the mass,
Or vernal show'rs along the valley pass;
Whilst, tinging the dark rocks, ■ lovely glow
The breeded colours of Heaven's hum ■ bow.
But ■ the maid he loved—with whom, all day,
He loved in ■ o'er the hills to stray;
The faithful maid he loved—oh! cold despair,
Freeze his ■ life-blood; and that thrilling air
Which erst he sung, when, all alive to joy,
He caroll'd ■ the Alps a peasant boy;
Let him not hear it now—lest his eyes start,
And madness harrow up his broken heart:

1 The famous *Ranz des Vaches*.

How touching ■ the simple strain! the tear
Of mem'ry started, when it met the ear;
And he whose front ■ rough with many ■ scar,
Whose bold heart bounded at the trump of war,
Stood all dissolved in sadness at its tone,
Rememb'ring him of pleasant ■ gone.

Perhaps full many ■ heavy hour had pass'd,
Since in its native nooks he heard it last;
And when again its well-known music thrill'd,
A thousand thronging recollections fill'd
■ soul, that, sick with longing, homeward roved:—
Remote from scenes which most ■ earth he loved
Cast on a world tempestuous, bleak, and wide,
More ardent for his once-loved hills he sigh'd,
And sigh'd again, to think how it might fare
With sisters, brothers, friends, and parents there.
For be its music and its name forgot,
For ■ IS HIS HOME, AND THOSE ■ LOVED ■ NOT.

PART II.

I was ■ child of sorrow, when I pass'd,
Sweet Country! through your rocky valleys last;
For ■ whom I had loved, whom I had prest
With honest ardent passion to my breast,
Was to another vow'd: I heard the tale,
And to the earth sunk heartless, faint, and pale.
Till that sad hour when every hope ■ flown,
I thought she lived for me, and ■ alone.
Yet did I not, though pangs my heart must rend,
Prove to thy weakness a sustaining friend?
Did I not bid thee never, never more,
Or think of me ■ mine? ■ firm I swore
To cast away the dream, and bury deep,
As in oblivion of the dead man's sleep,
All that once soothed; and from the soul ■ tear
Each longing wish that youth had cherish'd there.

But when 't was midnight, to the woods I hied
Despairing, and with frantic anguish cried:
« Oh! had relentless death with instant dart
Smitten and snatch'd thee from my bleeding heart,
Through life had niggard fortune bid ■ pine,
And wither'd with despair my hopes and thine;
Yes, yes, I could have borne it—but ■ see
Th' accusing tear, and know it falls for me!
O cease the thought—a long and last farewell—
We must forget—nor shall my soul rebel!
Then to my country's cliffs I bade adieu;
And what my sad heart felt, God only knew.
HELVETIA! thy rude scenes, ■ drooping guest
I sought, and sorrowing, sought ■ spot of rest.
Through many a mountain-pass, and shaggy vale
I roam'd, an exile, passion-crazed, and pale.
I saw your clouded heights sublime impend,
I heard your foaming cataracts descend;
And oft the rugged ■ my heart endued
With a strange, sad, distemper'd fortitude;
Oft on the lake's green marge I lay reclined,
Murm'ring my moody fancies to the wind;
But when ■ hanging hamlet I survey'd
Or wood-cot peeping in the shelter'd glade,
A ■ perforce would steal; and, as my eye
Fondly reverted to the days gone by,

1 « And wakes to think how it might fare with you.»—SHERIDAN.

How bless'd (I cried), from every
To rest with her we loved, forgotten there!
Then soft, methought, from the sequester'd grove
I heard the song of happiness and love:

Come these scenes of peace,
Where to rivers murmuring
The sweet birds all the summer sing,
Where cares, and toil, and sadness cease!
Stranger, does thy heart deplore
Friends, whom thou wilt more?
Does thy wounded spirit prove
Pangs of hopeless sever'd love?
Thee the stream that gushes clear
Thee the birds that carol near,
Shall soothe, silent thou dost lie,
And dream to their wild lullaby.
Come these of peace,
Where cares and sadness cease.

Start from the feeble dream! The woodland shed
Flames, and the tenants of that vale dead!
All dark the torrent of their fate hath rush'd—
Each cheering echo of the plain is hush'd;
And every joyous, every tender sound
In the loud roaring of the night-storm drown'd!

How cheerily the rocks from side to side
Oft to the tabor's festive sounds replied!
There, when the bells upon a holiday
Rung out, and all the villagers were gay,
In summer-time the happy groups seen:
Youth link'd with beauty bound in the green,
And age smiling, as the joyous train
(Round the tall May-tree¹ tap'ring from the plain),
Their locks entwined with ribands streaming red,
And, crown'd with flow'rs, the rural pastimes led;—
Oh! on the bleeding turf the poor flow'rs throw,
And weep for them that sleep in dust below.
There sleep together, in their death-bed cold,
The beautiful, the brave, the young, the old!
No voices that charm'd their earthly road:
Around their desolate and last abode
Blast, swept to the earth, yet raves,
And with havoc graves!

As the lucid lake's unruffled breast
Soft silv'ry lights and blending shadows rest;
Above, around, the heaven's blue calm is spread,
And sleeps the sunshine on the mountain's head.
Then purple rocks and woods smile to the eye,
Like fairy landscapes of the ev'ning sky;
And all is still, save where forest bird
With small and solitary trill is heard;
Sudden the is changed—the hurricane
Is up among the mountains—wind and rain
Drive, and strange darkness closes on the vale;
The high rocks to the light'ning glimmer pale;
And nought is heard, but the deep thunder's roar,
Or vulture's screaming round the desert shore!
So mourns the prospect changed and overcast,
And shrieks the spirit in the passing blast!

¹ May-hum.

ah! how feller burst the ruthless storm,
That speeds the moral prospect to deform!
To-morrow, and the Man of Blood may
Again fresh verdure deck the dripping tree;
Again pure splendour light the bursting views,
And the clear lake reflect the fairest hues;
Whilst the gay lark seems, with a livelier voice,
Of his stern spirit, rejoice.
But, hapless land! what day-spring shall restore
Thy lovelier morals that smile no more!
Affection, tender the murm'ring dove,
That in the noiseless wood her home-nest wove;
And Piety, that the blue mountains trod,
With kindling eyes upraised nature's God!
Virtues that made thy streams, and woods, and hills,
Thy lakes, all sunshine, and thy shaded rills,
Like pictures of no earthly paradise!
Beaming remote from sorrow and from vice.

Child of the village pastor! modest sense,
And meekest piety, and innocence
(If innocence in this hard world seen)
Touch'd thy illumined eye, thy pensive mien,
As with a ray from heav'n. Thy light loose hair
Hung gently-waving to the air;
Thy smiling cheek with health's rich glow warm,
When with thy aged sire, arm link'd in arm,
Thou oft didst stray, beneath the beams of morn,
To gather herbs that the wild crofts adorn.
Meantime he taught thy inexperienced youth
Lessons of sober wisdom, and of truth;
Spoke of the great world beyond the vale—
Where uncouth shapes of or woe assail;
He spoke of restless man's ungovern'd state—
And the dark rushing torrent of his fate:
Then pointing to the craggy height, that shrouds
Its distant summit in the rolling clouds,
Bade thee reverè th' ETERNAL ONE! (whose will
The earthquakes and the roaring deeps fulfil;
Whose awful thunder shakes th' astonish'd ball)
And trust in Him, whatever fate befall!

Oh! he did little think his shelter'd vale
Would prove the truest comment to the tale.
They tore her fainting from his aged sire—
He miss'd the darling of his soul, and died
For he sunk broken-hearted to the tomb—
Upon his grave no flowers in bloom;
Some with'ring weeds, perhaps, scatter'd stones,
Mark the rude spot where they have cast his bones!
Soon, sad survivor, may thy sorrows cease
And there thy heart be buried and at peace,
Where thy poor father sleeps: till that blest day
When He who saw your sufferings here, shall say,
«Come, children of affliction! love and joy,
Await you, where griefs again annoy!
Come, sainted children, and that bliss partake,
Which alone can give who suffer'd for your sake.»

Far from the earthly scenes that wasteful lie,
Virtue, and Peace, and Arts, and Freedom fly.
Arts, which the wild surrounding views inspired;
And Freedom, such genuine Patriots fired.
When the great sun sinks in the crimson west,
And all the pines in golden pomp are drest;

Whose daring hand shall snatch the vivid light
That purples o'er the promontory's height;
And, with a LOUTHERBOURG'S¹ rich pencil, throw
On the tablet all the lucid glow?
When the slow convent's bell sounds from afar,
And the dim lake reflects the evening star;
When shall again the rapt enthusiast rove,
And deck the visionary bower of love?

Hush'd be the Doric strain,² that, in the shade
Of his pines, the pensive GESSNER³ play'd;
Which oft the homeward-plodding woodman near
Paused, with his grey beard on his staff, to hear;
Whilst his lean dog, whose opening lips disclose,
Just peeping forth, his white teeth's rows,
Lifted his long ears with sagacious heed,
And fix'd his full eye on his trilling reed.
High the broad Alps' solitary van,
Where not a sound is heard of busy man,
Hark! with loud orgies o'er the bloody dew,
Lewd Comus leads his nightly-madding crew!
Strange shouts and clangors through the high-wood run,
And distant the sinking

Dark forests their lone empire,³ the tall rocks
Their shelter, and their wealth their wand'ring flocks,
To the proud Macedon, whose conquering car
Roll'd terrible through the ranks of armed war;
Whose banners chill'd the plain with fearful shade,
Whose sovereignty a thousand trumpets bray'd,
The Scythian chiefs spoke nobly: "What have we,
King of the World, to do with thine or thee?
Far o'er the snowy solitudes we roam,
Or by wild rivers fix our casual home;
Nor heed the distant clarion of thy fame,
O'er the green champaign let thy cities shine,
We ne'er invaded fields of thine;
Nor will we bow, proud Lord, at thy decree:
Hence,—hence—and leave us to our forests, free!
Saved thee, HELVETIA, from the ruthless stroke
Of the stern soldier, who, with banners spread,
Through thy still vales his glittering squadrons led!
But Heav'n denied:—despair and murd'rous hate
Stalk o'er thy inmost valleys desolate!
And she, that like the nimble mountain-roe,
With step scarce heard, went bounding o'er the snow—
She whose green buskins swept the frosts of morn,
Who waked the high wood with her bugle horn;
She, who once call'd these hills her own, and found
Her loveliest sojourn 'mid the hallow'd ground,
Blessing the spot where, shaded high with wood,
And deck'd with simple flowers, her altar stood;
FREEDOM insulted aces, pale the flies,
A monster phantom in her arise!
On weltering carcasses it to stand,⁴
Waving a dim-seen dagger in its hand;
Its look is unrelenting as the grave—
Around its brow the muttering whirlwinds rave—
Stretching shadow chills the scene beneath—
Ah! fly—it onward moves and murmurs "Death!"

¹ Louterbourg, a native of Switzerland.

² Gessner's pastorals.

³ I have taken this from Plötz's interesting *History of the Confederacy*.

⁴ Contrast between genuine Liberty and the Spirit of Jacobinism.

Earth fades beneath its footstep, and around
Long sighs, and distant dying shrieks, resound!

Could arms alone o'er thy brave sons prevail,
HELVETIA? No—it is the fraudulent tale
This false phantom, which the heart misled;
That spoke of peace—peace to the poor man's shed,
Then left him houseless to the tempest's gloom,
That swept his hopes and comforts to the tomb!
High tower'd the grisly spectre, half conceal'd,
And gath'ring clouds its dismal forehead veil'd:
The clouds disperse, and lo! 'mid murd'rous hands,
Dark in its might, the hideous phantom stands.
Now see the triumph of its reign complete,
Behold it throned in its sov'reign seat;
The orgies peal, the banners high,
The dark rocks sing shouts of liberty!

Now, soldier, lift thy loud acclaiming voice!
Children of high-soul'd sentiment, rejoice!
Round the scathed tree upon the desert plain,
Dance o'er the victims of the village slain!

Thou, who dost smiling sit, Fancy flings
Her hues unreal o'er created things,
And the scenes in gay distemper shine,
Dost wand'ring cry, "How sweet a world is mine!"
Ah! see the shades receding, that disclose
The direst spectacle of living woes!
And ye who, all enlighten'd, all sublime,
Pant in indignant thralldom, till the time
When man, bursting his fetters, proud and free,
The wildest savage of the wilds shall be;
Artful instructors of our feeble kind,
Illumined leaders of the and blind,
Behold the destined glories of your reign,
Behold yon flaming sheds—yon outcast train!
Hark! hollow-moaning on the fitful blast,
Methought, Rousseau, thy troubled spirit past!
Ravaged country his dim eyes survey—
"Are these the fruits" (he said, or seem'd to say),
"Of those high energies of raptured thought,
That proud Philosophy my precepts taught!"
Then shrouding his sad visage from the sight,
Flew o'er the cloudiest Alps to solitude and night.

Thou, too, who, musing history's vast plan,
Didst sit by the clear waters of Lausanne!
(What time Imperial Rome to thy view,
And thy bold hand her mighty image drew).
Thou too, methinks, the sad wrecks extend,
Dost seem in sorrow o'er the to bend.
With steady eye, and penetrating mind,
Thou hast survey'd the toil of human kind;
Hast mark'd Ambition's march and fiery car,
And thousands shouting in the fields of war:
But direr might ne'er a sigh demand,
Than those of hapless injured Switzerland!
Oh! may they teach, whatever feelings start,
One awful truth,—that here know in part!
Whatever darkness round his ark may rest,
There is a GOD, who knows what is best.
Submissive, still, adoring may we stand,
Beneath the terrors of his chast'ning hand;

¹ Gibbon finished his history on the banks of the Lake, in a summer-house.

And though the clouds of carnage dim the sun,
Bend to the earth, and say, "Thy will be done."

CHURCH MUSIC,

THE MAN OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

There is a poor BLIND MAN, who, every day,
In summer sunshine, or in winter's rain,
Duly tolls the bell, to the high fane,
Explores with faltering footsteps, his dark way,
To kneel before his Maker, and hear
The chaunted service, pealing full and clear.
Ask, why, alone, in the spot he kneels
Through the long year? Oh! the wide world is cold,
As dark, to him: Here, he no longer feels
Sad bereavement—FAITH and HOPE uphold
His heart—He feels not he is poor and blind,
Amid the un pitying tumult of mankind:
As through the aisles, the choral anthems roll,
His soul is in the choirs above the skies,
And songs, far off, of angel-companies,
When this dim Earth perish'd, a scroll.

Oh! happy, if the Rich—the Vain—the Proud—
The plumed Actors in Life's motley crowd,—
Since pride is dust, and life itself a span,—
Would learn one Lesson from a POOR BLIND MAN.

Jan. 10, 1829.

VILLAGER'S VERSE BOOK.

THE following Compositions were written originally, to be learnt by heart by Poor Children of my own Parish, who have been instructed every Sunday through the Summer, for many years, in the Garden Lawn before the Parsonage House, by Mrs BOWLES. The object, which to the best of my knowledge is entirely novel, was briefly to describe the obvious images in Country Life, familiar to every child; and the smallest compass to run every distinct picture with the earliest feelings of Humanity and Piety, in language which the simplest might understand, but which, from the objects represented, might be read, perhaps with some interest, by those whose minds were cultivated. Above fourteen of these little Poems were composed with this view, many years ago; but it was not thought of extending their knowledge beyond the village circle, to which they were originally limited, except by a very few copies given away.

I have now added to the number, and revised the whole; thinking, when early Education is so widely extended, they may be found, on a wider scale, answer the purpose for which they were written. They may be also found acceptable to Mothers, in a higher station of Life, who might wish to impress on their children's memory, as they grow up, a love of natural scenes, combined with the earliest feelings of sympathy and religion.

Some of the Compositions, such as "The Mower," "Swan," etc. were purposely designed for the exercise of an advanced intellect.

W. L. B.

PATH OF LIFE.

Oh Lord—in sickness and in health,
To every lot resign'd,
Grant me, before all worldly wealth,
A meek and thankful mind.

As life, thy upland path I tread,
And often pause in pain,
To think of friends and parents dead,
Oh! let me not complain.

The Lord may give me take away,
But nought our faith can move,
While I to Heaven can look, and say,
"Our FATHER lives above."

SUN-RISE.

When from my humble bed I rise,
And see the morning Sun;
Who, glorious in the eastern skies,
My journey has begun;

I think of that Almighty power,
Which call'd this orb from night;
I think how many at this hour
Rejoice beneath its light.

And then I pray, in every land,
Where'er this light is shed,
That all who live may bless the hand
Which gives their daily bread.

SUMMER'S EVENING.

As homeward by the evening star
I pass along the plain,
I see the taper's light afar
Shine through our cottage-pane.

My brothers and my sisters dear,
The child upon the knee,
Spring, when my hastening steps they hear,
And smile to welcome me.

And when the fire is growing dim,
And mother's labours cease,
I fold my hands, and say my hymn,
And lay me down in peace.

SPRING.—CUCKOO.

The bee is humming in the sun,
The yellow cowslip springs,
And hark! from yonder woodland's side
Again the Cuckoo sings!

"Cuckoo—Cuckoo!" another note,
She sings from day to day;
But I, though a poor cottager,
Can work, and read, and pray.

And whilst in knowledge I rejoice,
Which heavenly truth displays,
Oh! let me still employ my voice,
In my Redeemer's praise.

SHEEP-FOLD.

The sheep were in the fold at night,
And now, a new-born lamb
Totters and trembles in the light,
Or bleats beside its dam.

How anxiously the mother tries,
With every tender care,
To keep it from inclement skies,
And the cold morning air!

The hail-storm of the east is fled,
She with joy swell,
While ever she bends her head,
I hear the tinkling bell.

So while for a mother's prayer
Ascends to Heaven above,
May I repay her tender care
With gratitude and love.

HEN AND CHICKENS.

See, sister, where the chickens trip,
All busy in the morn;
Look! how their heads they dip and dip,
To peck the scatter'd corn.

Dear sister, shall shut eyes,
And to the sight be blind,
Nor think of who food supplies,
To and all mankind!

Whether be much or few,
Or fine coarse our fare,
To Heaven's protecting care is due
The voice of praise and prayer.

POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

Old Andrews of the hut is dead,
And many a child appears,
While slowly "dust to dust" is read,
Around his grave in tears.

he is gone, where small and great
And poor, and high and low,
And Dives, proud in worldly state,
And Lazarus must go.

May among the just be found,
Though short our sojourn here,
Who, when the trump of doom shall sound,
May hear it without fear.

SUNDAY MORNING.

The Sunday bells knolling slow,
The Summer morn how fair,
While father, mother, children, go,
And seek the house of prayer.

Some musing roam the church-yard round,
Some turn their head with sighs,
And gaze upon the new-made ground,
Where old Giles Summers lies.

But see, the Pastor in his band,
The bells have ceased to knoll,
Now enter, and God's command,
Think, Christian, of thy soul.

Whilst heavenly hopes around thee shine,
As in God's presence live,
And calmer comforts shall be thine
Than all the world can give.

PRIMROSE.

'T is the first primrose! how meek,
Yet beautiful it looks;
As just a lesson it may speak
As that which is in books.

While gardens show in flow'ring pride,
The lily's stately ranks,
 loves its modest head to hide
Beneath the bramble-banks.

And the little cottage-maid
May bloom and die;
 she, when transient flowrets fade,
Shall live with Christ high.

HOOR-GLASS.

As by my mother's side I stand,
Whose hairs from time are few and grey,
I watch the hour-glass shed its sand,
To mark how the night away.

Her sight by age is now decay'd;
The spectacles, to aid her eyes,
Upon the bible leaf are laid
That open in the window lies.

Though age must many ills endure,
As time for ever runs away,
This shows her Christian comforts sure,
And leads to Heaven's eternal day.

BIRD'S NEST.

In yonder brake there is a nest,
But come not, George, too nigh,
Lest the poor mother frighten'd thence,
Should leave her young, and fly.

Think with what pain, through many a day,
Soft moss and straw she brought;
And let our own dear mother's
 present to our thought.

And think how must her heart deplore,
And droop with grief and pain,
 those she rear'd, and nursed, and loved,
She ne'er should again.

MOWER.

Hark! to the mower's whistling blade!
How steadily he mows;
The grass is heap'd, the daisies fade,
All scatter'd as he goes.

So time, with a stern delight,
 human havoc tow'rs;
And sweeps, resistless in his might,
Kingdoms, grass and flowers.

The flow'rs of life may bloom or fade,
But He in whom I trust,
Though cold, and in my grave-clothes laid,
Can raise me from the dust.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Come let us, e'er we go to bed,
O'er the decaying embers chat;
Though little Mary hangs her head,
And strokes ■■■ the purring cat.

And let us tell how pris'ners pine,
In silent dungeons dark and drear,
Whilst in ■■■ face the embers shine,
And all is calm and peaceful here.

The English cot is free from cares;
But see, the brand¹ is wasted quite;
Come little Mary, say your prayers,
Kiss, mother, kiss! good night, good night.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

Let us unfold God's holy book,
And by the taper's light,
With hearts subdued and sober look,
So spend the Sabbath night.

Where now the thoughts of anxious life,
Its guilty pleasures where?
Here dies its loud and mourning strife,
And all its sounds of care.

Let other views our heart engross;
To our Redeemer true;
Who seems, expiring on the cross,
To say, "I died for you."

APRIL SHOWER.

When rain-drops, glistening from the thatch,
■■■ drops of silver, run,
Our old ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ latch,
To ■■■ ■■■ cheering sun.

She sees ■■■ rainbow in the sky,
But when the Cuckoo sung
She thought upon the years gone by,
When she ■■■ blithe and young.

But God, who comforts want and age,
Shall be her only friend,
And bless, till her long pilgrimage
■■■ silent dust shall end.

WINTER.—REDBREAST.

Poor Robin sits and sings alone,
When show'rs of driving sleet,
By the cold winds of winter blown,
The cottage casement beat.

¹ Brand is a piece ■■■ wood for the fire.

Come, let him share our chimney-nook,
And dry his dripping wing;
See, little Mary shuts her book,
And cries, "poor Robin, sing."

Methinks I hear his faint reply—
"When cowslips deck the plain,
The lark shall carol in the sky,
And I shall sing again."

"But in the cold and wintry day
To you I ■■■ a debt,
That in the sunshine of the May,
I never can forget."

BUTTERFLY AND BEE.

Methought I heard ■■■ butterfly
Say to a labouring bee,
"Thou hast ■■■ colours of the sky,
On painted wings like me!"

"Poor child of vanity, those dyes
And colours bright and rare
(With mild reproof the bee replies),
Are all beneath my care."

"Content I toil from morn to eve,
And scorning idleness,—
To tribes of gaudy sloth I leave
The vanities of dress."

GLOW-WORM.

Oh! what is this which shines so bright,
And in the lonely place
Hangs out his small green lamp at night,
The dewy bank to grace?

It is a glow-worm—Still and pale,
It shines the whole night long,
When only stars, Oh! nightingale,
Seem list'ning to thy song.

And so, amid the world's cold night,
Through good report ■■■ ill,
Shines out the humble Christian's light,
As lonely and ■■■ still.

THE CONVICT.

Luke Andrews is transported! ■■■ ■■■
To ■■■ his Sisters, Mother, or the shore
Of ■■■ Country! ■■■ more to see
The cottage smoke rise o'er the sheltering tree:
Never again beneath the morning beam,
"Jocund to drive a-field his tinkling team!"
When first the path of Idleness he trod,
And left, on Sabbath-days, the House of God—
The fellowship of wild companions kept—
How oft at night his mother waked and wept!
When he is homeless, and far off at sea,
She ■■■ will sigh—"Does he REMEMBER me?"
Remember her! alas the thought is vain;
She ne'er will ■■■ him in this world again!

And she is broken-hearted; but her trust
Is still in him whose works and ways are just.
Oh! may we still revere his great command,
And die remember'd, in ■■■ native land!

■■■ BLIND GRANDFATHER.

THOUGH grandfather has long been blind,
And his few locks are grey,
He loves to hear the Summer wind
Round his pale temples play.

We'll lead him to ■■■ quiet place,
Some unfrequented nook,
Where winds breathe soft, and wild flowers grace
The borders of the brook.

There he shall sit, as in ■ dream,
Though nought he can behold,
Till the brook's murmur—it shall seem,
The voice of friends of old.

Think no ■■■ of them, aged man,
For here thou hast ■ friend;
Think—since this life is but ■ span,
Of joys that have no end.

OLD LABOURER.

ARE you not tired, O poor old man?
The drops are on your brow;
Your labour with the Sun began,
And you are labouring now. ■

« I murmur not to dig the soil,
For I have heard it read,
That man by industry, and toil,
Must eat his daily bread.

• The lark awakes me with his song,
That hails the morrow grey,
And when I mourn for human wrong,
I think of God, and pray. »

Let worldlings ■ waste their time and health,
And try each vain delight;
They cannot buy, with all their wealth,
The labourer's rest at night.

THE SWAN.

Look at the Swan! how still he goes!
His neck and breast like silver gleam;
He ■■ majestic ■ he rows,—
The glory of the lonely stream.

There is ■ glory in the war,
A glory, when the warrior wears
(His visage mark'd with many ■ scar)
The laurel, wet with human tears.

Those scenes, no glory can impart,
With trumps, and drums, and noises rude,
Like that which fills his silent heart,
Who walks with God in quietude.

• ■ Those whose thoughts are only of this world.

THE VILLAGE BELLS.

Who does not love the village bells?
The cheerful peal, and solemn toll—
One of the rustic wedding tells,
And ■■ bespeaks ■ parting soul.

The lark in sunshine sings his song;
And, dress'd in garments white and gay,
The village lasses trip along,
For this is Susan's wedding-day.

Ah! gather flow'rs of ■■■ hue,
Young violets from the bank's green side,
And on poor Mary's coffin strew,
For in the bloom of youth she died.

So passes life!—the smile, the tear,
Succeed as on our path we stray;
Thy ■ KINGDOM COME! for we ■■ here,
As guests who tarry but a day. »

STAR-LIGHT FROST.

The stars are shining over head,
In the clear frosty night;
So will they shine when we are dead,
As countless and ■ bright.

For brief the time and short the space
That e'en the proudest have,
Ere they conclude their various race
In silence and the grave.

But the pure soul, from dust shall rise,
By ■■ great Saviour's aid,
When the last trump shall rend the skies,
And all the stars shall fade.

BIRD IN CAGE.

Oh! who would keep ■ little bird confined?
When cowslip bells are nodding in the wind,
When every hedge as with « Good-morrow rings, »
And heard from wood to coombe, the black-bird sings.
Oh! who would keep a little bird confined
In his cold wiry prison? Let him fly,
And hear him sing, « How sweet is Liberty! »

DUTIFUL CHILD,

READING THE STORY OF JOSEPH TO A SICK FATHER.

BROTHER and sister are a-Maying gone;
By my sick father's bed I watch alone;
Light in the sun, from field to field they roam,
To bring ■ cowslip-bell or May-thorn home:
■ sit and read of Joseph, in the land
Of Egypt, when his guilty brothers stand
Before him,—but they know him not—aside
■ ■■ his face, the bursting tears to hide,
Scarce to these words an utterance he can give:—
« I am your brother, Joseph—doth he live?
My father? the old man of whom ye speak? »
And tears are falling on my father's cheek.

Though my poor mother rests among the dead,
 And pain and sickness visit this sad bed,
 We think not, while ■ turn the holy page,
 Of this vain world—of sorrow, or of age—
 And oh! my Father—I ■ bless'd indeed—
 Bless'd for your sake—that I have learnt to read.

■ SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG, ON ■ WILTSHIRE
 DOWNS.

■ dog and I ■ both grown old,
 On these wild downs we watch all day;
 He looks in my face when the wind blows cold,
 And thus methinks I hear him say:

« The grey stone circle¹ is below,
 The village smoke ■ ■ our feet,
 We nothing hear but the sailing crow,
 And wand'ring flocks that ■ and bleat:

« Far off the early horseman hies,
 In shower, or sun-shine riding on;—
 Yonder the dusty whirlwind flies;
 The distant coach ■ seen and gone.

« Though solitude around is spread,
 Master, alone thou shalt not be;
 And when the turf is ■ thy head,
 I only shall remember thee.»

I mark'd his look of faithful care,
 I placed my hand ■ his shaggy side,
 « There is a sun that shines above,
 A ■ that shines ■ both, I cried.»

¹ Avebury.

LITTLE MARY'S LINNET.

DEAR Mary, if thy little bird
 Should ■ the winter long,
 Pleased from the window to be heard,
 Repay thy kindness with a song.

A lesson let it still convey,
 To all with sense endued,
 « And such the voice, » oh, let it say,
 « The still small voice of love.»

WITHERED LEAF.

On! mark the wither'd leaves that fall
 In silence to the ground;
 Upon the human heart they call,
 And preach without a sound.

They say, « so passes man's brief year!
 To-day his green leaves wave;
 To-morrow, changed by time, and sore,¹
 He drops into the grave.»

Let wisdom be our sole concern,
 Since life's green days how brief!
 And faith, and heavenly hope, shall learn
 A lesson from THE LEAF.

¹ Dry, withered.

THE END.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN WILSON.

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Memoir of Professor Wilson.

JOHN WILSON, the distinguished poet and scholar, ■ born in the month of May 1789, in Paisley, North Britain. He ■ chiefly educated at the residence of a clergyman of the Established Church of Scotland, within a few miles of his native town. Having inherited a good fortune, he at ■ early age entered the University of Oxford ■ ■ gentleman commoner, after going through ■ preparatory course of tuition under Dr Jardine of Glasgow University. At both places he exhibited specimens of his talents, far outshining his compeers; at Oxford gaining Sir Roger Newdigate's prize for English poetry in the teeth of three thousand competitors. Magdalen was the college at which he entered himself, and to which he belonged for nearly four years, or until he left the university in 1807. At this college he pursued a life of study and boisterous relaxation intermingled. He had his intimates among all classes, from the doctor in divinity to the stable-boy. He was fond of exhibiting his skill in pugilism, and ever ready to exercise his talents in that ■ refined ■ art with any who would engage with him, noble or ignoble, gentle or simple. Strong and active in frame, and fond of gymnastic exercises, he gave his inclination for such sports the fullest range.

Of the sum left him by his father, amounting to 40,000*l.*, a great part ■ lost, through the failure of a mercantile concern in which it ■ embarked. Being warned of the danger, he hastened ■ withdraw his funds, but arrived in Glasgow three hours too late. ■ ■ after quitting the university he purchased ■ beautiful estate, called Elleray, ■ few miles from Ambleside, on the noble Lake of Winandermere in Cumberland, one of the finest and most picturesque sites in England. The house, which stands on a sort of mountain terrace, high over one side of the lake, is ■ most commodious one in every respect, and ■ planned by himself and erected under his own superintendence. It is backed by deep woods, shielding it from the storms to which its lofty situation exposes it; while the view from the front is very rarely surpassed for magnificence and beauty. In front below, the lake expands its noble waters, and beyond them rise ridges of romantic and rugged mountains. No

poet in Europe has ■ noble and agreeable ■ residence. Lord of his domain, with every comfort and convenience of life, ■ spacious habitation and literary leisure, few writers have ever had finer opportunities for courting the ■ ■ or have lived so little unvexed by the inquietudes of ■ dinary existence.

At ■ period of his life, full of buoyant spirits and high excitement, the poet established ■ sailing-club on the Lake of Winandermere. He lavished large sums of money upon the scheme, and would not be outdone in the splendour of his vessels by ■ of larger fortunes. He sent for shipwrights from the nearest sea-ports to construct his little vessels, of which he had ■ number on the lake ■ one time; one of these, his largest, cost him five hundred pounds. He also kept a number of seamen to man them, and lavished his money profusely on his dependants. At one place he had an establishment for his boatmen; ■ another, one for his servants, and ■ third for himself. These expenses, continued for ■ considerable time, together with the pecuniary loss above alluded to, impaired his fortune, and are supposed ■ have led him ultimately to be a successful candidate for the chair of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, which he obtained in 1820.

In early life he was as active in mind ■ in body. About eighteen years of age, he had ■ idea of penetrating to Timbuctoo, without any just notions of the danger and hazard of such an enterprize, but simply from the excitement the adventure created in his mind, and the desire ■ attempt something striking and important. The certain death that awaited ■ of his temperament, which is irritable and febrile, never entered into his head. Naturally careless of his health, he would from the first have exposed himself needlessly, and been added one of the speediest victims to the horrible African climate that its melancholy list can show. This scheme he ultimately dropped. We have heard that when young he left his friends, and, from mere love of adventure, for he ■ without fixed aim in most of his eccentricities, served at ■ as ■ ship-boy. However trying for his family, this youthful frolic may have contributed one of the brightest

gems to the poet's crown, since to it — must be indebted for many of the beauties in his splendid description of ■ shipwreck beginning,

So stately her bearing, ■ proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and aye ;
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast,
—Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.
Isle of Palms, Canto I.

He also formed the idea of visiting the Spanish provinces, the islands of the Mediterranean, Turkey, Syria, and Egypt; but the occupation of Spain by Napoleon put an end to this project. ■ subsequently confined himself to his estate of Elleray, occupying himself with the various pleasures ■ country-life affords, until 1810, when he married Miss Penny (whose sister is married ■ his brother), ■ Westmoreland lady of beauty and considerable accomplishments, having, moreover, ■ dower of ten thousand pounds. His marriage has been ■ ■ fortunate one, and has produced two sons and three daughters. Peace and comfort have shed happiness over his domestic retirement, and thus (the fate of few literary men) even love has blessed him.

On the death of Dr Thomas Brown, the successor of Dugald Stuart in the chair of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, Wilson became the candidate to fill the vacant office. His election was violently opposed. The rival candidate too was unfortunately his early friend, but a man of honour, a scholar, and ■ gentleman. The partisans of the two candidates were alone intemperate, for the latter were, speedily after the election, ■ warm friends as ever. It suffices to say that Wilson succeeded in obtaining the chair after a ■ contest; and the manner in which he fills it fully justifies the partiality of his friends. His bearing towards his pupils is most engaging; his lectures, always talented, are often splendid, and not unfrequently adorned by bursts of the ■ impassioned eloquence.

There ■ a great many anecdotes of our Poet in his moments of hilarity, which savour too much of scandal to be recorded here. His fondness of the social circle and his love of the whimsical, are notorious; and the tales of his follies and juvenile extravagances among his friends, are numerous in their recollection. At the lake, he is adored. Besides being esteemed the first angler of the district, his innumerable feats of prowess are there narrated with enthusiasm. He is said to have soundly drubbed six gypseys one after the other, probably by way of rendering them less rude when they should next meet any ■ journeying alone at night. To prove that his lessons in politeness were not to be limited to the ■ vulgar, he once "thrashed" an English lord, who had insulted his wife and some ladies whilst

drinking tea at an inn ■ the Lake. In the course of ■ of his rambles through the Highlands of Scotland, his personal strength again stood him in good stead. Having incautiously got into ■ quarrel with ■ gentleman-drover at a fair held near Rothiemurchus, he thereby incurred the vengeance of the whole brotherhood of which his muscular antagonist was a member. Noted as these men ■ for strength and recklessness, it is ■ surprising if our hero, after displaying courage which awed even the mountaineers, was indebted for safety to the advice of a gentleman who, without knowing the celebrity of the stranger, prevailed on him to withdraw from ■ contest where he stood singly opposed to the unsparing resentment, not only of all the cattle-dealers of the district, but of all the Grants, ■ whose numerous clan his first opponent belonged. The gentleman who had thus exerted himself was not ■ little surprised to learn from the card presented by the stranger, that his interference in a vulgar brawl had procured him ■ introduction to ■ poet whom he had long admired.—Having thus entered on the "hair-breadth 'scapes" of our author, we may mention that, when a student at Oxford, he and about fifteen others, having gone to bathe in the river Thames within sight of a number of professors seated in a barge, made an attack, stark-naked, upon seventy people (men and women) hoeing in ■ adjoining field, who had pelted them with turf. The onset was successful, and promised an easy triumph. But the enemy, rallying, cut off their passage to the river. Here the struggle became dire, and threatened to end too heroically. Our shieldless warriors, however, performed deeds of unequalled valour, reached the steep bank, leapt into the affrighted waves, and gained the opposite shore without loss of limb.—As ■ further illustration of the Poet's character, we extract the following from a sketch of his life in the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*:—"Represent to yourself the earliest dawn of a fine summer morning, time about half past two o'clock. A young man, anxious for an introduction to Mr Wilson, and ■ yet pretty nearly ■ stranger to the country, has taken up his abode in Grasmere, and has strolled out at this early hour to that rocky and moorish common (called the White Moss), which overhangs the vale of Rydal, dividing it from Grasmere. Looking southwards in the direction of Rydal, suddenly he becomes aware of ■ huge beast advancing at ■ long trot, with the heavy and thundering tread of ■ hippopotamus along the public road. The creature is soon arrived within half-a-mile of his station; and by the grey light of morning is at length made out to be a bull, apparently flying from some unseen enemy

in his rear. As yet however all is mystery: but suddenly three horsemen double a turn in the road, and come flying into sight with the speed of a hurricane, manifestly in pursuit of the fugitive bull: the bull labours to navigate his huge bulk to the moor, which he reaches, and then pauses, panting and blowing out clouds of smoke from his nostrils, to look back from his station amongst rocks and slippery crags upon his hunters. If he had conceived that the rockiness of the ground had secured his repose, the foolish bull is soon undeceived: the horsemen, scarcely relaxing their speed, charge up the hill, and speedily gaining the back of the bull, drive him at a gallop over the worst part of that impracticable ground down into the level ground below. At this point of time the stranger perceives by the increasing light of the morning that the hunters are armed with immense spears 14 feet long. With these the bull is dislodged and scouring down the plain below: he and the hunters at his tail take to the water at the head of the lake, and all, in the madness of the chase, are soon half engulfed in the swamps of the lake. After plunging together for 10 or 15 minutes, all suddenly regain the *terra firma*, and the bull again makes for the rocks. Up to this moment there had been the silence of ghosts; and the stranger had doubted whether the spectacle were not a pageant of aerial spectres, ghostly huntsmen, ghostly lances, and a ghostly bull. But just at this crisis—a voice (it was the voice of Mr Wilson) shouted aloud, ‘Turn the villain: turn that villain: or he will take to Cumberland.’ The young stranger did the service required of him: the villain was turned and fled southwards: the hunters, lance in rest, rushed after him: all bowed their thanks as they fled past him: the fleet cavalcade again took the high-road; they doubled the cape which shut them out of sight; and in a moment all had disappeared and left the quiet valley to its original silence; whilst the young stranger and two grave Westmoreland gentlemen (who by this time had come into sight upon an accident or other) stood wondering in silence and saying to themselves, perhaps

The earth hath bubbles as the water hath;
And these are of them!

But they were no bubbles: the bull was a substantial bull; and took no harm at all from being turned out occasionally at midnight for a chase of 15 or 18 miles. The bull, no doubt, used to wonder at this nightly visitation; and the back of the bull must sometimes have pondered a little on the draggled state in which the swamps would now and then leave his beast: but on other occasions of it. And so it happened, and in

the very hurly-burly of such an unheard-of chase, that my friend Wilson, fortunate enough, by a little service, to recommend himself to the notice of Professor Wilson: and so passed the scene of his first introduction. This particular frolic happened to fall within the earliest period of my own personal acquaintance with the poet. Else, and with this one exception, the era of his wildest (and according to the common estimate, of his insane) extravagances, was already past. All those stories, of his having joined a company of strolling players, and himself taken the leading parts both in tragedy and comedy—of his having assumed the garb of a gypsy, and settled for some time in a gypsy encampment, and of admiration for a young Egyptian beauty; with fifty others of the same class, belong undoubtedly (as many of them as are not wholly fabulous) to the four years immediately preceding the year 1808, when my personal knowledge of Mr Wilson commenced.

However opposite to the inference which might be drawn from some of the preceding anecdotes, I must do Professor Wilson the justice to declare that he is remarkable for good-nature. His countenance is full of intelligence, his eyes very light blue, his hair is yellow, his complexion fair. When young he was pronounced handsome; but this could hardly be said in sober seriousness, or was the partial opinion of his very partial friends. His stature is nearly six feet, robust, strongly made, but not in good proportion, his body being too short for his legs; and hence probably arose his talent as a leaper, in which when young he was wont to excel all his companions. The first time he distinguished himself in this capacity, was at a competition amongst the picked men of the country, when, leaping to show them the spirit of ‘Old Scotland,’ he came off decidedly superior. On another occasion, however, he was less successful. Having privately leaped over a canal of considerable breadth, he engaged to perform the same feat in public, but, awed probably by the unnerving gaze of an immense multitude, he failed in his bold attempt and alighted, not on the further bank, but in the very middle of its sluggish waters.—His complexion is florid, and thus at variance with the colour of his hair. His eyes are not good, but the lower part of his face is excellent. The expression of his countenance is lofty and sagacious, but without handsomeness of feature as a whole. He is not the man to impress a stranger at first sight with a sense of the intellectual power he possesses; but he would still attract attention from his appearance even in a numerous company, without the observer being able to explain the particular reason why he did so.

Wilson has the power in conversation of changing rapidly from the serious to the ludicrous, seeming though he is in earnest about neither. He is not strictly eloquent in conversation, but what he says, when warmed during one of his frequent renewals of conviviality, is strongly impregnated with feeling. His manner and style of delivery are not what would be expected from one whose education and mental powers are so extensive. One who boasts of having been his friend for twenty years, says: "In the course of my life, I have met with no man of equally varied accomplishments, or, upon the whole, so well entitled to be ranked with that order of men distinguished by brilliant versatility and ambi-dexterity. Besides his other acquirements, he is a naturalist, and of original merit; in fact worth a score of such meagre bookish naturalists as are formed in libraries and by second-hand acts of memory; having (like Audubon) built much of his knowledge upon personal observation. Hence he has two great advantages: one, that his knowledge is accurate in a very unusual degree; and another, that this knowledge having grown up under the inspiration of a real interest and an unaffected love for its objects,—commencing, indeed, at an age when no affectation in matters of that nature could exist—has settled upon those facts and circumstances which have a true philosophical value: habits, predominant affections, the direction of instincts and the compensatory processes where these happen to be thwarted,—on all such topics he is learned and full; whilst on the science of measurements and proportions, applied to dorsal-fins and tail-feathers, and on the exact arrangement of colours, etc. that petty upholstery of nature, on which books are so tedious and elaborate,—not uncommonly he is negligent or forgetful. What may have served in later years to quicken and stimulate his knowledge in this field, and, at any rate greatly to extend it, is the conversation of his brother Mr James Wilson, the well-known naturalist." The poet is irregular and diffuse in his declamation and language, and even inaccurate. His thoughts, however, are rich and full to an overflow, from the suggestions of a vivid imagination. He flings his whole soul into the theme of his conversation, and scatters in too great profusion the fruits of his fancy. Wilson is no friend to thin potations, and has the reputation of being a staunch adherent to the pleasures of the after-dinner glass. The stimulus of the wine sets his eloquence in full career, and the poet is never heard to more advantage than in the convivial hour.

The conduct of "Blackwood's Magazine" is generally understood to be in the hands of Wilson.

This publication owes its success (barring party principles), to the playful, cutting, and acute articles of Wilson. In other literary publications there is much of the lamp, the toil of the student, and cold correct cation observed. In "Blackwood" the articles come out warmly and fluently as they would be spoken, with irregularity, whim, sportiveness, satire, and what not, *currente calamo*; all perfectly after nature. This is the secret of its success, and originates in the style and manner of Wilson himself. It is in this respect his very counterpart. The gall and wormwood, the ferocious Tory zeal, the severe castigations, and the good-nature, the strong truth, and the lenient or biting criticism, flow in the same breath and from the same source. They have all the variety of Wilson's conversation and the force and vigour of his thoughts impressed upon them; and many of his own articles furnish an extraordinary contrast to those which preceded them, as if they could never in the nature of things have proceeded from the same pen, running one so counter to another. If Campbell, in the conduct of the "New Monthly Magazine," is too timidly correct, so as to paralyze the pens of his contributors, no such fault can be attached to Wilson. He suffers them to run wild, and seems to enjoy the exuberance of fancy which is thus constantly developing itself. Wilson's known animosity to those opposed to him in the field of politics, is more editorial than personal. There was even a time when his political principles leaned the other way, and the last to champion the cause of high church and ultra toryism that could be named, would have been Professor Wilson. Time works marvellous changes, and the levity of his physiognomy, such as it frequently assumes, and the versatility of his talents, seem to have extended themselves to principles. Wilson is a highly-gifted man, and had he devoted himself steadily to any pursuit, such as law or divinity, he would have arisen to the highest summit of professional honour. He appears to have, at one time, turned his attention to the Scottish bar, but abandoned that career at the time of his marriage.

In addition to his high reputation as a poet, Professor Wilson enjoys that of successful authorship in another department of literature. To his pen are generally attributed the prose tales entitled "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay," and "the Foresters;" the two first of which are happily characterized in the following extract which, coming evidently from one who has had frequent opportunity to judge of him as a Professor, is interesting from containing a high eulogium on our poet in that graver capacity:—"Few need be reminded of

the rancorous opposition which endeavoured to decry the talents of Mr Wilson, when about to succeed Dr Thomas Brown, as professor of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh : and we had not now alluded to it, did not this circumstance account for a prejudice whose operation may still be traced in criticisms and allusions unavailingly intended to diminish the confidence reposed in him as a teacher, and the popularity he has acquired as an author. Well, however, may his admirers regard these with indifference. Censure, originating in such a feeling, falls harmless on its object; or, if not an 'honourable sentence,' is more than balanced by the good opinion of unbiassed judges. The voice of detraction already begins to be disregarded: Professor Wilson has secured from the candid that approbation which will increase with the lapse of years; and never was respect more sincere, gratitude more warm, entertained by pupils towards a master, than that with which he is regarded by all who have been thrilled by his eloquence, or roused into exertion by his praise. In unsphering the spirit of ancient systems, and in reconciling the discrepancies of later theories, he employs that felicity of style and of argument which carries conviction to the serious, while it commands attention from the volatile. In tracing the mysterious connections of human thought, and in recommending that conduct which may lead to a haven of rest when the turmoil of life is o'er, his audience is carried along by illustrations, original and apposite, so judiciously alternating with grave detail, that applause extorted by the poet is renewed by the display of metaphysical skill. The simple affections, the humble occupations of lowly life, with all the variety of mountain and meadow, of sunshine and storm, by which the Scottish peasant is surrounded, are frequently selected for this purpose; and few of his hearers, revisiting the haunts of infancy, can fail to experience the new interest with which many a scene and many a well-known fashion have become invested, through the magic influence of eloquent description. Akin to this must be the effect produced by his 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,' when first met with in a foreign land: in the case, objects present to the eye, are gazed upon with that feeling of novelty excited by the notice 'their likes' may have attracted in the halls of learning; in the other, the heart, 'long abandoned by pleasure,' reverts to scenes vividly recalled, though present only in imagination. The home of his early years—the image of a tender mother, of a revered father—the affection of a beloved brother, of an amiable sister—the cherished form of one around whom all the bright hopes of future bliss

are entwined; the rippling brook by whose margin she may have pledged her willing faith; the trees whose bark may bear record of their youthful love—all, by some individual tale, nay, some detached phrase, will, in a single moment, be recalled with an intensity of emotion causing him

Whom fortune leads to traverse realms alone,

for a time to forget that he is still on Indian plains, separated by half the globe from scenes suggested to the eye of fancy. The only fault we find with this work is, that its author regards humanity with a favourable eye, as overlook those shadows which, oft, obscure the brighter parts of Scottish life.

The applause of every feeling heart,—the gratitude of thousands whom it has soothed in adversity—pining under disease, withering 'neath 'the world's dread laugh'—bear out in pronouncing the *Trials of Margaret Lindsay* to be more nearly

One pure and perfect chrysolite,

than any similar performance we could name. This opinion, we confess, was not the immediate result of a first perusal. The part of Margaret's history connected with a villain, whose name we are glad to have forgot—a radical, or 'friend of the people,' however,—is most painful to the feelings; but what has been said of the compositions of Madame Cottin may, with much justice, be applied to our author: viz. that he 'seldom loves to excite attention by a display of the ignoble or unholy passions. Unfortunately, these must, in a measure, enter every picture of life and manners; but it is only when they must enter that they are here admitted: they are shown, but not so prominently as to enter with those gentler and more agreeable images that fill the sight. They are as flying clouds to throw a shadow over the current, not as a miry infusion to sully its clearness.' This work would be a treasure to the psychologist, were it only for the touching fidelity with which it portrays the feelings of those

Find the dawn,

So thick a drop hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veild.

The pathos of those passages where blind Esther, poor Marion, is spoken of, might call a tear into the most unwonted eye.—*Specimens of the Novelists and Romancers; with Notices Biographical and Critical.*

The residence of Professor Wilson is now principally in Edinburgh, where he mingles much in a society which his talents are well calculated to adorn. Neither he nor his family, however, ap-

pear to join with much ■■■ in the gaieties of the fashionable circles of the Scottish metropolis. Led by circumstances to give up the freedom of ■ country life for the drudgery of ■ professorship, he makes the best of the evil, and finds a substitute in the free interchange of thought with friends for the rural liberty of which he was ever so fond, and from which it could never have been supposed, at ■■■ time of his life, that anything short of absolute force could have disunited him.

In 1812, Wilson published his "Isle of Palms,"

said ■■■ have been written at the age of eighteen. The "City of the Plague" appeared in 1816, accompanied, ■■■ was his first large work, by various miscellaneous poems; and he is said to have been long employed in preparing a volume, which will be entitled "Lays from Fairy Land."— Though his works have not met a very extensive circulation, his poetical productions display great power and originality, and justly entitle him to the praises that have been bestowed on talents so rich and so varied.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN WILSON.

TO ALEXANDER BLAIR,

MY BEST AND DEAREST FRIEND, THESE WORKS ARE
BY THE AUTHOR.

The Isle of Palms.

CANTO I.

It is the midnight hour :—the beauteous Sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes.
As if the Ocean's heart were stirr'd
With inward life, a sound is heard,
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep ;
'T is partly the billow, and partly the air
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy deep.
The sea, I ween, cannot be fann'd
By evening freshness from the land,
For the land it is far away ;
But God hath will'd that the sky-born breeze
In the centre of the loneliest
Should ever sport and play.
The mighty Moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,
A zone of dim and tender light
That makes her wakeful eye more bright :
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellow'd day !
The gracious Mistress of the Main
Hath now an undisturbed reign,
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest !

My spirit sleeps amid the calm
The sleep of a new delight ;
And hopes that she ne'er may awake again,
But for ever hang o'er the lovely main,
And adore the lovely night.
Scarce conscious of an earthly frame,
She glides away like a lambent flame,
And in her bliss she sings ;
Now touching softly the Ocean's breast,

Now 'mid the stars she lies at rest,
As if she sail'd on wings !
Now hold an the brightest star that glows
More brightly since it first it rose,
Looks down on the far-off Flood,
And there all breathless and alone,
As the sky where she were a world of her own,
She mocketh that gentle Mighty One
As he lies in his quiet mood.
' Art thou,' she breathes, ' the Tyrant grim
That scoffs at human prayers,
Answering with prouder roar the while,
As it rises from this lonely isle,
Through groans raised wild, the hopeless hymn
Of shipwreck'd mariners ?
Oh ! Thou art harmless as a child
Weary with joy, and reconciled
For sleep to change its play ;
And now that night hath stay'd thy race
Smiles wander o'er thy placid face
As if thy dreams were gay.'—

And can it be that for me alone
The Main and Heavens are spread ?
Oh ! whither, in this holy hour,
Have those fair Creatures fled,
To whom the ocean-plains are given
As clouds possess their native heaven ?
The tiniest boat, that sail'd
Upon an inland lake,
Might through this sea without a fear
Her silent journey take,
Though the helmsman slept as if on land,
And the oar had dropp'd from the rowers' hand.
How like a monarch would she glide,
While the hush'd billow kiss'd her side
With low and lulling tone,
Some stately Ship, that from afar
Shone sudden, like a rising star,
With all her bravery on !
List ! how in murmurs of delight

The blessed airs of Heaven invite
 The joyous bark to pass one night
 Within their still domain!
 O grief! that yonder gentle Moon,
 Whose smiles for ever fade ■ soon,
 Should waste such smiles in vain.
 Haste! haste! before the moonshine dies
 Dissolved amid the morning skies,
 While yet the silvery glory lies
 Above the sparkling foam;
 Bright 'mid surrounding brightness, Thou,
 Scattering fresh beauty from thy prow,
 In pomp and splendour come!

And lo! upon the marmuring waves
 A glorious Shape appearing!
 A broad-wing'd Vessel, through the shower
 Of glimmering lustre steering!
 As if the beauteous ship enjoy'd
 The beauty of the sea,
 She lifteth up her stately head
 And saileth joyfully.
 A lovely path before her lies,
 A lovely path behind;
 She sails amid the loveliness
 Like a thing with heart and mind.
 Fit pilgrim through ■ scene ■ fair,
 Slowly she beareth on;
 A glorious phantom of the deep,
 Risen up to meet the Moon.
 The Moon bids her tenderest radiance fall
 On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings,
 And the quiet voice of the rocking sea
 To cheer the gliding vision sings.
 Oh! ne'er did sky and water blend
 In such a holy sleep,
 Or bathe in brighter quietude
 A roamer of the deep.
 So far the peaceful soul of Heaven
 Hath settled on the sea,
 It seems as if this weight of calm
 Were from eternity.
 O World of Waters! the steadfast earth
 Ne'er lay entranced like Thee!

Is she a vision wild and bright,
 That sails amid the still moon-light
 At the dreaming soul's command?
 A vessel borne by magic gales,
 All rigg'd with gossamery sails,
 And bound for Fairy-land?
 Ah! no!—an earthly freight she bears,
 Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears;
 And lonely as she seems to be,
 Thus left by herself on the moonlight sea
 In loneliness that rolls,
 She hath ■ constant company,
 In sleep, or waking revelry,
 Five hundred human souls!
 Since first she sail'd from fair England,
 Three moons her path have cheer'd;
 And another lights her lovelier lamp
 Since the Cape hath disappear'd.
 For an Indian Isle she shapes her way:
 With constant mind both night and day

She seems to hold her home in view,
 And sails, as if the path she knew;
 So calm and stately is her motion
 Across th' unfathom'd trackless ocean.

And well, glad Vessel! mayst thou stem
 The tide with lofty breast,
 And ■ thy queen-like diadem
 O'er these thy realms of rest:
 For a thousand beings, now far away,
 Behold thee in their sleep,
 And hush their beating hearts to pray
 That ■ calm may clothe the deep.
 When dimly descending behind the sea
 From the Mountain Isle of Liberty,
 Oh! many a sigh pursued thy vanish'd sail:
 And oft an eager crowd will stand
 With straining gaze on the Indian strand,
 Thy wonted gleam to hail.
 For thou art laden with Beauty and Youth,
 With Honour bold and spotless Truth,
 With fathers, who have left in a home of rest
 Their infants smiling at the breast,
 With children who have bade their parents farewell,
 Or who go ■ the land where their parents dwell.
 God speed thy course, thou gleam of delight!
 From rock and tempest clear;
 Till signal-gun from friendly height
 Proclaim, with thundering cheer,
 To joyful groups on the harbour bright,
 That the good ship HOPE is near!

Is no one on the silent deck
 Save the helmsman who sings for a breeze,
 And the sailors who pace their midnight watch,
 Still as the slumbering seas?
 Yes! side by side, and hand in hand,
 Close to the prow two figures stand,
 Their shadows never stir,
 And fondly as the moon doth rest
 Upon the Ocean's gentle breast,
 So fond they look on her.
 They gaze and gaze till the beauteous orb
 Seems made for them alone:
 They feel as if their home were Heaven,
 And the earth a dream that hath flown.
 Softly they lean on each other's breast,
 In holy bliss reposing,
 Like two fair clouds to the vernal air,
 In folds of beauty closing.
 The tear down their glad faces rolls,
 And ■ silent prayer is in their souls,
 While the voice of awaken'd memory,
 Like ■ low and plaintive melody,
 Sings in their hearts,—a mystic voice,
 That bids them tremble and rejoice.
 And Faith, who oft had lost her power
 In the darkness of the midnight hour,
 When the planets had roll'd afar,
 Now stirs in their soul with a joyful strife,
 Embued with a genial spirit of life
 By the Moon and the Morning-Star.

A lovelier vision in the moonlight stands,
 Than Bard e'er woo'd in fairy lands,

Or Faith with trance'd eye adored,
 Floating around our dying Lord.
 Her silent face is saintly-pale,
 And sadness shades it like a veil:
 A consecrated nun she seems,
 Whose waking thoughts are deep as dreams,
 And in her hush'd and dim abode
 For ever dwell upon her God,
 Though still the fount of tears and sighs,
 And human sensibilities!
 Well may the Moon delight to shed
 Her softest radiance round that head,
 And mellow the cool ocean air
 That lifts by fits her sable hair.
 These mild and melancholy eyes
 Are dear unto the starry skies,
 As the dim effusion of their rays
 Blends with the glimmering light that plays
 O'er the blue heavens, and snowy clouds,
 The cloud-like sails, and radiant shrouds.
 Fair creature! Thou dost seem to be
 Some wandering spirit of the sea,
 That dearly loves the gleam of sails,
 And o'er them breathes propitious gales.
 Hither thou comest, for one wild hour,
 With him thy sinless paramour,
 To gaze, while the wearied sailors sleep,
 On this beautiful phantom of the deep,
 That seem'd to rise with the rising Moon.
 —But the Queen of Night will be sinking soon,
 Then will you, like two breaking waves,
 Sink softly to your coral caves,
 Or, noiseless as the falling dew,
 Melt into Heaven's delicious blue.

Nay! wrong her not, that Virgin bright!
 Her face is bathed in lovelier light
 Than ever flow'd from eyes
 Of Ocean Nymph, or Sylph of Air!
 The tearful gleam, that trembles there,
 From human dreams must rise.
 Let the Mermaid rest in her sparry cell,
 Her sea-green ringlets braiding!
 The Sylph in viewless ether dwell,
 In clouds her beauty shading!
 My soul devotes her music wild
 To one who is an earthly child,
 But who, wandering through the midnight hour,
 Far from the shade of earthly bower,
 Bestows a tender loveliness,
 A deeper, holier quietness,
 On the moonlight Heaven, and Ocean hoar,
 So quiet and so fair before.
 Yet why does a helpless maiden roam,
 'Mid stranger souls, and far from home,
 Across the faithless deep?
 Oh! fitter far that her gentle mind
 In some sweet inland vale should find
 An undisturbed sleep!

So was it once. Her childish years
 Like clouds pass'd o'er her head,
 When life is all one rosy smile, or tears
 Of natural grief, forgotten soon are shed.
 O'er her own mountains, like a bird
 Glad wandering from its nest,

When the glossy hues of the sunny spring
 Are dancing in its breast,
 With a winged glide this maiden would rove,
 An innocent phantom of beauty and love.
 Far from the haunts of men she grew
 By the side of a lonesome tower,
 Like some solitary mountain-flower,
 Whose veil of wiry dew
 Is only touch'd by the gales that breathe
 O'er the blossoms of the fragrant heath,
 And in its silence melts away
 With those sweet things too pure for earthly day.
 Blest was the lore that Nature taught
 The infant's happy mind,
 Even when each light and happy thought
 Pass'd onwards like the wind,
 Nor longer seem'd to linger there
 Than the whispering sound in her raven-hair.
 Well was she known to each mountain-stream,
 As its own voice, or the fount moon-beam
 That o'er its music play'd:
 The loneliest caves her footsteps heard,
 In lake and tarn oft nightly stir'd
 The Maiden's ghost-like shade.
 But she hath bidden a last farewell
 To lake and mountain, stream and dell,
 And fresh have blown the gales
 For many a mournful night and day,
 Wafting the tall Ship far away
 From her dear native Wales.

And must these eyes,—so soft and mild,
 As angel's bright, a fairy's wild,
 Swimming in lustrous dew,
 Now sparkling lively, gay, and glad,
 And now their spirit melting sad
 In smiles of gentlest blue,—
 Oh! must these eyes be steep'd in tears,
 Bedimm'd with dreams of future years,
 Of what may yet betide
 An Orphan-Maid!—for in the night
 She oft hath started with affright,
 To find herself a bride;
 A bride oppress'd with fear and shame,
 And bearing not Fitz-Owen's name.
 This fearful dream oft haunts her bed,
 For she hath heard of maidens sold,
 In the innocence of thoughtless youth,
 To Guilt and Age for gold;
 Of English maids who pined away
 Beyond the Eastern Main,
 Who smiled, when first they trod that shore,
 But never smiled again.
 In dreams is she such wretched Maid,
 An Orphan, helpless, sold, betray'd!
 And, when the dream hath fled,
 In waking thought she still retains
 The memory of these wildering pains,
 In strange mysterious dread.

Yet oft will happier dreams arise
 Before her charmed view,
 And the powerful beauty of the skies
 Makes her believe them true.
 For who, when nought is heard around
 But the great Ocean's solemn sound,

Feels not as if the Eternal God
 Were speaking in that dread abode?
 An answering voice seems kindly given
 From the multitude of stars in Heaven:
 And oft a smile of moonlight fair,
 To perfect peace hath changed despair.
 Low as we are, ■ blend our fate
 With things ■ beautifully great,
 And though oppress'd with heaviest grief,
 From Nature's bliss we draw relief,
 Assured that God's most gracious eye
 Beholds us in our misery,
 And sends mild sound and lovely sight,
 To change that misery to delight.
 Such is thy faith, O sainted Maid!
 Pensive and pale, but not afraid
 Of Ocean or of Sky,
 Though thou ne'er mayst see the land again,
 And though awful be the lonely Main,
 No fears hast thou to die.
 Whate'er betide of weal or woe,
 When the waves are asleep, or the tempests blow,
 Thou wilt bear with calm devotion;
 For duly every night and morn,
 Sweeter than Mermaid's strains ■ borne
 Thy hymns along the Ocean.

And who is He that fondly presses
 Close to his heart the silken tresses
 That hide her soften'd eyes,
 Whose heart her heaving bosom meets,
 And through the midnight silence beats
 To feel her rising sighs?
 Worthy the Youth, I ween, to rest
 On the fair swellings of her breast,
 Worthy to hush her inmost fears,
 And kiss away her struggling tears:
 For never grovelling spirit stole
 A woman's unpolluted soul!
 To her the vestal fire is given;
 And only fire drawn pure from Heaven
 Can ■ Love's holy shrine descend,
 And there in clouds of fragrance blend.
 Well do I know that stately Youth!
 The broad day-light of cloudless truth
 Like a sun-beam bathes his face;
 Though silent, still ■ gracious smile,
 That rests upon his eyes the while,
 Bestows a speaking grace.
 That smile hath might of magic art,
 To sway at will the stoniest heart,
 As a ship obeys the gale;
 And when his silver voice is heard,
 The coldest blood is warmly stirr'd,
 As at some glorious tale.
 The loftiest spirit never saw
 This Youth without a sudden awe;
 But vain the transient feeling strove
 Against the stealing power of love.
 Soon as they felt the tremor cease,
 He seem'd the very heart of peace;
 Majestic to the bold and high,
 Yet calm and beauteous to a woman's eye!

To him, ■ mountain Youth, was known
 The wailing tempest's dreariest tone.

He knew the shriek of wizard caves,
 And the trampling fierce of howling waves.
 The mystic voice of the lonely night
 ■ had often drunk with ■ strange delight,
 And look'd ■ the clouds as they roll'd on high,
 Till with them he sail'd on the sailing sky.
 And thus hath he learn'd to wake the lyre,
 With something of a bardlike fire;
 Can tell in high impassion'd song,
 Of worlds that to the Bard belong,
 And, till they feel his kindling breath,
 To others still and dark as death.
 Yet oft, I ween, in gentler mood
 A human kindness hush'd his blood,
 And sweetly blended earth-born sighs
 With the Bard's romantic ecstasies.
 The living world was dear to him,
 And in his waking hours more bright it seem'd,
 More touching far, than when his fancy dream'd
 Of heavenly bowers, th' abode of Seraphim:
 And gladly from her wild sojourn
 'Mid haunts dim-shadow'd in the realms of mind,
 Even like a wearied dove that flies for rest
 Back o'er long fields of air unto her nest,
 His longing spirit homewards would return
 To meet once more the smile of human kind.
 And when at last a human soul he found,
 Pure as the thought of purity,—more mild
 Than in its slumber seems a dreaming child;
 When ■ his spirit stole the mystic sound,
 The voice, whose music sad no mortal ear
 But his ■ rightly understand and hear,
 When a subduing smile like moonlight shone
 On him for ever, and for him alone,
 Why should he seek this lower world to leave!
 For, whether now he love to joy or grieve,
 A friend he hath for sorrow or delight,
 Who lends fresh beauty to the morning light,
 The tender stars in tenderer dimness shrouds,
 And glorifies the Moon among her clouds.

How would he gaze with reverent eye
 Upon that meek and pensive maid,
 Then fix his looks upon the sky
 With moving lips as if he pray'd!
 Unto his sight, bedimm'd with tears,
 How beautiful the Saint appears,—
 Oh, all unlike a creature form'd of clay!
 The blessed angels with delight
 Might hail her « Sister! » She is bright
 And innocent as they.
 Scarce dared he then that form to love!
 A solemn impulse from above
 All earthly hopes forbade,
 And with a pure and holy flame,
 As if in truth from heaven she came,
 He gazed upon the maid.
 His beating heart, thus fill'd with awe,
 In her the guardian spirit saw
 Of all his future years;
 And when he listen'd to her breath
 So spiritual, nor pain nor death
 Seem'd longer worth his fears.
 She loved him! she, the Child of Heaven!
 And God would surely make
 The soul ■ whom that love was given

More perfect for her sake.
Each look, each word, of one so good
Devoutly he obey'd,
And trusted that a gracious eye
Would ever guide his destiny,
For whom in holy solitude
A kneeling Angel pray'd.

Those days of tranquil joy are fled,
And tears of deep distress
From night to morn hath Mary shed :
And, say! when sorrow bow'd her head
Did he then love her less?
Ah, no! more touching beauty rose
Through the dim paleness of her woes,
Than when her cheek did bloom
With joy's ■■■ lustre: something there,
A saint-like calm, a deep repose,
Made her look like ■ spirit fair,
New risen from the tomb,
For ever in his heart shall dwell
The voice with which she said farewell
To the fading English shore;
It dropp'd like dew upon his ear,
And for the while he ceased to hear
The sea-wind's freshening roar.
• To thee I trust my sinless child :
And therefore am I reconciled
To bear my lonely lot,
The Gracious One, who loves the good,
For her will smooth the Ocean wild,
Nor in her aged solitude
A parent be forgot. •
The last words these her mother spake,
Sobbing ■ if her heart would break,
Upon the cold sea-shore,
When onwards with the favouring gale,
Glad to be free, in pride of sail
Th' impatient Vessel bore.

Oh! could she now in magic glass
Behold the winged Glory pass
With ■ slow and cloud-like motion,
While, as they melted on her eye,
She scarce should ken the peaceful sky
From the still more peaceful Ocean!
And it may be such dreams are given
In mercy by indulgent Heaven,
To solace them that mourn :
The absent bless our longing sight,
The future shows than truth more bright,
And phantoms of expired delight
Most passing sweet return.
Mother! behold thy child: How still
Her upward face! She thinks on thee :
Oh! thou canst never gaze thy fill!
How beautiful such piety!
There, in her lover's guardian arms
She rests: and all the wild alarms
Of waves or winds are hush'd, no more to rise.
Of thee, and thee alone, she thinks :
See! on her knees thy daughter sinks :
Sure God will bless the prayer that lights such eyes!
Didst thou e'er think thy child ■ fair?
The rapture of her granted prayer

Hath breathed that awful beauty through her face :
Once more upon the deck she stands,
Slowly unclasps her pious hands,
And brightening smiles, assured of heavenly grace.

Oh, blessed pair! and, while I gaze,
As beautiful as blest!
Emblem of all your future days
Seems now the Ocean's rest!
Beyond the blue depths of the sky
The Tempests sleep;—and there must lie,
Like baleful spirits barr'd from realms of bliss;
But singing airs and gleams of light,
And birds of calm, all glancing bright,
Must hither in their gladness come—
—Where shall they find a fitter home
Than a night-scene fair as this?
And when, her fairy voyage past,
The happy Ship is moor'd at last
In the loved haven of her Indian Isle,
How dear to you will be the beams
Of the silent Moon! What touching dreams
Your musing hearts beguile!
Though haply then her radiance fall
On some low mansion's flowery wall,
Far up an inland vale,
Yet then the sheeted mast will tower,
Her shrouds all rustling like a shower,
And, melting as wild music's power,
Low pipe the sea-born gale.
Each star will speak the tenderest things,
And when the clouds expand their wings,
All parting like a fleet,
Your own beloved Ship, I ween,
Will foremost in the van be seen,
And, rising loud and sweet,
The sailor's joyful shouts be heard,
Such as the midnight silence stirr'd
When the wish'd-for breezes blew,
And, instant as the loud commands,
Sent upwards from a hundred hands
The broad sails rose unto the sky,
And from her slumbers suddenly
The Ship like lightning flew.

But list! a low and moaning sound
At distance heard, like a spirit's song,
And now it reigns above, around,
As if it call'd the Ship along.
The Moon is sunk; and a clouded grey
Declares that her course is run,
And like a God who brings the day,
Up mounts the glorious Sun.
Soon as his light has warm'd the seas,
From the parting cloud fresh blows the Breeze;
And that is the spirit whose well-known song
Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.
No fears hath she;—Her giant-form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm would go
Mid the deep darkness white as snow!
But gently now the small waves glide
Like playful lambs o'er a ■■■■'s side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The Main she will traverse for ever and aye.

Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!
 —Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.
 Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
 Are hurried o'er the deck;
 And fast the miserable Ship
 Becomes a lifeless wreck.
 Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
 Her planks are torn asunder,
 And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
 And a hideous crash like thunder.
 Her sails are dragged in the brine
 That gladden'd late the skies,
 And her pendant that kiss'd the fair moonshine
 Down many a fathom lies.
 Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
 Gleam'd softly from below,
 And flung a warm and sunny flush
 O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
 To the coral rocks are hurrying down
 To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Oh! many a dream was in the Ship
 An hour before her death;
 And sights of home with sighs disturb'd
 The sleepers' long-drawn breath.
 Instead of the murmur of the sea
 The sailor heard the humming tree
 Alive through all its leaves,
 The hum of the spreading sycamore
 That grows before his cottage-door,
 And the swallow's song in the eaves.
 His arms inclosed a blooming boy,
 Who listen'd with tears of sorrow and joy
 To the dangers his father had pass'd;
 And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
 As she look'd on the father of her child
 Return'd to her heart at last.
 —He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
 And the rush of waters is in his soul.
 Astounded the reeling deck he paces,
 'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;—
 The whole Ship's crew are there!
 Wailings around and overhead,
 Brave spirits stupified and dead,
 And madness and despair.

Leave not the wreck, thou cruel Boat!
 While yet 't is thine to save,
 And angel-hands will bid thee float
 Uninjured o'er the wave,
 Though whirlpools yawn across thy way,
 And storms, impatient for their prey,
 Around thee fiercely rave!
 Vain all the prayers of pleading eyes,
 Of entery loud, and humble sighs,
 Hands clasp'd, or wildly toss'd on high
 To bless or curse in agony!
 Despair and resignation vain!
 Away like a strong-wing'd bird she flies,
 That heeds not human miseries,
 And far off in the sunshine dies
 Like a wave of the restless main.
 Hush! hush! Ye wretches left behind!
 Silence becomes the brave, resign'd
 To unexpected doom.

How quiet the ■■■■ noisy crowd!
 The sails ■■■■ serve them for a shroud,
 And the sea-cave is their tomb.
 And where is that loveliest Being gone?
 Hope not that she is saved alone,
 Immortal though such beauty seem'd to be.
 She, and the Youth that loved her too,
 Went down with the ship and her gallant crew—
 No favourites hath the sea.

Now is the Ocean's bosom bare,
 Unbroken as the floating air;
 The Ship hath melted quite away,
 Like a struggling dream at break of day.
 No image meets my wandering eye
 But the new-risen sun, and the sunny sky.
 Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull
 Bedimms the waves so beautiful;
 While a low and melancholy moan
 Mourns for the glory that hath flown.
 Oh! that the wild and wailing strain
 Were a dream that murmurs in my brain!
 What happiness would then be mine,
 When my eyes, as they felt the morning shine,
 Instead of the unfathom'd Ocean-grave
 Should behold Winander's peaceful wave,
 And the Isles that love her loving breast,
 Each brooding like a Halcyon's nest.
 It may not be:—too well I know
 The real doom from fancied woe,
 The black and dismal hue.
 Yea, many a visage wan and pale
 Will hang at midnight o'er my tale,
 And weep that it is true.

CANTO II.

O HEAVENLY QUEEN! by Mariners beloved!
 Refulgent Moon! when in the cruel sea
 Down sank yon fair Ship to her coral grave,
 Where didst thou linger then? Sure it behoved
 A Spirit strong and pitiful like thee
 At that dread hour thy worshippers to save;
 Nor let the Glory where thy tenderest light,
 Forsaking even the clouds, with pleasure lay,
 Pass, like a cloud which none deploras, away,
 No more to bless the empire of the Night.
 How oft to thee have home-sick sailors pour'd
 Upon their midnight-watch, no longer dull
 When thou didst smile, hymns wild and beautiful,
 Worthy the radiant Angel they adored!
 And art such hymnings breathed to thee in vain?
 Gleam'st thou, as if delighted with the strain,
 And won by it the pious bark to keep
 In joy for ever?—till at once behind
 A cloud thou sailest,—and a roaring wind
 Hath sunk her in the deep!
 Or, though the zephyr scarcely blow,
 Down to the bottom must she go
 With all who wake or sleep,
 Ere the slumberer from his dream can start,
 Or the hymn hath left the singer's heart?
 Oh! sure, if ever mortal prayer

Were heard where thou and thy bright stars abide,
 So many gallant spirits had not died
 Thus mournfully in beauty and in prime!
 But from the sky had shone an arm sublime,
 To bless the worship of that Virgin fair,
 And, only seen by Faith's uplifted eye,
 The wretched vessel gently drifted by
 The fatal rock, and to the crowded shore,
 In triumph and in pride the expected glory bore.

Oh vain belief! most beauteous as thou art,
 Thy heavenly visage hides a cruel heart.
 When Death and Danger, Terror and Dismay,
 Are madly struggling on the dismal Ocean,
 With heedless smile and calm unalter'd motion,
 Onward thou glidest through the milky way,
 Nor, in thy own immortal beauty blest,
 Hear'st dying mortals rave themselves to rest.
 Yet when this night thou mount'st thy starry throne,
 Brightening to sun-like glory in thy bliss,
 Wilt thou not then thy once-loved Vessel miss,
 And wish her happy, now that she is gone?
 —Was that wild sound a human cry,
 The voice of one loath to die
 Than they who round him sleep?
 Or of a Spirit in the sky,
 A Demon in the deep?
 No sea-bird, through the darkness sailing,
 E'er utter'd such a doleful wailing,
 Foreboding the near blast:
 If from a living thing it came,
 It sure must have a spectral frame,
 And soon its soul must part:—
 That groan broke from a bursting heart,
 The bitterest and the last.

The Figure moves! it is alive!
 None but its wretched self survive,
 Yea! drown'd are all the crew!
 Ghosts are they underneath the wave,
 And he, whom Ocean deign'd to save,
 Stands there most ghost-like too.
 Alone upon a rock he stands
 Amid the waves, and wrings his hands,
 And lifts to Heaven his steadfast eye
 With a wild upbraiding agony.
 He sends his soul through the lonesome air
 To God: but God hears not his prayer;
 For, soon as his words from the wretch depart,
 Cold they return on his baffled heart.
 He flings himself down on his rocky tomb,
 And madly laughs at his horrible doom.
 With smiles the Main is overspread,
 As if in mockery of the dead;
 And upward when he turns his sight,
 The unfeeling Sun is shining bright,
 And strikes him with a sickening light.
 While a fainting-fit his soul bedims,
 He thinks that a Ship before him swims,
 A gallant Ship, all fill'd with gales,
 One radiant gleam of snowy sails—
 His senses return, and he looks in vain
 O'er the empty silence of the Main!
 No Ship is there, with radiant gleam,
 Whose shadow sail'd throughout his dream:

Not even a rueful plank is seen
 To tell that a vessel hath ever been
 Beneath these lonely skies:
 But sea-birds he oft had seen before
 Following the ship in hush or roar,
 The loss of their resting-mast deplore
 With wild and dreary cries.

What brought him here he cannot tell;
 Doubt and confusion darken all his soul,
 While glimmering truth more dreadful makes the gloom:
 Why hath the Ocean that black hideous swell?
 And in his ears why doth that dismal toll
 For ever sound,—as if a city bell
 Wail'd for a funeral passing to the tomb?
 Some one hath died, and buried is this day;
 A hoary-headed man, or stripling gay,
 Or haply a sweet maid, who was a bride,
 And, ere her head upon his bosom lay
 Who deem'd her all his own,—the Virgin died!
 Why starts the wilder'd dreamer at the sound,
 And casts his haggard eyes around?
 The utter agony hath seized him now,
 For Memory drives him, like a slave, to know
 What Madness would conceal:—His own dear Maid,
 She, who he thought could never die, is dead.
 'Drown'd!'—still the breaking billows matter,—
 'Drown'd!'

With anguish loud was her death-bed!
 Nor e'er,—wild wish of utmost woe!—
 Shall her fair corse be found.
 Oft had he sworn with faithless breath,
 That his love for the Maid was strong as death,
 By the holy Sun he swore;
 The Sun upon the Ocean smiles,
 And, with a sudden gleam, reviles
 His vows as light as air.
 Yet soon he flings, with a sudden start,
 That gnawing frenzy from his heart,
 For long in sooth he strove,
 When the waters were booming in his brain,
 And his life was clogg'd with a sickening pain,
 To save his lady-love.

How long it seems since that dear night,
 When gazing on the wan moonlight
 He and his own betrothed stood,
 Nor fear'd the harmless ocean-flood!
 He feels as if many and many a day,
 Since that bright hour, had pass'd away;
 The dim remembrance of some joy
 In which he revell'd when a boy.
 The crew's dumb misery and his own,
 When lingeringly the ship went down,
 Even like a mournful tale appears,
 By wandering sailor told in other years.
 Yet still he knows that this is all delusion,
 For how could he for months and years have lain
 A wretched thing upon the cruel Main,
 Calm though it seem to be? Would gracious Heaven
 Set free his spirit from this dread confusion,
 Oh, how devoutly would his thanks be given
 To Jesus who he died! But tortured so,
 He dare not pray beneath his weight of woe,
 Lest he should feel, when about to die,
 By God deserted utterly.

He cannot die: Though he longs for death,
 Stronger and stronger grows his breath,
 And hopeless woe the spring of being feeds;
 He faints not, though his knell rang,
 But lives, if to life he clung,
 And stronger as he bleeds.
 But the weariness of wasting grief
 Hath brought at last its own relief:
 Each sense is dull'd! He lies at last
 As if the parting shock were past.
 He sleeps!—Prolong his haunted rest,
 O God!—for now the wretch is blest.
 A fair romantic island, crown'd
 With a glow of blossom'd trees,
 And underneath hestrewn with flowers,
 The happy dreamer sees.
 A stream comes dancing from mount
 Down its fresh and lustrous side,
 Then, tamed into a quiet pool,
 Is scarcely seen to glide.
 Like fairy sprites, a thousand birds
 Glance by on golden wing,
 Birds lovelier than the lovely hues
 Of the bloom wherein they sing.
 Upward he lifts his wondering eyes,
 Nor yet believes that even the skies
 So passing fair can be;
 And lo! yon gleam of emerald light,
 For human gaze too dazzling bright,
 Is that indeed the Sea!

Adorn'd with all her pomp and pride,
 Long fluttering flags, and pendants wide,
 He sees a stately vessel ride
 At anchor in a bay,
 Where never waves by storm were driven,
 Shaped like the Moon when she is young in heaven,
 Or melting in cloud that stops her way.
 Her masts tower nobly from the rocking deep,
 Tall the palm-trees on the steep,
 And, burning mid their crests darkly green,
 Her meteor-glories all abroad are seen,
 Wakening the forests from their solemn sleep;
 While suddenly the cannon's sound
 Rolls through the cavern'd glens, and groves profound,
 And never-dying echoes roar around.
 Shaded with branching palm, the sign of peace,
 Canoes and skiffs like lightning shoot along,
 Countless as waves there sporting on the seas;
 While still from those that lead the van, song,
 Whose chorus rends the inland cliffs afar,
 Tells that advance, before that unarm'd throng,
 Princes and chieftains, with a fearless smile,
 And outstretch'd arms, to welcome to their Isle
 That gallant Ship of War.
 And glad are they who therein sail,
 Once more to breathe the balmy gale,
 To kiss the steadfast strand:
 They round the world are voyaging,
 And who can tell their suffering
 Since last they saw the land?

But that bright pageant will not stay:
 Palms, plumes, and ensigns melt away,
 Island, and ship!—Though utter be the change
 (For on rock he seems to lie

All naked the burning sky),
 He doth not think it strange.
 While in his memory faint recallings swim,
 fain would think it is a dream
 That thus distracts his view,
 Until unimagined pain
 Shoots shivering through his troubled brain;
 —Though dreadful, all is true.
 But what him is anguish now,
 Though it burn in his blood, and his heart, and his brow,
 For ever from morn to night?
 For lo! an Angel shape descends,
 As soft and silent as moonlight,
 And o'er the dreamer bends.
 She cannot be an earthly child,
 Yet, when the Vision sweetly smiled,
 The light that there did play
 Reminded him, he knew not why,
 Of one beloved in infancy,
 But far, far away.

Disturb'd by fluttering joy, he wakes,
 And feels a death-like shock;
 For, harder even than in his dream,
 His bed a lonely rock.
 Poor wretch! he dares not open his eye,
 For he dreads the beauty of the sky,
 And the useless unavailing breeze
 That he hears upon the happy seas.
 A voice glides sweetly through his heart,
 The voice of one that mourns;
 Yet it hath a gladsome melody—
 Dear God! the dream returns!
 A gentle kiss breathes o'er his cheek,
 A kiss of murmuring sighs,
 It wanders o'er his brow, and falls
 Like light upon his eyes.
 Through that long kiss he dimly sees,
 All bathed in smiles and tears,
 A well-known face; and from those lips
 A well-known voice he hears.
 With a doubtful look he scans the Maid,
 As if half-delighted, half-afraid,
 Then bows his wilder'd head,
 And, with deep groans, he strives to pray
 That Heaven would drive the fiend away,
 That haunts his dying bed.
 Again he dares to view the air:
 The beauteous ghost yet lingers there,
 Veil'd in a spotless shroud:
 Breathing in tones subdued and low,
 Bent o'er him like Heaven's radiant bow,
 And still as evening-cloud.

• Art thou a phantom of the brain?
 He cries, • a mermaid from the main?
 A seraph from the sky?
 Or art thou a fiend with a seraph's smile,
 Come here to mock, on this horrid Isle,
 My dying agony?—
 Had he but what touching sadness fell
 On that fair creature's cheek while thus he spoke,
 Had heard the stifled sigh that slowly broke
 From her untainted bosom's lab'ring swell,
 He scarce had hoped, that at the throne of grace
 Such cruel words could e'er have been forgiven,

The impious sin of doubting such a face,
Of speaking thus of Heaven.
Weeping, she wrings his dripping hair
That hangs across his cheek;
And leaves a hundred kisses there,
But not a word can speak.
In bliss she listens to his breath:
Ne'er murmur'd so the breast of death!
Alas! sweet one! what joy can give
Fond-cherish'd thoughts like these!
For how mayest thou and thy lover live
In the centre of the seas?
Or vainly to your sorrows seek for rest,
On a rock where never verdure grew,
Too wild even for the wild sea-mew
To build her slender nest!

Sublime is the faith of a lonely soul,
In pain and trouble cherish'd;
Sublime the spirit of hope that lives,
When earthly hope has perish'd.
And where doth that blest faith abide?
O! not in Man's stern nature: human pride
Inhabits there, and oft by virtue led,
Pride though it be, it doth a glory shed,
That makes the world a mortal beings tread,
In chosen spots, resplendent as the Heaven!
But to yon gentle Maiden turn,
Who never for herself doth mourn,
And own that faith's undying urn
Is but to woman given.
Now that the shade of sorrow falls
Across her life, and duty calls,
Her spirit burns with a fervent glow,
And stately through the gloom of woe
Behold her alter'd form arise,
Like a priestess at a sacrifice.
The touch of earth hath left no taint
Of weakness in the fearless saint.
Like clouds, all human passions roll,
At the breath of devotion, from her soul,
And God looks down with a gleam of grace,
On the stillness of her heavenward face,
Just paler in her grief.
While, hark! like one who God adores,
Such words she o'er her lover pours,
As give herself relief.

"Oh! look again at her who speaks
To thee, and bathes thy sorrow cheeks
With many a human tear!
No cruel thing beside thee leans,
Thou knowest what thy Mary means,
Thy own true love is here.
Open thine eyes? thy beauteous eyes!
For mercy smile at me!
Speak!—but one word! one little word!
'Tis all I ask of thee.
If these eyes would give one transient gleam,
To cheer this dark and dreadful dream,
If, while I kiss thy cheek,
These dear, dear lips, alas! so pale,
Before their parting spirit fail,
One low farewell would speak!—
This rock so hard would be a bed
Of down unto thy Mary's head,

And gently would we glide away,
Fitz-Owen! to that purer day
Of which thou once didst sing;
Like birds, that, rising from the foam,
Seek on some lofty cliff their home,
On storm-despising wing.
Yes! that thou hear'st thy Mary's voice,
That lovely smile declares!
Here let us in each other's arms
Dissolve our life in prayers.
I see in that uplifted eye,
That thou art not afraid to die;
For ever brave wert thou.
Oh! press me closer to thy soul,
And, while yet we hear the Ocean roll,
Breathe deep the marriage vow!
We hoped for other days to see:
But the will of God be done!
My husband! behold yon pile of clouds
Like a city, round the Sun:
Beyond these clouds, ere the phantoms part,
Thou wilt lean in bliss on my loving heart."—

Sweet seraph! lovely was thy form,
When, shrouded in the misty storm
That swept o'er Snowdon's side,
The Cambrian shepherd, through the gloom,
Like a spirit rising from the tomb,
With awe beheld thee glide;
And lovely wert thou, Child of Light!
When, gazing on the starry night
Within Llanberris Lake,
Thy spirit felt, in a hush like death,
The fading earth's last whisper'd breath
The holy scene forsake.
Oh! lovelier still, when thy noiseless tread
Around thy aged mother's bed
Fell soft as snow on snow;
When thy yearning heart repress'd its sighs,
And from thy never-closing eyes
Forbade the tears to flow.
But now unto thy looks are given
The beauty and the power of Heaven:
The sternness of this dismal Isle
Is soften'd by thy saintly smile,
And he, who lay like a madman, bound
In fetters of anguish to the ground,
And heard and saw, in fearful strife,
The sounds and the sights of unearthly life,
Now opens his eyes that glisten mild
Like the gladsome eyes of a waken'd child,
For the hideous trance is fled:
And his soul is fill'd with the glory bright,
That plays like a wreath of halo-light
Around his Mary's head.

Most awful is the perfect rest
That sits within her eye,
Awful her pallid face imprest
With the seal of victory.
Triumphant o'er the ghastly dreams
That haunt the parting soul,
She looks like a bird of calm, that floats
Unmoved when thunders roll,
And gives to the storm as gentle notes
As e'er through sunshine stole.

Her lover leans on her quiet breast,
 And his heart like hers is still :
 Ne'er martyr'd saints more meekly bow'd
 To their Creator's will.
 As calm they sit, ■ they had steer'd
 To some little favourite Isle,
 To mark upon the peaceful ■
 The parting sunbeams smile ;
 As if the lightly feather'd oar
 In an hour could take them to the shore,
 Where friends and parents dwell :
 But far, alas ! from such shore are they,
 And of friends, who for their safety pray,
 Have ta'en ■ last farewell.

But why thus gleams Fitz-Owen's eye?
 Why bursts his eager speech?
 Lo ! ■ if brought by angel hands
 Uninjur'd on the beach,
 With oars and sails ■ vessel lies :
 Salvation from the gracious skies !
 He fears it is a dream ; that woe
 Hath surely crazed his brain :
 He drives the phantom from his gaze,
 But the boat appears again.
 It is the same that used to glide
 When the wind had fallen low,
 Like ■ child along its parent's side,
 Around the guardian prow
 Of the mighty ship whose shadow lay
 Unmoved upon the watery way.
 In the madness of that dismal hour
 When the shrieking Ship went down,
 This little boat to the rocky Isle
 Hath drifted all alone.
 And there she lies ! the oars are laid
 As by the hand of pleasure,
 Preparing ■ the quiet tide
 To beat a glad some measure.
 The dripping sail is careless tied
 Around the painted mast,
 And a gaudy flag with purple glows,
 Hung up in sportive joy by those
 Whose sports and joys ■ past.

So lightly doth this little boat
 Upon the scarce-touch'd billows float,
 So careless doth she seem to be
 Thus left by herself on the homeless sea,
 That, while the happy lovers gaze
 On her, the hope of happier days
 Steals unawares, like heaven's own breath
 O'er souls that were prepared for death.
 They gaze on her, till she appears
 As if she understood their tears ;
 To lay there with her cheerful sail
 Till Heaven should send some gracious gale,
 Some gentle spirit of the deep,
 With motion soft and swift as sleep,
 To waft them to some pleasant cave
 In the unknown gardens of the wave,
 That, hid from every human eye,
 Are happy in the smiling sky,
 And in their beauty win the love
 Of every orb that shines above.

Fitz-Owen from his dream awakes,
 And gently in his arms he takes
 ■ gentle Maid, ■ a shepherd kind
 Brings from the killing mountain-wind
 A snow-white lamb, and lets it rest
 In sleep and beauty on his breast.
 And now the gentle fearless Maid
 Within the boat in peace is laid :
 Her limbs recline as if in sleep,
 Though almost resting on the deep ;
 On his dear bosom leans her head,
 And through her long hair, wildly spread
 O'er all her face, her melting eyes
 Are lifted upwards to the skies,
 In silent prayer that Heaven would save
 The ■ that fold her from the grave.

The boat hath left the lonesome rock,
 And tries the wave again.
 And ■ she glides without a fear,
 So beautiful is the main.
 Her little sail beneath the sun
 Gleams radiant as the snow,
 And o'er the gently-heaving swell
 Bounds like a mountain-roe.
 In that frail bark the lovers sit,
 With steadfast face and silent breath,
 Following the guiding hope of life,
 Yet reconciled to death.
 His ■ is round her tender side,
 That moves beneath the press,
 With a mingled beat of solemn awe
 And virgin tenderness.
 They speak not :—but the inward flow
 Of faith and dread, and joy and woe,
 Each from the other hears :
 Long, long they gaze with meeting eyes,
 Then lift them slowly to the skies
 Steep'd in imploring tears.
 And ever, as the rock recedes,
 They feel their spirits rise ;
 And half forget that the smiling sea
 Caused all their miseries.
 Yet safe to them is the trackless brine
 As some well-known and rural road
 Paced in their childhood ;—for they love
 Each other, and believe in God.

And well might the refulgent day
 These Ocean Pilgrims cheer,
 And make them feel as if the glades
 Of home itself were near.
 For ■ living sentiment of joy,
 Such as doth sleep on hill and vale
 When the friendly sun comes from his clouds
 The vernal bloom to hail,
 Plays on the Ocean's sparkling breast,
 That, half in motion, half at rest,
 Like a happy thing doth lie ;
 Breathing that fresh and fragrant air,
 And seeming in that slumber fair
 The Brother of the Sky.
 Hues brighter than the ruby-stone
 With radiance gem his wavy zone,
 A million hues, I ween :
 Long dazzling lines of snowy white,

Fantastic wreathed with purple light,
Or bathed in richest green.
The flying-fish ■ wings of gold,
Skims through the sunny ray,
Then, like the rainbow's dying gleam,
In the clear wave melts away.
And all the beauteous joy ■ made
For that dauntless Youth and sainted Maid,
Whom God and Angels love:
Comfort is in the helm, the sail,
The light, the clouds, the sea, the gale,
Around, below, above.

And thus they sail, and sail along,
Without one thought of fear;
As calm ■ if the boatman's song
Awoke ■ echoing cheer,
O'er the hills that stretch in sylvan pride
On the Bala Lake's romantic side.
And lo! beneath the mellowing light,
That trembles between day and night
Before the sun's decline,
As to the touch of fairy-hand
Upstarting dim the nameless land
Extends its mountain line.
It is no cloud that steadfast lies
Between the ocean and the skies;
No image of a cloud, that flings
Across the deep its shadowy wings;
Such ■ oft cheats with visions fair
The heart of home-sick mariner.
It is the living Earth! They see
From the shore a smile of amity
That gently draws them on;
Such ■ smile as o'er all Nature glows
At a summer evening's fragrant close,
When the winds and rain are gone.
The self-moved boat appears to seek
With gladsome glide ■ home-like creek,
In the centre of ■ bay,
Which the calm and quiet hills surround,
And touch'd by ■ without a sound,
Almost ■ calm ■ they.

And, what if here fierce savage men
Glare on them from some darksome den?—
What would become of this most helpless Maid?
Fitz-Owen thinks:—but in her eye
So calmly bright, he ■ descry
That she is not afraid
Of savage men or monsters wild,
But is sublimely reconciled
To meet and bear her destiny.
A gentle rippling on the sand—
One stroke of the dexterous oar—
The sail is furled: the boat is moor'd:
And the Lovers walk the shore.
To them it is an awful thought,
From the wild world of waters brought
By God's protecting hand,
When every Christian soul was lost,
On that unknown, but beauteous coast,
As in ■ dream to stand.
While their spirits with devotion burn,
Their faces to the sea they turn,

That lately seem'd their grave;
And bless, in murmurs soft and low,
The beautiful, the halcyon glow,
That bathes the evening wave.
Before the setting sun they kneel,
And through the silent air,
To Him that dwells on that throne of light
They pour their souls in prayer.
Their thoughts are floating, like the clouds
That seek the beauteous West,
Their gentleness, their peace the same,
The same their home of rest.
Now Night hath come with the cooling breeze,
And these Lovers still are ■ their knees.

CANTO III.

Oh! many are the beauteous isles
Unknown to human eye,
That, sleeping 'mid the Ocean smiles,
In happy silence lie.
The Ship may pass them in the night,
Nor the sailors know what ■ lovely sight
■ resting on the Main;
Some wandering Ship who hath lost her way,
And never, or by night or day,
Shall pass these isles again.
There, groves that bloom in endless spring
Are rustling to the radiant wing
Of birds, in various plumage bright,
As rainbow-hues, or dawning light.
Soft-falling showers of blossoms fair,
Float ever on the fragrant air,
Like showers of vernal snow,
And from the fruit-tree, spreading tall,
The richly ripen'd clusters fall
Oft as sea-breezes blow.
The sun and clouds alone possess
The joy of all that loveliness;
And sweetly to each other smile
The live-long day—sun, cloud, and isle.
How silent lies each shelter'd bay!
No other visitors have they
To their shores of silvery sand,
Than the waves that, murmuring in their glee,
All hurrying in a joyful band
Come dancing from the sea.

How did I love to sigh and weep
For those that sail'd upon the deep,
When, yet ■ wondering child,
I sat alone at dead of night,
Hanging all breathless with delight
O'er their adventures wild!
Trembling I heard of dizzy shrouds,
Where up among the raving clouds
The sailor-boy must go;
Thunder and lightning o'er his head!
And should he fall—O thought of dread!
Waves mountain-high below.
How leapt my heart with wildering fears,
Gazing on savage islanders
Ranged fierce in long canoe,

Their poison'd spears, their war-attire,
 And plumes twined bright, like wreaths of fire,
 Round brows of dusky hue!
 What tears would fill my wakeful eyes
 When some delicious paradise
 (As if a cloud had roll'd
 On a sudden from the bursting sun),
 Freshening the Ocean where it shone,
 Flung wide its groves of gold!
 No more the pining Mariner
 In wild delirium raves,
 For like an angel, kind and fair,
 That smiles, and smiling saves,
 The glory charms away distress,
 Serene in silent loveliness
 Amid the dash of waves.

And wouldst thou think it hard to dwell
 Alone within some sylvan cell,
 Some fragrant arch of flowers,
 Raised like a queen with gracious smile
 In the midst of this her subject isle,
 This labyrinth of bowers?
 Could the fair earth, and fairer skies,
 Clouds, breezes, fountains, groves,
 To banish from thy heart suffice
 All thought of deeper loves?
 Or wouldst thou pine thy life away,
 To kiss once more the blessed ray
 That shines in human eyes?
 What though the clustering roses came
 Like restless gleams of magic flame,
 As if they loved thy feet,
 To win thee like a summer sprite,
 With purest touches of delight,
 To the Fairy Queen's retreat?
 Oh! they would bloom and wither too,
 And melt their pearls of radiant dew,
 Without one look from thee:
 What pleasure could that beauty give,
 Which, of all mortal things that live,
 None but thyself may see?
 And where the birds that cheer'd thine eyes,
 With wings and crests of rainbow dyes,
 That wont for aye to glide
 Like sunbeams through the shady bowers,
 Charming away the happy hours
 With songs of love or pride?
 Soon, soon, thou hatest this Paradise;
 It seems the soul hath fled
 That made it fairer than the skies,
 And a joyful beauty shed
 O'er the tremor of the circling wave,
 That now with restless moans and sighs
 Sounds like the dirge-song of the dead,
 Dim breaking round a grave.

But she thou lovest is at thy side,
 The Island Queen becomes thy bride,
 And God and Nature sanctify the vow;
 Air, Earth, and Ocean smile once more,
 And along the forest-fringed shore,
 What mirth and music now!
 What warm and heavenly tints illumine
 The land that lately seem'd a tomb.

Where thou wert left to die!
 So bathed in joy this earth appears
 To him, who, blind for lingering years,
 At last beholds the sky.
 Thy heart was like an untouch'd lyre,
 Silent as death—Let the trembling wire
 The hand that knows its spirit feel,
 And, list! what melting murmurs steal
 Like incense to the realms above,
 Such sounds parted souls might love,
 And if a home-bound vessel lay
 At anchor in yon beauteous bay,
 Till the land-breeze her canvas wings should swell,
 From the sweet Isle thou scarce wouldst part,
 But, when thou didst, thy lingering heart
 Would sadly say, « Farewell! »

In such a fairy Isle now pray'd
 Fitz-Owen and his darling Maid.
 The setting sun, with a pensive glow,
 Had bathed their foreheads bending low;
 Nor ceased the voice, or the breath of their prayer,
 Till the moonlight lay on the mellow'd air.
 Then from the leaves they calmly rose,
 As after a night of calm repose,
 And Mary lean'd her face
 With a sob of joy on her Lover's breast,
 Who with kind tones the Maiden press'd
 In a holy pure embrace.
 And gently he kiss'd her tearful eyes,
 And bade her heart lie still,
 For there was a power in the gracious skies
 To shield their saints from ill.
 Then, guided by the moonlight pale,
 They walk'd into a sylvan vale,
 Soft, silent, warm, and deep;
 And there, beneath her languid head,
 The silken wither'd leaves he spread,
 That she might sweetly sleep.
 Then down he sat by her tender side,
 And, as she lay, with soft touch dried
 The stealing tears she could not hide;
 Till sleep, like a faint shadow, fell
 O'er the husht face he loved so well,
 And smiling dreams were given
 To cheer her heart; then down he laid
 His limbs beside the sleeping Maid,
 In the face of the starry Heaven.

Sleep fell upon their wearied souls
 With a power as deep as death;
 Scarce trembled Mary's floating hair
 In her Lover's tranquil breath.
 In that still trance did dear thoughts come
 From the brook, and the glade, and the sky, of home,
 And the gentle sound of her mother's voice
 Bade Mary's slumbering soul rejoice.
 For she in dreams to Wales hath flown,
 And sits in a cottage of her own,
 Beneath its sheltering tree:
 Fitz-Owen's eye is fix'd on hers,
 While with a timid smile she stirs
 Beside her mother's knee.
 But the rising sun hath pour'd his beams
 Into her heart, and broke her dreams;

Slowly she lifts her eyes,
 And, wondering at the change, looks round
 Upon that wild enchanted ground,
 And these delightful skies.
 Over her Lover's breast she breathes
 A blessing and a prayer,
 And gently they stir his sleeping soul,
 Like the voice of the morning air.
 Soon ■ the first surprise is past,
 They rise from their leafy bed,
 As cheerful ■ the new-wake birds
 That sing above their head.
 And trusting in the merciful Power
 That saved them in that dismal hour
 When the ship sank in the sea,
 Cheering their souls with many a smile
 They walk through the woods of this nameless Isle
 In undisturb'd tranquillity.

Well might they deem that wizard's wand
 Had set them down in Fairy-land,
 Or that their souls some beauteous dream obey'd :
 They know not where to look or listen,
 For pools and streams of crystal glisten
 Above, around,—embracing like the air
 The soft-reflected trees ; while everywhere
 From shady nook, clear hill, and sunny glade,
 The ever-varying soul of music play'd ;
 As if, at some capricious thing's command,
 Indulging every momentary mood,
 With voice and instrument, a fairy band
 Beneath some echoing precipice now stood,
 Now ■ steep mountain's rocky battlement,
 Or from the clouds their blended chorus sent,
 With jocund din to mock the solitude.
 They gaze with never-sated eyes
 On lengthening lines of flowery dyes,
 That through the woods, and up the mountains run :
 Not richer radiance robes the Even,
 When she ascends her throne in Heaven,
 Beside the setting sun.
 Scattering the blossomy gems away,
 Like the white shower of the Ocean spray,
 Across their path for ever glide or shoot
 Birds of such beauty, ■ might lead
 The soul to think that magic power decreed
 Spirits to dwell therein ; nor ■ they mute,
 But each doth chant his own beloved strain,
 For ever trembling ■ ■ natural tone,
 The heart's emotions seeming ■ to suit,
 That the rapt Lovers are desiring soon
 That silence never may return again.

A cheerful welcome these bright creatures sing ;
 And as the Lovers roam from glade to glade,
 That shine with sunlight, and with music ring,
 Seems but for them the enchanted island made.
 So strong the influence of the fairy scene,
 That soon they feel as if for many a year
 In love and rapture they had linger'd here,
 While with the beauteous things that once have been
 Long, long ago, or only in the mind
 By fancy imaged, lies their native Wales,
 Its dim seen hills, and all its streamy vales :
 Sounds in their souls its rushing mountain wind,

Like music heard in youth, remember'd well,
 But when or where it rose they cannot tell.
 Delightful woods, and many ■ cloudless sky,
 Are in their memory strangely floating by,
 But the faint pageant slowly melts away,
 And to the living earth they yield
 Their willing hearts, as if reveal'd
 In all its glory on this mystic day.
 Like fire, strange flowers around them flame,
 Sweet, harmless fire, breathed from some magic urn,
 The silky gossamer that may not burn,
 Too wildly beautiful to bear ■ name.
 And when the Ocean sends ■ breeze,
 To wake the music sleeping in the trees,
 Trees scarce they ■ to be ; for many ■ flower,
 Radiant as dew, or ruby polish'd bright,
 Glances on every spray, that bending light
 Around the stem, in variegated bows,
 Appear like some awaken'd fountain-shower,
 That with the colour of the evening glows.

And towering o'er these beauteous woods,
 Gigantic rocks were ever dimly seen,
 Breaking with solemn grey the tremulous green,
 And frowning far in castellated pride ;
 While, hastening to the Ocean, hoary floods
 Sent up a thin and radiant mist between,
 Softening the beauty that it could not hide.
 Lo ! higher still the stately Palm-trees rise,
 Chequering the clouds with their unbending stems,
 And o'er the clouds amid the dark-blue skies,
 Lifting their rich unfading diadems.
 How calm and placidly they rest
 Upon the Heavens' indulgent breast,
 As if their branches never breeze had known !
 Light bathes them aye in glancing showers,
 And Silence 'mid their lofty bowers
 Sits on her moveless throne.
 Entranced there the Lovers gaze,
 Till every human fear decays,
 And bliss steals slowly through their quiet souls ;
 Though ever lost to human kind
 And all they love, they are resign'd :
 While with a scarce-heard murmur rolls,
 Like the waves that break along the shore,
 The sound of the world they must see no more.
 List ! Mary is the first to speak,
 Her tender voice still tenderer in her bliss ;
 And breathing o'er her silent husband's cheek,
 As from an infant's lip, a timid kiss,
 Whose touch at once all lingering sorrow calms,
 Says, " God to us in love hath given
 A home on earth, most like to Heaven,
 Our own sweet ISLE OF PALMS."—

And where shall these happy lovers dwell ?
 Shall they seek in the cliffs for some mossy cell ?
 Some wilder haunt than ever hermit knew ?
 Where they may shun the mid-day heat,
 And slumber in a safe retreat,
 When evening sheds her dew ;
 Or shall they build a leafy nest ;
 Where they like birds may sport and rest,
 By clustering bloom preserved from sun and rain,
 Upon some little radiant mound
 Within reach of the freshening sound

That murmurs from the Main?
 No farther need their footsteps —
 Even where they stand, ■ sylvan home
 Steals like a thought upon their startled sight;
 For Nature's breath with playful power
 Hath framed an undecaying bower,
 With colours heavenly bright.
 Beyond ■ green and level lawn,
 Its porch and roof of roses dawn
 Through arching trees that lend ■ mellowing shade.
 How gleams the bower with countless dyes!
 Unwearied spring fresh bloom supplies,
 Still brightening where they fade.
 Two noble Palms, the forest's pride,
 Guarding the bower on either side,
 Their straight majestic stems to Heaven uprear:
 There Beauty sleeps in Grandeur's arms,
 And sheltered there from all alarms,
 Hath nought on earth to fear.

The Dwellers in that lovely bower,
 If mortal shape may breathe such blessed air,
 Might gaze on it from morn till evening hour,
 Nor wish for other sight more touching fair.
 Why look abroad? All things are here
 Delightful to the eye and ear,
 And fragrance pure ■ light floats all around.
 But if they look—those mystic gleams,
 The glory we adore in dreams,
 May here in truth be found.
 Fronting the bower, eternal woods,
 Darkening the mountain solitudes,
 With awe the soul oppress:
 There dwells, with shadowy glories crown'd,
 Rejoicing in the gloom profound,
 The Spirit of the Wilderness.
 Lo! stretching inward on the right,
 A winding vale eludes the sight,
 But where it dies the happy soul must dream:
 Oh! never e'er beneath the sun,
 Along such lovely banks did run
 So musical a stream.
 But who shall dare in thought to paint
 Yon fairy waterfall?
 Still moisten'd by the misty showers,
 From fiery-red, to yellow soft and faint,
 Fantastic bands of fearless flowers
 Sport o'er the rocky wall;
 And ever, through the shrouding spray,
 Whose diamonds glance as bright as they,
 Float birds of graceful form, and gorgeous plumes,
 Or dazzling white as snow;
 While, as the passing sun illumines
 The river's bed, in silent pride
 Spanning the cataract roaring wide,
 Unnumber'd rainbows glow.

But turn around, if thou hast power
 To leave a scene so fair,
 And looking left-wards from the bower,
 What glory meets thee there!
 For lo! the heaven-encircled Sea
 Outspreads his dazzling pageantry,
 As if the whole creation were his own,
 And the Isle, on which thy feet now stand,
 In beauty ■ at his command,

And for his joy alone.
 Beyond his billows rolling bright,
 The Spirit dares not wing her flight;
 For where, upon the boundless deep,
 Should she, if wearied, sink to sleep?
 Back ■ the beauteous Isle of Palms
 Glad she returns; there constant calms,
 The bays, that sleep like inland lakes, invest:
 Delightful all;—but to your eyes,
 O blessed Pair! one circlet lies
 More fair than all the rest.
 At evening through that silent bay
 With beating hearts ye steer'd your way,
 Yet trusting in the guiding love of Heaven;
 And there, upon your bended knees,
 To the unseen Pilot of the Seas
 Your speechless prayers were given.
 From your bower-porch the skiff behold
 That to this Eden bore
 Your almost hopeless souls:—how bold
 It seems to lie, all danger o'er,
 A speck amid the fluid gold
 That burns along the shore!

Five cloudless days have, from the placid deep,
 In glory risen o'er this refulgent Isle,
 And still the Sun retired to rest too soon;
 And each night with more gracious smile,
 Guarding the lovers when they sleep,
 Hath watch'd the holy Moon.
 Through many a dim and dazzling glade,
 They in their restless joy have stray'd,
 In many a grot reposed, and twilight cave;
 Have wander'd round each ocean bay,
 And gazed where inland waters lay
 Serene as night, and bright ■ day,
 Untouch'd by wind or wave.
 Happy their doom, though strange and wild,
 And soon their souls are reconciled
 For ever here to live, and here to die.
 Why should they grieve? a constant mirth
 With music fills the air and earth,
 And beautifies the sky.
 High on the rocks the wild-flowers shine
 In beauty bathed, and joy divine:
 In their dark nooks to them are given
 The sunshine and the dews of Heaven.
 The fish that dart like silver gleams
 Are happy in their rock-bound streams,
 Happy as they that roam the Ocean's breast;
 Though far away on sounding wings
 Yon bird could fly, content he sings
 Around his secret nest.
 And shall the Monarchs of this Isle
 Lament, when one unclouded smile
 Hangs like perpetual spring on every wood?
 And often in their listening souls
 By ■ delightful awe subdued,
 God's voice, like mellow thunder, rolls
 All through the silent solitude.

Five days have fled!—The Sun again,
 Like ■ angel, o'er the brightening Main
 Uplifts his radiant head;
 And full upon yon dewy bower,
 The warm tints of the dawning hour
 ■ warmer still are shed,

The Sun pours not his light in vain
 On them who therein dwell :—a strain
 Of pious music, through the morning calm
 Wakening unwonted echoes, wildly rings ;
 And kneeling there to Mercy's fane,
 While flowers supply their incense-balm,
 At the foot of yon majestic Palm
 The Maid her matins sings.
 It is the Sabbath morn :—since last
 From Heaven it shone, what awful things have past !
 In their beloved vessel as it roll'd
 In pride and beauty o'er the waves of gold,
 Then were they sailing free from all alarms,
 Rejoicing in her scarce-felt motion
 When the ship flew, or slumbering Ocean
 Detain'd her in his arms.
 Beneath the sail's expanded shade
 They and the thoughtless crew together pray'd,
 And sweet their voices rose above the wave ;
 Nor seem'd it woeful ■ ■ strain
 That never was to rise again,
 And chaunted o'er the grave.

Ne'er seem'd before the Isle so bright ;
 And when their hymns were ended,
 Oh ! ne'er in such intense delight
 Had their rapt souls been blended.
 Some natural tears they surely owed
 To those who wept for them, and fast they flow'd.
 And oft will flow amid their happiest hours ;
 But not less fair the summer day,
 Though glittering through the sunny ray,
 Are ■ ■ descending showers.
 But how could Sorrow, Grief, or Pain,
 The glory of that morn sustain ?
 Alone amid the Wilderness
 More touching seem'd the holiness
 Of that mysterious day of soul-felt rest :
 They are the first that e'er adored
 On this wild spot their Heavenly Lord,
 Or gentle Jesus bless'd.
 • O Son of God ! • How sweetly came
 Into their souls that blessed name !
 Even like health's hope-reviving breath
 To one upon the bed of death.
 • Our Saviour ! •—What angelic grace
 Stole with dim smiles o'er Mary's face,
 While through the solitude profound
 With love and awe she breathed that holy sound !
 Yes ! He will save ! ■ still small voice
 To Mary's fervent prayer replied ;
 Beneath his tender care rejoice,
 On earth who for his children died.
 Her Lover saw that, while she pray'd,
 Communion with her God was given
 Unto her sinless spirit :—nought he said ;
 But gazing ■ her with a fearful love,
 Such ■ saints feel for sister-souls above,
 Her cheek upon his bosom gently laid,
 And dreamt with her of Heaven.

Pure were their souls, ■ infant's breath
 Who in its cradle guiltless sinks in death.
 No place for human frailty this,
 Despondency or fears,
 Too beautiful the wild appears
 Almost for human bliss.

Was love like theirs then given in vain ?
 And must they, trembling, shrink from pure delight ?
 Or shall that God, who on the main
 Hath bound them with a billowy chain,
 Approve the holy rite,
 That, by their pious souls alone
 Perform'd before his silent throne
 In innocence and joy,
 Here, and in realms beyond the grave,
 Unites those whom the cruel wave
 Could not for grief destroy ?
 No fears felt they of guilt or sin,
 For sure they heard a voice within
 That set their hearts at rest ;
 They pass'd the day in peaceful prayer,
 And when beneath the evening air,
 They sought again their harbour fair,
 A smiling angel met them there,
 And bade their couch be blest.
 Nor veil'd the Moon her virgin light,
 But, clear and cloudless all the night,
 Hung o'er the flowers where love and beauty lay ;
 And, loth to leave that holy bower,
 With lingering pace obey'd the power
 Of bright-returning day.

And say ! what wanteth now the Isle of Palms,
 To make it happy as those Isles of rest
 (When eve the sky becalms
 Like a subsiding sea)
 That hang resplendent, mid the gorgeous west,
 All brightly imaged, mountain, grove, and tree,
 The setting sun's last lingering pageantry !
 Hath Fancy ever dreamt of seraph-Powers
 Walking in beauty through these cloud-framed bowers,
 Light as the mist that wraps their dazzling feet ?
 And hath she ever paused to hear,
 By moonlight brought unto her ear,
 Their hymnings wild and sweet ?
 Lo ! human creatures meet her view
 As happy, and as beauteous too,
 As those aerial phantoms !—in their mien,
 Where'er they move, a graceful calm is seen
 All foreign to this utter solitude,
 Yet blended with such wild and fairy glide,
 As erst in Grecian Isle had beautified
 The guardian Deities of Grove and Flood.
 Are these fair creatures earth-born and alive,
 And mortal, like the flowers that round them smile ?
 Or if into the Ocean sank their Isle
 A thousand fathoms deep—would they survive,—
 Like sudden rainbows spread their arching wings,
 And while, to cheer their airy voyage, sings
 With joy the charmed sea, the heavens give way,
 That in the spirits, who had sojourn'd long
 On earth, might glide, then re-assume their sway,
 And from the gratulating throng
 Of kindred spirits, drink the inexpressive song ?

Oh ! fairer now these blessed Lovers seem,
 Gliding like spirits through o'er-arching trees,
 Their beauty mellowing in the chequer'd light,
 Than, years ago, on that resplendent night,
 When yielded up to an unearthly dream,
 In their sweet ship they sail'd upon the seas.
 Ay ! years ago !—for in this temperate clime,
 Fleet, passing fleet, the noiseless plumes of time

Float through the fragrance of the sunny air ;
 One little month seems scarcely gone
 Since, in a vessel of their own,
 At eve they landed there.
 Their bower is now a stately bower,
 For, on its roof, the loftiest flower
 To bloom so lowly grieves,
 And up like an ambitious thing
 That feareth nought, behold it spring
 Till it meet the high Palm-leaves !
 The porch is opening seen no more,
 But faked up with blossoms hoar,
 And leaves green as the sea,
 And, when the wind hath found them out,
 The merry waves that dancing rout
 May not surpass in glee.
 About their home so little art,
 They seem to live in Nature's heart,
 A sylvan court to hold
 In a palace framed of lustre green,
 More rare than to the bright Flower Queen
 Was ever built of old.

Where are they in the hours of day ?
 —The birds are happy on the spray,
 The dolphins ■ the deep,
 Whether they wanton full of life,
 Or, wearied with their playful strife,
 Amid the sunshine sleep.
 And ■ these things by Nature blest
 In sport, in labour, and in rest,—
 And yet the Sovereigns of the Isle oppress
 With languor or with pain ?
 No ! with light glide, and cheerful song,
 Through flowers and fruit they dance along,
 And still fresh joys, uncall'd for, throng
 Through their romantic reign.
 The wild-deer bounds along the rock,
 But let him not yon hunter mock,
 Though strong, and fierce, and fleet ;
 For he will trace his mountain-path,
 Or else his antler's threatening wrath
 In some dark winding meet.
 Vaunt not, gay bird ! thy gorgeous plume,
 Though ■ yon leafy tree it bloom
 Like ■ flower both rich and fair :
 Vain thy loud song and scarlet glow,
 To save from his unerring bow ;
 The arrow finds thee there.
 Dark are the caverns of the wave,
 Yet those, that sport there, cannot save,
 Though hidden from the day,
 With silvery sides bedropt with gold,
 Struggling they on the beach are roll'd
 O'er shells as bright ■ they.

Their pastimes these, and labours too,
 From day to day unwearied they renew,
 In garments floating with ■ woodland grace :
 Oh ! lovelier far than fabled sprites,
 They glide along through new delights,
 Like Health and Beauty vying in the race.
 Yet hours of soberer bliss they know,
 Their spirits in more solemn flow
 At day-fall oft will run
 When from his throne, with kingly motion,

Into the loving ■ of Ocean
 Descends the setting Sun.
 « Oh ! beauteous ■ thy rocky vales,
 Land of my birth, forsaken Wales !
 Towering from continent or sea,
 Where is the Mountain like to thee ?—
 The eagle's darling, and the tempest's pride,—
 Thou ! ■ whose ever-varying side
 The shadows and the sun-beams glide
 In still ■ stormy weather,
 Oh Snowdon ! may I breathe thy name ?
 And thine too, of gigantic frame,
 Cader-Idris ? 'neath the solar flame,
 Oh ! proud ye stand together !
 And thou, sweet Lake !—but from its wave
 She turn'd her inward eye,
 For near these banks, within her grave,
 Her Mother ■ must lie :
 Weak were her limbs, long, long ago,
 And grief, ere this, hath laid them low.

Yet ■ Fitz-Owen's eye and voice
 From these sad dreams recall
 His weeping wife ; and deeply cheer'd
 She soon forgets them all.
 Or, haply through delighted tears,
 Her mother's smiling shade appears,
 And, her most duteous child caressing,
 Bestows on her a parent's blessing,
 And tells that o'er these holy groves
 Oft hangs the parent whom she loves.
 How beauteous both in hours like these !
 Prent in each other's arms, or on their knees,
 They think of things for which no words are found ;
 They need not speak : their looks express
 More life-pervading tenderness
 Than music's sweetest sound.
 He thinks upon the dove-like rest
 That broods within her pious breast ;
 The holy calm, the hush divine,
 Where pensive, night-like glories shine ;
 Even as the mighty Ocean deep,
 Yet clear and waveless as the sleep
 Of some lone heaven-reflecting lake,
 When evening-air its gleam forsake.
 She thinks upon his love for her,
 His wild, impassion'd character,
 To whom a look, a kiss, a smile,
 Rewards for danger and for toil !
 His power of spirit unsubdued,
 His fearlessness,—his fortitude,—
 The radiance of his gifted soul,
 Where never mists or darkness roll :
 A poet's soul that flows for ever,
 Right onwards like a noble river,
 Refulgent still, or by its native woods
 Shaded, and rolling on through sunless solitudes.

In love and mercy, sure on him had God
 The sacred power that stirs the soul bestow'd ;
 Nor fell his hymns on Mary's ear in vain ;
 With brightening smiles the Vision hung
 O'er the rapt poet while he sung,
 More beauteous from the strain.
 The songs he pour'd were sad and wild,
 And while they would have soothed ■ child,

Who soon bestows his tears,
 A deeper pathos in them lay
 Than would have moved a hermit grey,
 Bow'd down with holy years.
 One song he had about a Ship
 That perish'd on the Main,
 So woeful, that his Mary pray'd,
 At one most touching pause he made,
 To cease the hearse-like strain:
 And yet, in spite of all her pain,
 Implored him, soon — he obey'd,
 To sing it once again.
 With faltering voice then would he sing
 Of many — well-known far-off thing,
 Towers, castles, lakes, and rills;
 Their names he gave not—could not give—
 But happy ye, he thought, who live
 Among the Cambrian hills!
 Then of their own sweet Isle of Palms,
 Full many a lovely lay
 He sung;—and of two happy sprites
 Who live and revel in delights
 For ever, night and day.
 And who, even of immortal birth,
 Or that for Heaven have left this earth,
 Were e'er more blest than they!

But shall that bliss endure for ever?
 And shall these consecrated groves
 Behold and cherish their immortal loves?
 O must it come, the hour that is to sever
 Those whom the Ocean in his wrath did spare?
 Awful that thought, and, like unto despair,
 Oft to their hearts it sends an icy chill;
 Pain, death they fear not, come they when they will,
 But the same fate together let them share;
 For how could either hope to die resign'd,
 If God should say, «One must remain behind!»
 Yet wisely doth the spirit shrink
 From thought, when it is death to think;
 Or haply, a kind being turns
 To brighter hopes the soul that mourns
 In killing woe; else many an eye,
 Now glad, would weep its destiny.
 Even so it fares with them: they wish to live
 Long on this island, lonely though it be.
 Old age itself to them would pleasure give,
 For lo! a sight, which it is heaven to see,
 Down yonder hill comes glancing beauteously,
 And with a silver voice most wildly sweet,
 Flings herself, laughing, down before her parents' feet.

Are they in truth her parents?—Was her birth
 Not drawn from heavenly sire, and from the breast
 Of some fair spirit, whose sinless nature glow'd
 With purest flames, enamour'd of a God,
 And gave this child to light in realms of rest;
 Then sent her to adorn these island bowers,
 To sport and play with the delighted hours,
 Till call'd again to dwell among the blest?
 Sweet are such fancies:—but that kindling smile
 Dissolves them all!—Her native isle
 This sure must be: If she in Heaven were born,
 What breathed into her face
 That winning human grace,
 Now dim, now dazzling like the break of morn?

For, like the timid light of infant day,
 That oft, when dawning, seems to die away,
 The gleam of rapture from her visage flies,
 Then fades, as if afraid, into her tender eyes.
 Open thy lips, thou blessed thing, again!
 And let thy parents live upon the sound;
 No other music wish they till they die.
 For never yet disease, or grief, or pain,
 Within thy breast the living lyre hath found,
 Whose chords send forth that touching melody.
 Sing on! sing on! it is a lovely air:
 Well could thy mother sing it when a maid;
 Yet strange it is in this wild Indian glade,
 To list a tune that breathes of nothing there,—
 A tune that by his mountain-springs,
 Beside his slumbering lambskins fair,
 The Cambrian shepherd sings.

The air on her sweet lips hath died;
 And as a harper, when his tune is play'd,
 Pathetic though it be, with smiling brow
 Haply doth careless fling his harp aside,
 Even so regardlessly upstarteth now,
 With playful frolic, the light-hearted maid,
 As if, with a capricious gladness,
 She strove to mock the soul of sadness,
 Then mourning through the glade.
 Light as a falling leaf that springs
 Away before the zephyr's wings,
 Amid the verdure seems to lie
 Of motion rest, then suddenly,
 With bird-like fluttering, mounts on high,
 Up yon steep hill's unbroken side,
 Behold the little Fairy glide.
 Though free her breath, untired her limb,
 For through the air she seems to swim,
 Yet oft she stops to look behind
 On them below;—till with the wind
 She flies again, and on the hill-top far
 Shines like the spirit of the evening star.
 Nor lingers long: as if a sight
 Half-fear, half-wonder, urged her flight,
 In rapid motion, winding still
 To break the steepness of the hill,
 With leaps, and springs, and outstretch'd arms,
 More graceful in her vain alarms,
 The child outstrips the Ocean gale,
 In haste to tell her wondrous tale.
 Her parents' joyful hearts admire,
 Of peacock's plumes her glancing tire,
 All bright with tiny suns,
 And the gleamings of the feathery gold,
 That play along each wavy fold
 Of her mantle as she runs.

«What ails my child?» her mother cries,
 Seeing the wildness in her eyes,
 The wonder on her cheek;
 But fearfully she beckons still,
 Up to her watch-tower on the hill,
 Ere one word can she speak.
 «My Father! Mother! quickly fly
 Up to the green-hill top with me,
 And tell me what you there descrie;
 For a cloud hath fallen from the sky,
 And is sailing on the sea.»

They wait not to hear that word again:
 The steep seems level as the plain,
 And up they glide with ease:
 They stand one moment on the height
 In agony, then bless the sight,
 And drop upon their knees.
 «A Ship!»—no more can Mary say,
 «A blessed Ship!» and faints away.—
 Not so the happy sight subdues
 Fitz-Owen's heart;—he calmly views
 The gallant vessel tosa
 Her prow superbly up and down,
 As if she wore the Ocean Crown;
 And now, exulting in the breeze,
 With new-woke English pride he sees
 St George's blessed Cross.

Behold them now, the happy three,
 Hang up a signal o'er the sea,
 And shout with echoing sound,
 While, gladden'd by her parents' bliss,
 The child prints many a playful kiss
 Upon their hands, or, mad with glee,
 Is dancing round and round.
 Scarce doth the thoughtless infant know
 Why thus their tears like rain should flow,
 Yet she must also weep;
 Such tears ■ innocence doth shed
 Upon its undisturbed bed,
 When dreaming in its sleep.
 And oft, and oft, her father presses
 Her breast to his, and bathes her tresses,
 Her sweet eyes, and fair brow.
 «How beautiful upon the wave
 The vessel sails, who comes to save!
 Fitting it was that first she shone
 Before the wondering eyes of one,
 So beautiful as thou.
 See how before the wind she goes,
 Scattering the waves like melting snows!
 Her course with glory fills
 The sea for many a league!—Descending,
 She stoopeth now into the vale,
 Now, ■ more freshly blows the gale,
 She mounts in triumph o'er the watery hills.
 Oh! whither is she tending?
 She holds in sight yon shelter'd bay;
 As for her crew, how blest are they!
 See! how she veers around!
 Back whirl the waves with louder sound;
 And now her prow points to the land:
 For the Ship, at her glad lord's command,
 Doth well her helm obey.»

They cast their eyes around the isle:
 But what a change is there!
 For ever fled that lonely smile
 That lay on earth and air,
 That made its haunts ■ still and holy,
 Almost for bliss too melancholy,
 For life too wildly fair.
 Gone—gone is all its loneliness,
 And with it much of loveliness.
 Into each deep glen's dark recess,
 The day-shine pours like rain,
 So strong and sudden is the light

Reflected from that wonder bright,
 Now tilting o'er the Main.
 Soon as the thundering cannon spoke,
 The voice of the evening-gun
 The spell of the enchantment broke,
 Like dew beneath the sun.
 Soon shall they hear th' unwonted cheers
 Of these delighted mariners,
 And the loud sound of the oar,
 As bending back away they pull,
 With measured pause, most beautiful,
 Approaching to the shore.
 For her yards are bare of man and sail,
 Nor ■ the giant to the gale;
 But, on the Ocean's breast,
 With storm-proof cables, stretching far,
 There lies the stately Ship of War;
 And glad is she of rest.

Ungrateful ye! and will ye sail away,
 And leave your bower to flourish and decay,
 Without one parting tear?
 Where you have slept, and loved, and pray'd,
 And with your smiling infant play'd
 For many a blessed year!
 No! not in vain that bower hath shed
 Its blossoms o'er your marriage-bed,
 Nor the sweet Moon look'd down in vain,
 Forgetful of her heavenly reign,
 On them whose pure and holy bliss
 Even beautified that wilderness.
 To every rock, and glade, and dell,
 You ■ breathe forth a sad farewell.
 «Say, wilt thou ever murmur ■
 With that ■ voice when we are gone?
 Beloved stream!—Ye birds of light!
 And in your joy as musical as bright,
 Still will you pour that thrilling strain,
 Unheard by us who sail the distant main?
 We leave our nuptial bower to you!
 There still your harmless loves renew;
 And there, as they who left it, blest,
 The loveliest ever build your nest.
 Farewell once more—for now and ever!
 Yet, though unhoped-for mercy sever
 Our lives from thee, where grief might come at last;
 Yet whether chain'd in tropic calms,
 Or driven before the blast,
 Most surely shall our spirits never
 Forget the Isle of Palms.»—

«What means the Ship?» Fitz-Owen cries,
 And scarce can trust his startled eyes,
 «While safely she at anchor swings,
 Why doth she thus expand her wings?
 She will not surely leave the bay,
 Where sweetly smiles the closing day,
 As if ■ tempted her to stay?
 ■ cruel Ship! 't is even so:
 No ■ come than in haste to go;
 Angel of bliss! and fiend of woe!»—
 —«Oh! let that God who brought her here,
 My husband's wounded spirit cheer!
 Mayhap the ship for months and years
 Hath been among the storms, and fears

Yon lowering cloud, that on the wave
 Flings down the shadow of a grave;
 For well thou know'st the bold can be
 By shadows daunted, when they sail the sea.
 Think, in our own lost Ship, when o'er our head
 Walk'd the sweet Moon in unobscured light,
 How oft the sailors gazed with causeless dread
 On her, the glory of the innocent night,
 As if in those still hours of heavenly joy,
 They saw a spirit smiling to destroy.
 Trust that, when morning brings her light,
 The ■■■ will shew a glorious sight,
 This very Ship in joy returning
 With outspread sails and ensigns burning,
 To quench in bliss our causeless mourning.—
 — O Father! look with kinder eyes
 On me, — the Fairy-infant cries:
 • Though oft thy face hath look'd most sad,
 At times when I was gay and glad,
 These are not like thy other sighs.
 But that I saw my Father grieve,
 Most happy when yon thing did leave
 Our shores, was I: — Mid waves and wind,
 Where, Father! could we ever find
 So sweet an island as our own?
 And so we all would think, I well believe,
 Lamenting, when we look'd behind,
 That the Isle of Palms was gone. —

Oh blessed child! each artless tone
 Of that sweet voice, thus plaintively
 Breathing of comfort to thyself unknown,
 Who feelest not how beautiful thou art,
 Sinks like an anthem's pious melody
 Into thy father's agitated heart,
 And makes it calm and tranquil as thy own.
 A shower of kisses bathes thy smiling face,
 And thou, rejoicing once again to hear
 The voice of love so pleasant to thine ear,
 Through the brake, and o'er the lawn,
 Bounding along like a sportive fawn,
 With laugh and song renew'st thy devious race;
 Or round them, like a guardian sprite,
 Dancing with more than mortal grace,
 Steepest their gazing souls in still delight.
 For how could they, thy parents, see
 Thy innocent and fearless glee,
 And not forget, but one short hour ago,
 When the Ship sail'd away, how bitter was their woe?
 — Most like a dream it doth appear,
 When she, the vanish'd Ship, was here: —
 A glimpse of joy, that, while it shone,
 Was surely passing-sweet: — now it is gone,
 Not worth one single tear.

CANTO IV.

A SUMMER Night descends in balm
 On the orange-bloom, and the stately Palm,
 Of that romantic steep,
 Where, silent as the silent hour,
 Mid the soft leaves of their Indian bower,
 Three happy spirits sleep.

And we will leave them to themselves,
 To the ■■■ and the stars, these happy elves,
 To the murmuring wave, and the zephyr's wing,
 That dreams of gentlest joyance bring
 To bathe their slumbering eyes;
 And on the moving clouds of night,
 High o'er the main will take our flight,
 Where beauteous Albion lies.
 Wondrous, and strange, and fair, I ween,
 The sounds, the forms, the hues have been
 Of these delightful groves;
 And mournful as the melting sky,
 Or a faint-remember'd melody,
 The story of their loves.
 Yet though they sleep, those breathings wild,
 That told of the Fay-like sylvan child,
 And of them who live in lonely bliss,
 Like bright flowers of the wilderness,
 Happy and beauteous as the sky
 That views them with a loving eye,
 Another tale I have to sing,
 Whose low and plaintive murmuring
 May well thy heart beguile,
 And when thou weep'st along with me,
 Through tears no longer mayst thou see
 That fairy Indian Isle.

Among the Cambrian hills we stand!
 By dear compulsion chain'd unto the strand
 Of a still lake, yet sleeping in the mist,
 The thin blue mist that beautifies the morning;
 Old Snowden's gloomy brow the sun hath kiss'd,
 Till, rising like a giant from his bed,
 High o'er the mountainous sea he lifts his head,
 The loneliness of Nature's reign adorning
 With a calm majesty and pleasing dread.
 A spirit is singing from the coves
 Yet dim and dark; that spirit loves
 To sing unto the Dawn,
 When first he sees the shadowy veil,
 As if by some slow-stealing gale,
 From her fair face withdrawn.
 How the Lake brightens while we gaze!
 Impatient for the flood of rays
 That soon will bathe its breast;
 Where rock, and hill, and cloud and sky,
 Even like its peaceful self, will lie
 Ere long in perfect rest.
 The dawn hath brighten'd into day:
 Blessings be on you crescent-bay,
 Beloved in former years!
 Dolbardan! at this silent hour,
 More solemn far thy lonely tower
 Unto my soul appears
 Than when, in days of roaming youth,
 I saw thee first, and scarce could tell
 If thou wert frowning there in truth,
 Or only raised by Fancy's spell,
 An airy tower 'mid an unearthly dell.

O wildest Bridge by human hand e'er framed!
 If ■■■ thou mayst be named:
 Thou! who for many a year hast stood
 Clothed with the deep-green moss of age,
 As if thy tremulous length were living wood,
 Sprung from the bank on either side,

Despising, with a careless pride,
 The tumults of the wintry flood,
 And hill-born tempest's rage.
 Each flower upon thy moss I know,
 Or think I know; like things they seem
 Fair and unchanged of a returning dream!
 While underneath, the peaceful flow
 Of the smooth river to my heart
 Brings back the thoughts that long ago
 I felt, when forced to part
 From the deep calm of Nature's reign,
 To walk the world's loud scenes again.
 And let us with that river glide
 Around yon hillock's verdant side;
 And lo! a gleam of sweet surprise,
 Like sudden sunshine, warms thine eyes.
 White as the spring's unmelted snow,
 That lives though winter storms be o'er,
 A Cot beneath the mountain's brow
 Smiles through its shading sycamore.
 The silence of the morning air
 Persuades our hearts to enter there.
 In dreams all quiet things we love;
 And sure no star that lies above,
 Cradled in clouds, that also sleep,
 Enjoys a calm more hush'd and deep
 Than doth this slumbering cell:
 Yea! like a star it looketh down
 In pleasure from its mountain-throne,
 On its own little dell.

A lovelier form now meets mine eye
 Than the loveliest cloud that sails the sky!
 And human feelings blend
 With the pleasure born of the glistening air,
 As in our dreams uprises fair
 The face of a dear friend.
 A vision glides before my brain,
 Like her who lives beyond the Main!
 Breathing delight, the beauteous flower
 That Heaven had raised to grace this bower.
 To me this field is holy ground!
 Her voice is speaking in the sound
 That cheers the streamlet's bed.
 Sweet Maiden!—side by side we stand,
 While gently beneath my hand
 Her soft and silky head.
 A moment's pause! and as I look
 On the silent cot and the idle brook,
 And the face of the quiet day,
 I know from all that many a year
 Hath slowly past in sorrow here,
 Since Mary went away.
 But that wreath of smoke, now melting thin,
 Tells that some being dwells within;
 And the balmy breath that stole
 From the rose-tree, and jasmine, clustering wide,
 O'er all the dwelling's blooming side,
 Tells that whoe'er doth there abide,
 Must have a gentle soul.

Then gently breathe, and softly tread,
 As if thy steps were o'er the dead!
 Break not the slumber of the air,
 Even by the whisper of a prayer,

But in thy spirit let there be
 A silent Benedicite!
 Thine eye falls on the vision bright,
 As she sits amid the lonely light
 That gleams from her cottage-hearth:
 O! fear gaze on her with love!
 For, though these looks are from above,
 She is a form of earth.
 In the silence of her long distress,
 She sits with pious stateliness;
 As if she felt the eye of God
 Were her childless lone abode.
 While her lips move with silent vows,
 With saintly grace the phantom bows
 Over a Book spread open on her knee,
 O blessed Book! such thoughts to wake!
 It tells of Him who for our sake
 Died on the cross,—Our Saviour's History.
 How beauteously hath sorrow shed
 Its mildness round her aged head!
 How beauteously her sorrow lies
 In the solemn light of her faded eyes!
 And lo! a faint and feeble trace
 Of hope yet lingers on her face,
 That she may yet embrace again
 Her child, returning from the Main;
 For the brooding dove shall leave her nest
 Sooner than hope a mother's breast.

Her long-lost child may still survive!
 That thought hath kept her wasted heart alive;
 And often, to herself unknown,
 Hath mingled with the midnight sigh,
 When she breathed, in a voice of agony,
 "Now every hope is gone!"
 'T was this that gave her strength to look
 On the mossy banks of the singing brook,
 Where Mary oft had play'd;
 And duly, at one stated hour,
 To go in calmness to the bower
 Built her favourite glade.
 'T was this that made her, every morn,
 As she bless'd it, bathe the ancient thorn
 With water from the spring;
 And gently tend each flow'et's stalk,
 For she call'd to mind who loved to walk
 Through their fragrant blossoming.
 Yea! the voice of hope oft touch'd her ear
 From the hymn of the lark that caroll'd clear,
 Through the heart of the silent sky.
 "Oh! such was my Mary's joyful strain!
 And such she may haply sing again
 Before her Mother die."
 Thus hath she lived for seven long years,
 With gleams of comfort through her tears;
 Thus hath that beauty to her face been given:
 And thus, though silver grey her hair,
 And pale her cheek, yet is she fair
 As any Child of Heaven!

Yet, though she thus in calmness sit,
 Full many a dim and ghastly fit
 Across her brain hath roll'd:
 Oft hath she swoon'd away from pain;
 And when her came again,
 Her heart icy-cold.

Hath it been for her to bear
 The dreadful silence of the air
 At night, around her bed ;
 When her waking thoughts through the darkness grew
 Hideous as dreams, and for truth she knew
 That her dear child was dead.
 Things loved before seem alter'd quite,
 The sun himself yields no delight,
 She hears not the neighbouring waterfall,
 Or, if she hear, the tones recall
 The thought of her, who once did sing
 So sweetly to its murmuring.
 No summer gale, no winter blast,
 By day or night o'er her cottage pass'd.
 If her restless soul did wake,
 That brought not a Ship before her eyes ;
 Yea ! often dying shrieks and cries
 Sail'd o'er Llanberris Lake,
 Though, far as the charm'd eye could view,
 Upon the quiet earth it lay,
 Like the Moon amid the heavenly way,
 As bright and silent too.

Hath she no friend whose heart may share
 With her the burthen of despair,
 And by her earnest, soothing voice,
 Bring back the image of departed joys
 So vividly, that reconciled
 To the drear silence of her cot,
 At times she scarcely miss her child ?
 Or, the wild raving of the sea forgot,
 Hear nought amid the calm profound,
 Save Mary's voice, a soft and silver sound ?
 No ! seldom human footsteps come
 Unto her childless widow'd home ;
 No friend like this e'er sits beside her fire :
 For still doth selfish happiness
 Keep far away from real distress,
 Loath to approach, and eager to retire.
 The vales wide, the torrents deep,
 Dark are the nights, the mountains steep,
 And many a cause, without a name,
 Will from our spirits hide the blame,
 When, thinking of ourselves, we cease
 To think upon another's peace :
 Though one short hour to sorrow given,
 Would cheer the gloom, and win the applause of Heaven.
 Yet, when by chance they meet her on the hill,
 Or lonely wandering by the sullen rill,
 By its wild voice to dim seclusion led,
 The shepherds linger on their way,
 And unto God in silence pray
 To bless her hoary head.
 In churchyard on the Sabbath-day
 They all make room for her, even they
 Whose tears are falling down in showers
 Upon the fading funeral flowers,
 Which they have planted o'er their children's clay.
 And though her faded cheeks be dry,
 Her breast unmoved by groan or sigh,
 More piteous is one single smile
 Of hers, than many a tear ;
 For she is wishing all the while
 That her head were lying here ;
 Since her dear daughter is no more,
 Drown'd in the sea, or buried in the shore.

A sudden thought her brain hath cross'd ;
 And in that thought all woes are lost,
 Though sad and wild it be :
 Why must she still, from year to year,
 In lonely anguish linger here ?
 Let her go, she die, unto the coast,
 And dwell beside the sea ;
 The that tore her child away,
 When glad would she have been to stay.
 An awful comfort to her soul
 To hear the sleepless Ocean roll !
 To dream, that on his boundless breast,
 Somewhere her long-wept child might rest ;
 On far island wreck'd, yet blest
 Even as the sunny wave.
 Or, indeed her child is drown'd,
 For ever let her drink the sound
 That day and night still murmurs round
 Her Mary's distant grave.
 —She will not stay another hour ;
 Her feeble limbs with youthful power
 Now feel endow'd ; she hath ta'en farewell
 Of her native stream, and hill and dell ;
 And with a solemn tone
 Upon the bower implores a blessing,
 Where often she had sate caressing
 Her who, she deems, is now a saint in Heaven.
 Upon her hearth the fire is dead,
 The smoke in air hath vanished ;
 The last long lingering look is given,
 The shuddering start,—the inward groan,—
 And the Pilgrim on her way hath gone.

Behold her on the lone sea-shore,
 Listening unto the hollow roar
 That with eternal thunder, far and wide,
 Clothes the black-heaving Main ! she stands
 Upon the cold and moisten'd sands,
 Nor in that deep trance sees the quickly-flowing tide.
 She feels it is a dreadful noise,
 That in her bowed soul destroys
 A Mother's hope, though blended with her life ;
 But surely she hath lost her child,
 For how could one so weak and mild
 Endure the Ocean's strife,
 Who, at this moment of dismay,
 Flows like a monster o'er his prey !
 But the tide is rippling at her feet,
 And the murmuring sound, so wildly sweet,
 Disperses these torturing dreams :
 Oh ! once again the sea behold,
 O'er all its wavy fields of gold
 The playful sun-light gleams.
 These little harmless waves so fair,
 Speak not of sorrow or despair :
 How soft the zephyr's breath !
 It sings like joy's own chosen sound ;
 While life and pleasure dance around,
 Why t'hou muse on death ?
 Here even the timid child might come,
 To dip her small feet in the foam ;
 And, laughing as she view'd
 The billows racing to the shore,
 Lament when their short course was o'er,
 Pursuing and pursued.

How calmly floats the white sea-mew
 Amid the billows' verdant hue!
 How calmly mounts into the air,
 As if the breezes blew her there!
 How calmly on the sand alighting,
 To dress her silken plumes delighting!
 See! how these tiny vessels glide
 With all sails set, in mimic pride,
 As they were ships of war.
 All leave the idle port to-day,
 And with oar and sheet the sunny bay
 Is glancing bright and far.

She sees the joy, but feels it not:
 If e'er her child should be forgot
 For one short moment of oblivious sleep,
 It seems a wrong to one so kind,
 Whose mother, left on earth behind,
 Hath nought to do but weep.
 For, wandering in her solitude,
 Tears seem to her the natural food
 Of widow'd childless age;
 And bitter though these tears must be,
 Which falling there is none to see,
 Her anguish they assuage.
 A calm succeeds the storm of grief,
 A settled calm, that brings relief,
 And half partakes of pleasure, soft and mild;
 For the spirit, that is sore distressed,
 At length, when wearied into rest,
 Will slumber like a child.
 And then, in spite of all her woe,
 The bliss, that charm'd her long ago,
 Bursts ■ her like the day.
 Her child, she feels, is living still,
 By God and angels kept from ill
 On some isle far away.
 It is not doom'd that she must mourn
 For ever;—One may yet return
 Who soon will dry her tears:
 And now that seven long years are flown,
 Though spent in anguish and alone,
 How short the time appears!
 She looks upon the billowy Main,
 And the parting-day returns again;
 Each breaking wave she knows;
 And when she listens to the tide,
 Her child seems standing by her side;
 So like the past it flows.
 She starts to hear the city bell;
 So toll'd it when they wept farewell!
 She thinks the self-same smoke and cloud
 The city domes and turrets shroud;
 The same keen flash of ruddy fire
 Is burning on the lofty spire;
 The grove of masts is standing there
 Unchanged, with all their ensigns fair;
 The same, the stir, the tumult, and the hum,
 As from the city to the shore they come.

Day after day, along the beach she roams,
 And evening finds her there, when to their homes
 All living things have gone.
 No terrors hath the surge or storm
 For her;—on glides the aged form,
 Still restless and alone.

Familiar unto every eye
 She long hath been: her low deep sigh
 Hath touch'd with pity many a thoughtless breast:
 And prayers, unheard by her, are given,
 That in its mercy watchful Heaven
 Would send the aged rest.
 As ■ the smooth and harden'd sand,
 In many a gay and rosy band,
 Gathering rare shells, delighted children stray,
 With pitying gaze they pass along,
 And hush at ■ the shout and song,
 When they chance to cross her way.
 The strangers, ■ they idly pace
 Along the beach, if her they meet,
 No ■ regard the sea: her face
 Attracts them by its solemn grace,
 So mournful, yet so sweet.
 The boisterous sailor passes by
 With softer step, and o'er his eye
 A haze will pass most like unto ■ tear;
 For he hath heard, that, broken-hearted,
 Long, long ago, that mother parted
 With her lost daughter here.
 Such kindness soothes her soul, I ween,
 As through the harbour's busy scene
 She passes weak and slow.
 A comfort sad it brings to see
 That others pity her, though free
 Themselves from care or woe.

The playful voice of streams and rills,
 The echo of the cavern'd hills,
 The marmur of the trees,
 The bleat of sheep, the song of bird,
 Within her soul no more are heard;
 There, sound for aye the seas.
 Seldom she hears the ceaseless din
 That stirs the busy port. Within
 A murmur dwells, that drowns all other sound:
 And oft, when dreaming of her child,
 Her tearful eyes are wandering wild,
 Yet nought behold around.
 But hear and see she must this day;
 Her sickening spirit must obey
 The flashing and the roar
 That burst from fort, and ship, and tower,
 While clouds of gloomy splendour lower
 O'er city, sea, and shore.
 The pier-head, with ■ restless crowd,
 Seems all alive; there, voices loud
 Oft raise the thundrous cheer,
 While, from ■ board the ship of war,
 The music bands both near and far
 Are playing, faint or clear.
 The bells ring quick a joyous peal,
 Till the very spires appear to feel
 The joy that stirs throughout their tapering height.
 Ten thousand flags and pendants fly
 Abroad, like meteors in the sky,
 So beautiful and bright.
 And, while the storm of pleasure raves
 Through each tumultuous street,
 Still strikes the ear one darling tune,
 Sung hoarse, or warbled sweet;
 Well doth it suit the First of June,
 « Britannia, rule the Waves! »

What Ship is she that rises slow
Above the horizon?—White as snow,
And cover'd as she sails
By the bright sunshine, fondly woo'd
In her calm beauty, and pursued
By all the Ocean gales?
Well doth she know this glorious morn,
And by her subject waves is borne,
As in triumphal pride:
And now the gazing crowd descry,
Distinctly floating on the sky,
Her pendants long and wide,
The outward forts she now hath pass'd;
Loftier and loftier towers her mast;
You almost hear the sound
Of the billows rushing past her sides,
As giant-like she calmly glides
Through the dwindled ships around.
Saluting thunders rend the Main!
Short silence!—and they roar again,
And veil her in a cloud:
Then up leap all her fearless crew,
And cheer till shore, and city too,
With echoes loud.
In peace and friendship doth she come,
Rejoicing to approach her home,
After absence long and far:
Yet with like calmness would she go,
Exulting to behold the foe,
And break the line of war.

While all the noble Ship admire.
Why doth One from the crowd retire,
Nor bless the stranger bright?
So look'd the Ship that bore away
Her weeping child! She dares not stay,
Death-sickening at the sight.
Like a ghost, she wanders up and down
Throughout the still deserted town,
Wondering, if in that noisy throng,
Amid the shout, the dance, the song,
One wretched heart there may not be,
That hates its own mad revelry!
One mother, who hath lost her child,
Yet in her grief is reconciled
To such unmeaning sounds as these.
Yet this may be the mere disease
Of grief with her: for why destroy
The few short hours of human joy,
Though Reason own them not?—*Shout on,* she cries,
Ye thoughtless, happy souls! A mother's sighs
Must not your bliss profane;
Yet blind must be that mother's heart
Who loves thee, beauteous *—* thou art,
Thou Glory of the Main!—

Towards the church-yard see the Matron turn!
There surely she in solitude may mourn,
Tormented not by such distracting noise.
But there *—* no peace for her this day,
For *—* crowd advances on her way,
As if no spot were sacred from their joys.
—Fly not that crowd! for Heaven is there!
It breathes around thee in the air,
Even now, when unto dim despair

Thy heart *—* sinking fast:
A cruel lot hath long been thine;
But *—* let thy face with rapture shine,
For bliss awaiteth thee divine,
And all thy *—* are past.
Dark words she hears among the crowd,
Of a ship that hath on board
Three Christian souls, who *—* the coast
Of some wild land were wreck'd long years ago,
When *—* but they were in a tempest lost,
And now by Heaven *—* rescued from their woe,
And to their country wondrously restored.
The name, the blessed name, she hears,
Of that beloved Youth
Whom once she call'd her son; but fears
To listen more, for it appears
Too heavenly for the truth.
And they are speaking of a child,
Who looks more beautifully wild
Than pictured fairy in Arabian tale;
Wondrous her foreign garb, they say,
Adorn'd with starry plumage gay,
While round her head tall feathers play,
And dance with every gale.

Breathless upon the beach she stands,
And lifts to Heaven her clasped hands,
And scarcely dares to turn her eye
On yon gay barge fast rushing by.
The dashing oar disturbs her brain
With hope, that sickens into pain.
The boat appears so wondrous fair,
Her daughter must be sitting there!
And *—* her gilded prow is dancing
Through the land-awell, and gaily glancing
Beneath the sunny gleams,
Her heart must own, so sweet a sight,
So form'd to yield a strange delight,
She ne'er felt even in dreams.
Silent the music of the oar!
The eager sailors leap on shore,
And look, and gaze around,
If 'mid the crowd they may descry
A wife's, a child's, a kinsman's eye,
Or hear one family sound.
—No sailor, he, so fondly pressing
Yon fair child in his arms,
Her eyes, her brow, her bosom kissing,
And bidding her with many a blessing
To hush her vain alarms.
How fair that creature by his side,
Who *—* with languid glee,
Slow-kindling from a mother's pride!
Oh! Thou alone mayst be
The mother of that fairy child:
These tresses dark, these eyes *—* wild,
That face with spirit beautified,
She *—* them all to thee.

Silent and still the sailors stand,
To *—* the meeting strange that now befell.
Unwilling sighs their manly bosoms swell,
And o'er their eyes they draw the sun-burnt hand,
To hide the tears that grace their cheeks *—* well.
They lift the aged Matron from her swoon,
And not one idle foot is stirring there;

For unto pity melts the sailor soon,
 And chief when helpless woman needs his care.
 She wakes at last, and with a placid smile,
 Such a saint might on her death-bed give,
 Speechless she gazes on her child awhile,
 Content to die since that dear one doth live.
 And much they fear that she indeed will die!
 So cold and pale her cheek, so dim her eye;—
 And when her voice returns, so like the breath
 It sounds, the low and tremulous tones of death.
 Mark her distracted daughter seize
 Her clay-cold hands, and on her knees
 Implore that God would spare her hoary head;
 For sure, through these last lingering years,
 By one so good, enough of tears
 Hath long ere now been shed.
 The Fairy-child is weeping too;
 For though her happy heart slightly know
 What she hath never felt, the pang of woe,
 Yet to the holy power of Nature true,
 From her big heart the tears of pity flow,
 As infant morning sheds the purest dew.
 Nought doth Fitz-Owen speak: he takes
 His reverend mother on his filial breast,
 Nor fears that, when her worn-out soul finds rest
 In the new sleep of undisturbed love,
 The gracious God who sees them from above,
 Will save the parent for her children's sakes.

Nor vain his pious hope: the strife
 Of rapture ends, and she returns to life,
 With added beauty smiling in the lines
 By age and sorrow left upon her face.
 Her eye, even now bedim'd with anguish, shines
 With brightening glory, and a holy sense
 In her hush'd soul of heavenly providence,
 Breathes o'er her bending frame a loftier grace.
 —Her Mary tells in simple phrase,
 Of wildest perils past in former days,
 Of shipwreck scarce remember'd by herself;
 Then will she speak of that delightful isle,
 Where long they lived in love, and to the elf
 Now fondly clinging to her grandam's knee,
 In all the love of quick-won infancy,
 Point with the triumph of a mother's smile.
 The sweet child then will tell her tale
 Of her own blossom'd bower, and palmy vale,
 And birds with golden plumes, that sweetly sing
 Tunes of their own, or borrow'd from her voice;
 And, as she speaks, lo! flits with gorgeous wing
 Upon her outstretch'd arm, a fearless bird,
 Her eye obeying, ere the call was heard,
 And wildly warbles there the music of its joys.

Unto the blessed Matron's eye
 How changed seem now town, sea, and sky!
 She feels as if to youth restored,
 Such fresh and beauteous joy is pour'd
 O'er the green dancing waves, and shelly sand.
 The crowded masts within the harbour stand,
 Emblems of rest: and yon ships far away,
 Brightening the entrance of the Crescent-bay,
 Seem things the tempest never can destroy,
 To longing spirits harbingers of joy.
 How sweet the music o'er the waves is borne,
 In celebration of this glorious morn!

Ring on, ye bells! most pleasant is your chime;
 And the quick flash that bursts along the shore,
 The volumed smoke, and city-shaking roar,
 Her happy soul now feels to be sublime.
 How fair upon the human face appears
 A kindling smile! how idle all those tears!
 Short-sighted still the moisten'd eyes of sorrow:
 To-day those woes can never end,
 Think we!—returns a long-lost friend,
 And they are blest to-morrow.
 Her anguish, and her wish to die,
 Now like worst impiety,
 For many a year she hopeth now to live;
 And God, who sees the inmost breast,
 The vain repining of the sore distress,
 In mercy will forgive.

How oft, how long, and solemnly,
 Fitz-Owen and his Mary gaze
 On her pale cheek, and sunken eye!
 Much alter'd since those happy days,
 When scarcely could themselves behold
 One symptom faint that she was waxing old.
 That evening of her life how bright!
 But now seems falling fast the night.
 Yet the Welsh air will breathe like balm
 Through all her wasted heart, the heavenly calm
 That 'mid her native mountains sleeps for ever,
 In the deep vales,—even when the storms are roaring,
 High up among the cliffs: and that sweet river
 That round the white walls of her cottage flows,
 With gliding motion most like to repose,
 A quicker current to her blood restoring,
 Will cheer her long before her eye-lids close.
 And yonder cheek of rosy light,
 Dark-clustering hair, and star-like eyes,
 And Fairy-form, that wing'd with rapture flies,
 And voice more wild than songstress of the night
 E'er pour'd unto the listening skies;
 Yon spirit, who, with her angel smile,
 Shed Heaven around the lonely isle,
 With Nature, and with Nature's art,
 Will twine herself about the heart
 Of her who hoped not for a grand-child's kiss!
 These looks will scare disease and pain,
 Till in her wasted heart again
 Life grow with new-born bliss.

Far is the city left behind,
 And faintly-smiling through the soft-blue skies,
 Like castled clouds the Cambrian hills arise:
 Sweet the first welcome of the mountain-wind!
 And as they come,
 Beneath the hastening shades of silent Even,
 Some old familiar object meets their sight,
 Thrilling their hearts with sorrowful delight,
 Until through tears they hail their blessed home,
 Bathed in the mist, confusing earth with heaven.
 With solemn gaze the aged matron sees
 The green roof laughing beneath greener trees;
 And thinks how happy she will live and die
 Within that cot at last, beneath the eye
 Of them long wept as perish'd in the seas.
 And what feel they? with dizzy brain they look
 On cot, field, mountain, garden, tree, and brook,

With none contented, although loving all;
While deep-delighted memory,
By faint degrees, and silently,
Doth all their names recall.
And looking in her mother's face,
With smiles of most bewitching grace,
In a wild voice that wondering pleasure calms,
Exclaims the child, — "this home ours?"
Ah me! how like these lovely flowers
To those I train'd upon the bowers
Of my own Isle of Palms!"

Hush! now these island-bowers as death!
And ne'er may human foot a breath,
Their dew disturb again; but not more still
Stand they, o'er-shadowed by their palmy hill,
Than this deserted cottage! O'er the green,
Once smooth before the porch, rank weeds are seen,
Choking the feeble flowers: with blossoms hoar,
And verdant leaves, the unpruned eglantine
In wanton beauty foldeth up the door.
And through the clustering roses that entwine
The lattice-window, neat and trim before,
The setting sun's slant beams no longer shine.
The hive stands by the ivied tree,
But murmurs not a single bee;
Frail looks the osier-seat, and grey,
None hath sat there for many a day;
And the dial, hid in weeds and flowers,
Hath told, by none beheld, the solitary hours.
No birds that love the haunts of men,
Hop here, or through the garden sing:
From the thick-matted hedge, the lonely wren
Flits rapid by on timid wing,
Even like a leaf by wandering zephyr moved.
But long it is since that sweet bird,
That twitters 'neath the cottage eaves,
Was here by listening morning heard:
For she, the summer-songstress, leaves
The roof by laughter never stirr'd,
Still loving human life, and by it still beloved.

O! wildest cottage of the wild!
I see thee waking from thy breathless sleep!
Scarcely distinguish'd from the rocky steep,
High o'er thy roof in forms fantastic piled.
More beauteous art thou than of yore,
With joy all glistening after sorrow's gloom;

And they who in that paradise abide,
By sadness and misfortune beautified,
There brighter walk than o'er yon island-shore,
As loveliness wakes lovelier from the tomb.
Long mayst thou stand in sun and dew,
And spring thy faded flowers renew,
Unharm'd by frost or blight!
Without, the wonder of each eye,
Within, as happy as the sky,
Encompass'd with delight.

—May thy old-age be calm and bright,
Thou grey-hair'd one!—like a sweet night
Of winter, cold, clear, and shining far
Through mists, with many a melancholy star.
—O Fairy-child! what can I wish for thee!
Like a perennial flow'ret mayst thou be,
That spends its life in beauty and in bliss!
Soft on thee fall the breath of time,
And still retain in heavenly clime
The bloom that charm'd in this!

O, happy Parents of so sweet a child,
Your share of grief already have you known;
But long as that fair spirit is your own,
To either lot you must be reconciled.
Dear was she in yon palmy grove,
When fear and sorrow mingled with your love,
And oft you wish'd that she had ne'er been born;
While, in the most delightful air
Th' angelic infant sang, at times her voice,
That seem'd to make even lifeless things rejoice,
Woke a sudden, dreams of dim despair,
As if it breathed, — "For me, an Orphan, mourn!"
Now they listen when she sings
With mournful voice of mournful things,
Almost too sad to hear;
And when she chants her evening-hymn,
Glad smile their eyes, even as they swim
With many a gushing tear.
Each day she seems to them a bright
And beautiful,—a gleam of light
That plays and dances o'er the shadowy earth!
It fadeth not in gloom or storm,—
For Nature charter'd that aerial form
In yonder fair Isle when she bless'd her birth!
The Isle of Palms! whose forests tower again,
Darkening with solemn shade the face of heaven.
Now far away they like the clouds are driven,
And as the passing night-wind dies my strain!

The City of the Plague.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Time, the Afternoon.—Two Naval Officers walking
along the banks of the Thames.—They sit down
on a stone seat fronting the river.*

FRANKFORT, WILMOT.

FRANKFORT.

My heart feels heavier every step I take
Towards the city. Oh! that I could drop

Down like a bird upon its nest, at once
Into my mother's house. There might my soul
Find peace, even 'mid the silent emptiness
That told me she had perish'd.

WILMOT.

All around
Appears so bright, so tranquil, and so calm,
That happy omens rise on every side,
To strengthen and support us in our fears.

FRANKFORT.

Wilmot! my soul a field of graves.

A church-yard fill'd with marble monuments,
Profoundly hush'd in death's own sanctity,
Seems not alien to the voice of Hope,
Than that wide wilderness of domes and spires,
Hanging o'er the breathless city.

See! my friend,

How bright the sunshine dances in its joy
O'er the still flow of this majestic river.
I know not how, but gazing on that light
So beautiful, all images of death
Fade from my roused soul, and I believe
That our journey here ends in happiness.

FRANKFORT.

Is it the hour of prayer?

WILMOT.

The evening service,
Methinks, must now be closed.

FRANKFORT.

There comes a sound

Of organ-peal or choral symphony
From yonder vast cathedral. How it stands
Amid the silent houses, with a strange
Deep silence of its own! I could believe
That many a Sabbath had pass'd prayerless on
Within its holy solitude. No knee
This day, methinks, hath bent before its altar.

WILMOT.

It is a solemn pile! yet to mine eye
There rests above its massive sanctity
The clear blue air of peace.

FRANKFORT.

A solemn pile!

Ay! there it stands, like a majestic ruin,
Mouldering in a desert; in whose silent heart
No sound hath leave to dwell. I knew it once,
When music in that chosen temple raised
The adoring soul to Heaven. But one dread year
Hath done the work of ages; and the Plague
Mocks in his fury the slow hand of time.

WILMOT.

The smiles on its walls.

FRANKFORT.

Why does the finger,

Yellow 'mid the sunshine the Minster-clock,
Point at that hour? It is most horrible,
Speaking of midnight in the face of day.
During the very dead of night it stopp'd,
Even at the moment when a hundred hearts
Paused with it suddenly, to beat no more.
Yet, wherefore should it run its idle round?
There is no need that men should count the hours
Of time, thus standing eternity.
It is a death-like image.

WILMOT.

I could smile

At such fantastic terrors.

FRANKFORT.

How can I,

When round silent Nature speaks of death,
Withstand such monitory impulses?
When yet far off I thought upon the plague,
Sometimes my mother's image struck my soul
In unchanged meekness and serenity,
And all my fears gone. But these green banks,
With an unwonted flush of flowers o'ergrown,

Brown, when I left them last, with frequent feet,
From morn evening hurrying and fro,
In mournful beauty seem encompassing
A forsaken city of the dead.

WILMOT.

is the Sabbath-day—the day of rest.

FRANKFORT.

O unrejoicing Sabbath! not of yore
thy sweet evenings die along the Thames
Thus silently! Now every sail is fur'd,
The hath dropt from out the rower's hand,
And on thou flow'st in lifeless majesty,
River of a desert lately fill'd with joy!
O'er all that mighty wilderness of stone
The air is clear and cloudless at
Above the gliding ship. All fires are dead,
And one single wreath of smoke ascends
Above the stillness of the towers and spires.
How idly hangs that arch magnificent,
Across the idle river! Not a speck
Is seen to move along it. There it hangs,
Still a rainbow in the pathless sky.

WILMOT.

Methinks such words bespeak a soul at rest,
And willing, in this universal calm,
To abide, whate'er it be, the doom of Fate.

FRANKFORT.

I feel as if such solemn images
Of desolation had recall'd my soul
From its own individual wretchedness;
As if one moment I forgot my parent,
And all the friends I love, in the sublime
And overwhelming presence of mortality.

WILMOT.

Now, that your soul feels strong, let us proceed,
With humble hope, towards your mother's house.

FRANKFORT.

No, friend! here must we part! If e'er again
We meet in this sad world, thou mayst behold
A wretch bow'd down to the earth by misery,
Ghost-like 'mid living men; but rest assured,
O gentlest friend! that, though my soul be dead
To beside, at sight of thee 't will burn
As with the everlasting fires of joy,
Bursting its bonds of mortal wretchedness.

WILMOT.

We must not—will not part.

FRANKFORT.

Now, and for ever.

I walk into yon city as the tomb!
A voice comes to me from its silent towers,
Mortal, thy days number'd! Ere I go,
Kiss me, and promise that my shall live
Sacred for ever in thy memory.

WILMOT.

We must not—will not part.

FRANKFORT.

What said my friend?

WILMOT.

Here, by my father's soul (a fearless man,
Who used to say he never loved his friends
But in their combats with adversity)
I swear, (and may we never meet in Heaven
that dread oath be broken!) day and night,
Long thou sojourn'st on thy work of love
Within this plague-struck city, at thy side

To move for ever an attending shadow;
Amid the silence ■ the shrieks of death,
Serene in unappalled confidence,
That thou wilt walk unharm'd, wilt find the house
Of thy parent, and her holy family,
Pass'd over by the angel of the Lord!
For the blessings of the poor have sanctified
The widow's lowly porch—life still ■ there.

FRANKFORT.

O friend! ■■ cruel from ■■ of love!
In all the beauty of thy untamed spirit
Thou walkest ■ perdition. Do not I
Look, ■ I feel, most like thy murderer?
Return unto our ship.

WILMOT.

Frankfort, remember,
When the wild cry, "A man is overboard,"
Rung through our decks, till dumb and motionless
Stood the whole crew, fear-stricken by the storm,
Who ■ that moment leapt into the sea,
And seized the drowning screamer by the hair?
Who was that glorious being? Who the wretch
Then rescued from the waves? I loved thee well
Before I hung upon thy saving arm
Above the angry ■■ But, from that hour,
I felt my soul call'd ■ by Providence
To dedicate itself for aye to thee,
And God's will must be done.

FRANKFORT.

Wilmot, dost think

My mother can be living?

WILMOT.

The soul oft feels

Mysterious presence of realities
Coming ■ know not whence, yet banishing
With power omnipotent all misgiving fears.
So feel I at this moment—she is living.

FRANKFORT.

O God forbid; that I should place belief
In these ■ shadowings of futurity!
Here, on this very spot where ■ now rest,
Upon the morning I last sail'd from England,
My mother put her ■■ around my neck,
And in a solemn voice, unchoked by tears,
Said, "Son, ■ last farewell!" That solemn voice,
Amid the ocean's roaring solitude,
Oft pass'd across my soul, and I have heard it
Steal in sad music from the sunny calm,
Upon our homeward voyage, when we spake
The ship that told ■ of the Plague, I knew
That the trumpet's voice would send unto our souls
Some dismal tidings; for I saw her sails
Black ■ the distance, flinging off with scorn
A shower of radiance from the blessed sun,
As if her crew would not be comforted.

WILMOT.

The weakness of affection, prone to fear!
■ comforted by me—my very dreams
Of late have all been joyous.

FRANKFORT.

Joyous dreams!

My hours of sleep are now but few indeed,
Yet what have I still dreamt of? healthful faces,
Round ■ sweet fire-side, bright with gratitude?
The soft voice of domestic happiness?
Laughter disturbing with the stir of joy

The reveries of the spirit?—Oh! my friend!
Far other sounds and sights have fill'd my dreams!
■ noiseless floors, untrod by human feet;
Chairs standing rueful in their emptiness;
An unswept hearth choked up by dust and ashes;
■ with their curtains idly hanging down
Unmoved by the breath of life: wide open windows,
That the fresh air might purify the room
From vapours of the noisome pestilence;
In a dark chamber, ice-cold like ■ tomb,
A corpse laid out—O God! my mother's corpse,
Woefully alter'd by ■ dire decay!
While my stunn'd spirit shudder'd at the toll,
The long, slow, dreary, sullen, mortal toll
Of a bell swinging to the hand of death.
But this is idle-raving—hope is gone—
And fears and apprehensions, day and night,
Drive where they will my unresisting soul.

WILMOT.

But that it is day-light, I could believe
That yonder, moving by the river side,
Came ■ a ghost:—Did ever eye behold
A thing so death-like in the shape of man?
[An old man of a miserable and squalid appear-
■ comes up, carrying an infant in his arms.

FRANKFORT.

God's blessing on thee! wilt thou rest, old man,
Upon this traveller's seat?

OLD MAN.

God's blessing on thee!

What, dost thou mean to taunt with mockery
An old ■ tottering to the grave? What pleasure
Can ye young wretches find in scoffing thus
At the white head of hunger'd beggary?
Have ye ■ fathers? Well it is for them
That their dry hearts are spared the bitterness
Of seeing, in the broad and open day,
Their reckless children sporting with old age.

FRANKFORT.

Father, judge kindly of us.

OLD MAN.

Let me go

Untroubled on my way. Do you pity me?
Then give me alms: this thing upon my arm
Is teasing ■ for food: I have it not—
Give me your alms.

FRANKFORT.

See! here is bread, old man!

I ask your blessing—come you from the city,
And ■ to guide your steps along the brink
Of this great river?

OLD MAN.

Yea! they all are dead

Who once did walk with ■ most lovingly,
Slowlier than these slow steps. This piece of wood,
This staff, is all I have ■ lean on now,
And this poor baby, whom its nurse would give
For ■ short pastime ■ his grandsire's arms,
No other nurse hath now, but wither'd age—
Sour, sullen, hopeless, God-forsaken age.

FRANKFORT.

Is the plague raging?

OLD MAN.

Ay, and long will rage.

The judgments of the prophets of old time
Are ■ fulfilling. Young men! turn and flee

From the devoted city. Would ye hear
What now is passing in yon monster's heart?

FRANKFORT.

We listen to thy voice.

OLD MAN.

Three months ago,
Within my soul I heard a mighty sound
As of a raging river, day and night
Triumphing through the city: 't was the voice
Of London sleepless in magnificence.
This morn I stood and listen'd. Art thou dead,
Queen of the world! I ask'd my awe-struck heart,
And not one breath of life amid the silence
Disturb'd the empire of mortality.
Death's icy hand hath frozen, with a touch,
The fountain of the river that made glad
The City of the Isle!

FRANKFORT.

We hear thy voice.

OLD MAN.

Sin brought the judgment: it terrible.
Go, read your Bible, young men; hark to him
Who, in a vision, the Lion rage
Amid the towers of Judah, while the people
Fell on their faces, and the hearts of kings
Perish'd, and prophets wonder'd in their fear.
Then came the dry wind from the wilderness,
Towards the hill of Sion, not to fan
Or cleanse, but, whirlwind-like, to sweep away
The tents of princes and the men of war.

FRANKFORT.

Wilmot! methinks most like an ancient prophet,
With those white locks and wild unearthly eyes,
He comes forth from the desolated city,
A man who cannot die.—() may I ask,
Most reverend father, if—

OLD MAN.

Hush! hush! lie still!—

Didst hear this infant cry? So small a sound
Ought not to startle thus a wretch who comes
From a three months' sojourn in a sepulchre.
Here! infant, eat this bread, and hold thy peace.
Young men, disturb not with foolish questions;
Your faces are towards the city: Will ye dare
The monster in his den? Then go and die!
Two little drops amid a shower of rain,
Swallow'd up in a by the heedless earth.

FRANKFORT.

I fain would ask a question; for, old man,
My parent lived in London, and I go
To seek her in that city of the tombs.

OLD MAN.

Think of her with the dead! A ship at sea
(Methinks I speak unto a mariner)
Goes to the bottom. Would you hope to find
Your friend alone, of all the fated crew,
Alive on a plank next day amid the waves?
Think of her with the dead! and praise the Lord!

WILMOT.

Let me be gone, the day is wearing fast.

OLD MAN.

Know ye what you will meet with in the city?
Together will ye walk, through long, long streets,
All standing silent as a midnight church.
You will hear nothing but the brown red grass
Rustling beneath your feet; the very beating

Of your own hearts will awe you; the small voice
Of that vain bauble, idly counting time,
Will speak a solemn language in the desert.
Look up a heaven, and there the sultry clouds,
Still threatening thunder, lower with grim delight,
As if the Spirit of the Plague dwelt there,
Darkening the city with the shadows of death.
Know ye that hideous hubbub? Hark, far off
A tumult like an echo! on it comes,
Weeping and wailing, shrieks and groaning prayer;
And louder than all, outrageous blasphemy.
The passing storm hath left the silent streets.
But these houses near you tenantless?
Over your heads from a window, suddenly
A ghastly face is thrust, and yells of death
With voice not human. Who is he that flies,
As if a demon dogg'd him on his path?
With ragged hair, white face, and bloodshot eyes,
Raving, he rushes past you; till he falls,
As if struck by lightning, down upon the stones,
Or, in blind madness, dash'd against the wall,
Sinks backward into stillness. Stand aloof,
And let the Pest's triumphal chariot
Have open way advancing to the tomb.
See how he mocks the pomp and pageantry
Of earthly kings! A miserable cart,
Heap'd up with human bodies; dragg'd along
By shrunk steeds, skeleton-anatomies!
And onwards urged by a wan meagre wretch,
Doom'd never to return from the foul pit,
Whither, with oaths, he drives his load of horror.
Would you look in? Grey hairs and golden tresses,
Wan shrivell'd cheeks that have not smiled for years;
And many a rosy visage smiling still;
Bodies in the noisome weeds of beggary wrapt,
With age decrepit, and wasted to the bone;
And youthful frames, august and beautiful,
In spite of mortal pangs,—there lie they all,
Embraced in ghastliness! But look not long,
For haply, 'mid the faces glimmering there,
The well-known cheek of some beloved friend
Will meet thy gaze, or a small snow-white hand,
Bright with the ring that holds her lover's hair.
Let me sit down beside you. I am faint,
Talking of horrors that I look'd upon
At last without a shudder.

FRANKFORT.

Give me the child.

OLD MAN.

Let the wretch rest. 'T was but a passing pang,
And I feel strong again.—Dost smile, poor babe?
Yes! 'Thou art glad to see the full-orb'd eye,
The placid cheek, and sparkling countenance
Of ruddy health once more; and thou wouldst go
With them thy young heart thinks so beautiful,
Nor ever look behind at the old man
Who brought thee from the grave! Sweet thoughtless
wretch!

I cling to thee with a more desperate love
Because of thy ingratitude.

FRANKFORT.

Old man,

Is thy blood in his veins?

OLD MAN.

All dead—all dead!

Round the baptismal font with awe knelt,

My four daughters and their loving husbands.
I held my last-born grandchild in my arms,
As the hallow'd water touch'd her face,
Even then she sicken'd, and a mortal paleness
Froze every parent's cheek. The Plague is here!
The priest exclaim'd; and like many ghosts,
We parted in the church-yard. O my God!
I know that Thou in wrath art merciful,
For thou hast spared this babe for my old age!
But all who knelt round that baptismal font
Last Sabbath morning—one short week ago—
Are dead and buried—save one little child,
And a grey-headed man of fourscore years.

FRANKFORT.

I dare comfort thee.

OLD MAN.

Why not, sweet youth?

Thy very voice is comfort—my dim eyes
Look on thee like a vision of delight,
Coming back in beauty from th' abyss of years.
Let me hear thy voice once more!

FRANKFORT.

Father! that book

With whose worn leaves the careless infant plays
Must be the Bible. Therein thy dim eyes
Will see a cheering light; and silent words
Of mercy breathed from Heaven, will be exhaled
From the blest page into thy wither'd heart.
The grace of God go with thee.

OLD MAN.

Gentle youth,

Thy voice reminds me of a boy who died
Thirty long years ago. Thou wilt pass on,
And I must meet no more; yet could I think
Thou wert my son returning from the grave,
Or from some far off land where he had gone,
And left me our tears.

FRANKFORT.

They are not lost

Who leave their parents for the calm of Heaven.
Forgive a young man speaking thus to age,
'T is done in love and reverence.

OLD MAN.

'T is the Bible!

I know and feel it is a blessed book,
And I remember how it stopp'd my tears
In days of former sorrows, like some herb
Of sovereign virtue to a wound applied.
But thou wilt pity me, when I confess
That oftentimes more than mortal agony
Shoots through my heart, when the most holy words
Of Jesus shine before me. There I see
Miracles of mercy and of saving love:
The widow sings for joy,—deliverance
Comes to the madman howling in his chains,—
And life stirs in the tomb. I shut the book,
And wonder where I am; for all around me
Looks as if God had left this woeful earth
To ruin and despair, while his own word
Doth me delusion, or with fearful doubts
My soul disturbs in sore perplexity.
To the Hebrew prophecies my spirit turns,
And feeds on wailing lamentations,
And dim forebodings of Almighty wrath.
Yea! often do I see this very Plague
By these wild seers foretold, and all their songs

So doleful speak unto my ringing ear
Of this dread visitation. Idle dreams
Of my old crazed brain! But aye they haunt me,
And each plain phrase is clothed with mystic meaning,
In spite of reason; sad bewildering!
When still the soul keeps fighting with its fetters,
Yet hugs them self-imposed.

FRANKFORT.

Such dreams will vanish

When the sweet rural air, or breeze from the sea
Sinks round thee. Art thou going to a home
Where wife or child expect thee?

OLD MAN.

Hush, sweet babe.

There is a dwelling on the lone sea-shore
Where I will carry thee.—An angel's voice
Told me to leave the city. You will see her,
The Angel of the poor! Through every street
The radiant creature walks.—

WILMOT (to FRANKFORT).

Though dark his brain,

It has, thou seest, a heavenly visitor,
That comfort brings when reason's self is gone.

OLD MAN.

'T is no delusion. When you see her face,
Her pale face smiling on you suddenly,
Pale almost as the raiment that she wears,
And hear her voice, all one low mournful tone,
Charming away despair, then will ye say
'The angel this of whom the old man spake;
Yet something lying far within her eyes
Will tell that she is mortal.—Fare ye well!
But list! sweet youths! where'er ye go, beware
Of those dread dwellings all round Aldgate-church,
For to me it seemeth that most dismal pile
Is the black Palace of the Plague, and none
May pass it by and live. God bless you both.

[The Old Man passes on.]

FRANKFORT.

His words have sent a curse into my heart.
The miserable spoke of misery
Even with his parting farewell. Aldgate-church!

WILMOT.

He passeth like a shadow from the city!
A solemn traveller to the world of spirits.
Methought his hollow and unearthly voice
Came from the desolation of his soul,
Like the wind at midnight moaning past some ship,
A ghastly sound once heard and never more.
—Frankfort, speak to me.

FRANKFORT.

All round Aldgate-church!

Said he not so? Close to that church-yard wall
My mother's dwelling stands: her bed-room window
Looks o'er the grave-stones and the marble tombs.—
All hope is dead within me.

WILMOT.

Shall I go

And ask the old man if he knows your mother?
Perhaps—

FRANKFORT.

Oh! ask him not, an hour will bring me
In presence of the house where I was born.
I wish he had staid with us yet a while,
For his voice held me in captivity,
Wild voice and haggard check. He heeded not

Me or my sorrow—in his misery
Both blind and deaf, without the help of age.
Methinks I see the cold wet tomb-stone lying
Upon my father's grave—another name,
"Mary his wife," is graven—

WILMOT.

I have not perish'd.

FRANKFORT.

What, hoping still? Come, let me onward walk
With heads uncover'd, and with prostrate souls,
Unto the humbled city of despair.
Amid the roar of ocean-solitude
God hath been with us, and his saving hand
Will be our anchor in this dreadful calm,
This waveless silence of the sea of death.

SCENE II.

*A great square in the city.—A multitude of miserable
Men and Women crowding around a Person of a wild
and savage appearance, dressed in a fantastical garb
with an hour-glass in his hand.*

ASTROLOGER.

The sun is going down, and when he sets,
You know my accursed gift of prophecy
Departeth from me, and I then become
Blind as my wretched brethren. Then the Plague
Riots in darkness 'mid his unknown victims,
Nor can I read the names within his roll
Now register'd in characters of blood.
Come to me, all ye wearied, who would rest,
Who would exchange the fever's burning pillow
For the refreshing coolness of the grave!
Come hither, all ye orphans of a day,
And I will tell you when your heads shall rest
Upon your parents' bosoms. Yearn ye not
To clasp their shroudless bodies, and to lie
In the dark pit by love made beautiful!
Where are ye, veiled widows! in the tomb
The marriage-lamp doth burn unquenchably.
Dry up your tears, fair virgins! to the grave
Betrothed in your pure simplicity!
Still is my countenance beautiful in death,
And it will lean to-night upon a breast
White with the snows of perfect innocence.
—I call upon the wicked! let him show
His face among the crowd, and I will tell him
His dreams of horror and his works of sin.

*[A man of a fierce and ferocious aspect advances
from the crowd.]*

STRANGER.

I ask thee not, thou juggling driveller,
Whether the Plague hath fix'd his eyes on me,
Determined to destroy. Let them who fear
Death and his pit, with pale beseeching hands
Buy with their moneys the awards of fate,
And die in poverty. Thou speak'st of guilt,
And know'st forsooth each secret deed of sin
Done in the dark hour. Tell me, driveller!
Where I, who lay no claim to honesty,
Came by this gold. I'll give thee half of it
If thou speak'st truly. Was there robbery?

ASTROLOGER.

Flee, murderer! from my sight! I touch thy gold!
'T would stain my fingers! See the blood-gouts on it.
Hither thou comest in savage hardihood,

Yet with a beating heart. I see thee murder him:
What see I his silver hairs, his tremulous voice,
His old blind eyes to thee!—Ha! shrinking off,
Awed by a driveller! Seize the murderer!
You will find the bloody knife—

[The Man rushes off, and all make way for him.]
Mine eyes once

I read the murderer's soul.

Voice from the crowd.

Guilt nor disease

Are hidden from his ken—he knows them all.

[Two women advance eagerly from the crowd.]

FIRST WOMAN.

Listen I before that woman speaks.
I went this morning to my lover's house,
Mine betrothed husband, who had come
From me two days ago. The house was empty;
As the cold grave that longeth for its coffin,
'T was damp and empty; and I shriek'd in vain
On him who would not hear. Tell me his fate,
Say that he lives, or say that he is dead—
But tell me,—tell me, lest I curse my God,
Some tidings of him; shouldst thou see him lying
Even in yon dreadful pit. Do you hear? speak, speak,
O God!—no words can be so terrible
As that mute face, whose blackness murders hope,
And freezes my sick soul. Heaven's curse light on thee,
For that dumb mockery of a broken heart!

ASTROLOGER.

I see him not, some cloud envelops him!

WOMAN.

He hath left the city then, and gone on ship-board?

ASTROLOGER.

I see him not, some cloud envelops him!

WOMAN.

What! hast thou not a wondrous glass that shows
Things past, or yet to come? give me one look,
That I may see his face so beautiful,
Where'er it be; or in that ghastly pit,
Or smiling 'mid his comrades on the deck,
While favouring breezes waft his blessed ship
Far from the Plague, to regions of delight,
Where he may live for ever.

ASTROLOGER.

Is your lover

A tall thin youth, with thickly-clustering locks,
Sable and glossy as the raven's wing?

WOMAN.

Yes! he is tall—I think that he is tall;
His hair it is dark-brown—yes, almost black—
Many call it black—you see him? Does he live?

ASTROLOGER.

That pit containeth many beautiful:
But thy sailor, in his warlike garb, doth lie
Distinguish'd o'er the multitude of dead!
And all the crowd, when the sad cart was emptied,
Did weep and sob for that young mariner;
Such corpse, they thought, should have been buried
Deep in the ocean's heart, and a proud peal
Of thunder roll'd above his sinking coffin.

WOMAN (distracted).

Must I believe him? off, off to the pit!
One look into that ghastliness,—one plunge:
None ever loved me but my gentle sailor,
And his sweet lips are cold—I will leap down.

[She rushes madly away.]

A VOICE [] THE CROWD.

Ay, [] intends to look before she leaps;
Well—life is life—I would not part with it
For all the girls in Christendom. Forsooth!

SECOND WOMAN.

Say, will my child recover from the Plague?

ASTROLOGER.

Child! foolish woman! now thou hast no child.
Hast thou not been from home these two long hours,
Here listening unto that which touch'd thee not,
And left'st thou not thy little dying child,
Sitting by the fire, upon a madman's knee?
Go home! and ask thy husband for thy child!
The fire [] burning fierce and wrathfully,
Its father knew [] that the thing he held
Upon his knee had life—and when it shriek'd,
Amid the flames, he sat and look'd at it,
With fixed eyeballs, and a stony heart.
Unnatural mother! worse than idiotcy
To leave a baby in a madman's lap,
And yet no fetters, from infanticide
To save his murderous hands.

WOMAN (rushing away).

O God! O God!

ASTROLOGER.

Come forward, thou with that most ghost-like face,
Fit for a winding-sheet! and if those lips
So blue and quivering still can utter sounds,
What wouldst thou say? The motion of thine eyes
Betoken some wild wish within thy heart.

*[A man comes forward, and lays down money
before the Astrologer.]*

MAN.

I trust my hour is near. I am alone
In this dark world, and I desire to die.

ASTROLOGER.

Thou shalt be kept alive by misery.
A tree doth live, long after rottenness
Hath eat away its heart: the sap of life
Moves through its wither'd rind, and it lives on;
'Mid the green woods a rueful spectacle
Of mockery and decay.

MAN.

I feel 't is []

Thus have I been since first the plague burst out,
A term methinks of many hundred years!
As if this world were hell, and I condemn'd
'To walk through [] to all eternity.
I will do suicide.

ASTROLOGER.

Thou canst not, fool!

Thou lovest life with all its agonies;
Buy poison, and 't will lie for years untouched
Beneath thy pillow, when thy midnight horrors
Are [] their worst. Coward! thou canst not die!

MAN.

He sees my soul; a blast as if from hell
Drives [] back from the grave—I dare not die.

*[He disappears among the crowd, and a young and
beautiful Lady approaches the Astrologer.]*

LADY.

O [] of fate! my lovely babes [] dead!
My sweet twin-babes! and at the very hour
Thy voice predicted, did my infants die.
My husband [] them both die in my arms,
And never shed a tear. Yet did he love them

Even as the wretch who bore them in her womb.
He will not speak to me, but ever sits
In horrid silence, with his glazed eyes
Full [] my face, [] if he loved me not—
O God! as if he hated me! I lean
My head upon his knees and say my prayers,
But no kind word, or look, or touch is mine.
Then will he rise and pace through all the rooms,
Like to a troubled ghost, or pale-faced man
Walking in his sleep. O tell me! hath the Plague
E'er these wild symptoms? Must my husband perish
Without the sense of his immortal soul?
Or,—bless [] for ever with the heavenly words,—
Say he will yet recover, and behold
His loving wife with answering looks of love.

ASTROLOGER.

Where are the gold, the diamonds, and the pearls,
That crewhile, in thy days of vanity, .
[] sparkle, star-like, through the hanging clouds
That shaded thy bright neck, that raven hair?
Give them to me; for many are the poor,
Nor shalt thou, Lady, ever need again
This mortal being's frivolous ornaments.
Give me the gold you promised; holiest alms
Add not a moment to our number'd days,
But the death of open-handed charity
Is on a bed of down. Hast thou the gold?

LADY.

All that I have is here. My husband gave []
This simple necklace on my marriage-day.
Take it! here is a picture set in gold:
The picture I may keep. O! that his face
Were smiling so serenely beautiful,
So like an angel's now!—O sacred ring!
Which I did hope to wear within the tomb,
I give thee to the poor. So may their prayers
Save him from death for whose delightful sake
With bliss I wore it, and with hope resign.
Here, take them all, thou steward of the poor;
Stern as thou art, thou art a holy man!
I do believe thou art a holy man.

ASTROLOGER.

Lady, thou need'st this wedding-ring no more!
Death with his lean and bony hand hath loosen'd
The bauble from thy finger, and [] now
Thy husband is a corpse. O! might I say
Thy beauty were immortal! But a ghost,
In all the loveliness on earth it wore,
Walks through the moonlight of the cemetery,
And I know the shadow of the mortal creature
Now weeping at my side.

Enter FRANKFORT and WILMOR close to the Astrologer.

FRANKFORT.

Amelia!

LADY.

Ah me! whose soft kind voice is that I hear?

FRANKFORT.

Frankfort! the playmate of thy infancy,
The brother of thy womanhood, the friend
Of thy dear husband, and the godfather
Of thy sweet twins, heaven shield their innocence!

LADY.

My babes are with their Saviour, and my husband
Has gone with them [] heaven. Lead, lead [] hence!

For the seer's stern and scowling countenance
Is more than I can bear.

FRANKFORT.

O grief! to think
That one so dear to heaven, by Christ beloved
For a still life of perfect sinlessness,
Should, in such sad delusion, court the ban
Of this most savage liar, sporting thus
With the broken spirit of humanity.

ASTROLOGER.

Welcome London, storm-beat mariners!
The city is in masquerade to-day,
And, in good truth, the Plague doth celebrate
A daily festival, with many a dance
Fantastic, and unusual melody,
That may not suit your ears, accustom'd long
To the glad sea-breeze, and the rousing airs
Of martial music on your armed decks.

FRANKFORT (to WILMOT).

Is this wild enthusiast, whom the times
Have sent unto the light, deluding others
By his own strong delusions, or fiend,
Thirsting for gold even in the very grave?

WILMOT.

With what cruel face he looks us!

FRANKFORT.

If impostor, in the shadow of death
Endangering thus thy soul, vile wretch! come down
From thy tribunal, built upon the fears
Of agony, lest in thy seat of guile
The Pest may smite thee! Lean me, Amelia!

ASTROLOGER.

Scoff not at God's own delegate, Harry Frankfort!
What though the burning fever of the west
Hath spared thy bronzed face and stately form,
A mightier Power is here; and he may smile,
Ere the sun go down, upon thy bloated corpse.
Not thus the maiden whom her sailor loves
Despised me and my prophecies. Magdalene,
In snow-white raiment, like a maid that walk'd
At the funeral of a maiden, she stood there,
Even on the very stones beneath your feet,
And ask'd of me her doom; but on this earth
Thy Magdalene's beauty must be seen no more.

FRANKFORT (to WILMOT).

The maid of whom he speaks lives far remote.
In her father's cottage, a silent lake
Among the hills of Westmoreland, she breathes,
Happy and well, her own sweet mountain air.
Methinks I know his face. That harden'd eye
Gleams through the dimness of my memory,
I know not when nor where. Amelia, come,
And I will lead thee home. I hear the crowd
Saying that thy husband is alive: may heaven
For many a year preserve you to each other.
Say, is my mother living?

LADY.

God forgive me,
As I hope for my friend's forgiveness!
I know not if she lives; for, oh! this Plague
Hath spread a universal selfishness,
And each house in its own calamity
Stands single, shut from human fellowship
By sullen misery and heart-withering fear.

VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

Look at the sorcerer! how his countenance

Is fallen—'t is distorted horribly!
A shadow comes it, like a squall
Dark'ning the sea.

ANOTHER VOICE.

Even thus I saw a man
This very morning stricken by the Plague,
And in three hours he a ghost. Disperse,
All ye who prize your lives! soon will the air
Be foul with his dead body. Let us away!
[The crowd disperse.]

ASTROLOGER.

God's hand is on me. In my cruel guilt
I perish. Frankfort, I have never seen
Magdalene, the maid thou lovest. Look at me:
Dost not remember Francis Bannerman
On board the Thunderer?

FRANKFORT.

Pardon thy soul!
Thou mad abuser of the gifts of heaven.

ASTROLOGER.

Oh! I am sick to death: my soul hath sunk
At into despair.

WILMOT.

What dreadful groans!—
O fatal is the blast of misery,
When it hath forced its way into the soul
Of harden'd cruelty! As when a storm
Hath burst the gates of a thick-ribbed hold,
And all its gloomy dungeons, in one moment,
Are roaring like a hundred cataracts.

ASTROLOGER.

I have shed blood. Roll, roll, ye mountain waves,
Above that merciless ghost that walks the sea
After our ship for ever! Shut thine eyes,
Those glaring, blood-shot, those avenging eyes,
And I will bear to feel thy skeleton-arms
Twined round my heart, so that those eyes be shut!
A ghost's wild eyes, that nothing can behold
But the frighten'd aspect of its murderer!
Unconscious they of ocean, air, and heaven,
But fix'd eternally, like hideous stars,
On a shrieking soul whom guilt hath doom'd to Hell!

FRANKFORT (to WILMOT).

The murderer is raving of his crime.

ASTROLOGER.

Ha! ha! 't is set within the ebb of flood
Fifty feet high; and the iron'd criminal
With a frantic face stands dumb upon the scaffold.
The priest is singing psalms!—Curst be the eyes
That such idle show—'t is all gone by!
I fear not Hell, if that eternal Shape
Meet me not there! Pray, pray not for me, Frankfort,
For I am deliver'd over to despair,
And holy words nought but mockery
To him who knows that he must dwell for ever
In regions darken'd by the wrath of God.

LADY.

Let leave this horrid scene!

ASTROLOGER.

O might I hear
That sweet voice breathing of forgiveness!
Hush! hush! a voice once breathed upon this earth
That would have pleaded not in vain to heaven,
Even for a fiend like me. Thou art in Heaven,
And knowest all thy husband's wickedness;
So hide thy pitying eyes, and let me sink

Without thy intercession ■ the depths
Of unimagined woe!—O Christ! I die.

FRANKFORT.

Most miserable end! an evil ■
Prostrating by a savage eloquence
The spirits of the wretched—so that he
Might riot on the bare necessities
Of man's expiring nature—on the spoil
Of the unburied dead! Most atheist-like!
I know not how I can implore the grace
Of God unto thy soul!

ASTROLOGER.

Eternal doom!

The realms of Hell ■ gleaming fiery bright.
What ghastly faces!—Christ have mercy on me!

LADY.

Wilt thou ■ lead ■ away, for I am blind!
O Frankfort, ■ with me—the Plague hath struck
My husband into madness—and I fear him!
O God! I fear the man whom I do love!

FRANKFORT.

All—all are wretched—guilty—dead or dying;
And all the wild and direful images
That crowd, and wail, and blacken round my soul,
Have reconciled me to the misery
Sent from my mother's grave. An hour of respite
Is granted me while I conduct thee home:
Then will I seek that grave, and, 'mid the tumult
Of this perturbed city, sit and listen
To a voice that in my noiseless memory
Sings like an angel.

LADY.

She is yet alive!

FRANKFORT.

Thy voice is like the voice of Hope—Sweet friend,
Be cheer'd, nor tremble so—for God is with us.

SCENE III.

*A Churchyard. Two Females in mourning dresses,
sitting on a Tomb-stone.*

■ LADY.

The door of the Cathedral is left open.
Perhaps some one within is at the altar
Offering up thanks, or supplicating heaven
To ■ a husband dying of the Plague.
If so, I join ■ widow's prayer ■ here,
Sitting ■ my husband's grave.

SECOND LADY.

One moment hush!

Methought I heard ■ footstep in the church,
As of one walking softly up the chancel.
List—list! I am not dreaming of a strain
Of heavenly music? 'T is a hymn of praise.

[A voice is heard singing in the Cathedral.

FIRST LADY.

A voice ■ heavenly sweet I once did hear
Singing at night close to my bed, when I
Was beyond hope recovering from the Plague.
That voice hymn'd in my sleep, and was a dream
Framed by my soul returning into life,
A strain that murmur'd from another world.
But this is earthly music: she must have
An angel's face who through the echoing aisle
So like an angel sings.

SECOND LADY.

I know that voice!

Last Sabbath evening, sitting on this stone,
And thinking who it was that lay below it,
I heard that very music faint and far,
Deaden'd almost into silence by the weight
Of those thick walls. I listen'd with my heart
That I might hear the dirge-like air again.
But it did rise no more, and I believed
'T ■ ■ sweet fancy of my sorrowful soul,
Or wandering breath of evening through the pillars
Of the Cathedral sighing wildly by.

FIRST LADY.

And saw'st thou no one?

■ LADY.

Yes; I gently stole

Into the solemn twilight of the church,
And looking towards the altar, there I saw
A white-robed Being on her knees. At first
I felt such awe as I had seen a spirit,
When, rising from the attitude of prayer,
The vision softly glided down the steps,
And then her eyes met mine. But such sweet eyes,
So fill'd with human sadness, yet ■ bright
Even through their tears with ■ celestial joy,
Ne'er shone before on earth. Even such methought
The Virgin-Mother's holy countenance,
When, turning from her Son upon the cross,
A gleam of heavenly comfort cheer'd the darkness
Of her disconsolate soul! At once I knew
That I was looking on the Maid divine
Whom the sad city bless'd—whose form arises
Beside the bed of death by all deserted,
And to the dim eyes of the dying man
Appears an angel ■ from pitying heaven
To bid him part in peace. I could have dropt
Down on my knees and worshipp'd her, but silent
As a gleam of light the creature glided by me,
And ere my soul recover'd she ■ gone.

FIRST LADY.

How weak and low does virtue such as hers
Make ■ poor beings feel!

SECOND LADY.

Yet she is one

Of frail and erring mortals, and she knew not
In other days, to what ■ lofty pitch
Her gentle soul could soar. For I have heard
She was ■ only child, and in the light
Of her fond parents' love ■ fostered,
Like ■ flower that blooms best shelter'd in the house,
And only placed beneath the open air
In hours of sunshine.

■ LADY.

Could ■ ■ behold

The glorious Being?

SECOND LADY.

No; this hour is sacred:

We must not interrupt her. The dew falls
Heavy and chill, and thou art scarce recover'd
From that long sickness—Let ■ kiss thee thus,
Thou cold wet stone,—thou loveliest, saddest name,
Ever engraven on ■ monument.

[The scene changes to the interior of the
Cathedral, MAGDALENA discovered on her
knees at the altar.

MAGDALENE.

Father of mercies! may I lift mine eyes
 From the holy ground, that I have wet with tears,
 Unto the silence of the moonlight heavens
 That shine above me with a smile of love,
 Forgiveness, and compassion. There Thou art!
 Enthroned in glory and omnipotence!
 Yet from thy dwelling 'mid the eternal stars,
 Encircled by the hymning seraphim,
 Thou dost look down upon our mortal earth.
 And seest this weeping creature on her knees,
 And hear'st the beatings of her lonely heart.
 If, in my days of sinless infancy,
 My innocence found favour in thy sight;
 If in my youth,—and yet I ■■■ but young,—
 I strove ■■■ walk according ■■■ thy will,
 And revered my Bible, and did weep,
 Thinking of him who died upon the cross;
 If, in their old age, I did strive to make
 My parents happy, and received at last
 Their benediction ■■■ the bed of death—
 Oh! let me walk the waves of this wild world
 Through faith unsinking;—stretch thy saving hand
 To a lone castaway upon the sea,
 Who hopes no resting-place except in heaven.
 And oh! this holy calm,—this peace profound,—
 That sky ■■■ glorious in infinitude,—
 That countless host of softly-burning stars,
 And all that floating universe of light,
 Lift up my spirit far above the grave,
 And tell ■■■ that my pray'rs are heard in Heaven.
 I feel th' Omnipotent is Merciful!

[A voice exclaims from an unseen person.

O ■■■ my name remember'd in thy prayers!

MAGDALENE (rising from her knees).

Did some one speak?

VOICE.

A sinful wretch implores

That thou wilt stand between him and the wrath
 Of ■■■ offended God.

MAGDALENE.

Come ■■■ the altar.

[A man advances from behind ■■■ pillar, and
 kneels down at the altar.

STRANGER.

I fear I cannot pray. My wicked heart,
 Long unaccustom'd to these bended knees,
 Feels not the worship that my limbs would offer;
 —My lot is cast in hell.

MAGDALENE.

Repentance finds

The blackest gulf in the wild soul of sin,
 And calms the tumult there, even ■■■ our Lord
 With holy hand did hush the howling sea.

STRANGER.

Lady! I am too ■■■ thy blessed side;
 The breath of such ■■■ saint ought not to fall
 Into the hard heart of a murderer.

MAGDALENE.

Hast thou come here ■■■ murder me?

STRANGER.

Behold

This dagger.

MAGDALENE.

Then the will of God be done!

STRANGER.

Rather than hurt one of those loveliest hairs
 That, braided round thy pale, thy fearless brow,
 Do make thee ■■■ an Angel or a Spirit
 At night ■■■ down from heaven, would I for ever
 Live in the dark corruption of the grave.

MAGDALENE.

My heart is beating—but I fear thee not—
 Thou wilt ■■■ murder me?

STRANGER.

What need'st thou fear?

Kneeling in those white robes, ■■■ like a Spirit,
 With face too beautiful for tears to stain,
 Eyes meekly raised to heaven, and snow-white hands
 Devoutly folded o'er a breast that moves
 In silent adoration—what hast thou
 To fear from ■■■ or fiend? O rise not up!
 So Angel-like thou seem'st upon thy knees,
 Even I ■■■ hope, while thou art at thy prayers.

MAGDALENE.

If thou camest hither to unload thy soul,
 Kneel down.

STRANGER.

I hither came to murder thee.

With silent foot I traced thee to this church,
 And there, beyond that pillar, took my stand,
 That I might rush upon thee at the altar,
 And kill thee at thy prayers. I grasp'd the knife—
 When suddenly thy melancholy voice
 Began that low wild hymn!—I could not move;
 The holy music made thee seem immortal!
 And when I dared to look towards thy face,
 The moonlight fell upon it, and I ■■■
 A smile of such majestic innocence,
 That long-lost pity to my soul return'd,
 And I knelt down and wept.

MAGDALENE.

What made thee think

Of killing ■■■ who never injured thee?

STRANGER.

Th' accursed love of gold.

MAGDALENE.

Hath Poverty

Blinded thy soul, and driven thee forth ■■■ prey
 To Sin, who loves the gaunt and hollow cheeks
 Of miserable men? Perhaps a cell
 Holds thy sick wife—

STRANGER.

No! I have sold my soul

Unto the Evil One, nor even canst Thou,
 With all the music of that heavenly voice,
 Charm the stern ear of hell.

MAGDALENE.

Alas! poor wretch!

What shakes thee so?

STRANGER.

'Mid all the ghastly shrieking,

Black sullen dumbness, and wild-staring frenzy,
 Pain madly leaping out of life, or fetter'd
 By burning irons to its house of clay,
 Where think you Satan drove me? To the haunts
 Of riot, lust, and reckless blasphemy.
 In spite of that eternal passing-bell,
 And all the ghosts that hourly flock'd in troops
 Unto the satiated grave, insane
 With drunken guilt, I mock'd my Saviour's name

With hideous mummery, and the holy book
In scornful fury trampled, rent, and burn'd.
Oh! ours — dreadful orgies!—At still midnight
We sallied out, in mimic grave-clothes clad,
Aping the dead, and in some church-yard danced
A dance that oftentimes had a mortal close.
Then would we lay a living Body out,
As it had been a corpse, and bear it slowly
With what at distance seem'd a holy dirge,
Through silent streets and squares unto its rest.
One quaintly apparell'd like a surpliced priest
Led the procession, joining in the song;—
A jestful song, most brutal and obscene,
Shameful to man, his Saviour, and his God.
Or in a hearse — sat, which — did drive
In masquerade habiliments of death;
And in that ghastly chariot whirl'd along,
With oaths, and songs, and shouts, and peals of laughter,
Till sometimes that most devilish merriment
Chill'd our own souls with horror, and we stared
Upon each other all at once struck dumb.

MAGDALENE.

Madness! 't — madness all.

STRANGER.

Oh! that it were!

But, lady! were we mad when we partook
Of what we call'd a sacrament?

MAGDALENE.

Hush! hush!—

STRANGER.

Yes—I will utter it—we brake the bread,
And wine pour'd out, and jesting ate and drank
Perdition to our souls.

MAGDALENE.

And women too,

Did they blaspheme their Saviour?

STRANGER.

Ay! there sat

Round that unhallow'd table beautiful creatures,
Who seem'd — feel a fiend-like happiness
In tempting us wild wretches to blaspheme.
Sweet voices had they, though of broken tones;
Their faces fair, though waxing suddenly
Whiter than ashes; smiles were in their eyes,
Though often in their mirth they upwards look'd,
And wept; nor, when they tore distractedly
The garments from their bosoms, could our souls
Sustain the beauty heaving in our sight
With grief, remorse, despair, and agony.
We knew that — were lost, yet would we pluck
The flowers that bloom'd upon the crater's edge,
Nor fear'd the yawning gulf.

MAGDALENE.

Why art thou here?

STRANGER.

Riot hath made — miserably poor,
And gold we needs must have. I heard a whisper
Tempting me to murder, and thy very name
Distinctly syllabled. In vain I strove
Against the Tempter—bent was I on blood!
But here I stand in hopeless penitence,
Nor even implore thy prayers—my doom is seal'd.

[He flings himself down before the altar.

MAGDALENE.

Poor wretch! I leave thee to the grace of God.—
Ah me! how calmly and serenely smile

Those pictured saints upon the holy wall,
Tinged by that sudden moonlight! That meek face
How like my mother's? So she wore her veil;
Even — her braided hair!—Ye blessed spirits,
Look down upon your daughter in her trouble,
For I am sick — heart. The moonlight dies—
I feel afraid of darkness. Wretched man,
Hast thou found comfort? Groans his sole reply.—
I must away to that sad Funeral.

SCENE IV.

The street.—A long table covered with glasses.—A party of young men and — carousing.

YOUNG MAN.

I rise to give, most noble President,
The memory of a man well known to all,
Who by keen jest, and merry anecdote,
Sharp repartee, and humorous remark
Most biting in its solemn gravity,
Much cheer'd — out-door table, and dispell'd
The fogs which this rude visitor the Plague
Oft breathed across the brightest intellect.
But two days past, our ready laughter chased
His various stories; and it cannot be
That we have in our gamesome revelries
Forgotten Harry Wentworth. His chair stands
Empty at your right hand—as if expecting
That jovial wassailer—but he is gone
Into cold narrow quarters. Well, I deem
The grave did never silence with its dust
A tongue more eloquent; but since 't is so,
And store of boon companions yet survive,
There is no reason to be sorrowful;
Therefore let us drink unto his memory
With acclamation, and a merry peal
Such as in life he loved.

MASTER OF REVELS.

'T is the first death
Hath been amongst us, therefore let — drink
His memory in silence.

YOUNG MAN.

Be it so.

[They all rise, and drink their glasses in silence.

MASTER OF REVELS.

Sweet Mary Gray! Thou hast a silver voice,
And wildly to thy native melodies
Can tune its flute-like breath—sing — a song,
And let it be, even 'mid our merriment,
Most sad, most slow, that when its music dies,
We may address ourselves to revelry,
More passionate from the calm, as men leap up
To this world's business from some heavenly dream.

MARY GRAY'S SONG.

I walk'd by myself o'er the sweet brags o' Yarrow,
When the earth wi' the gowans o' July was drest;
But the sang o' the bonny burn sounded like sorrow,
Round ilka house cauld as a last simmer's nest.

I look'd through the lift o' the blue smiling morning,
But never — wee cloud o' mist could I see
On its way up to heaven, the cottage adorning;
Hanging white o'er the green o' its sheltering tree.

By the outside I ken'd that the inn was forsaken,
That ■■■ tread o' footsteps ■■■ heard on the floor;
—O loud craw'd the cock whare ■■■ nane to awaken,
And the wild-raven croak'd on the seat by the door!

Sic silence—sic lonesomeness, oh, were bewildering!
I heard nae lass singing when herding her sheep;
I met nae bright garlands o' ■■■ rosy children
Dancing on to the school-house just waken'd frae sleep.

I pass'd by the school-house—when strangers were
coming,
Whose windows with glad faces seem'd all alive;
Ae moment I hearken'd, but heard nae sweet humming,
For a night o' dark vapour can silence the hive.

I pass'd by the pool where the lasses at daw'ing
Used to bleach their white garments wi' daffin and din;
But the foam in the silence o' nature was fa'ing,
And ■■■ laughing rose loud through the roar of the
linn.

I gaed into a small town—when sick o' my roaming—
Whare ance play'd the viol, the tabor, and flute;
'T ■■■ the hour loved by Labour, the soft smiling
gloaming,
Yet the green round the Cross-stane ■■■ empty and
mute.

To the yellow-flower'd meadow, and scant rigs o' tillage,
The sheep a' neglected had come frae the glen;
The cushat-dow coo'd in the midst o' the village,
And the swallow had flown to the dwellings o' men!

—Sweet Denholm! not thus, when I lived in thy bosom,
Thy heart lay so still the last night o' the week;
Then nane ■■■ sae weary that love would nae rouse him,
And Grief gaed to dance with a laugh ■■■ his cheek.

Sic thoughts wet my een—as the moonshine was beaming
On the kirk-tower that rose up ■■■ silent and white;
The wan ghastly light on the dial was streaming,
But the still finger tauld not the hour of the night.

The mirk-time pass'd slowly in sighing and weeping,
I waken'd, and ■■■ lay silent in mirth;
Ower a' holy Scotland ■■■ Sabbath was sleeping,
And Heaven in beauty came down ■■■ the earth.

The morning smiled on—but nae kirk-bell was ringing,
Nae plaid or blue bonnet ■■■ down frae the hill;
The kirk-door was shut, but ■■■ psalm tune wassinging,
And I mis'd the wee voices ■■■ sweet and ■■■ shrill.

I look'd ower the quiet o' Death's empty dwelling,
The lav'rock walk'd mute 'mid the sorrowful scene,
And fifty brown hillocks wi' fresh mould were swelling
Ower the kirk-yard o' Denholm, last summer sae green.

The infant had died at the breast o' its mither;
The cradle stood still at the mitherless bed;
At play the bairn sunk in the hand o' its brither;
At the fauld on the mountain the shepherd lay dead.

Oh! in spring-time 't is eerie, when winter is over,
And birds should be glinting ower forest and lea,
When the lint-white and mavis the yellow leaves cover,
And ■■■ blackbird sings loud frae the tap o' his tree.

But eerier far, when the spring-land rejoices,
And laughs back to heaven with gratitude bright,
To hearken! and naewhere hear sweet human voices!
When man's soul is dark in the season o' light!

MASTER OF REVELS.

We thank thee, sweet one! for thy mournful song.
It seems, in the olden time, this very Plague
Visited thy hills and valleys, and the voice
Of lamentation wail'd along the streams
That ■■■ flow ■■■ through their wild paradise,
Murmuring their songs of joy. All that survive
In memory of that melancholy year,
When died so many brave and beautiful,
Are ■■■ ■■■ mournful airs, some shepherd's lay
Most touching in simplicity, and none
Fitter to make one sad amid his mirth
Than the ■■■ yet faintly singing through our souls.

MARY GRAY.

O! that I ne'er had sung it but at home
Unto my aged parents! to whose ear
Their Mary's tones were always musical.
I hear my ■■■ self singing o'er the moor,
Beside my native cottage,—most unlike
The voice which Edward Walsingham has praised,
It is the angel-voice of innocence.

SECOND WOMAN.

I thought this cant were out of fashion now.
But it is well; there are some simple souls,
Even yet, who melt at a frail maiden's tears,
And give her credit for sincerity.
She thinks her eyes quite killing while she weeps.
Thought she as well of smiles, her lips would pout
With a perpetual simper. Walsingham
Hath praised these crying beauties of the north,
So whimpering is the fashion. How I hate
The dim dull yellow of that Scottish hair!

MASTER OF REVELS.

Hush! hush!—is that the sound of wheels I hear?
[The Dead-cart passes by, driven by a Negro.]
Ha! dost thou faint, Louisa! one had thought
That railing tongue bespoke a mannish heart.
But so it ever is. The violent
Are weaker than the mild, and abject fear
Dwells in the heart of passion. Mary Gray,
Throw water ■■■ her face. She now revives.

MARY GRAY.

O sister of my sorrow and my shame!
Lean on my bosom. Sick must be your heart
After a fainting-fit so like to death.

LOUISA (recovering).

I saw a horrid demon in my dream!
With sable visage and white-glaring eyes,
■■■ beckon'd on me to ascend a cart
Fill'd with dead bodies, muttering all the while
An unknown language of most dreadful sounds.
What matters it? I ■■■ it was a dream.
—Pray, did the dead-cart pass?

YOUNG MAN.

Come, brighten up,
Louisa! Though this street be all our own,
A silent ■■■ that ■■■ from death have rented,
Where we may hold our orgies undisturb'd,
You know those rumbling wheels are privileged,
And ■■■ must hide the nuisance. Walsingham,
To put an end to bickering, and these fits

THE CITY OF THE PLAGUE.

Of fainting that proceed from female vapours,
Give ■ a song;—a free and glad some song;
None of those Scottish ditties framed of sighs,
But ■ true English Bacchanalian song,
By toper chaunted o'er the flowing bowl.

MASTER ■ REVELS.

I have ■ such; but I will sing ■ song
Upon the Plague. I made the words last night,
After ■ parted: a strange rhyming-fit
Fell ■ me; 't ■ the first time in my life.
But you shall have it, though my vile crack'd voice
Won't mend the ■ much.

■ VOICES.

A song ■ the Plague!

A song on the Plague! Let's have it! bravo! bravo!

SONG.

Two navies meet upon the waves
That round them yawn like op'ning graves;
The battle rages; seamen fall,
And overboard go one and all!
The wounded with the dead are gone;
But Ocean drowns each frantic groan,
And, ■ each plunge into the flood,
Grimly the billow laughs with blood.
—Then, what although our Plague destroy
Seamen and landman, woman, boy?
When the pillow rests beneath the head,
Like sleep he comes, and strikes ■ dead.
What though into yon Pit we go,
Descending fast, as flakes of snow?
What matters body without breath?
No groan disturbs that hold of death.

CHORUS.

Then, leaning on this snow-white breast,
I sing the praises of the Pest!
If me thou wouldst this night destroy,
Come, smite me in the arms of Joy.

Two armies meet upon the hill;
They part, and all again is still.
No! thrice ten thousand ■ are lying,
Of cold, and thirst, and hunger dying.
While the wounded soldier rests his head
About to die upon the dead,
What shrieks salute yon dawning light?
'T is Fire that comes to aid the Fight!
—All whom our Plague destroys by day,
His chariot drives by night away;
And sometimes o'er ■ churchyard wall
His banner hangs, a sable pall!
Where in the light by Hecate shed
With grisly smile he counts the dead,
And piles them up ■ trophy high
In honour of his victory.

Then, leaning, etc.

King of the aisle! and churchyard cell!
Thy regal robes become thee well.
With yellow spots, like lurid stars
Prophetic of throne-shattering wars,
Bespangled is its night-like gloom,
As it sweeps the cold damp from the tomb.
Thy hand doth grasp no needless dart,
One finger-touch benumbs the heart.

■ thy stubborn victim will not die,
Thou roll'st around thy bloodshot eye,
And Madness leaping in his chain
With giant buffet smites the brain,
Or Idiocy with drivelling laugh
Holds out her strong-drugg'd bowl to quaff,
And down the drunken wretch doth lie
Unsheeted in the cemetery.

Then, leaning, etc.

Thou! Spirit of the burning breath,
Alone deservest the name of Death!
Hide, Fever! hide thy scarlet brow;
Nine days thou linger'st o'er thy blow,
Till the leech bring water from the spring,
And ■ thee off ■ drenched wing.
Consumption! waste away ■ will!
In warmer climes thou fail'st ■ kill,
And rosy Health is laughing loud
As off thou steal'st with empty shroud!
Ha! blundering Palsy! thou art chill!
But half the man is living still;
One arm, one leg, one cheek, one side
In antic guise thy wrath deride.
But who may 'gainst thy power rebel,
King of the aisle! and churchyard cell!

Then leaning, etc.

To Thee, O Plague! I pour my song,
Since thou art come I wish thee long!
Thou strikest the lawyer 'mid his lies,
The priest 'mid his hypocrisies.
The miser sickens at his hoard,
And the gold leaps to its rightful lord.
The husband, now no longer tied,
May wed a new and blushing bride,
And many a widow slyly weeps
O'er the grave where her old dotard sleeps,
While love shines through her moisten'd eye
On yon tall stripling gliding by.
'T is ours who bloom in vernal years
To dry the love-sick maiden's tears,
Who turning from the relics cold,
In ■ new swain forgets the old.

Then, leaning, etc.

Enter an old grey-headed Priest.

PRIEST.

O impious table! spread by impious hands!
Mocking with feast and song and revelry
The silent air of death that hangs above it,
A canopy more dismal than the Pall!
Amid the churchyard darkness as I stood
Beside a dire interment, circled round
By the white ghastly faces of despair,
That hideous merriment disturb'd the grave,
And with ■ sacrilegious violence
Shook down the crumbling earth upon the bodies
Of the unsheeted dead. But that the prayers
Of holy age and female piety
Did sanctify that wide and common grave,
I could have thought that hell's exulting fiends
With shouts of devilish laughter dragg'd away
Some harden'd atheist's soul unto perdition.

SEVERAL VOICES.

How well he talks of hell! Go on, old boy!
The devil pays his tithes—yet he abuses him.

PRIEST.

Cease, I conjure you, by the blessed blood
Of Him who died for us upon the Cross,
These most unnatural orgies. As ye hope
To meet in heaven the souls of them ye loved,
Destroy'd so mournfully before your eyes,
Unto your homes depart.

MASTER OF REVELS.

Our homes are dull—
And youth loves mirth.

PRIEST.

O, Edward Walsingham!

Art thou that groaning pale-faced man of tears
Who three weeks since knelt by thy mother's corpse,
And kiss'd the solder'd coffin, and leapt down
With rage-like grief into the burial vault,
Crying upon its stone to cover thee
From this dim darken'd world? Would she not weep,
Weep even in heaven, could she behold her son
Presiding o'er unholy revellers,
And tuning that sweet voice to frantic songs
That should ascend unto the throne of grace
'Mid sob-broken words of prayer!

YOUNG MAN.

Why! we can pray
Without a priest—pray long and fervently
Over the brimming bowl. Hand him a glass.

MASTER OF REVELS

Treat his grey hairs with reverence.

PRIEST.

Wretched boy!

This white head must not sue to thee in vain!
Come with the guardian of thy infancy,
And by the hymns and psalms of holy —
Lamenting for their sins, we will assuage
This fearful mirth akin to agony,
And in its stead, serene as the hush'd face
Of thy dear sainted parent, kindle hope
And heavenly resignation. Come with me.

YOUNG MAN.

They have a design against the hundredth Psalm.
Oh! Walsingham will murder cruelly
"All people that on earth do dwell."
Suppose we sing it here—I know the drawl.

MASTER OF REVELS (*silencing him, and addressing the Priest*).

Why camest thou hither to disturb me thus?
I may not, must not go! Here — I held
By hopelessness in dark futurity,
By dire remembrance of the past,—by hatred
And deep contempt of my own worthless self,—
By fear and horror of the lifelessness
That reigns throughout my dwelling,—by the new
And frantic love of loud-tongued revelry,—
By the blest poison mantling in this bowl,—
And, help — Heaven! by the soft balmy kisses
Of this lost creature, lost, but beautiful
Even in her sin; nor could my mother's ghost
Frighten me from this fair bosom. 'Tis too late!
I hear thy warning voice—I know it strives
To save me from perdition, body and soul.
Beloved old man, go thy way in peace,
But curst be these feet if they do follow thee.

SEVERAL VOICES.

Bravo! bravissimo! Our noble president!
Done with that sermonizing—off—off—off!

PRIEST.

Matilda's sainted spirit calls on thee!
MASTER — (starting distractedly from his seat).
Didst thou — swear, with thy pale wither'd hands
Lifted to Heaven, to let that doleful name
Lie silent in the tomb for evermore?
O that — wall of darkness hid this sight
From her immortal eyes! She, my betrothed,
Once thought my spirit lofty, pure, and free,
And — my bosom felt herself in Heaven.
What am I now? (*looking up*.)—O holy child of light,
I see thee sitting where my fallen nature
Can never hope to soar!

FEMALE VOICE.

The fit is on him.
Fool! thus to rave about a buried wife!
See! how his eyes are fix'd.

MASTER OF REVELS.

Most glorious star!
Thou art the spirit of that bright Innocent!
And there thou shinest with upbraiding beauty
On him whose soul hath thrown at last away
Not the hope only, but the wish of Heaven.

PRIEST.

Come, Walsingham!

MASTER OF REVELS.

O holy father! go.
For mercy's sake, leave me to my despair.

PRIEST.

Heaven pity my dear son. Farewell! farewell!
[*The Priest walks mournfully away.*]

YOUNG MAN.

Sing him another song. See how he turns
His eyes from yon far Heaven to Mary's bosom!
The man's in love. Ho! Walsingham! what cheer?

MASTER OF REVELS (*angrily*).

I hate that Irish slang—it grates my soul.

MARY GRAY.

O Walsingham! I fear to touch the breast
Where — so pure has lain! Yet turn thine eyes
Towards me, a sinful creature, that thy soul
May lose the sight of that celestial phantom,
Whose beauty is a torment. List to me.

MASTER OF REVELS.

Here, Mary! with a calm deliberate soul
I swear to love thee! with such love, sweet girl!
As a man sunk in utter wretchedness
May cherish for a daughter of despair.
O mandlin fools! who preach of Chastity,
And call her Queen of Virtues! In the breast
Even of this prostitute, (why should I fear
That word of three unmeaning syllables?)
In spite of all that's whisper'd from the grave,
I — will seek, and seeking I will find
The open-eyed sleep of troubled happiness.

MARY GRAY.

All — — — to — I often love
The imprecations of brutality,
Because, with vain contrition for my sins,
I feel that I deserve them all. But thou
Killest me with thy pitying gentleness,
Wasting — looks, and words of amity,
On a polluted creature drench'd in shame.

YOUNG MAN.

Had yon old dotard, with his surplice on,
Emblem of his pretended sanctity,
And sanctimonious visage common to all
The hypocritic brotherhood of priests,
Staid but a little longer, I had read him
A lecture on the Christian's outward creed.
This is rare season for the jugglery
Of these church-mountebanks!

REVELS.

Fool! hold thy peace!
Thou in thy heart hast said there is no God,
Yet knowest thyself—a liar.

YOUNG (starting up furiously).

On his knees,

Upon his knees Edward Walsingham
Implore forgiveness for these villanous words,
Or through his heart this sword will find a passage,
Even swifter than the Plague.

OF REVELS.

Upon my knees!

Fierce gladiator! dost thou think to daunt me
By that red rapier reeking with the blood
Of nerveless, hot-brain'd, inexperienced boys,
Whom thou hast murder'd? Stand upon thy guard,
And see if all the skill of fencing France,
Or thy Italian practice, cowardly bravo!
Can ward this flash of lightning from thine eyes.

Enter FRANKFORT and WILMOT, who rush between them.

FRANKFORT.

Madmen! put up your swords. What, Walsingham!
The Captain of the Ocean Queen, engaged
In brawls a shore.

MASTER OF REVELS.

Ay! 'tis a foolish quarrel,
And may have foolish ending: But he spake
With rude licentious tongue irreverently
Of a white head that since my mother's death
Hath been to the holiest thing a earth:
And woe its blasphemer!

YOUNG (whispers).

St Martin's Fields,

At twelve o'clock. There is good moonlight for

MASTER OF REVELS.

'Tis a right hour. I'll meet thee at the elm-tree,
Named from the royal deer. At twelve o'clock!

[The party breaks up.]

What news from sea?

FRANKFORT.

All well.

MASTER OF REVELS.

Why look a pale?

Before an action fearless a look pale,
And fling away their smiles; but, engaged,
They scoff at death with gleesome mockery.
No deck was e'er strew'd with hideous slaughter,
As the wide floor of this Plague-conquer'd city,
Therefore look up—our colours still are flying—
Will Frankfort strike them?

FRANKFORT.

Yes! I am a coward!

I have for hours been wandering through this city,
And I stand within a little furlong
Of the house that was my mother's. I have finger'd
In places quite remote—have traversed streets

That led not thither—yea! I have turn'd my face
Away from the imaged dwelling of my parent,
Glad to put off the moment that might tell me
That which with agony I long to know.
Besides, mayhap, I am intruding here.
Good evening, Walsingham—to you, fair dames,
Farewell.—Come, Wilmot, o'er yon roof I see
The upon the house-top, where—

WALSINGHAM.

Your mother

On Thursday was alive.

FRANKFORT.

God bless thee, Walsingham!

On Thursday—and 'tis yet but Sabbath-night.
She must be living still! Said they that the Plague
Destroys so suddenly? In three small hours?
Three days and nights contain a frightful
Of fatal hours. The Plague doth ask but three—
She may be sick—dead—buried—and forgotten.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The street opposite a house adjoining Aldgate church-
yard.

FRANKFORT.

Hush, Wilmot! while I say one little prayer.
There stands the house—I see it in my soul,
Though yet mine eyes dare not to look on it.
—Let me lean on thee—hear'st thou aught within?

WILMOT.

It is the hour of rest: I nothing hear;
But the house, methinks, is slumbering happily
In the clear moonlight. 'Tis a lovely night,
Beauty without these walls, and peace within.

FRANKFORT.

Wears it the look of a deserted dwelling?

WILMOT.

Its silence seems of sleep and not of death.

FRANKFORT.

O Wilmot! sure the moon shines ruefully,
On these black windows faintly tinged with light!
I see no difference between these dark walls,
And yonder tomb-stones—they both speak of death.

WILMOT.

Be comforted.

FRANKFORT.

List! Wilmot! hear'st thou aught?
Methinks it was my mother's voice within
Singing a dirge-like hymn. Hear'st thou a voice?

WILMOT.

Grief mocks itself with fancied sounds like these;
There was no voice.

FRANKFORT.

O let it breathe again,
And all the world will seem alive to me.
—O God! the silence of this lifeless street,
Where all the human dwellings stand like tombs
Empty fill'd with corpses, seems collected
Round this one house, whose shadowy glimmering walls
Bear down my soul in utter hopelessness.
Oh! 'tis a sad, sad wreck. Mark how the dust
Lies th' untrodden steps! and yet I see
Footprints of one ascending. As I live,
I hear a footstep in my mother's chamber.

A light! ■ light! ■ where a light is moving
As from ■ apparition, through the house.

[*The door opens, and the Priest who appeared in
the first Act comes into the street.*

FRANKFORT.

Pale death is in his troubled countenance.
The house is falling from me, and the street
Is sinking down—down—down—I faint—Support ■
The PRIEST (to WILMOT while they support FRANKFORT).
At a sad hour the sailor hath return'd:
Would he were yet at sea!

FRANKFORT.

I hear thy voice,
And know that I indeed am motherless.

PRIEST.

Blessed are they who lived in the Lord,
And in the Lord did die.

FRANKFORT.

Amen—amen!

Hath little William gone with her to Heaven?

PRIEST.

They died three hours apart. Methought I saw
The angelical mother smiling up the sky
With that delightful infant on her breast,
More like a spirit that had come from Heaven
To waft away the child ■ Paradise,
Than a human soul departing from this earth.

FRANKFORT.

Soaring in beauty to immortal bliss!
But away from him who held them in his heart,
An everlasting presence of delight
'Mid the dim dreary sea.

PRIEST.

Weep, weep, my son,

I wish ■ see thee weep.

FRANKFORT.

O, why should tear
Be shed unto the blest and beautiful
By ■ poor dwellers in the woeful shades
Of mortal being?

WILMOT.

Thou art deadly pale!

Be not ashamed to weep upon my breast.
I have seen thee weeping for that sweet child's sake,
When haply he ■ dancing in his mirth—

FRANKFORT.

Dancing in his mirth! The lovely child is dead.
All, all his innocent thoughts like rose-leaves scatter'd,
And his glad childhood nothing but a dream!
I feel his last kiss yet— [*Weeping.*

WILMOT.

I also weep,
For I too am his brother, though his face
Was only vision'd sweetly ■ my soul
With its small features—

FRANKFORT.

Sudden happiness
Comes o'er my grief! Time and this world appear
Mere shadows, and I feel ■ if I stood
Close to my mother's side!—O mournful weakness!
The realms of heaven ■ stretching far away;
My soul is fetter'd to the earth; the grave
Cries with a voice that may not be gainsay'd,
And mortal life appears eternity,
Since she I loved has perish'd.

PRIEST.

Some, my son,
Would bid thee trust in time, the friend of sorrow;
But thou hast nobler comforters; nor would ■
■ thee place hope in blind forgetfulness.
I know that there is taken from thy soul
Something that must return no more—a joy
That from the shore breathed ■ thee far at sea,
Filling thy heart with home; and sweeter far
Arose that feeling o'er the ocean calm,
Than airs balsamic breathing through the ship
From odorous island unseen 'mid the waves.

FRANKFORT.

O kind old man! Thy sweet and solemn voice,
Fit organ for such peaceful images,
Breathes ■ calm reconciliation through my soul,
These silvery locks made white by time and sorrow,
Yet in their reverend beauty meekly smiling
At what hath made them so; most silently
Inspire my heart, although yet young in grief,
With resignation almost like thine own.

PRIEST.

Son! hast thou strength ■ look upon that sight,
Where human loveliness seems perfected
By the last smile that will not pass away?

FRANKFORT.

They yet then are unburied?

PRIEST.

Even this day,
At the hour when yonder bell would have been tolling,
In other times than these, for morning-service,
Her spirit went to heaven—your brother died
Some little hours before.

FRANKFORT.

And in that house
My mother and her little son lie dead!
—Yes! I have strength to look ■ them, to kiss
Their cold white faces—to embrace their bodies,
Though soul be gone still tenderly beloved,—
To gaze upon their eyelids, though the light
Must never break in beauty from below them,
And, with the words of fondest agony,
Softly to whisper love into the ear
That in its frozen silence hears ■ not.

PRIEST.

I will conduct thee to them.

FRANKFORT.

At the hour
When she was dying, in our ■'s barge
Was I approaching to the shore,—the oars
Sounded as they were muffled on the black
And sluggish water! 'T ■ a gloomy hour,
Yet, dark ■ it was, I ne'er expected this.
One visit will I pay them ■ I go.
Oh! I have many a heavy thought to utter
Which God alone must hear.

PRIEST.

We will pray for thee,
Standing uncover'd in this silent street.
And when we think thy soul is satisfied
With the awful converse holden with the dead,
We will ■ thee for a little while,
And sit with thee beside their bodies. God
Will not forsake thee in this last distress.

FRANKFORT.

I dare not enter, though I yearn to lie

For ■■■ by their side. The very beauty
Which in their sleeping faces I shall see
■■■ its fair image holds me motionless.
■ gulf of darkness lies beyond that door!
—O tell me, reverend father! how they died,
And haply then I may have strength to go
And see them dead: Now 't is impossible.
Wilmot! why do you weep?—be comforted.

PRIEST.

Though from the awful suddenness of their death
The Plague hath surely stricken them, yet they lie,
Unlike the other victims of that pest,
In more than mortal beauty. Their still faces,
When last I ■■■ them, in the moonlight lay,
Like innocence sleeping in the love of heaven,
Love mix'd with pity. Though ■ smile was there,
It seem'd a smile ne'er meant for human eye,
Nor seem'd regarding me; but there it shone
A mournful lustre, filling all the room
With the silence of its placid holiness.

FRANKFORT.

Lovelier than when alive they might ■■■ be.
Tell how they died.

PRIEST.

Last night I sat with her
And talked of thee;—two tranquil hours we talk'd
Of thee and none beside, while little William
Sat in his sweet and timid silent way
Upon his stool beside his mother's knees,
And sometimes looking upwards to her face,
Seem'd listening of his brother far at sea.
This morning early I look'd in upon them
Almost by chance. There little William lay
With his bright hair and rosy countenance
Dead! though at first I thought he only slept.
« You think,» his mother said, « that William sleeps!
But he is dead! He sicken'd during the night,
And while I pray'd he drew a long deep sigh,
And breathed ■■■ more!»

FRANKFORT.

O sweet and sinless child!

Go on—go on!

PRIEST.

I look'd on her who spake,
And I saw something in her tearless eyes
More than ■ mother's grief—the cold dull gleam
Of mortal sickness hastening to decay.
She ask'd me not to leave her, and I staid
Till human help or comfort by that saint
No more ■■■ needed. But ■ gentler death
A Christian never died. Methought her soul
Faded in light, ■■■ ■■ glorious star
■ hidden 'mid the splendours of the ■■■

FRANKFORT.

I hope she wept not long and bitterly
For her poor sailor's sake? O cruel wind
That kept our ship last night far out at sea!

PRIEST.

« In life I was most happy in my son,»
She said, « and none may know the happiness
His image yields me at the hour of death.»
—I found that she had laid upon her bed
Many of those little presents that you brought her
From your first voyage to the Indies. Shells
With a sad lustre brighten'd o'er the whiteness
Of these her funeral sheets; and gorgeous feathers,

With which, few hours before, her child ■■■ playing,
And lisping all the while his brother's name,
Form'd a sad contrast with the pale, pale face
Lying so still beneath its auburn hair.
Two letters still are in her death-closed hand,
And will be buried with her. One was written
By your captain after the great victory
Over ■ Ruyter, and with loftiest praise
Of her son's consummate skill and gallantry
During the battle, told how he had saved
The lives of two young noble Hollanders,
By leaping overboard amid ■ storm.
The other, ■■■ almost effac'd by tears,
Was from yourself, the last she had from you,
And spoke of your return. God bless, thee boy!
I am ■■■ old to weep—but such return
Wrings ■■■ the tears from my old wither'd heart.

FRANKFORT.

O 't is the curse of absence that our love
Becomes too sad—too tender—too profound
Towards all ■■■ far-off friends. Home ■■■ return,
And find them dead for whom we often wept,
Needlessly wept when they were in their joy!
Then goes the broken-hearted mariner
Back to the sea that welters drearily
Around the homeless earth!

PRIEST.

Thy mother waits

Her son's approach—in beauty and in peace.

FRANKFORT.

I go into her chamber—fear me not;
I will not rush into the mournful presence
With frantic outcry, and with violent steps
Most unbecoming 'mid the hush of death.
But I with footsteps gentle ■■ the dew,
And with suspended breath, will reach her bed;
There silent as she is, so will I be,
Lying beside my mother in her sleep
With my head upon her bosom—cold—cold—cold.

SCENE II.

*A little Room in ■ lonely Street in the Suburbs.—ISABEL
sitting with the Bible on her knees.*

Enter MAGDALENE.

ISABEL.

My gracious lady! bless that face again!
Here have I sat this long, long wretched day
Quite by myself, until I thought with horror
You ■■■ might return.

MAGDALENE.

O needless fears!

Sister! thy anxious heart will ■■■ learn
To think more on thyself, and less on others.
Yet ■■ thy friends thine ■■ endearing faults,
And make thee loved the more.

ISABEL.

How pale you look!

Wearied, and pale, and languid—sit down here,
My gentle mistress! Blest is charity
From ordinary hands, but ■■■ from thine
It ■■■ drop on the children of the poor,
Like dew from heaven upon th' unconscious lambs.

I will sit down a while. I have been kept

From home, beyond my promised hour, by sad
And unexpected duty. Frankfort's mother,
And her little son, this morning died.

ISABEL.

Both dead! I might have known it from that face.

MAGDALENE.

I have prepared their bodies for the grave;
And with such flowers as in a desert square
Of the city I could gather, are they drest,
Sleeping together sound and silently.

ISABEL.

O what will that kind-hearted sailor think,
When from sea!

MAGDALENE.

I shudder for him!

love profound.

O matchless pair!

In love, in beauty, and in innocence
So long united, now your orphan hearts
Will closer cling in your calamity;
As I have upon a leafless bough
Two young doves sitting silent, breast to breast.

Happy may he be for ever—may his ship
Linger in friendly port, far at
Be chain'd in long, long calm, that he not
Unto this City of the Plague! He lives,
And long will live—that thought is happiness
Enough for me. I see him the deck,
Walking and speaking—O good Isabel!
A bright and sunny vision often breaks
Upon my praying soul, at the bed
Where death is busy, and with contrite heart
I strive to dim it: Angel-like it is,
But oh! dear in its humanity,
And, like a spirit lingering round a tomb,
It haunts my desolated bosom.

ISABEL.

Cherish that image—he will yet return
To live with thee for ever.

MAGDALENE.

Noble spirit!

I thought I loved him well when were happy,
And lived together 'mid all happy things,
As of bliss partaking. Death has come,
And in affection left us parentless;
And now it that all the love I bore
My father and my mother has been pour'd
Into that mild, that brave, that generous heart.
Ay! what will he say indeed when he returns?

ISABEL.

Thy parents both are dead—one month ago
They died before thine eyes; yet where on earth
Might we behold a countenance array'd
In the light of immortal happiness,
O Magdalene! like thine?

MAGDALENE.

Sometimes I fear

I have a stony heart.

ISABEL.

The hush thou feel'st
Will breathe through Frankfort's soul his return,
And you will speak together of the dead
As of some gentle beings who have gone

To sojourn in a far-off happy land
Which one day ye will visit.

MAGDALENE.

I know well

That they who love their friends most tenderly
bear their loss the best. There is in love
a consecrated power, that to wake
Only the touch of death from its repose
In the profoundest depths of thinking souls.
Superior the outward signs of grief,
Sighing, tears,—when these have pass'd away,
rises calm and beautiful, like the
Saddening the solemn night, yet with that sadness
Mingling the breath of undisturbed peace.

ISABEL.

With that sublime faith ye will both be happy!

MAGDALENE.

How bright and fair that afternoon returns
When last we parted! Even now I feel
Its dewy freshness in my soul. Sweet breeze!
That, hymning like a spirit up the lake,
Came through the tall pines on yon little isle
Across to us upon the vernal shore
With a kind friendly greeting. Frankfort blest
The unseen musician floating through the air,
And smiling said, "Wild harper of the hill!
So mayst thou play that ditty when once more
This lake I do revisit." As he spoke,
Away died the music in the firmament,
And unto silence left our parting hour.
No breeze will ever steal from nature's heart
So sweet again to me.

ISABEL.

Canst thou not think

Of e'er again returning to the vale
Where we born? Should Frankfort come from sea
Thou art his own betrothed: two such souls
Are by God destined to live apart
Even this earth; and ere you go to heaven
To join the blessed dead whom we deplore,
They would regard your life of sanctity
From their bright courts with joy, and your still walks
Through vale and forest by those holy watchers
Be kept from earthly ill.

MAGDALENE.

Whate'er my doom,

I cannot be unhappy. God hath given
The boon of resignation: I could die,
Though doubtless human fears would my soul,
Calmly;—yet if it be ordain'd
That I return unto my native valley
And live with Frankfort there, why should I fear
To say I might be happy—happier far
Than I deserve to be?—Sweet Rydal lake!
Am I again to visit thee? to hear
Thy glad waves murmuring all around my soul?

ISABEL.

Methinks I see in a cheerful group
Walking along the margin of the bay
Where lone summer-house—

Sweet mossy cell!

cool—so shady—silent and composed!
evening full of gentle dreams!
Where joy was felt like sadness, and grief
melancholy pleasant to be borne.

Hath the green linnet built her ■■■ this spring
In her ■■■ rose-bush ■■■ the quiet door?
Fright solitary bird! she oft will miss
Her human friends: Our orchard now must be
■ wilderness of sweets, by none beloved.

ISABEL.

One blessed week would soon restore its beauty,
Were ■■■ home. Nature ■■■ work no wrong.
The very weeds how lovely! the confusion
Doth speak of breezes, sunshine, and the dew.

MAGDALENE.

I hear the murmuring of ■ thousand bees
In that bright odorous honeysuckle wall
That once enclosed the happiest family
That ■■■ lived beneath the blessed skies.
Where ■ that family now? O Isabel,
I feel my soul descending ■ the grave,
And ■ these loveliest rural images
Fade, like waves breaking on ■ dreary shore.

ISABEL.

Even now I see a stream of sunshine bathing
The bright ■■■ round ■■■ parlour window!
Oh! ■■■ we sitting in that ■■■ more!

'T would seem inhuman to be happy there,
And both my parents dead. How could I walk
On what I used to call my father's walk,
He in his grave! or look upon that ■■■
Each year so full of blossoms or of fruit
Planted by my mother, and her holy name
Graven on its stem by mine own infant hands!

ISABEL.

It would be haunted, but ■■■ holy ground.

MAGDALENE.

How tenderly did Frankfort love my parents!
From the first hour ■ met, his image seem'd
In the still bosom of ■ family
The silent picture of ■ absent friend!
—Methinks I hear his voice while he recites
Some fragment of a poem, ■ wild song
About the troubles of the pitiless sea.
Most other sailors have loud jocund voices;
But his was always low and somewhat sad,
As if he bore within his soul the sound
Of that wild-raging world, the memory
Of battle and of shipwreck, and of friends
By death ta'en from him ■ captivity.

ISABEL.

Much hath that brave ■■■ suffer'd, yet he pities
All them who mourn—nor on himself bestows
■ much ■ one sad dream.

MAGDALENE.

Dost thou remember
That melancholy but delightful ■■■
He framed one ■■■ evening in ■ cell,
When that fair orphan came with streaming eyes,
To tell ■ that the lady of the castle,
Marie le Fleming, on her death-bed lay?

I recollect it well.

The sorrowful

■■■ love to ■■■ on all distressing things,
And sure her death ■■ so. Repeat the dirge
Composed while she ■■ parting from the earth.
Ere yet thy voice begin, I ■ the land,

The beautiful land of mountains, lakes, and woods,
All glimmering with a melancholy light
Which ■■■ mine eyes endure for ever.
O Isabel! when o'er this doleful city
Rises the snow-white tower of Grassmere church—
—Go on,—go on, for I begin to rave.

DIRGE.

THE fairy on Helvellyn breathes
Into the diamond's lustre fair,
And in that magic gleam she wreathes
The dew-drops round her glittering hair.

The driving blast—the dimming rains
May there disturb its secret place,
But evermore the ■■■
The image of that loveliest face.

So in ■■■ lady's radiant eyes
Joy look'd when she was yet ■ child,
And there 'mid shades of sickness lies
Beauteous ■ when at first she smiled.

—'T is said there is a wondrous bird
That ne'er alights to fold her wings,
But far up in the sky is heard
The music which the creature sings.

On plumes unwearied, soft and bright
She floateth still in hymning mirth,
For ever in her native light!
Unstain'd by any touch of earth!

Our lady's soft and gentle feet
O'er earth in mortal motion swim,
But angels ■■■ from heaven to meet
The incense of her holy hymn.

On yonder pool ■ black and deep,
In her green cradle rock'd ■ rest,
Behold the water-lily sleep!
Serenely, with untroubled breast!

Alike ■■■ that fearless flower
The arrowy sleet—the dewy balm—
The sunlight's smile—the tempest's lower—
For hers is an eternal calm.

Across ■■■ gracious lady's bed
A blast hath ■■■ from the grave,
■ on her pillow rests her head
Calm as that lily ■ the wave.

—From heaven fair beings ■■■ at night
To watch o'er mortals while they sleep;
Angels are they, whose sole delight
■ is ■ comfort those who weep.

How softly on the dreamer's head
They lay their soft and snow-white hands!
One smile! then in a moment fled,
They melt away to happier lands.

I wake! and lo! my lady fair
Is smiling ■■■ the orphan's bed;
■■■ the charms the living wear
Join'd ■ the beauty of the dead.

—O perfect is a plaintive tune
When slowly sung at fall of even,
In some wild glen beneath the moon,
When silence binds the earth and heaven!

Remembrance rises faint and dim
Of sorrows suffer'd long ago,
And joy delighteth in the hymn
Although it only breathe of woe.

Our lady's spirit it is pure
As music of departed years!
On earth too beautiful to endure,
So sad—so wild—so full of tears!

MAGDALENE.

Methinks I see the splendid funeral
Overspreading Grassmere churchyard. Vain parade!
Lost the thousand weepers standing there,
With the image of that corpse beautiful
Lying all dress'd with flowers before their souls.
The ancient castle from that dismal day
Seem'd going fast to ruin—the oak-wood
Black and sullen 'mid sunshiny hours,
And oft upon the green and primrose bank
Of her own Rydal lake, the voice of grief
Comes with the little waves, a peaceful dirge
Of Nature o'er the lady whom she loved.

ISABEL.

Nature most gently led her unto rest;
And her eyes grew dim, there before them
Sweet images of all that most she loved
Breathed from the heavens and earth. O different far
Must be our doom! Hark! hark the nightly shrieks!
At the stated hour! those thundering wheels!
Ah me! I never hear that hideous noise,
But the deep hush of Grassmere vale—the tower
Chiming through morning-silence, and the lake
Reflecting all the heavens—

MAGDALENE.

Of this more,

My gentle Isabel! Can we speak so long
About ourselves, and Frankfort's mother lying
A corpse! It seems as if we had not loved her.
O we selfish beings even when we think
That we have wean'd our souls from earthly joys.

When is the funeral?

MAGDALENE.

At twelve o'clock

To-night will that delightful old come,
To see them decently carried to the grave;
And I will in that small procession walk
Close to her dear, dear head. She was beloved
By all who saw her once—so beautiful!
So meekly beautiful! so sadly fair!
So happy in her solemn widowhood!

ISABEL.

You will return at midnight?

MAGDALENE.

Yes—kind heart!

And for one single day I must refrain
From visiting the sick. A trying day
Hath this been to me. O ye holy Ones,
With saints united in beatitude,
Look down upon me in this lonely room,

Sitting in the dimness of mortality,
With in souls!—My Isabel,
I may chant with thee our evening hymn,
For I am faint. Already have I pour'd
My heart in holy song unto the ear
Of pitying Jesus—sing it by thyself:
In silence will I join the sacred strain.

HYMN.

The air of death breathes through souls,
The dead all around lie;
By day and night the death-bell tolls
And says « Prepare to die! »

The face that in the morning sun
We thought so wondrous fair,
Hath faded, ere his course run,
Beneath its golden hair.

I the old man in his grave
With thin locks silvery grey;
I see the child's bright tresses wave
In the cold breath of the clay.

The loving ones we loved the best,
Like music all are gone!
And the moonlight bathes in rest
Their monumental stone.

But not when the death-prayer is said,
The life of life departs:
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight voices sweet
Like fragrance fill the room,
And happy ghosts with noiseless feet
Come bright'ning from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came!
—We veil our eyes before thy light
We bless our Saviour's name!

This frame of dust, this feeble breath,
The Plague may soon destroy;
We think on Thee, and feel in death
A deep and awful joy.

Dim is the light of vanish'd years
In the glory yet to come;
O idle grief! O foolish tears!
When Jesus calls us home.

Like children for some bauble fair
That weep themselves to rest,
We part with life—awake! and there
The jewel in our breast!

SCENE III.

The open Street.—A crowd of Men and Women gathered in a tumultuous manner.

FIRST MAN.

There goes a notable fool! The moon is yonder
Shining like the sun, but with a tamer light

And yet with blazing oil-torch puffing forth
 Its noisome vapours on each passenger,
 This greasy varlet scours along the street,
 Fixing his puny stars where'er he stops,
 In many a long line twinkling sleepily.
 What is the use of these ■■■ lamps? The Plague
 Is not afraid of light, and kills by day,
 By moon-light, star-light, lamp-light, every light.
 ■ it that we may ■ each other's faces
 More clearly as ■ pass? Now, on my soul,
 I have not ■ one face for these three months
 That spoke ■ of the grave. This very wretch,
 With long lean shrivell'd thanks, look'd ■ he pass'd
 Like ■ well-season'd dry anatomy
 Escaped from Surgeon's-hall. The Plague, my girl,
 Hath spoil'd the beauties of good London town,
 And (let me see thy face below this lamp),
 Good faith! they're not so useless ■ I thought—
 Had'st thou been Eve, Adam had ne'er been tempted.

SECOND MAN.

Ay! folks may jest, and with right heavy hearts.
 For my ■ part, I don't expect this Plague
 Will change its quarters, long ■ it has left
 A single ■ alive. As for the moon
 That shines so brightly, have you ever heard
 What the Astrologers say of that moon?

WOMAN.

Tell, tell ■ what the Astrologers have said.

SECOND MAN.

They say it is the moon that sends the Plague.

FIRST MAN.

The ■ in the moon? then is he changed indeed
 Since days of yore. I have seen him when a boy
 Crouching beneath his sticks most woefully,
 Condemn'd ■ bear the load in punishment
 Of Sabbath-breaking. Now he walks erect
 With a huge sweeping scythe, and mows us down,
 Us poor unhappy Londoners, like grass
 By the acre.

THIRD MAN.

Yea! before the Plague burst out
 All who had eye-sight witness'd in the city
 Dread apparitions, that sent through the soul
 Forebodings of some wild calamity.
 The very day-light seem'd not ■ be pour'd
 Down from the sun—a ghastly glimmering haze
 Sent upwards from the earth; while every face
 Look'd wan and sallow, gliding through the streets
 That echoed in the darkness. When the veil
 Of mist ■ drawn aside, there hung the sun
 In the unrejoicing atmosphere, blood-red,
 And beamless in his wrath. At morn and even,
 And through the dismal day, that fierce aspect
 Glared ■ the city, and many a wondering group
 Gazed till they scarce believed it was the sun.
 —Did any here behold, as I beheld,
 That phantom who three several nights appear'd,
 Sitting upon a cloud-built throne of state
 Right o'er St Paul's Cathedral? On that throne
 At the dead hour of night he took his seat,
 And monarch-like stretch'd out his mighty ■
 That shone like lightning. In that kingly motion
 There seem'd ■ steadfast threat'ning—and his features,
 Gigantic 'neath their shadowy diadem,
 Frown'd, as the phantom vow'd within his heart
 Perdition to the city. Then he rose,

Majestic spectre! keeping still his face
 Towards the domes beneath, and disappear'd,
 ■ threatening with his outstretch'd ■ of light,
 Into ■ black abyss behind the clouds.

VOICE FROM ■ CROWD.

I saw him—on the very night I ■ him,
 When first the Plague broke out.

THIRD MAN.

And ■ ye not
 The sheeted corpses stalking through the sky
 In long, long troops together—yet all silent,
 And, unobservant of each other, gliding
 Down ■ dark flight of steps that seem'd to lead
 Into the bosom of eternity?

VOICE ■ ■ ■

Go on, go on—tell ■ of what thou sawest:
 Thou art a scholar, and thy tongue ■ speak
 Even like a written book. What sawest thou else?

THIRD MAN.

I have seen hearses moving through the sky!
 Not few and solitary, as on earth
 They pass us by upon a lonesome road,
 But thousands, tens of thousands moved along
 In grim procession—a long league of plumes
 Tossing in the storm that roar'd aloft in heaven,
 Yet bearing onwards through the hurricane,
 A black, a silent, a wild cavalcade
 That nothing might restrain; till in a moment
 The heavens were freed, and all the sparkling stars
 Look'd through the blue and empty firmament!

VOICE.

They all foretold the Plague.

THIRD MAN.

And I have seen
 A mighty church-yard spread its dreary realms
 O'er half the visible heavens—a church-yard blacken'd
 With ceaseless funerals, that besieged the gates
 With lamentation and a wailing echo.
 O'er that aerial comet'ry hung a bell
 Upon ■ black and thund'rous-looking cloud,
 And there at intervals it swung and toll'd
 Throughout the startled sky! Not I alone,
 But many thousands heard it—leaping up,
 Not knowing whether it might be a dream,
 As if an earthquake shook them from their beds,
 Nor dared again to sleep.

FIRST WOMAN.

Cease, cease that jargon
 About sights seen in the sky. The city shows
 Phantoms, and hearses, and church-yards enow,
 Without recourse to visions in the heaven.

VOICE.

Heed not that foolish wretch—go on, go on,
 I love to feel my hair stand up on end,
 And my heart beat till I ■ hear its sound.

THIRD ■

Dost not remember that black stormy night,
 When all at once the hurricano ceased,
 And silence came as suddenly ■ light
 Bursting on darkness? In that awful hush
 The city like ■ panting monster lay,
 Fearful of danger which it knew not of,
 Yet felt that it was ■ Then overhead,
 As from a floating cloud, ■ mighty voice
 Came like the roar of ocean, «Death! death! death!»
 A thousand echoes wail'd the giant-cry

Faintlier and faintlier—till more the
Rose on the night, and that portentous voice
Left the pale city quaking in its fear.

SECOND WOMAN.

His words like a dream—more terrible
These sights and sounds from the disastrous sky
Than all the real terrors of the Plague.

FIRST MAN.

Come, woman! with that wild and coal-black eye,
Let us hear thee speak! no idle dreamer thou!
I like that smile of scorn and bitterness.

FIRST WOMAN.

I cannot say that I dislike the Plague.
Good faith! it yields rare harvest to the poor
Who are industrious, and will sit by night
Round beds where richer servants dare not come.
Yet after all 't is not the Plague that kills,
But fear. A shake of the head—a sapient look—
Two or three ugly words mutter'd through the teeth—
Will go long way to send unto his grave
A soldier who has stood fire in his day.
And for women, and the run
Of men—for instance mercers, lawyers' clerks,
And others not worth mentioning, they die,
If a sick-nurse only look upon her watch
To know the hour of the night. What it?
In a hundred years—all will be well again.

SECOND WOMAN.

You must have rare sights in your time, good woman!

FIRST WOMAN.

I have seen for two months past some score if the day
Give up the ghost. No easy business
To lay so many out. When they paid well,
I did my office neatly—but the poor
Or niggardly, I put them overhand
In a somewhat careless way—gave them a stretch
Or two—down with their eye-lids—shut their mouths,
And so I left them. 'T was but slovenly work.

SECOND WOMAN.

Ha! ha! ha!—Why wert thou so kind, brave wench!
Unto the lazy cruel-hearted rich?
They owe at least one kindness to the poor.
Let them feel what still they preach of—gratitude.

WOMAN.

I know what gentry and nobility
Think of this way of burial. In they go,
Beggar and banker, porter, gentleman,
The cinder-wench and my white-handed lady,
Into pit. O rare! bed-fellows!
There they all lie in uncomplaining sleep.

SECOND WOMAN.

Canst give little history of the dead?

FIRST WOMAN.

Yes—I could make your pale face paler still,
Did I chuse to be talkative—but
Short history of a wretch who died to-day
I will give—and his Rivington.
Eternal curses blast that hateful name!—
Curst be he even within the crowded grave!
And may his lingering spirit feel the pressure
Of a hundred corpses weighing down its life,
In agony and torment, down hell!

SECOND

Come, for the story—you may spare your

God wot! you waste your breath. The gentleman
Is dead—I'll warrant that his soul's ta'en of.

WOMAN.

I for to a house that Plague-struck
To lay small children. Rivington!
Methought I knew that name. Could it be he
Whom twenty years before I knew too well
Among the towers of Oxford, where he studied,
As some said, for the church; a worthy son
Of such a mother—no less worthy child
Of such a rare nurse—Oxford and the church!
At I knew the caitiff, he lay
Dying alone 'mid his dead family,
Whose blue-swollen faces had a look in them
Of their most wicked father. Had they lived,
They had been evil—no good could have
From blood of his—it had a taint in it.
I had forgot to mention that his wife
Was likewise lying dead. Poor soul! her face
Was beautiful, and seem'd the face of sorrow
Rather than of death. Much no doubt had she suffer'd,
Married for ten long years to such a husband!
When I had done my duty, Where's your gold?
I ask'd this master of a family,
Who with a fix'd and stupid face sitting
Idle in his chair. Where, ruffian! is your gold?
But, to make short a rather tedious story,
knew me—knew that I come to curse him,
To howl my dying in his ear,
Nor would I listen to his cowardly voice,
Imploring mercy and forgiveness. Curse him!

SECOND WOMAN.

What his crime?

FIRST WOMAN.

We were three sisters once,
Happy and young, and some thought beautiful,
And by cheerful industry supported
Our palsied mother. But this demon came,
And by his wheedling arts and tempting gold,
Unknown to one another we all fell
Into sin, and shame, and sorrow. Our sick mother
Died of a broken heart—one sister died
In childbed—and consumption bred of grief
Soon took away another. I alone,
Reserved for farther and wickedness,
Lived on—but yet methinks this small day,
Those two blest hours in which I him dying,
That minute when the rattle in his throat
Closed his vile tongue for ever, and the moment
When convulsive gasp left him a corpse,
Gave me my share of earthly happiness,
And life feels life thus sweeten'd by revenge.

SECOND WOMAN.

Felt you no little twinging of remorse,
Thinking days when I suppose you loved him?

FIRST WOMAN.

I never loved him, and he knows what love
He bore me. Both had punishment!
I for my folly, vanity and pride,
Base love of gold (for then that love was base
Which now is right, and just, and necessary)
Have a houseless life of infamy,
Despised, curst, fondled, starved. He for his lust,
Unnumber'd lies, and fearless cruelty,
seen his children die before his face,
And his wife perish, stricken into death

'Mid the screaming of insanity. Remorse
Disturb'd his ruffled bed and dug his grave;
While she, within whose breast he often lay,
With the count'nance of a fury glared upon him,
And shook the dying caitiff in the pangs
Of pain and of despair. The hand of God
Was there in me its worthless instrument.

SECOND MAN.

Let's go to merry-making—right good friends
We shall make. Left naked in the street
Was I, a little infant by its mother
Exposed to death. I in a poor-house pass'd
My hated, hateful youth; my womanhood
Spent thine chiefly pass'd where I began
My chance existence—in the street; and
Without a friend, food, money, or home,
What was I for the Plague? Let us go, my friend,
To merry-making.

FIRST MAN.

All this is mighty well,
But leads to nothing. Wilt thou rob a church,
Good pale-face? Wilt thou rob a church,
And share 'mid this ragged company
The general spoil?

SECOND MAN.

Why, any place but a church!

FIRST MAN.

Ha! thou'rt a scrupulous robber! and the sound
Of these psalm-singing, shrill-voiced choristers
Would frighten thee, gliding through the moonlight-
aisle.

Truth, man! 't is well worth fighting with a ghost
For such a booty. Silver candlesticks,
Gold-gilt, standing idle on the altar,
Themselves a boy-load! and they say a Crozier
Richly ornamented may be found
In a lucky nook,—no despicable bauble!
But ten times worth such trifles, think thou, Jesuit!
On the bright vessels for communion-service,
Of massy silver, which the surpliced priest
With both hands gives the trembling grasp
Of young communicants. When melted down
They will make all rich as Croesus. Come!
Let us off to the Cathedral.

SECOND MAN.

I for

Stay where I am, or seek some other duty.
'T is absolute sacrilege. I could not sleep
If I had lent a hand to rob a church.
I go not there to pray—neither will I go
To steal—'t is little short of sacrilege.
However, I am not obstinate, and 't is pity
To part from pleasant company—suppose
We break into a house that is Plague-struck?
Its tenants probably are dead—or dying,
And will make small resistance—to kill such
Cannot be well called murder.

SEVERAL VOICES.

Agreed! agreed!

[A wild cry is heard, and a half-naked Man
comes raving furiously along.

SECOND MAN.

'T is the mad prophet! for God's sake let him pass.

MANIAC.

Woe! woe! unto the city! woe! woe! woe!
The Prince of the air his palace fills to-day

With wicked spirits in their guilt destroy'd.
Repent! repent! before the red-eyed Wrath
Wither you to ghosts. A bloody scimitar
Is waving o'er the city. On your knees
Fall down, ye wild blasphemers!—'T is too late.
Woe! woe! the city! woe! woe! woe!

We neither rob a church nor house this night.

Repent, ye miserable troop of ghosts.

We cannot repent—fear binds us fast to guilt.

MANIAC.

Another month, and I am left alone
In the vast city, shrieking like a demon!
Condemn'd to eternal solitude
Peopled but by ghosts, that will not, will not speak!
All gliding past me, wan and silently,
With curses in their eyes, and death-like frost
Breathed from their bony hands, whose scornful fingers
Keep pointing at me rooted to the stones,
That yield no sound to comfort my stopp'd heart.

CROWD.

O what a dreadful dream envelops him!

MANIAC.

My sins have brought this judgment on the city.
One sin there is that may not be forgiven,
And that was mine: so from the lurid sky
Down came the mighty and the fearful God,
And like a flash of lightning wither'd up
The hearts of his poor creatures. I alone
Am doom'd to live for ever in the depths
Of lifeless silence, which my madden'd shrieks
In vain will startle, like a lonely bird
Wailing unheeded in a vast
—O Jesus! thou Destroyer! again
Thy voice of thunder reach me. Woe! woe! woe!
—The streets do run with blood! and groans of death
As with an earthquake shake the toppling walls.
Down falls yon spire—huzza! down, down to hell.
Why stare ye so, ye dumb and pale-faced ghosts?
O for a whirlwind's wing to sweep you away
Like broken clouds, or the autumnal leaves
Hisping through the cold heart of a dreary wood.
—I hear the voice!—Woe! woe! unto the city—woe!
woe! woe!

[He rushes away shrieking.

MAN.

O base and wretched cowards! by the shrieks
Of a poor madman scared and terrified!
Thus they who take their conscience by the beard,
And laugh to scorn the voice that cannot lie,
At their own shadows start! palsy-stricken
By the ravings of a drivelling idiot.

FIRST MAN.

See where heaven dawns hell! Even in the path
Of that tormented demon, onward floats
An Angel! Mercy following Despair!

Let us fall down and worship her.

Enter MAGDALENE (dressed in white, with a Bible in
her hand).

FIRST MAN.

It is the lovely Lady no one knows,
Who walks through lonesome places day and night,

Giving to the poor who have ■ earthly friend ;
To the dying comfort, to the dead ■ grave!
I am ■ harden'd sinner, yet my heart
Softens at that smile ; and when I hear her voice,
I feel ■ in my days of innocence.

[*They kneel down before her.*

MAGDALENE.

Rise up, my sisters and my brothers, rise!

VOICE.

How graciously she speaks unto the poor!
Angels have walk'd this earth. If thou art one,
And that voice tells thou art, whate'er its words,
Let ■ still kneel before thee! sinful we!
And in our lives most desperately wicked ;
Yet, child of heaven! believe ■ when we say
Religion hath not wholly left our hearts.

MAGDALENE.

O piteous spectacle! by my very birth
I am ■ creature sinful as yourselves!
And if my life have freer been from guilt,
I owe the blessing of my innocence
To Him whose blood can change the hue of sin
Into the whiteness of thrice-driven snow.

SECOND WOMAN.

We are too wicked now to hope for pardon.

MAGDALENE.

Ye are not lost, but think that ye are so,
And therefore will not hope. Cheer up your souls!
Calmness will lead to hope, and hope to faith,
And faith unto that awful happiness
That walks unquaking through the shades of death,
Triumphant over nature's agony.

SECOND WOMAN.

Walk not away! speak to us yet a while!

MAGDALENE.

Return unto your homes, all ye that own
A home—a blessing even when desolate.
If young or old or sick be pining there,
Think on the comfort of the Comforter.
If all have perish'd, turn your eyes to Him
Who dwells in Zion, and you need not fear
The dreadful stillness of unlook'd-for death.
I will pray with you; ne'er forget your prayers!
Even ■ you felt how sweet it ■ to bless
Me, a poor sinful creature, since you think
That nature framed ■ kind and pitiful.
Pray unto Him who loved you ■ the cross!
Evening and ■ and noon-day worship Him,
And what although your homes be desolate?
Your hearts will sing for joy—even ■ the lark
'Mid evening sunshine hymning up the sky,
Forgetful that since morn the spoiler's hand
Had torn her low-built nest.

SECOND WOMAN.

O that the Plague
Would strike me dead before thou disappear!—
For when thy heavenly face hath pass'd away,
What shall protect ■ from the ghastly looks,
The broken voice, of guilt and agony?

MAGDALENE.

Promise to pass this night in prayer.

SEVERAL VOICES.

We promise.

FIRST MAN.

She is indeed most beautiful! O misery,
To think that heaven is but ■ dream of fools!

Why gaze I on her thus, as if I felt her
To be immortal! Something touch'd my soul
In that sad voice which earth ■ ne'er explain,
Something quite alien to our troubled being,
That carried on my soul into the calm
Of that eternal ocean!—Can it be?
Can ■ smile—a word—destroy an atheist's creed?
—Ha! this is mockery!

SECOND WOMAN.

See how she waves
Her snow-white hand, from which a blessing falls
On all the crowded street! How silently
The starry midnight passes o'er our heads!
How gladsome the pure moonlight! Oh! that angel
Hath by her beauty and her innocence
Won the great God of mercy to look down
On the children of despair. We part in peace!

SCENE IV.

FRANKFORT sitting beside the bodies of his Mother and
little Brother.—The PRIEST and WILMOT standing
at some distance.

FRANKFORT.

Thou need'st not look with such sad eyes on me,
Beloved old man! On that countenance
I ■ have gazed so long, that its deep calm
Hath sunk into my heart.

PRIEST.

The comforter

Hath ■ to thee in solitude.

FRANKFORT.

When left

With this still image, I confess my voice
Called upon her loud and frantically
To start up into life. Even then a smile
Came o'er her face, a sweet upbraiding smile,
That silently reproved my senseless grief.
O look upon her face! eternity
Is shadow'd there! a pure immortal calm,
Whose presence makes the tumult of this world
Pass like a fleeting breeze, and through the soul
Breathes the still ether of a loftier climate!

PRIEST.

Many sweet faces have I seen in death,
But never one like this. Death beautifies
Even the stern face of guilt; and I have seen
The troubled countenance of a sinful ■
Breathed over, soon as life had pass'd away,
With a soft delicate shade,—as from the wing
Of Innocence, returning to shed tears
Over the being she had loved in youth.
But here lies perfect beauty! her meek face
Free ■ that child's from any touch of sin,
Yet shining with that loftier sanctity
That holds communion with the promised heavens.

FRANKFORT (to WILMOT).

Kind friend! thou weep'st! Such tears will not disturb
Her sleep! see where they trickle silently
Down that unmoving cheek, that feels them not,
As if they flow'd from eyes that may not weep.

WILMOT.

My friend! may I kneel down and kiss her cheek?

FRANKFORT.

Start ■ at feeling that fair face ■ cold!
I often said that I would bring my friend

To see my mother. Lo! I have fulfill'd
My promise! There she lies!

WILMOT.

As I touch'd her lips
Methought her dead face smiled a blessing on me!

FRANKFORT.

Take thou this ringlet of her auburn hair:
'T is a sweet auburn, mingled though it be
With the soft silvery grey! and be it blended
With these thick-clustering curls of undimm'd joy,
In beauty parted from the radiant head
Of this delightful child, and for my sake
Keep them for ever!

PRIEST.

If deserved by love,
Part of these holy relics should be mine.

FRANKFORT.

Ah! ay!—Now may I ask whose pious care
Hath placed these death-flowers here! Methinks I read
In the fair disposition of these flowers
The delicate language of a female hand,
Not unforgetful of the skill that cheer'd
Its hours of happier task, even in the sad
Graceful adornment of the dead! One hand,
One hand alone all the earth worthy
To place these flowers—but it is far away!

PRIEST.

What if that hand it were?

FRANKFORT.

Nay! mock me not.
Haply thou heardest not my words aright.

PRIEST.

One hand alone thou rightly said'st was worthy
To fix that wreat'. The fingers of that hand
Stirr'd not the braided hair that they did touch,
Nor moved one fold upon the funeral sheet,
So that the flowers they shed seem'd dropping there
In a dewy shower from heaven! Thy Magdalene
It was indeed whose fingers dress'd the dead.

FRANKFORT.

Magdalene! and in the midst of this fell Plague!
Mine is a mysterious destiny.

—O spirit of my mother! pardon me,
Though with thy dead body lying in my sight,
My soul with pangs returns unto the living,
If Magdalene indeed be with the living!—
That smile hath life in it. O blest old man,
Thou art indeed the servant of the Lord!

PRIEST.

She lives! and even now is on her way
To attend thy mother's funeral!

FRANKFORT.

Speak—speak—

PRIEST.

She is an orphan.

FRANKFORT.

O my heart is dry!
Were Magdalene's self a corpse I could not weep.

PRIEST.

I need not tell at length the mournful tale.
Three happy weeks with their delighted daughter
They walk'd the city—and the day fix'd
For their return unto their native mountains.
But the Plague came—

FRANKFORT (passionately).

They surely were not thrown,

In the face of pity weeping all in vain,
Together thrown into that ghastly pit—

PRIEST.

'T was easy then to find a place of rest
In consecrated ground, and they were buried,
The very day they died, in a quiet spot
Even without its beauty, at the foot
Of a small tree that Nature's self had planted,
In a city churchyard standing quite alone.

FRANKFORT.

And where was Magdalene on the burial-day?

PRIEST.

I speak to thee of that one day!
It is past and gone, and Magdalene
Is living. This is all I dare utter.
There is an air that memory may not breathe,
And black oblivion hath her sacred ground
Guarded for aye by grief and misery.

FRANKFORT.

Buried in a city 'mid a crowd of tombs!
Those floating locks bleach'd by the ocean storms
Through many a perilous midnight—and that head,
On which the snows of age were gently falling
Through the hush'd air of peace—both in the earth!
—Spoke they not of a burial-place far off?

PRIEST.

They did—but with a smile.

FRANKFORT.

It matters not.

—There is a little churchyard on the side
Of a low hill, that hangs o'er Rydal-lake,
Behind the house where Magdalene was born.
Most beautiful it is; a vernal glade
Enclosed with wooded rocks! where a few graves
Lie shelter'd sleeping in eternal calm.
Go thither when you will, and that green spot
Is bright with sunshine. There they hoped to lie!
And there they often spoke to Magdalene
Of their own dying day. For death put on
The countenance of an angel in the place
Which he had sanctified. I see the spot
Which they had chosen for their sleep—but far,
O far away from that sweet sanctuary
They rest, and all its depth of sunny calm!
Methinks my Magdalene never dare return
To her native cottage.

PRIEST.

No! she only smiled

When I implored her to forsake the city;
Then said she would not leave her parents' bones.
Fain had she each day visited your mother,
But fear'd to bring infection—

FRANKFORT.

O my mother!

Forgive me, heaven! I had not sure forgotten
That I am listening to thee by her coffin!
My Magdalene's care was vain—she came at last,
As these sad death-flowers tell.

PRIEST.

Not in some spot

Apart from death, in deathlike loneliness
Doth Magdalene dwell. Throughout the livelong day,
And many a livelong night, for these three months,
Hath she been ministering at the dying bed,
From which, with an unnatural cowardice,
Affection, ardent in the times of joy,

Had fled,—perhaps to stumble o'er the grave.
—What! though thy Magdalene heretofore had known
Only the name of sorrow, living far
Within the heart of peace, with birds and flocks,
The flowers of the earth, and the high stars of heaven
Companions of her love and innocence;
Yet she who, in that region of delight,
Slumber'd in the sunshine, or the shelter'd shade,
Rose with the rising storm, and like an angel,
With hair unruffled in its radiance, stood
Beside the couch of tossing agony;
As undisturb'd as on some vernal day
Walking alone through mountain-solitude,
To bring home in her arms a new-year'd lamb
Too feeble for the snow!

FRANKFORT.

I wonder not!

Its beauty was most touching, and I loved
The bright and smiling surface of her soul:
But I have gazed with adoration
Upon its awful depths profoundly calm,
Seen far down shadowing the sweet face of heaven.

PRIEST.

Many think she bears a charm against the Plague;
And they are not deceived. A charm she hath,
But hidden not in ring or amulet,
Sleeping in the quiet of her sinless soul.
Some think she is a spirit—many look
With tears of sorrow on a mortal creature
Whom death may steal away—but all agree
That a thing so piteous, kind, and beautiful,
Did never walk before upon this earth.

[The door opens, and MAGDALENE enters.]

PRIEST.

Behold the blessed one of whom we speak!

MAGDALENE (*seeing Frankfort and Wilmot kneeling
with their faces on the bed*).

Haply some sorrowing friends unknown to me!

FRANKFORT (*rising*).

Magdalene! my holy Magdalene!

MAGDALENE (*throwing herself down beside him*).

Hush! hush! my Frankfort! thus I fold one arm
Round thy blest neck, and with the other thus
I touch the silent dead!

FRANKFORT.

O Magdalene!

'Tis a wild night of bliss and misery.

MAGDALENE.

We both are orphans.

FRANKFORT.

Hush! I know it all.—

An angel's arms are round me—No! a mortal's—
A mortal thing sublimed and beautified
By woes that would have broken many a heart.
In thy embrace what do I care for death!
In ev'ry breathing of thy holy bosom
I feel contentment, faith, and piety;
Nor can the shadow of this passing world
Breathed o'er thy face of perishable beauty,
Bedim thy holy spirit—it is bright,
Nor seems to heed that gushing flood of tears.

PRIEST (*to WILMOT*).

Let us retire. The hour is drawing near,
Fix'd for the funeral.

WILMOT.

Heaven in mercy sent

That angel, with her dewy voice, and eyes
More dewy still, stand beside the grave,
And show my friend how beautiful in heaven
His mother must be! That silent smile
To resignation might convert despair!
[Priest and WILMOT retire.]

SCENE V.

*A Churchyard—Midnight—a clear Moon and serene
Sky—a new-dug grave clove to the church-wall, in
which are leaning the Sexton and his Assistant.*

SEXTON.

'Tis a decent job enough; for a beginner,
You handle your spade in no unpromising way,
And when our churchyard business revives,
(Confound that pit with its great ugly mouth—
'Tis the ruin of the trade)—you'll make, my boy,
A very pretty grave-digger. But hark ye!
When standing good five feet below the sod,
Keep thine eyes open, and don't fling the gravel
Into my face, thou screech-owl. Stretch thyself
Up boldly like the son of a grave-digger,
And form the bank above thee neat and trim.
I wish to have some credit in my graves;
And even although the kinsfolk be poor judges,
And mind these things but little, I have an eye,
A grave-digger's eye, that loves to a nicety
To see a trench drawn for its own dear sake.
—Why art thou shivering there, thou Aspen-leaf?

BOY.

I never liked to walk through a churchyard,
And now, at the very dead hour o' the night,
This standing overhead within a grave
Hath made me colder than an icicle,—
Ay, numb as any grave-stone of them all.
I would not care to dig a grave in a field
Out in the country, and by good day-light;
But to keep poking in a deep black hole,
In the middle of a pavement of grave-stones,
With such a ghostlike moon above one's head,
And flinging out, instead of good plain pebbles,
Still yellow-grinning and worm-eaten skulls!—
—'Tis shocking work.

SEXTON.

Fie! you disgrace your trade,

You jackanapes! an ancient noble trade.
I'll get some bungler of a village-sexton,
Some bell-ringer well versed in psalmody,
To bury thee like a dog, and lay thy coffin
With the wrong end to the headstone. Out with thee!

BOY.

I think, old man! with both feet in the grave,
As one may say—

SEXTON.

Ho! ho! advice, thou parrot!

With both feet in the grave! I will be singing
Over my work for many a year to come,
When thou, and chicken-hearted birds like thee,
Will all be caged. Death loves a grave-digger,
And would not hurt a hair upon his head.
As for the Plague, he is afraid of us—
With a mattock and a shovel o'er my shoulder
He looks at me, and passes to such game
As thou, and smooth-faced maidens like to thee.

BOY.

Didst ever see the lady and her child
Whose grave we have been digging?—for if so,
And yet hast felt ■ pity at thy work,
Thou wouldst not scruple for ■ yellow King Charles
To bury a Christian lying in a trance.

SEXTON.

Six years ago, I buried her good husband,
As proper brave ■ man as e'er was laid
Under the turf. I have known the family
Three generations, and I loved them all.
But where's the use of whimpering like a child
That never saw ■ grave? Yet, by my spade,
I think if I had any tears to shed
I would waste them all upon this very mould!
For ■ sweeter lady never walk'd to church
Nor stepp'd across a grave-stone. She is in heaven!
And he who thinks so well may dig her grave
As merrily as a gard'ner in the spring.

BOY.

See! yonder two men standing with drawn swords!
We shall be murder'd.

SEXTON.

Murder'd? that's a trifle.

But robb'd of all our money. Hold it fast
If you know where to find it—grave-diggers
Still carry gold about them at their work.
They'll murder, rob, and bury us in a twinkling.

[The Sexton and Boy stand silent within the
shadow of the Church-wall, and WALSHINGHAM
and FITZGERALD approach.

FITZGERALD.

This place is fitter for our present purpose
Than that ■ fix'd before. Here is a grave
Just ready for thy body, Walsingham!
Thou mayst have warmer lodgings for the night
At the price of one small word—■ forgiveness.

WALSINGHAM.

Methinks such high-toned pride but ill becomes
A scene like this. What! ask forgiveness
Of such a thing as thou—while the Great God
Beholds us standing here with murd'rous thoughts
Upon the dark brink of eternity!
Think what thou art, and what thou soon mayst be.

FITZGERALD.

Fool! villain! liar! thus do I retort
Thy insupportable words. Thine is the pride—
The harden'd ■ is thine. But the hour is past
In which I might have pardon'd thee—and now
Look at this rapier, and prepare to die.

WALSINGHAM.

I am no coward. Yea! I wish to die—
But in the shadow of the house of God!
I must not be ■ murderer.

FITZGERALD.

House of God!

Right pious words! but they will not avail thee!
I think the Plague might well have scared such dreams,
Best cherish'd in the nursery, or by women
Whose faint hearts lean when sinking ■ religion.
God cares, forsooth, for us his worshippers!
Yet though we perish thousands in one night,
And like the brutes are buried, still we call him
Lord—Priest and Father, and still hope to rise
Even from the crowded pit where we lie smother'd
Like bees in brimstone,—to rise beautiful,

And so ■ to God's throne, spirits glorified!
O bitter mockery! Look into that pit
■ With all its dread corruption steaming up
To heaven, like an unheeded sacrifice,
And then dare talk of immortality.

SEXTON (*discovering himself*).

I crave your pardon—but I did not dig
That grave for you, much-honour'd gentlemen.
■ is bespoken, and the worthy owner
In half an hour will come to take possession.
I have heard of people fighting for small cause,
Or none—but cutting throats in a churchyard
Is something new, and 't is an ugly practice.

FITZGERALD (*rushing on WALSHINGHAM*).

Here's at thy heart!

[He receives WALSHINGHAM's sword in his heart, and
falls, exclaiming,
O Christ! stone-dead! stone-dead!

SEXTON.

Killing no murder—'T was in self-defence,
You've a quick eye, good sir! or he had pink'd you.
These swords are ugly and unhandy things;
I never liked them.

WALSINGHAM.

Now I am ■ murderer!

That hideous name befits me! I have sent him,
In all the blindness of his atheist heart,
To his dread audit! Pho! his blood will redden
Upon my hands for ever. Wretch that I am!

SEXTON.

I hear them coming.

WALSINGHAM.

Whom dost thou hear coming?

SEXTON.

Listen! and hear the holy sound of psalms.

[The funeral approaches the grave where WALSHINGHAM
is sitting near the dead body,—MAGDALENE,
ISABEL, PRIEST, FRANKFORT, and WILMOT.

PRIEST.

What shocking sight is this? O Walsingham,
My much-beloved and much-erring boy!
I fear that thou hast done a deed of sin,
For which remorse will haunt thee all thy days.

WALSINGHAM.

I hear thy voice, but dare not lift my eyes
Up to thy solemn countenance. I could hear
Thy anger, but the pity of the righteous
Speaks to the little virtue that is left
In my distracted soul, and when I hear it,
O that in dumb deaf darkness I could lie!

FRANKFORT.

We two ■ brothers in calamity.

WALSINGHAM.

Frankfort? O now I know who fills that coffin:
Behold how with these blood-bedabbled hands
I tremble in the presence of her corpse.
Look here—look here—upon this stiffening body!
Its face convulsed, cries out ■ a murderer!

[He flings himself down.

SEXTON.

Manslaughter at the worst. There ■ no murder.

FRANKFORT.

He hears us not—lost in the agony
Of his remorse. A more compassionate spirit—
One ■ averse to the shedding of man's blood,

Yet of his own more prodigal, ■■■■ graced
The ■■■■ of seaman.

PRIEST.

Shall ■■■■ drop the coffin
Into the grave? The hour has ■■■■ at last!
Art thou prepared to hear the funeral service?
Or wilt thou go behind that tomb and wait—

FRANKFORT.

The funeral service is most beautiful,
And I can listen to it with the tears
Of ■■■■ resigned sorrow. I remember
The day before I had a last farewell
To her who is in heaven—we did partake
Together of the body of our Lord.
As we were walking homewards from the church,
With eyes where ■■■■ sublime devotion smiled,
My mother look'd at me, and gently whisper'd,
"Whate'er may be thy doom, I feel resign'd;
And if I am not when my ■■■■ returns,
Recall to mind this blessed sacrament,
And think of ■■■■ with Christ."

MAGDALENE.

Lean on my heart,
For now the trial comes.
[The coffin descends into the grave.]

FRANKFORT.

Fling, fling the earth
Less rudely on her coffin! Magdalene!
See how it disappears! O final close
To sunny years of joy and happiness!
All perish'd in that dull and hideous sound!

MAGDALENE.

No mortal ever led a happier life.
Her husband died and she was sorrowful,—
But misery ne'er disturb'd her soul serene,
That like a place of worship eye was hush'd
By day and night,—or with the voice of hymns
Singing ■■■■ sweetly to the ear of heaven.

FRANKFORT.

I wonder not so much that she hath died,
As that a soul so perfect should have lived
So long in this sad world.—My little William,
Buried in all thy beauty—fare thee well!
Thank God! I never said ■■■■ unkind word
To the sweet infant! Tears ■■■■ in his eyes,
When last I went ■■■■ sea—and when I said,
"That I would bring him home the loveliest shells,
He smiled and wept. His face is smiling ■■■■
Far, far down in the darkness of the grave.

[They all kneel down around the grave.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The PRIEST and WILMOT walking in a square of the
City. — Evening after the funeral of FRANKFORT's
mother.

WILMOT.

How sweetly have I felt the evening-calm
Come o'er the tumult of the busy day
In a great city! when the silent stars
Stole out ■■■■ gladsome through the dark-blue heavens,
All undisturb'd by any restless noise
Sent from the domes and spires that lay beneath,
Hush'd ■■■■ the clouds of night.

PRIEST.

Even now 't is so.

Didst thou e'er see ■■■■ more resplendent moon?
A sky ■■■■ cloudless—thicker set with stars?

WILMOT.

The night is silent—silent was the day.
But ■■■■ methinks that sky's magnificence
Darkeneth the desolation on the earth!
Even such the silence of a beautiful ■■■■
Rolling o'er a thousand wrecks.

PRIEST.

Let ■■■■ sit down

Upon this seat, beneath its sheltering trees;
And if my soul can face the fearful things
Which it has ■■■■ and suffer'd, thou shalt hear
How a whole city perish'd—a whole city!
For, walking ■■■■ the shore ■■■■ rightly call
The ■■■■ calm, though distant waves be breaking
With melancholy dash against the rocks.

WILMOT.

Fit place it is for such wild colloquy!
These empty houses, and that half-built spire,
Standing with all its idle scaffolding—

PRIEST.

I see a thousand sights thou can'st not see,
Glimmering around me—confused sights of woe
Mingling in the train of joy and happiness.
Sweet lovely children all around my feet
Are sporting—for this wide square was the play-ground
Where the bright families of prosperous men
Walk'd in the sunshine with their fairy dresses,
Laughing 'mid the flowers!—O many a slow-paced
hearse

I see—and little coffins borne along
Beneath ■■■■ solitary mourner's arm.
Mix'd are these images of life and death!
For while I muse upon the silent face
Of ■■■■ dead infant, crowds of living spirits
Come singing by—and though I see a coffin,
They see it not, but glide with sunny feet
O'er the black pall, then disappear for ever.

WILMOT.

Came it on a sudden?

PRIEST.

Like a thunder-peal

One ■■■■ a rumour turn'd the city pale;
And the tongues of men, wild-staring on each other,
Utter'd with faltering voice one little word,
"The Plague!" Then many heard within their dreams
At dead of night a voice foreboding woe,
And rose up in their terror, and forsook
Homes, in the haunted darkness of despair
No ■■■■ endurable. As thunder quails
Th' inferior creatures of the air and earth,
So bow'd the Plague at ■■■■ all human souls,
And the brave man beside the natural coward
Walk'd trembling. On the restless multitude,
Thoughtlessly toiling through a busy life,
Nor hearing in the tumult of their souls
The ordinary language of decay,
A voice ■■■■ down that made itself be heard,
And they started from delusion when the touch
Of Death's benumbing fingers suddenly
Swept off whole crowded streets into the grave.
Then ■■■■ a direful struggle with the Pest!
And all the ordinary forms of life

Moved onwards with the violence of despair.
Wide flew the crowded gates of theatres,
And a pale frightful audience, with their souls
Looking in perturbation through the glare
Of a convulsive laughter, sat and shouted
At obscene ribaldry and mirth profane.
There yet was heard parading through the streets
War-music, and the soldier's tossing plumes
Moved with their wonted pride. O idle show
Of these poor worthless instruments of death,
Themselves devoted! Childish mockery!
At which the Plague did scoff, who in one night
The trumpet silenced and the plumes laid low.
As yet the Sabbath-day—though truly fear
Rather than piety fill'd the house of God—
Received an outward homage. On the street
Friends yet met friends, and dared to interchange
A cautious greeting—and firesides there were
Where still domestic happiness survived
'Mid ■ unbroken family; while the soul,
In endless schemes to overcome the Plague,
In art, skill, zeal, in ruth and charity
Forgot its horrors, and oft seem'd to rise
More life-like 'mid the ravages of death.
But soon the noblest spirits disappear'd,
None could tell whither—and the city stood
Like a beleaguerr'd fortress, that hath lost,
The flower of its defenders. Then the Plague
Storm'd, raging like a barbarous conqueror,
And hopeless to find mercy, every one
Fell ■ his face, and all who rose again
Crouch'd to the earth in suppliant agony.

WILMOT.

Father! how mournful every Sabbath-day
To miss some well-known faces! to behold
The congregation weekly thinn'd by death,
And empty seats with all their Bibles lying
Cover'd with dust.

PRIEST.

Ay—even the house of God
Was open to the Plague. Amid their prayers
The kneelers sicken'd, and most deadly-pale
Rose up with sobs,—and beatings of the heart
That far off might be heard, a hideous knell
That ne'er ceased sounding till the wretches died.
Sometimes the silent congregation sat
Waiting for the priest, then stretch'd within his shroud.
Or when he came, he bore within his eyes
A trouble that disturb'd, and read the service
With the hollow voice of death.

WILMOT.

Where was the king?

The nobles, and the judges of the land?

PRIEST.

They left the city. Whither—none inquired.
Who cares now for the empires of the earth,
Their peerage or their monarchs? Kingly ones
Sit unobserved upon their regal seats,
And the soul looks o'er ocean, earth, and air,
Heedless to whom its fields or waves belong,
So that there were some overshadowing grove
Central amid ■ mighty continent,
Or sacred island in the healthful main,
Where men might be transported in a thought
Far from the wild dominion of the Plague.

Now He is monarch here—nor mortal brow
Durst wear ■ crown within the fatal sweep
Of his long bony arm.

WILMOT.

He loves the silence

Of ■ unpeopled reign.

PRIEST.

Once at noon-day

Alone I stood upon ■ tower that rises
From the centre of the city. I look'd down
With ■ upon that world of misery;
Nor for ■ while could say that I beheld
Aught ■ ■ wide gleam indistinctly flung
From that bewildering grandeur: Till at once
The objects all assumed their natural form,
And grew into a City stretching round
On every side, far ■ the bounding sky.
■ ne eyes first rested on the squares that lay
Without one moving figure, with fair trees
Lifting their tufted heads unto the light,
Sweet, sunny spots of rural imagery
That gave a beauty to magnificence.
Silent as nature's solitary glens
Slept the long streets—and mighty London seem'd,
With all its temples, domes, and palaces,
Like some sublime assemblage of tall cliffs
That bring down the deep stillness of the heavens
To shroud them in the desert. Groves of masts
Rose through the brightness of the sun-smote river,
But all their flags were struck, and every sail
Was lower'd. Many a distant land had felt
The sudden stoppage of that mighty heart.
Then thought I that the vain pursuits of man
Possess'd a semblance of sublimity,
Thus suddenly o'erthrown; and as I look'd
Down ■ the courts and markets, where the soul
Of this world's business once roar'd like the sea,
That sound within my memory strove in vain,
Yet with a mighty power, to break the silence
That like the shadow of ■ troubled sky
Or moveless cloud of thunder, lay beneath me,
The breathless calm of universal death.

WILMOT.

I feel all fears for my own worthless self
Vanish at thy voice—but it grows tremulous—
I now will hear no more. I know not why
My soul thus longs to feast itself ■ terror—
Last night I saw enough. O that churchyard!
That madman's dance!

PRIEST.

My voice is tremulous,

For I shall never see fourscore again.
But I can speak to thee about the Plague
That rages round us, with ■ calm ■ soul
As ■ ■ hundred years had pass'd away
Since yonder Pest-house heard the groans and shrieks
Of ■ than mortal agony.

WILMOT.

A Pest-house!

O dreadful habitation! I beheld it,
As if in silence standing tenantless.
List! list! what fearful cries! They will burst the walls,
And issue forth a ghost-like company
Into the frighten'd air. Now—now—'t is silent!
As if in that one shriek they all had perish'd.

PRIEST.

Let not thy spirit penetrate its walls.
Our Saviour pities it.

WILMOT.

And who will go
Into such tomb-like building fill'd with horror?

PRIEST.

Ay! 't is a dreadful mansion, standing there
So black! as if the very walls did know
The agony within. Yet hither come
The children of despair and poverty,
Who baring bosoms yellow with Plague-spots
Implore admittance, and with hollow voice
Do passionately vow their gratitude,
If suffer'd to lay down their reeking heads
On the straw pallets—so that skilful men
May visit them, even when the wretches say
They have no hope. Poor souls! perhaps they die
In mitigated agony at last;
But when a ghost-like shadow enters there
It sees the sun no more.

WILMOT.

Didst thou ever pray
Within that fearful tabernacle?

PRIEST.

Yes!

'T is but two nights ago I thither went
To minister the sacrament. I heard
A hideous din before I reach'd the door—
And entering I beheld the ghastly patients
Walking tumultuously throughout the room,
Some seemingly in anger—all the rest
In mute despair. There lay th' attendants dead!
And thirst had come upon that pale-faced crew,
Who gasp'd, and made wild motions with their hands,
When in their parch'd mouths prayers or curses died.

WILMOT.

It was most horrible.

PRIEST.

But I have witness'd
A sight more hideous still. The Plague broke out
Like a raging fire within the darksome heart
Of a huge mad-house; and one stormy night
As I was passing by its iron gates,
With loud crash they burst open, and a troop
Of beings all unconscious of this world,
Possess'd by their own fearful fantasies,
Did clank their chains unto the troubled moon
Fast rolling through the clouds. Away they went
Across the glimmering square! some hurriedly
As by a whirlwind driven, and others moving
Slow—step by step—with melancholy mien,
And faces pale in idiot-vacancy.
For days those wild-eyed visitors were seen
Shrieking—or sitting in a woeful silence,
With wither'd hands, and heaps of matted hair!
And they all died in ignorance of the Plague
That freed them from their cells.—

WILMOT.

Do none recover

Whom the Plague strikes?

PRIEST.

• Not one in many thousands.

Yet two such wretches have I chanced to see,
And they are living still—far better dead!
For they have lost all memory of the past,

All feeling of the future. Their own names
They know not—nor that they are human beings.
Like images of stone there do they sit,
When all around is agony; or laugh,
As if their features only were convulsed,
In the absence of all soul! Ay, long and long
The laughter is of those stone-images,
Sitting unmoved with their glazed steadfast eyes!
And none can tell why the poor wretches laugh
Who know not how to weep.

WILMOT.

How many children
Must have died in beauty and in innocence
This fatal summer!

PRIEST.

Many sweet flowers died!
Pure innocents! they mostly sank in peace.
Yet sometimes it was misery to hear them
Praying their parents to shut out the Plague;
Nor could they sleep alone within their beds,
In fear of that dread monster. Childhood lost
Its bounding gladness—its fearless glee—
And infants of five summers walk'd about
With restless eyes, or by their parents' sides
Crouch'd shuddering, for they ever heard them speaking
Of death, or saw them weeping—no one smiled.

WILMOT.

Hath not the summer been most beautiful,
'Mid all this misery?

PRIEST.

A sunny season!

What splendid days, what nights magnificent
Pass'd in majestic march above the City,
When all below was agony and death!
• O peaceful dwellers! in yon silent stars,
Burning so softly in their happiness! •
Our souls exclaim'd,—• unknown inhabitants
Of unknown worlds! no misery reaches you,
For bliss is one with immortality! •
The very river as it flow'd along
Appear'd to come from some delightful land
Unknown unto the Plague, and hastening on
To join the healthful ocean, calmly smiled,
A privileged pilgrim through the realms of death.
Yea! in the sore disturbance of men's souls
They envied the repose of lifeless things!
And the leafy trees that graced the city-squares,
Bright with the dews of morning, they seem'd blest!
On them alone th' untainted air of heaven
Shed beauty and delight—all round them died.
London alone, of all the world seem'd curst.
O happy spots in country—or in town!
'Mid savage wilds—or dark and noisome streets—
Cut off from human intercourse—or haunted
By vice and sorrow, penury and guilt,
Ye seem'd to all a blessed Paradise,
Whither wings of rapture they would fly,
Nor ever leave you more—for nature groans
• Where the Plague is not, there dwells happiness. •

WILMOT.

Dreadful indeed, to think how months and months
Have pass'd, and still are passing, without hope.

PRIEST.

In churchyards, not in houses, it did seem
As if the people lived. They haunted there.
It was, you well may think, a woeeful sight

In every burial-ground to ■ the grave-stones
 Blacken'd o'er with persons, sitting night and day,
 Bewailing their lost friends. But sadder still,
 Ere long ■ the self-same tombstones bare,
 Telling how few at last were left to weep.
 Sometimes I take my solitary stand
 In one of those wide churchyards. Onwards pass
 A multitude of faces recognised
 Dimly, as beings vanish'd from this world :
 Till, ■ gaze upon them, memory
 Disowns the wild creation of my brain,
 And the image of those countless myriads,
 Some strange procession ■ of unknown creatures
 On some unknown occasion moving by,
 And cloud-like disappearing from my soul,
 A shifting pageant journeying endless on!

WILMOT.

And all immortal souls! sent from this world
 As by a breath! like insects vanishing
 On a sudden, when ■ breeze comes o'er the silence
 Of ■ sultry summer-noon!—

PRIEST.

What meets thine eyes?

WILMOT.

Lo! yonder Frankfort walking toward us.
 Is there not something wild in his appearance?
 I trust that all is well with Magdalene.
 Alas! should she be dead!

PRIEST.

'T is for himself

I fear that we must weep. That devious pace,
 Now stopping on a sudden—and now hurried,
 As by ■ raging wind against the will—
 I tremble to behold it—for the Pest
 Oft dallies thus with its delirious victims.
 And yet ■ agitation of the mind—

[WILMOT goes up to FRANKFORT as he is passing
 by distractedly without noticing them.]

WILMOT.

Companion—messmate—friend—best, dearest friend,
 Wilt thou not speak to us?

FRANKFORT.

Hoist out the barge—

My crew will pull her through the roaring surf.
 I have a mother dying of the Plague—

WILMOT.

Sweet friend! look, look around! O misery!
 His mind is overthrown.

FRANKFORT.

Say who art thou

That glarest ■ upon me with thine eyes?
 Hadst thou ■ brother once?

WILMOT.

My name is Wilmot.

FRANKFORT.

Wilmot! Methinks I know thee! Wilmot! Wilmot!

WILMOT.

I owe my life to thee.

FRANKFORT.

O merciful God!

A roaring whirlwind hurries off my soul—
 I surely feel these stones beneath my feet;
 Houses are standing round me—yet even now,
 If ever sailor trod upon ■ deck,
 I was on board the Thunderer. What dark building
 Towers yonder like ■ cloud? Is it a mad-house?

No irons on my hands—O chain me—chain me—
 In mercy to one steadfast place of earth,
 Nor drive me onwards like a heaving wave
 Over the midnight sea.

PRIEST.

Touch this grey head!

FRANKFORT.

■ man! thou hast a kind and gentle look—
 —Then tell me this, and I will bless thee for it:
 Did a fair maiden come on board to-day,
 Calling herself, with ■ low mournful voice,
 Magdalene Lambert? Did she ask for me
 With that mournful voice, and hath she gone
 Weeping away because she found ■ not?
 Drest is she all in white, ■ Poets feign
 The angel Innocence—and when she speaks—
 Wilmot, I know thee now—hath something dreadful
 Fallen on my head—or am I in a fever,
 And raving here with ■ distemper'd brain?

PRIEST.

We are indeed thy friends! Look at this hair
 Which I am wearing close unto my heart
 For thy dear mother's sake. Behold how softly
 The silver-lined auburn doth repose,
 Amid the sunshine of sweet William's ringlets.

[FRANKFORT falls on his neck and weeps.]

FRANKFORT.

Conduct me home—home—home—whate'er I say.
 But look not so—O! ye dim ghastly faces,
 I know ye not—I ■ your prisoner—
 Lead, lead me hence, and chain me in my cell.

PRIEST (to WILMOT).

Let ■ conduct him home! prepare thy soul
 For what this night may happen to thy friend.
 For death is in his face.

SCENE II.

MAGDALENE seen lying asleep on a Couch—ISABEL and
 a Young Girl sitting beside her.

ISABEL.

Didst thou e'er see ■ beautiful a face?
 Lo! how it smiles through sleep! Even in her dreams
 Her soul is at some work of charity.

CHILD.

May I go softly up, and kiss her cheek?
 O why is it so pale?

ISABEL.

'T was always so.

CHILD.

I thought that paleness was ■ mark of grief.
 My mother's face was always deadly pale,
 But then she often wept—I know not why.
 This Lady must be happy.

ISABEL.

She awakes.

CHILD.

Perhaps that kiss disturbed her.

ISABEL (to MAGDALENE, who awakes).

Magdalene!

Thou scarcely seem'st to recollect this child.
 'T is she who follow'd thee from that house of death:
 Look here—her small hands have already learn'd
 To ■ her gracious mistress; and this table

With such refreshments ■ thy need requires
They spread—an orphan's gratitude has blest them.

MAGDALENE.

Wilt thou go hundreds of long weary miles,
Carried thou know'st not where, along with ■
And that kind girl? A sister of our own
In a far-distant land thou then wilt be,
And all day run about green sunny hills
With little snow-white lambs, while happy birds
Sing to thee from their nests among the broom.

CHILD.

I would go with thee to ■ land of ice
And everlasting snow.

MAGDALENE.

How prone to love
Is the pure sinless soul of infancy!

CHILD.

My father—mother—brothers—sisters—all
Are dead! yet, Lady! when I hear thee speak,
I must be happy in spite of all the tears
That gush into mine eyes. My mother stood
Close to my pillow last night in ■ dream,
And bade ■ weep no more, for that an angel
Had folded over me her heavenly wings.
I woke—and there wert thou! at my bedside,
With these delightful smiles.

MAGDALENE.

O Isabel!

Of all the mournful—sad—affecting things
That sorrow ■ with in a world of sorrow,
The saddest sure those smiles of happiness,
Those sudden starts of uncontrollable glee,
That, like the promptings of a different nature,
Assail the heart of childhood 'mid its grief,
And turn its tears to rapture. Beauteous beings!
Hanging in the air 'twixt joy and misery!
Now like the troubled sea-birds wildly-wailing
Through the black squall;—and now upon the billows
Alighting softly with the gleams of light,
They float in beauty of a fearless calm.

ISABEL.

Why so profound a sigh?

MAGDALENE.

A deadly pain
Even at that moment struck into my heart.
A sudden fear disturbs me—look on my face—
Seest thou aught wild and strange within my eyes?
Fear not ■ speak the truth.

ISABEL.

O nought I ■

Within these eyes but a meek tender light
Softer than swimming tears—and on thy face
The same pale beauty lies by all beloved
Even when thou wert a child—a breathing paleness
More touching than the cheeks so rosy-red
Of other children—nothing else see I.

MAGDALENE.

O shame! I feel the tears upon my cheek:
I weep that I must die. O days and nights
Past on my knees beside the bed of death,
Have ye been all in vain! I shudder at death
Even ■ this child would do—Most mournful weakness!

CHILD.

I would not fear to die within your arms.

MAGDALENE.

Bring me yon little mirror here—sweet child!

And ■ you ■ with it, look in and see
As fair ■ face ■ ever Innocence
P ■ to gladden her own gazing soul!

[The Child gives the looking-glass to MAGDALENE,
who after ■ single glance continues.

One look into that glass reveal'd my fate.
I wish not to deceive my Isabel;
■ feel that I am dying.

ISABEL (fallen on her knees).

Merciful God!

Let the cup of death pass from her holy lips.

MAGDALENE.

One momentary pang when torn from earth!
I am resign'd.

ISABEL.

O last night's awful scene

Hath ■ thy body and thy soul.

Both ■ disquieted—but both ere long
Will wake to peace.—Assist me, Margaret,
And we two, soft and silent ■ a dream,
Will lay her on that bed. How feels my mistress?

{They support her to bed.

MAGDALENE.

Too well am I acquainted with the Plague,
And all its fatal symptoms. I beheld
The slumb'rous weight upon my eyes, the dim
Blue shade that never more must leave my cheeks—
My lips are touch'd by death—before the hour
Of earliest morning—the small midnight hour—
—O Heaven protect my faithful Isabel,
And waft her safe, as on an angel's wing,
To that sweet Lake which I must see no more!

ISABEL.

This world at once is darken'd.

MAGDALENE.

Frankfort! come,

Or thy sweet voice will all be lost ■ me!—
—Last night I dreamt of death and burial:
The Plague had stricken me in my troubled sleep!
Look here—death-tokens on my breast!

{ISABEL rushes into her arms and kisses her bosom.

ISABEL.

These kisses

Will ■ my agony! O savage death!
May not the touch of that angelic bosom
Win o'er to pity thy relentless soul!
Alas! that mortal blueness hath been spread
By the chill air of the grave!

MAGDALENE.

Kiss—kiss ■ not,

ISABEL.

Till death come from thy bosom—I will kiss thee.

CHILD.

Lady! I hear ■ soft tap at the door.

MAGDALENE.

Then open it, my little fearful maid,
For ■ but friends come here.

Enters the Old Priest.

PRIEST.

What! all in tears!

ISABEL.

O sir! look here!—look here!

PRIEST.

My holy child!

THE CITY OF THE PLAGUE.

O ghost-like now thy more than mortal beauty!
Canst thou not raise thy head?

MAGDALENE.

O pray for —

PRIEST.

Daughter! thy name — well-beloved in heaven.
There hath been something in thy destiny
Above our human nature, and thy soul
Conspicuous, like a never-setting star,
Hath shone o'er all the city—shedding joy
And consolation. There is need of thee
In this — wicked and afflicted world,
And therefore do I trust with holy awe
That death's dark shadow will pass over thee,
And thou in undim'd beauty reappear!
—If — the will of God!

MAGDALENE.

Thou must pray for me,
While yet I hear and understand thy prayers.
Too well thou thinkest of me—I am weak
In all my being—weaker far than many
Who have died unpraised—unhallow'd and unwept.
O sinful pride! and base hypocrisy!
If in the deep prostration of my soul
I did not so confess. My earthly nature,
With eager visitings to all unknown,
Oft haunted me, when I was kneeling down
In prayer with others—holding up the head
From which all sense was parting. Oh! my pity
Was oft imperfect—almost insincere!
Yet God may in his boundless love accept
My feeble efforts. Faith at least is mine:
Oh! — that gone, I should be poor indeed.

PRIEST.

Daughter! in happier mood thou couldst not die.

MAGDALENE.

O father! when I lived in happiness,
I drank the cup of joy, and often fail'd
To thank the hand that gave it. Years pass'd by,
And still I grew and flourish'd like a flower,
Unconscious of the sun that blest it;
But now the sadness of ingratitude
Disturbeth me, when I have need of comfort.

PRIEST.

God is well satisfied with innocence.
The pure soul best doth prove its gratitude
By acquiescence to his will supreme,—
Calm thoughts and meek desires,—unsought-for bliss
Coming to youth from all the points of heaven,—
And above all, by natural piety,
That sees love, beauty, and delight — earth,
And — their wings mounts every happy man
Up to the gates of heaven. Thy joyful years
Are not forgotten by the Power that gave them,
And not one virtuous momentary thought
E'er stirr'd thy heart that is not register'd
In the book of mercy—therefore calm thy soul.

MAGDALENE.

I cannot doubt the language of these eyes,
So solemn—saint-like!—O were Frankfort happy!
I now could follow death into the grave
As joyfully as in the month of May
A lamb glides after its soft bleating mother
Into a sunny field of untrod dew.
Heaven will protect my Isabel! Thou too,
My well-beloved friend of yesterday,

Wilt have a gentle father. Dry thy tears—
Yet youth will dry them for thee. If my Frankfort—
[She starts suddenly up in bed.]
Take—take away these hands before thy face
And tell me in — word— is he alive?

PRIEST.

— is alive—but his perturbed soul
Is — and driven throughout a ghastly dream.

MAGDALENE.

— he alone—in his insanity?
O that the Plague would prey upon — bodies,
But leave the spirit free!

WILMOT.

Wilmot is with him.

MAGDALENE.

Eternal bliss be with that fearless friend!

WILMOT.

It may not be the Plague.

MAGDALENE.

It is the Plague.

I know it is the Plague—and he will die.

ISABEL.

O lady! rise — up.

[MAGDALENE rises from bed and stands in the midst of them.]

MAGDALENE.

What! remain here?

In what I say I must not be opposed.
You love me—therefore in your love be silent.
I go to Frankfort—I shall not fall down
In the street before I reach him. I feel strong,
And could walk many miles. Come, Isabel.
Let — kiss the book of God before I go.—
Farewell, my little room! Thou art indeed
A calm and peaceful cell—and I have pass'd
Many still hours of awful happiness
Within thy lonely twilight. Now, farewell!
I leave thee for a lodging calmer yet.

SCENE III.

FRANKFORT lying on a bed in the house of his deceased
Mother.—WILMOT watching beside him.

FRANKFORT.

Go upon deck, and tell me if thou seest
The signal flying for close line of battle.
Does our good vessel lead the van to-day?
Or will these tame and cautious Hollanders
Still keep a lee-shore on their skulking bows?

WILMOT.

Look on me, Frankfort—this is all a dream.

FRANKFORT.

No time for jesting. Tell the old lieutenant,
That a braver — trod the deck,
But that I fight my ship myself to-day,
She is his when I — killed.

WILMOT.

Look — this bed—

These curtains pictured o'er with little birds
Sporting in a grove of spring. Thy cabin, Frankfort,
Hath — such peaceful garniture. Look here,
We have — windows like to these at sea.
Frankfort, thou art a right good seaman still,
And in thy raving fits must needs be fighting
With these poor Dutchmen.—Prithee let them rest

In their flat-bottom'd vessels for one day,
—Ha! thou art smiling!

FRANKFORT.

Yes! I well may smile
At my poor wandering soul. Wilmot! a ship
Doth on the ocean hold the raging winds
At her command—queen-like, as doth become her.
But I am driven along a glimmering sea,
And know not how to bear up 'gainst the storm.

WILMOT.

Thank God, you recognise your friend at last.

FRANKFORT.

I know thee now—but whether the next moment
Thy face may seem to me what now I think it,
God only knows. It is a dreadful state,
When, like a horse, by lightning scared to madness,
One's soul flies with him wheresoe'er it will,
And still one feels that he is hurried on,
But cannot stop—in terror hurried on—
Away—away—away—a frightful race!

WILMOT.

Thou mayst remember what vagaries I
Once fell into, when that fierce tropic sun
Did smite my brain with fever. Then, Heaven bless me!
I was far more pacific in my dreams,
And fancied all the world in love with me.

FRANKFORT.

What fool hath brought our vessel to an anchor?
Order the master down—by heaven the fleet
Will laugh us all to scorn. Hark, a broadside!
We are a long league in the admiral's wake
While he is closing with the enemy.
Hoist every inch of canvas—I will soon
Recover my lee-way.

*[He leaps out of bed with great violence, and falls
senseless on the floor. After a long fainting-fit,
he exclaims,*

Where am I, Wilmot?—

Where art thou, my pure spirit—where is Magdalene!

WILMOT.

She and the old Priest will be here anon.

FRANKFORT.

Is this a stormy night?

WILMOT.

A perfect calm.

FRANKFORT.

The noise of thunder and tempestuous waves
■ raging in my soul.

WILMOT.

'T is all a dream.

FRANKFORT.

O hold me—hold me fast—keep, keep me here.
I am on board a ship, and she is sinking
Down to the very bottom of the sea.
She bounds up from the abyss—and o'er the billows
Rolls manageless—and now—now water-logg'd,
Is settling—settling—till she sinks like lead,
Never to rise again! Hush—hush, my crew!
In shipwreck fearless as in battle—hush!
Let us sink in silence to eternity.

WILMOT.

On good dry land are we, my boy! at last,
Though yet the rolling of our gallant ship
Is loth to leave our brains. Smile to me, messmate.

FRANKFORT.

Have we been travelling o'er foreign lands,

And met adventures perilous and wild?
Thou seem'st to look on me with asking eyes!
Listen, and I will tell a fearful story:
But interrupt me not—for like a flood
That hath been all night raging 'mid the mountains,
My soul descends from its wild solitude,
And must sweep on till all its troubled thoughts
Have from their headlong fury found repose.
Thou wilt not interrupt me?

WILMOT.

No! my friend!

FRANKFORT.

■ seemeth many many years ago
Since I remember aught about myself;
Nor can I tell why I am lying here.
Before I fell into this dream, I saw
A most magnificent and princely square
Of ■■■■ great city. Sure it was not London?
No—no—the form and colour of those clouds
So grim and dismal never horrified
The beautiful skies of England, nor such thunder
Ever so growl'd throughout my native clime.
It was the capital city of a kingdom
Lying unknown amid unvoyaged seas,
Where towers and temples of an eastern structure
With airy pomp bewilder'd all my soul.
When gazing on them, I was struck at once
With blindness and decay of memory,
And a heart-sickness almost like to death.
A deep remorse for some unacted crime
Fell on me. There, in dizziness I stood,
Contrite in conscious innocence—repentant
Of some impossible nameless wickedness
That bore a dread relation unto me.
A ghastly old man—and a noble youth,
Yet with fierce eyes that smiled with cruelty,
Came up to me, all lost in wonderment
What spots of blood might mean beneath my feet
All over a bed of flowers. The old man cried,
"Where is thy mother, impious parricide!
Ha! thou hast buried her beneath these flowers."
The young man laugh'd, and kick'd the flowers aside,
And there indeed my murder'd mother lay
With her face up to heaven! imploring mercy
For her unnatural son. Then the old man
Touch'd my cold shoulder with his icy fingers,
And direful pains assail'd me suddenly—
Burnings and shiverings—flashings from my eyes—
And dizzy blindness whirling round my soul—
And arrowy sharpness tingling through my bones—
Until I wept in utter agony.
And all the while I saw my mother's corpse
Lying in peace before her frantic son,
And knew that I in wrath had murder'd her.
More dreadful was my doom than if my hand
Indeed had ta'en her life—for sure in sleep
The soul hath a capacity of horror
Unknown to waking hours. No fetter'd wretch,
Dragg'd on a sledge to execution,
E'er felt such horrid pangs as then stirr'd up
My spirit with remorseful agony.
O Wilmot! Wilmot! lead me to my mother—
That I, with yearning soul, may pour my kisses
O'er the dear frame I murder'd in my sleep.

WILMOT.

Yesterday morning, in this very bed,

Your mother died a calm and peaceful death,
Blessing her son for all his piety.

FRANKFORT.

O lying fiend! Thou art the very youth
That shook the bloody flowers before my face.
And from the land of dreams hast follow'd me
In ghostly persecution to the light
Of this our upper world! Say! where is he,
The grey-hair'd fiend, in holy vestments clad?
O Christ! so wild a likeness in his wrath
Of my best earthly friend!—upon my knees
I cry to thee—I shriek unto thy soul—
Art, art thou Wilmot?—Let me see thine eyes—
Oh! they are fill'd with tears! my brother weeps!
And well he may—for such a wretch as I am
God ne'er before abandon'd to despair.

WILMOT.

Thy soul will climb into the light at last
Out of its haunted darkness—fear it not.

FRANKFORT.

The Plague! the Plague! the Plague! did she not die
Of the Plague? who saw her buried?—No one—no one.—
Drive off that madman from my mother's grave,
And let that angel, all array'd in light,
Look down with her sunlike face into the pit,
Her smile will make it heaven. O Magdalene!
Thy spirit comes down from its rest on high
To glorify my mother's funeral.
Yes! What on earth we love and call it Pity,
In heaven we worship by a holier name,
Mercy! the seraph whom our Saviour loves.

WILMOT.

She is alive. No tears need fall for him,
Who, waking from a dream so steep'd in horror,
Hath such one to bless him when he wakes.
Thy Magdalene lives.

FRANKFORT.

O heartless mockery!

Why thou here to talk of Magdalene?
Thou art leagued with all the world to murder me,
With that sweet name too beauteous to be borne.
I know that she is dead, and am resign'd.
But let her name die too—its syllables
Flame on my brain in letters form'd of fire,
A burning name, all, all that now remains.

WILMOT.

Oh I would die, that my friend had peace!

FRANKFORT.

O Wilmot! pity him the Plague hath stricken!
He knows not what he says. O pity me!
For I have undergone such mortal pains!
Whether in dreams or in a waking hell
I know not—but my soul hath suffer'd them—
And they have left me powerless as a sail
Hanging in the breathless calm. But list! I hear
Soft footsteps pattering all around my head—
Are they living feet?

WILMOT.

Behold thy Magdalene.

Enter MAGDALENE, PRIEST, ISABEL, and CHILD.

FRANKFORT.

I see a group of faces known in youth—
All but the face of that delightful child—

And she admitted to such company
Must be what she appears—unknown to sin.

[MAGDALENE kneels down by the bed-side and looks

FRANKFORT.

MAGDALENE.

Say that thou know'st me, and I shall die happy.

FRANKFORT.

Magdalene! for I will call thee by that name!
Thou art so beautiful!

MAGDALENE.

Enough—enough!

FRANKFORT.

O Magdalene! why I am lying here,
And why many melancholy faces
Are looking all at me, and none but me,
I must never know. I see the tears
Which all around do shed meant for me;
But none will tell why they thus should weep.
Has some disgrace befallen me? One word,
One little word from thee will make all plain—
For oh! a soul with such a heavenly face,
Must live but in relieving misery!

MAGDALENE.

Disgrace and Frankfort's name are far asunder
As bliss from bale. O press my hand, sweet friend!
Its living touch may wake thee from thy dream
Of unsubstantial horrors. Magdalene
Hath come to die with thee—even in thy arms!

FRANKFORT.

O music well known to my rending brain!
It breathes the feeling of reality
O'er the dim world that hath perplex'd my soul.
All, all again is clear—I know myself—
Magdalene and Wilmot—Isabel and thee,
Beloved old man!—what may be the
Of this small creature?

CHILD.

Margaret Rivington.

FRANKFORT.

God bless thy sweet simplicity.

MAGDALENE.

Thy face

Is all at once spread over with a calm
More beautiful than sleep, or mirth, or joy!
I am no more disconsolate. We shall die
Like two glad waves, that, meeting the sea
In moonlight and in music, melt away
Quietly 'mid the quiet wilderness!

FRANKFORT.

Sweet image to a sailor!—How my soul
Enjoys this quiet after its despair!
O might I lie for ever on the bed
Of sickness—so that such dear comforters
Might sit beside me! singing holy airs,
Or talking to each other, or to me,
Even to the very moment of my death.
The sweetest voice among so many sweet
My Magdalene's! and I the happy
Of all such tender looks and melting tones.

MAGDALENE.

Frankfort, hast thou look'd upon thy Magdalene's face?

FRANKFORT (starting up).

O God! remove that colour from her cheek—
That woeful glimmer of mortality!
Who brought thee hither from thy distant room?

MAGDALENE.

On foot I came, between two loving friends.
I felt not wearied then—but now I feel
That I can walk ■ more. Let me lie down
And die, as we two will be buried,
Close to each other's side.

FRANKFORT.

O cruel friends,
To let thee walk ■ far with that pale face,
Weak as thou art, to see a dying wretch
Like me!

*[They raise up MAGDALENE, and lay her on the
bed beside FRANKFORT.]*

MAGDALENE.

I hope thou feel'st no cruel pain?

FRANKFORT.

Thy soft white spotless bosom, like the plumes
Of some compassionate angel, meets my heart!
And all therein is quiet ■ the ■
At breathless midnight.

MAGDALENE.

No noise in thy brain?

FRANKFORT.

■ sweet mild voice is echoing far away
In the remotest regions of my soul.
'T is clearer now—and now again it dies.
And leaves a silence smooth ■ any sea,
When all the stars of heaven are ■ its breast.

MAGDALENE.

We go to sleep, and shall awake with God.

FRANKFORT.

Sing me ■ verse of a hymn before I die.
Any of those hymns you sang long, long ago
On Sabbath evenings! Sob not so, my Magdalene.

MAGDALENE (sings.)

Of Souls I ■ a glorious show
Beyond life's roaring flood!
With raiment spotless as the snow,
Wash'd white in Jesus' blood.

His gentle hand their couch hath spread
By many a living stream—
No sigh is drawn—no tear is shed—
One bright—eternal dream!

I cannot ■ thee—but I hear thy voice
Breathing assurance of the world ■ ■
I feel that I am dying—sinking down
As through soft-yielding waters murmuring round me,
Noiseless as air, and almost to be breathed.
It is the calm before the approach of death.
Kiss—kiss me, Magdalene! I am sinking down—
Wilmot, farewell—old man—kind Isabel—
Kiss—kiss me!—

WILMOT (to Priest).

Death was in that long-drawn sigh.

PRIEST.

Our friend is gone.

MAGDALENE.

Yes! I have kiss'd his lips,
And they are breathless. Let ■ lay my head
On thy unbeating bosom. O sweet hair,
In stillness shadowing that delightful face
Where anger never came!—I ■ ■ smile
No living thing may borrow from the dead!

PRIEST.

She is composed.

MAGDALENE.

Yes, Father! I am blest,
This ■ ■ sight on which despair might look
With stony eyes and groan herself to madness.
■ I ■ dying—therefore o'er the dead
Weep only tears of joy.

ISABEL.

But o'er the living!

Oh!

MAGDALENE.

A drowsiness falls on me. Isabel,
Let ■ sleep in Frankfort's ■ I shall awake
Refresh'd and happy in the approach of death,
And whisper ■ thy ear my farewell words.

PRIEST.

She falls asleep! in that most death-like trance
Let ■ bear Frankfort's body to the grave!
—She may recover! See her breath just moves
The ringlets on his cheek!—How lovingly
In her last sleep these white and gentle hands
Lie on his neck and breast!—Her soul is parting!
Had ever lovers such a death as this?
Let us all kneel and breathe our silent prayers!

SCENE IV.

*A Churchyard—Midnight—a crowd of People assem-
bled round the mouth of ■ huge pit dug for the in-
terment of the dead.*

FIRST MAN.

Keep back, my friends—so that each man may have
A fair view of the pit:—We all stand here
Upon a footing of equality,
And the less we crowd upon each other thus,
The better shall we see the spectacle.

SECOND MAN.

What think ye? Why the villain at the gate
Would have admittance—money, and stretch'd forth
His long lean shrivel'd fingers in my face,
Half-beggar and half-robber. Lying knave!
Who said he had not drawn a sous to-night:
For in his other palm I saw the edge
Of silver moneys smiling daintily.
So I push'd the hoary swindler to the wall,
And as he dropp'd the coin I ■ no harm
In picking up some stragglers for myself.
I wonder where will imposition end,
Thus rife within the dwellings of the dead!

THIRD MAN.

This pit is not so wide by one good half
As that ■ Moorfields. Threescore men were digging
Down its dark sides for four-and-twenty hours,
Yet in ■ little week 't was fill'd to the brim.
This is a sorry pit, and would not hold
Above five hundred full-grown corpses. Zounds!
'T is throwing money away to buy a look
At such a miserable hole as this.

FIRST MAN.

I say stand back—what obstinate fool is this,
■ muffled up to the eyes, with his slouch'd hat
Drawn o'er his face—still pressing to the brink,
As he would have the whole pit to himself
And ■ allow a peep to one beside?

THE CITY OF THE PLAGUE.

SECOND MAN.

Disturb him not—perhaps he is ■■■ wretch
Madden'd by the Plague, and blindly coming here
To bury himself alive, ■■ many do.
Let him leap down; when ■■■ he feels the softness
Of the cold bodies yielding under him,
He will be right fain, if the steep walls allow,
To crawl back to his life and misery.

■■■ MAN.

Let's see thy face. Perhaps thou art afraid
Lest the night air may spoil its delicate beauty.

[He lifts up the man's hat.]

STRANGER.

O scoff not—scoff not at a wretch like me,
My friends! I ■■ no subject for your mirth.
My wife—my father, and four little children,
Will soon within the dead-cart be brought here,
And I ■■■ see them buried spite of laughter,
In spite of laughter, agony, ■■ death.
—Laugh on—laugh on—for all the world is nought
But emptiness and mockery. I myself
Will join your laughter—now I fear it not.
For mirth and misery are but different names
For ■■ delusion.—O that hideous grave
Hath sent its earthly coldness through my being,
And I feel blended with the damp black mould!

*[He rushes away to ■ distance, and flings
himself down on ■ tomb-stone.]*

THIRD MAN.

Did'st see his face! it was a dreadful sight.
Such face I once remember to have seen
Of a chain'd madman howling in his cell.
Suddenly lifted from the stony floor,
It seem'd all eyes—one gleaming of despair.

FIRST MAN.

What signifies a living maniac's face?
Have we ■■ often seen th' unsheeted dead
Rear'd up like troops in line against the walls?
To ■■ at distance seemingly alive,
All standing with blotch'd faces, and red eyes
Unclosed, as in some agonizing dream!

SECOND MAN.

Just round the ■■■ of that street—even now
I stumbled on such hideous company.
The lamps burn'd dimly, and the tall church-tower
Rose up between me and the moon. I saw
A glimmering whiteness all along the walls
Of several silent houses—up I went—
And right before me stood the ghastly dead,
For whose grim faces no kind hand had done
The last sad office. Oh! 't was terrible!
To recognise in those convulsed features
Friends at whose fire-side I had often sat!
And as I hurried off in shivering fear,
Methought I heard ■■ deep and dismal groan
From that long line of mortal visages
Shudder through the deep'ning darkness of the street.

SECOND MAN.

Hark—hark!

THIRD MAN.

What hideous tolling shakes the city!

FIRST MAN.

Methinks the still air, like ■ sudden wave,
Heaves onward ■■ each slow swing of that bell.
From what tower comes the sound?

SECOND MAN.

St Mary Overie's.

I know the toll! ■ thousand dreams of death
Come with that voice. It fills the den of night
With mortal fear, rendering the silent heavens
The dim abode of unimagined horrors.
List! every heart is beating audibly!

FIRST MAN.

Who tolls the bell at the dead hour of night?

SECOND MAN.

Perhaps ■ human hand.

FIRST MAN.

'T is said one midnight
The sexton heard ■ tolling from that tower,
And entering ■■ sudden silently
He saw ■ being wrapt up in a shroud
Pulling the rope with black and bony hands,
And singing all the while ■ hideous ■■■
That breathed not of this world. It turn'd about,
And one glance of its wild and fiery eye
Crazed the poor wretch's brain.

SECOND MAN.

Have mercy—Jesu!

Dost thou believe in ghosts?

FIRST MAN.

That midnight bell
Startleth methinks the silent world of spirits:
Who could deny, with that unearthly sound
Tolling through his brain, that something in the grave
Exists ■■ horrible than worms and darkness!
It may be that wild dreams inhabit there,
And disembodied thoughts! Despair—remorse—
And with his stifled shrieks—Insanity!
Half-conscious all the while that the ■■ of God
Must be eternal, struck into the grave.

THIRD MAN.

That is my creed. Sometimes their chains are loosen'd:
How else account for all the sighing sounds
That oft at breathless midnight pass ■■ by,
Wailing with more than mortal agonies?
Strange faces often have been seen at night,
Of persons long entomb'd; and once a Phantom
Walk'd to the churchyard with a funeral,
Sobbing and weeping like the Christian crowd,
When, as the coffin sank, it disappear'd,
And nought but dry bones lay upon the dust.

SECOND MAN.

What rumbling sound is that?

THIRD MAN.

The dead-cart comes!

'T is heavy laden, for it moves but slowly.
■■ still is in the street—yet o'er the pavement
It sounds dully ■■ o'er trodden turf.
I have driven a hearse with one dead body in it,
And once by midnight o'er ■ dreary moor
With ■■ one near me but that sheeted corpse,
Till my back felt like ice. But this dead-cart!
See yonder where its lamps, like two great eyes,
Are moving towards us. It comes silently,
For ■■ its wheels are on the churchyard turf.

[All make way for it as it approaches the pit.]

FIRST MAN.

The ghastly idiot-negro charioteer!
See how he brandishes around his head
A whip that in the yellow lamp-light burns
Like a fiery serpent. How the idiot laughs!

And brightens up his sable countenance,
With his white teeth, that stretch from ear ■ ear.
Thank God he is no Christian—only ■ negro.

[The cart is emptied into the pit.

STRANGER (leaping in).

Bury ■—bury me.

FIRST MAN.

Let him have his will.

I would not venture down into that pit
To help him out for all that he is worth,
However rich he be.

SECOND MAN.

Yet 't is ■ pity

That his watch, and chains, and seals (they seem'd of
gold)

Should thus be lost. I'll leap down instantly
And bring them up, if I'm allow'd to keep them.

[The negro when about to drive away the cart
descends, and brings him up with a little dead
child in his arms.

STRANGER.

I knew my infant by her shining hair!
Shining at the bottom of the dismal pit,
Even like a star in heaven. I hear her breathing!
—Feel, feel this kiss—for I have rescued thee
From being buried alive. My Emmeline,
Open thy blue eyes on thy father's heart.
There's earth upon her face—Oh! wet damp earth
On the warm rosy cheeks of innocence.
Now 't is kiss'd off for ever. Why not speak?
I will carry thee home unto thy mother's bosom:
There wilt thou speak—wilt laugh and nestle there.
She thought thee dead—but thou art quite alive,
Or rising from the dead—for dead thou art not,
And must not be. Home! home! my Emmeline!
Thy mother waits our coming—home! home! home!

[He rushes away with the dead infant in his
arms.

FIRST MAN.

Well, let him go.—Ha! thanks ■ the kind moon,
Coming out so brightly from her tabernacle!
There is ■ perfect prospect of the pit
Down to the very bottom. Now again
'T is dark as pitch. Hear! hear the crumbling earth,
How sullenly it sounds when it has reach'd
The ground-rock! 'T ■ indeed ■ fearful depth!

[A small procession enters the church-yard—
Voices heard singing ■ dirge for the dead.

REVELATIONS, ch. xiv, ■■■■ 13.

I heard a voice from Heaven
Say, ■ Blessed is the doom
Of them whose trust is in the Lord,
When sinking to the tomb! ■

The holy Spirit spake—
And I his words repeat—
«Blessed are they—for after toil
To mortals rest is sweet.»

[The procession advances—WILMOT, PRIEST,
etc. bearing FRANKFORT'S dead body.

WILMOT.

There rest a while upon this stone, dear corpse;
I with my own hands now will dig thy grave.

Oh! when that grave is fill'd—what solitude
All earth will seem to me!

VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

List to the Priest!

PRIEST.

We all are sinful—and thy soul partook
In the frailties of our fall'n humanity.
Therefore, I pray forgiveness to thy sins
From God and Christ. But this I dare to say,
In the dread calm of this wide burial-ground,
That, far as man's heart can be known to man,
A braver, gentler, purer, loftier spirit
Ne'er walk'd this world of trial.—O dear youth!
Sweet boy! beloved from thine infancy!
Methinks I see thee on thy mother's knee,
Conning thy evening prayer. Art thou the same,
That, with thy bright hair thus dishevell'd,
Liest on ■ tomb-stone, dead and coffinless,
About to sink for ever from our eyes!
—One little month—and all thy earthly part
Moulder'd away to nothing—darkly mix'd
With a great city-churchyard's dismal mould!
Where sleep, in undistinguishable dust,
Young, old, good, wicked, beauteous and deform'd,
Trodden under feet by every worthless thing
Human and brute! in dumb oblivion,
Laugh'd over daily by the passing crowd,
Fresh shoals of wretches toiling for this world.
—Wilmot! 't is hard to lay into the grave
A count'nance so benign! a form that walk'd
But yesterday so stately o'er the earth!

WILMOT.

Long as he lay upon his bed, he seem'd
Only a beauteous being stretch'd in sleep,
And I could look on him. But lying there,
Shroudless and coffinless beside his grave!—
—Is it religious, Father, thus to weep
O'er a dead body! sure his soul in heaven
Must smile (how well I know his tender smile!)
To see his friends in senseless misery
Thus clinging to the dust.

PRIEST.

His soul in heaven
Looks down with love on such a friend as thou!
Here! take a blessing with these wither'd hands
Laid on thy honour'd head. Thou wert a friend
In the calm weather of prosperity,—
And then the beauty of friendship show'd in thee,
Like a glad bark that, by her consort's side,
Moved through the music of the element,
A sunny cloud of sail. That consort sank—
And ■ that lonely bark throughout the gloom,
Labours with shatter'd masts, and sore-rent sails,
Not without glory—though she could not save!
Forgive such image—but I see before me
A living sailor and his best dead friend,
And my soul dreams of the sea.

WILMOT.

Oh! who comes here?

Enter MAGDALENE distractedly, followed by ISABEL and
the CHILD.

MAGDALENE.

I heard a voice ring through my dreaming ear,
«Haste, Magdalene! to the church-yard—they are bu-
rying

THE CITY OF THE PLAGUE.

Thine own beloved Frankfort! Tell me where
Your cruel hands have laid my mariner!
He shall not lie in the cold grave to-night,
All by himself—Lo! I his bride am here,
And I will kiss his lips, even if the worm
Should be my rival. I will rest my head
Upon his breast, than icy tomb-stone colder!
Ay! the grave shall be my happy nuptial-bed,
Curtain'd with black walls of the dripping clay.
Where is he? wretches! have ye buried him?

ISABEL.

Oh! must I tell thee—Magdalene! to look round,
That thou mayest see thy Frankfort lying dead!
Behold thy sailor!

[MAGDALENE flings herself down on the body.

MAGDALENE.

Art thou still on earth?

O cold, cold kisses! pale and breathless lips!
Are those sweet eyes indeed for ever closed!
—See! see! the garb in which he sail'd the deep!
—Thy voyaging all is o'er—thy harbour here!
Anchor'd thou art in everlasting rest,
While over thee the billows of this world
Are with unheeded fury raving on.

ISABEL.

Hast thou one word for Isabel?

MAGDALENE.

My sister!

My love for thee was perfect—Wilmot! Wilmot!
What art thou doing with thy savage spade?
Ha! digging Frankfort's grave!—They shall bury
thee!

A thing so beautiful must not be buried—

[She faints upon the body.

WILMOT (to the Priest).

I leave the dying Lady to your care.
My soul is strong in agony of love
And unexampled sorrow—and since I
Did undertake to dig my brother's grave,
I will go on with it, until I reach
His mother's coffin!

VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

God will be his help.

That one small grave—that one dead mariner—
That dying Lady—and those wondrous friends,
So calm, so lofty, yet compassionate—
Do strike a deeper awe into our souls,
A deeper human grief than yon wide pit,
With its unnumber'd corpses.

ANOTHER VOICE.

Woe and death

Have made that Angel bright their prey at last!
But yesterday I saw her heavenly face
Becalmed a shrieking room with one sweet smile!
For her, old age will tear his hoary locks,
And childhood murmur forth her holy name,
Weeping in sorrowful dreams!

ANOTHER VOICE.

Her soft hand closed

My children's eyes,—and when she turn'd to go,
The beauty of her weeping countenance
So sank into my heart, that I beheld
The little corpses with a kind of joy,
Assured by that compassionate Angel's smile
That they had gone to heaven.

MAGDALENE (recovering from her swoon).

'T is cold! cold! cold!

Colder than any living thing can bear!

—Have I been visiting my parents' grave,

And fainted on a tomb-stone? Who lies here?

—Frankfort, what ails thee?

ISABEL.

Magdalene! Magdalene!

MAGDALENE.

Art thou the shadow of a blessed friend

Still living on the earth?

ISABEL.

These tomb-stones tell—

And all these pale and mortal visages—

Is there a funeral?

WILMOT.

Once I had a brother,

But we have come to lay him in his grave!

MAGDALENE.

No more! no more!

PRIEST.

The darkness leaves her brain!

MAGDALENE.

All pain, all sorrow, and all earthly fear,
Have left me now, and ye behold me lying
In a deep joy beyond all happiness!

This corpse is beautiful, but 't is only dust,
And with this last embrace it is forgotten,
And no more is among my dying thoughts.

PRIEST.

How her face kindles with the parting soul!

MAGDALENE.

O gracious God! how sweet! how most delightful
To fade away into eternity

With a clear soul!—So have I seen the shore—

The soft green shore of my own native lake

'Mid sunshine blended with the sleeping waters,

In unobserved union fair and still!

O blessed lake!—think of me, Isabel,

When thou art walking with that happy child

Through its birch woods, or by yon whispering pines—

Farewell! that image—Isabel! farewell!

WILMOT.

So clear a voice can ne'er be that of death!

She is recovering.

MAGDALENE.

Isabel! look there!

Are those my parents smiling at my side?

Fold your wings over me—gone—gone to heaven

Are the bright Seraphs!—Christ receive my soul!

[She dies.

PRIEST.

An Angel's pen must write thy epitaph.

WILMOT.

Awful seems human nature in the tears

That old age weeps.

PRIEST.

Forgive such tears!—So young,

So beautiful amid the opening world,

Who would not weep for them!

ISABEL.

The world will weep,

All the wide world will weep!—I have been sitting

On a high cloud above this woeful city,

With a bright angel at my side. She falls

Down from that sunny region, and my soul
Is wandering now in helpless solitude
Through miseries — seen far below my feet.

PRIEST.

Oh! hers will be a memorable name,
Famous in this city—over all the isle
Devoutly breathed in hymns, and oft invoked
In lofty songs and odes to charity,—
Sacred to childhood in its weeping dreams,
By love—and sorrow—and pity saved for ever
From dark oblivion, like the holy name
Of tutelary Saint.

ISABEL.

Ay! it will live

Among her native mountains—to all hearts
Familiar music, and the holy house
Where she was born will oft be visited
By mute adorers, and its very dust,
When time hath worn the lowly walls away,
Untrod be held in endless reverence.
Not forgotten in our shepherds' songs
The maid who far-off perished in the Plague.
The glens so well-beloved will oft repeat
The echo of her name; and all in white
An Angel will be seen to walk the valleys;
Smiling with a face too beautiful — be fear'd
On lonely maiden walking home at night
Across the moonlight hills.

PRIEST.

O faithful Isabel!

Is not this churchyard now a place of peace?

ISABEL.

Of perfect peace. My spirit looks with eyes
Into the world to come. There Magdalene sits
With those she loved on earth. O mortal body,
In faded beauty stretch'd upon the dust,
I love thee still — if thou wert a soul.

PRIEST.

Friends, let us lift the body.

ISABEL.

In my arms,

Upon my bosom—close unto my heart
Thus do I — my Magdalene to her grave!
I-kiss her brow—her cheeks—her lips—her eyelids—
Her — delightful hair?—I twine my —
Around her blessed neck—cold, cold as ice!
I feel her whole frame in my sorrowful spirit.

PRIEST.

Wilmot! assist our friend.

WILMOT (starting).

The sound of waves

Came for one moment o'er my friendless soul.

CHILD.

O might I go — sleep within the grave
With — beautiful! No ghost would come
To frighten — on such a breast as this.
The church-yard even at midnight would appear
A place where one might sleep with happy dreams
Where such an angel lay. Oh might I die
Singing the hymn last night I heard her sing,
And go with her to heaven!

ISABEL.

Heaven bless the child!

Yes! thou art blest in weeping innocence.

WILMOT.

Here is the prayer-book clasp'd in Magdalene's hand,
Let — kneel down while thy blest voice is reading
The funeral-service.

ISABEL.

Oh! that fatal day

On which — left our cottage! Magdalene smiled—
Oh! that sweet gleam of sunshine on the lake!—

PRIEST.

Are we all prepared to hear the service read?

ISABEL.

All. Come, thou sweet child! kneel thou at my side
Hush! sob not—for they now are Spirits in heaven!

The Convict.

PART I.

SCENE I.

A Room in a Cottage at Len-side.—The PRISONER'S WIFE, and a FRIEND sitting together in the midst of the Family.—The day on which sentence is to be pronounced.

WIFE.

'T is twelve o'clock, and — news from the City.
Oh! had he been acquitted, many hundreds
Would have been hurried hither in their joy,
Headlong into the house of misery,
To shout the tidings of salvation there.
But now that he is doom'd unto the death,
They fear to bring with black and silent faces
The sentence of despair. O God! to think
That all this long interminable night,
Which I have pass'd in thinking — two words—
'Guilty'—'Not guilty!'—like one happy moment

O'er many a head hath flown unheeded by—
O'er happy sleepers dreaming in their bliss
Of bright to-morrows—or far happier still,
With deep breath buried in forgetfulness.
O all the dimmest images of death
Did swim before my eyes! The cruel face
Of that most wicked old man, whom in youth
I — saw in the city—that wretched wretch,
The public Executioner, rose up
Close by my husband's side, and in his hand
A — accursed halter which he shook
In savage mockery—and then grimly smiled,
Pointing — a scaffold with his shrivell'd fingers,
Where, on — sudden, my own husband stood
Drest all in white, and with a fixed face
Far whiter still—I felt — if in hell,
And shriek'd out till my weeping children rose
In terror from their beds.

FRIEND.

'T — but a dream.

No, I was broad awake—but still the vision
Stood stedfastly before me—till I sank
Upon my knees ■ prayer—and Jesus Christ
Had pity ■ me—and it came no more.

FRIEND.

Full many ■ sleepless eye did weep for thee
Last night, and for thy husband. Think it not
That pity dwells but in the hearts of kindred:
Even strangers weep—they think him innocent.
And prayers from many, who never saw his face,
For him have gone to heaven—they will be heard.

WIFE.

Oh! what ■ prayers, and shriekings of despair,
Or frantic outcries of insanity,
Unto the ear of the great dreadful God!
Can ■ believe that prayers of ■ will change
Th' Almighty's steadfast purpose! Things like us!
Poor miserable ■!—All night I cried,
• Save, ■ my husband, God! O ■ my husband!
But back the words return'd unto my heart,
And the dead silence of the senseless walls
With horrid mockery in the darkness stood
Between ■ and my God.

Yet it is written,

• Ask, and it shall be given thee. •

WIFE.

Blessed words!

And did they come from his most holy lips
Who cannot lie?

FRIEND.

They are our Saviour's words.

WIFE.

Joy, joy unto the wretched! Hear me then,
O Son of God! while near my cradled infant,
Sleeping in ignorance of its Father's sorrows,
I fall down ■ my knees before thy face!
Hear, hear the broken voice of misery!
• Ask, and it shall be given thee! • Holy One!
I ask, beseech, implore, and supplicate,
That Thou wilt ■ my husband, and henceforth
Will I an alter'd creature walk this earth
With Thee and ■ but Thee, most Holy Being,
For ever in my heart, my inmost heart.

FRIEND.

Is not my friend already comforted?

WIFE.

The heavy burden of despair is lighten'd.
In this my hour of tribulation
My Saviour's words return upon my heart,
Like breath of Spring reviving the dead flowers
In our sweet little garden.

FRIEND.

Heaven bless thee,

A smile ■ on thy cheek, ■ languid smile!

WIFE.

I know not why I smiled—a sudden gleam
Of hope did flash across me.—Hark! a footstep,

FRIEND.

'T is the dog stirring on his straw.

WIFE.

Poor Luath!

Thy kind affectionate heart doth miss thy master.
Mary! the poor dumb creature walks about
As if some sickness ■ him, always wandering

Round, round the house, and all the neighbouring fields,
Seeking the absent. He will disappear
For hours together, and come home at night
Wearied and joyless—for he has been running
No doubt o'er all the hills, and round the lochs,
Trying ■ find his master's well-known footsteps.
Then will he look with dim complaining eyes
Full in my face, and with ■ wailing whine
Goes ■ his straw, and there ■ once lies down
Without a gambol or a loving frisk
Among the little children. Many ■ Christian
Might take a lesson from that poor dumb creature.
—When Frank ■ home—how Luath will partake
The general happiness! When Frank comes home!
What am I raving of! When Frank ■ home!
That blank and weeping face ■ plainly says,
• That hour will never be! • Look not so black,
Unless you wish to kill ■ with despair.

FRIEND.

I wish'd ■ appear so sorrowful.
Within the silent grave my husband sleeps,
And I am reconciled unto the doom
Of widowhood—this Babe doth reconcile me.
But thine is lying in the fearful darkness
Of ■ uncertain fate—and I ■ feel
A beating at my heart—a cold sick flutter
That sends this black expression to my face,
Although it nothing mean.

WIFE.

O that some bird,

Some beautiful bird, with soft and purple feathers,
Would sail into this room, in silence floating
All round these blessed walls, with the boon of life
Beneath its outspread wings—a holy letter,
In mercy written by an angel's hand,
In bright words speaking of deliverance!
—A raven! hear that dismal raven creak
Of death and judgment! See the Demon sitting
On the green before the window—croak, croak, croak!
'T is the Evil-One in likeness of that bird,
Enjoying there my mortal misery!

BOY.

'T is not ■ raven, mother—the tame crow
Of cousin William, that comes hopping here
With its clipt wings—ay, almost every day—
My father himself oft fed that bird, and put it
Upon my head, where it would sit and caw,
And flutter with its wings,—and all the while
My father laugh'd—it ■ comical,
He said, to ■ that black and sooty crow
Sitting on my white hair.

Your father laugh'd!

[Laughing herself hysterically.]

BOY.

Oh! that he were ■ back from prison—mother!
Last night I fought a boy who said in sport
That my father would be hang'd.

WIFE.

The little wretch!

What did he say?

BOY.

That my father would be hang'd!

WIFE.

O God! the senseless child did speak the truth!
■ hath heard his parents talking of the trial,

And in his careless levity repeated
The shocking words—ay—laughing all the while,
Then running to his play—perhaps intending
To ask the master for a holiday
To see the execution. Cursed brat!
What place is sacred held from cruelty,
When it doth leer within an infant's eyes
And harden his glad heart!

BOY.

I beat him, mother.

He is a lying boy—he ne'er speaks truth—
And when my father is come home again,
I will ask him if he recollects that saying!
No, I will look at him, and pass him by
With a proud smiling face—I will forgive him
And shake hands with him in my happiness.

WIFE.

The sun is shining—children, go to play
For an hour out-of-doors.

BOY.

Come, sisters—come!

We will go out-of-doors—but not to play.
Come to the little green-plat in the wood,
And say our prayers together for our father.
Then if we play—'t will be a gentle game,
And all the while we will think upon our father
Coming out of that dark cell.—Come, sisters—come!

FRIEND.

Children, so good as these must not be orphans!
Yet I am glad to see thy soul prepared
Even for the worst.

WIFE.

My soul prepared for the worst!

No; that can never be—(goes to the window)—A clond
of thunder

Is hanging o'er the city! black as night!
I hear it rumbling—what a hollow growl!
O dreadful building, where the Judge is sitting
In judgment on my husband? All the darkness
Of the disturbed heavens is on its walls.
—And now the fatal sentence is pronouncing.
The court at once is hush'd—and every eye
Bent on my husband!—' Hang'd till you are dead!
Hang'd by the neck!—As thou dost hope for mercy,
O savage Judge! recall these wicked words!
For thy own wife who waits for thee at home
Is not more innocent than my poor husband?

[She flings herself down on the floor in an
agony of grief.

FRIEND.

Mercy is with the King—and he is merciful!

WIFE.

What! what! do you believe an innocent man
Was e'er condemn'd to die!—To die for murder!
—Did mercy ever reach an condemn'd?

FRIEND.

Yes! I have read of one wretch pardon'd
Even on the scaffold—where the light of truth
Struck, like the sunshine suddenly burst forth,
And tinged with fearful joy the ghastly face
Of him who had no thought but that of death.
And back unto his widow-wife went he,
Like a ghost from the grave—and there he sat
Before the eyes of her who knew him not,
But took him for a vision, and fell down
In a death-fit of wilder'd happiness.

WIFE.

Mercy dwells with the King—and he is merciful!
O bless'd for ever be the hoary head
Of a kind-hearted King!—I will away
And fling myself down before his royal feet!
Who knows but that the monarch in his palace
Will see within his soul this wretched cottage,
And, like a saving angel, with one word
Breathe over it the air of paradise.
—Mercy is with the King—and he is merciful!

FRIEND.

Fortune is blind—but Justice eagle-eyed,
Will not be condemn'd.

WIFE.

Give me some water!

My soul is faint with thirst!—Do they not say
That men upon the scaffold call for water!
—' Give me a glass of water!—'t is his voice—
My husband's voice!—No! he is not condemn'd!
A thousand voices from these silent walls
Cry—' he shall not die!—'

Enter a young CLERGYMAN.

CLERGYMAN.

Methinks that God hath shed a calm to-day
Over the house of mourning. Is it so?

WIFE.

Thy presence brings a calm. Oh! one like thee
Should bear good tidings.

CLERGYMAN.

Last night in his cell

I saw your husband after his long trial;
And sure I am that never did he sit
Even in this room among his family
With more composed face, or stiller soul,
Than he sat there upon his bed of straw,
With fetters on his limbs.

WIFE.

Fetters on his limbs?

CLERGYMAN.

He felt them not—or if he faintly felt them,
It was not in his soul—for it was free
As a lark in heaven.

WIFE.

He was not shedding tears?

CLERGYMAN.

No—with a calm and quiet face he look'd at me,
And in his eyes there was a stedfast light
By grief unclouded, and undimm'd by tears.
So it while the blameless man was speaking
Of himself and of his trial: then he spake
Of those he loved, and as he breathed the name
Of this sweet farm—' Lea-side!—' then truly tears
Did force their way, but soon he wiped them off,
And raised to heaven a clear unfaltering prayer
For his wife and children—the most touching prayer,
I think, that ever flow'd from human lips!

WIFE.

Is there no hope, then, after all, of life?

CLERGYMAN.

Yes! there is hope—though I am forced to say
That he doth stand upon the darksome brink
Of danger and of death.

WIFE.

I hear thy words,

And I can bear them! For my suffering spirit

Hath undergone its pains, and I am left,
Even like a woman after travail, weak—
But in a slumberous quiet that succeeds
The hour of agony. *[She sinks into sleep.]*

CLERGYMAN.

My friend! behold
How quietly that worn-out wretch doth sleep.

FRIEND.

Calm as an infant!

CLERGYMAN.

Even too deep for dreams!

How meekly beautiful her face doth smile,
As from a soul that never had known grief!
Methinks that God, in that profound repose,
Will breathe submission through her innocent soul,
And she, who lay down with a mortal's weakness,
May wake in power and glory like an angel
Whom trouble cannot touch.

Enter the Children weeping.

FRIEND.

What ails ye, my sweet children—but speak softly—
Your mother is asleep.

GIRL.

O tell it, brother!

For my heart beats that I cannot speak!

BOY.

When we were coming homewards down the lane
That leads from the Fox-wood, that old dumb woman
Who tells folk's fortunes, from behind the hedge
Leapt out upon the road, before our faces,
And with that dreadful barking voice of hers,
And grinning mouth, and red and fiery eyes,
All the while shaking at us her black hair,
She took a rope of rushes and did tie it
Like a halter round her neck, and pull'd it tight
Till she grew black in the face! Then shook her hand
Against our cottage, while my father's name
Seem'd half-pronounced in that most hideous gabble.
Then with a spring she leapt behind the hedge,
Where, as she ran away, we heard her laughing!
And oh! a long, loud, cruel laugh it was!
As if she laugh'd to know that our poor father
Was condemn'd to die!

FRIEND.

O wicked wretch! the silence of her soul
Is fill'd with cruel thoughts—even like a mad-house
With the din of creatures raving. None can guess
The wrath of this dumb savage!

[The door opens, and the dumb woman enters making a hideous noise, and with signs intimating that some one is to be hanged. The prisoner's wife, wakened by the noise, starts from her sleep.]

WIFE.

Thou silent, speechless messenger of death!
Louder thy dumbness than a roaring cannon!
Away—away—thou fury, from my sight!
—God save me from that woman! or deliver
Her soul from the devils that torment her thus!

[The children hide themselves, and the dumb woman rushes out with peals of wild laughter.]

Her face was black with death—a hellish joy
Shone through her idiot eyes—as if a fiend
Had taken that rueful body for a dwelling,
And from these glazed sockets loved to look
With a horrid leer upon mortal creatures,

A leer of unrepentant wickedness,
Hating because of the work of God!

I wish that she were dead and buried.

WIFE.

O that she is gone, hope leaps again
Within my heart—her hideous mummery
Must be suffer'd to confound me so.
And yet, they say, that she did prophesy,
With the wild motion of her witch-like hands,
That fatal sinking of the ferry-boat
In which whole families perish'd. Hush! I hear
The tread of feet—it is the Messenger
Come from the City.

Enter Messenger with a letter in his hand.

WIFE.

Speak, speak instantly—

Speak! Why do you come here unless you speak?
—His face doth seem composed.

MESSENGER.

Poor Francis Russel!

Now all is with him—he is condemn'd!

WIFE.

What did he say?—Why art thou gabbling thus,
As none can understand?—Give me that letter.

[Tears it open and reads it aloud.]

«They have found me guilty, Mary! trust in God.»

[She flings herself down on the floor, and her Children lie down crying beside her.]

MESSENGER.

I cannot bear the sight—good folks, farewell.

WIFE.

«My Mary, trust in God.» I cannot trust
In God!—Oh! wilt thou in thy wrath allow
My innocent husband thus to be destroy'd?—
I cannot trust in God! O cursed for ever
All the swarm of idiot witnesses,
Jury and Judge, who thus have murder'd him;
And may his blood for generations lie
Heavy on their children's souls!

GIRL.

O brother! see,

'Tis poor Father's writing. Yet his hand
Seems never to have shaken.—Innocence,
He used to say, did make small children fearless,
And it will make him happy in his prison,
Till we rush in, and wait till he is pardon'd,
Which will be—

WIFE.

Never will he leave his dungeon
But for the scaffold. Would that I were dead,
And all my children corpses at my side,
Never again to wake—for Mercy is not
In heaven or earth. There is no Providence!

[Covers her face and tears her hair.]

CLERGYMAN.

These affecting words from one good
And truly pious. But our human nature,
When touch'd at the heart by Misery's icy hand,
Oft shrieks with a wild impiety,
Against its better will. Yet that shrill cry
Is heard in heaven with pity, and on earth
Is often follow'd by the calm still voice
Of resignation melting into prayer.

WIFE (*starting up*).

Where art thou? What impenetrable cloud
Hides thee from justice, thou grim murderer!
On whom the dead man's blood, the quick man's tears,
Now call with twofold vengeance? Drive him forth,
O Fear, into the light, and I shall know him,
Soon as my eye meets his. His very name
Will burst instinctively from my big heart,
And he will answer to it. Where art thou
With thy red hands, that never may be cleansed?

FRIEND.

'Tis five weeks to the day of execution,
And he may be discover'd—

WIFE.

Execution!

And will they make my husband mount a ladder
Up to a scaffold? May he rather die
Of anguish in his cell!—Where are my children?
—O they are weeping even upon my breast!
—Would they had ne'er been born!—Eternal shame
Will lie upon them! lovely ~~as~~ they are,
And good, and pure, and innocent ~~as~~ angels,
They will be scorn'd and hated!—Save my husband,
Great God of Mercy! Jesus! ~~my~~ my husband.
—O many thousand miles of clouds and air
Lie between me ~~and~~ God! and my faint voice
Returns unto the earth, while the still heavens,
Like the deep ~~as~~ above a drowning head,
Mind not the stifled groans of agony!

CLERGYMAN.

I will go to his cell and pray with him.
He had foreseen his doom,—and be assured
That he is sitting in the eye of God,
With meek composure, not in agony.

THE CHILDREN.

~~Take~~ take us with you!

CLERGYMAN.

For a while, farewell.

The wife's heart now is like a heavy cloud,
But tears will lighten it—God be with you all!

SCENE II.

*The condemned Cell.—The PRISONER in Chains.—
The Prison Clock strikes.*

PRISONER.

That ~~is~~ a dreadful toll! it brings ~~me~~ ~~to~~
Unto the day of horror. Here ~~am~~ I
Deliver'd over to the fear of death
In cold and rueful solitude—shut out
By that black vault of stone from memory
Of human beings—and, ~~as~~ it would seem,
From the pity of my God! Who thinks ~~of~~ me?
The crowd that came to hear my sentence pass'd
Are scatter'd o'er the City, and my fate
Is by them all forgotten, or pronounced
With faces of indifference or of pleasure,
Among the chance discoursing of the day.
And yet my silent solitary cell
Is in the heart of life!—O joyful sound
Of life and freedom in a rushing tumult
Sweeping o'er the streets in the bright open day!
O that I were a beggar, clothed in rags!
Prey'd on by cold and hunger—and with wounds
Incurable, worn down unto a shadow,

So that I knew not when I ~~was~~ to die!

—I hear the blind ~~man~~ singing in the street
With a clear gladsome voice, a jocund song!
What is the loss of eyes!—Thou bawling wretch,
Disturb him not! With what a hideous twang
~~He~~ howls out to the passing traveller,
« A full account of Francis Russel's trial,
The murderer's confession.»—Save my soul—
O ~~save~~ me from that hideous skeleton!—

[Dashes himself on the floor.

The JAILOR enters with bread and water.

JAILOR.

Look up, my friend—I bring you some refreshment.

PRISONER (*staring wildly*).

Art thou the executioner?

JAILOR.

No. The Jailor.

PRISONER.

■ the fatal hour arrived?

JAILOR.

I 'm not the hangman.

PRISONER.

One single drop of wine! These two last days
Have put my blood into a burning fever,
Yet the thought of water sickens at my heart.
One single drop of wine.

JAILOR.

I must not give it.

PRISONER.

O that a want like this should seem a hardship
To one condemn'd to die! My wretched body
With fiery fever wastes my quaking soul,
And rather would I have one drop of wine
Than voice of friends or prayers of holy men,
So faint and thirsty is my very being.

JAILOR.

What ~~must~~ be must.

PRISONER.

O cold and heavy chains!
How shockingly they glitter as they clank!

JAILOR.

You ~~will~~ will get accusom'd to their weight.
Observe that ring there runs along the stanchet,
On the stone-floor—so you may drag your legs
From wall to wall with little difficulty,
And in a week or two you 'll never heed
The clanking of the iron. The last criminal
Was but a lath of a man compared with you,
And yet whenc'er I came into his cell
I found him always merrily at work,
Back back and forward whisking constantly
Like a bird in his cage.

PRISONER.

Was he set free at last?

JAILOR.

Ay. Jack Ketch set him free.

PRISONER.

What ~~was~~ his crime?

JAILOR.

A murderer, like yourself. He killed his sweetheart,
And threw her, though some six months gone with child,
Into a coal-pit.

PRISONER (*sternly*).

Leave me to myself.

JAILOR.

Why! Man, I wish ■ be ■ good terms with you.
I am your friend. What! many a noble fellow
Hath in his day done murder: in the name
There may be something awkward—but the ■
Still varies with the change of circumstance—
I would ■ lief shake hands with thee, my friend,
As with the Judge himself.

PRISONER (*eagerly*).

Dost think ■ innocent?

JAILOR (*ironically*).

O yes! ■ innocent ■ any lamb.
But hark ye! if that I allow your friends
To visit you ■ times, you in return
Will let me show you to the country-people
On ■ chance market-day.

PRISONER.

O God of mercy!

JAILOR.

There will they stand beyond reach of your arm,
With open mouth and eyes like idiots.
Then look unto each other—shake their heads,
And crying out, « God bless us! » leave the cell,
No doubt much wiser than they came—quite proud
To think how they will make their neighbours shudder
At the picture of thy murderous countenance,
And eyes ■ like ■ demon's—we will share
The money, friend—

PRISONER.

The money!—What of money?

JAILOR.

Why, you are surely deaf—

PRISONER.

Give me the water.

[*Drinks eagerly.*]

Take—take the bread, that I may die of hunger.

[*The JAILOR goes out of the cell.*]

I feel ■ if buried many ■ fathom deep
In a cave below the sea, ■ in ■ pit
Cover'd o'er with thorns amid a darksome wood,
Where ■ might lie from Sabbath unto Sabbath
Shrieking madly out for help, but all in vain,
Unto the solitary trees, ■ clouds
That pass unheeding o'er the far-off heavens!
Five weeks must drag their days and nights along
Through the damp silence of this lonesome cell,
And all that time must I be sitting here
In doleful dreams—or lying ■ this straw,
With nought but shivering terror in my soul—
Or hurrying up and down with clanking chains
In wrath and sickness and insanity.
A furious madman preying ■ myself,
And dash'd against the walls.—What spirit moves
These bolts? O welcome, whosoe'er thou art!
■ very demon's presence in this dungeon
Would be a comfort.

The door opens, and the young CLERGYMAN enters.

Son of righteousness!

Let me fall down and worship at thy feet.

CLERGYMAN.

O man of trouble! put your trust in God.
Morning and evening will I seek your cell,
And read the Bible with you. Rise—O rise!

PRISONER.

Despise ■ not that ■ this cruel pavement

I dash myself down in fear and agony,
And grovel at your feet! A pitiful wretch
Indeed am I; and to preserve my life
Would hang my head in everlasting shame,
Or a lonesome hunger'd in ■ desert dwell,
Doom'd never ■ to sleep.

CLERGYMAN.

Unhappy man!

Say what thou wilt, for I will listen to thee.

PRISONER (*looking up*).

Can you not save me!—On a quiet bed,
Surrounded by my weeping family,
I might have died like other mortal creatures
In awful resignation; but to stand
Upon a scaffold in my native parish,
With a base halter round my abject neck,
Stared at, and hiss'd at, shudder'd at, and scorn'd,
Put out of life, like ■ dog, with every insult
Cruelly forced on my immortal soul,
And then—O Christ, I hear ■ skeleton
Rattling in chains!—To a madhouse carry me,
Bind ■ to the floor, that when the day arrives
The hangman's hand may strive in vain to burst
The bolts that chain the Lunatic to life.
I will feign madness. No—Eternal God!
I need not feign, for like ■ tide it cometh,
Wave after wave, upon my choking spirit—
I am bound to ■ stake within the mark o' the sea,
And the cold drowning mounts up from my feet.

CLERGYMAN.

Send peace, O Lord! unto the sufferer's heart.

PRISONER.

Suddenly, suddenly in my happiness
The curse did smite me. O, my gentle Alice,
Is the sweet baby now upon thy breast?
The Mother and the Infant both will die:
The dreadful day of execution
Will murder us all, and Lea-side then will be
Silent ■ the grave. O fearful Providence,
Darken my brain, that I may think no more
On thy wild ways, that only lead to death,
To misery, to madness, and ■ hell!
Is all I say not true? Didst hear him speak?
That savage Judge, who, with ■ hollow voice,
As if he had ■ pleasure in my anguish,
Continued speaking hours most bitterly
Against ■ quaking prisoner bow'd with shame?
■ had forgotten that I ■ a Man!
And ever as he turn'd his harden'd eye
Towards the bar, it froze my very heart,
So proud, so cruel, and so full of scorn.
I think he might have wept, for many wept
When he pass'd sentence on me—but his voice
Was calm and steady, and his eye was clear,
Looking untroubled ■ the face of trouble.
I did not faint—No—though a sickening pang
Tugg'd at my heart, and made the cold sweat creep
Like ice-drops o'er my body—yet even then
Did conscious innocence uphold my soul,
And turn'd the horrid words to senseless sounds
That ought not to dismay—while he that sat
In pompous robes upon the judgment-seat,
Seem'd in his blind unfeeling ignorance
A verier wretch than I.

CLERGYMAN.

We are all blind,

And duty's brow is stern, and harsh his voice.
That Judge is famed for his humanity,
And though no tears were in his solemn eyes,
They flow'd within his heart.

PRISONER.

I do forgive him.

What shrieks were these?

CLERGYMAN.

Of a poor criminal

In the next cell.

PRISONER.

Condemn'd, like me, to die?

CLERGYMAN.

No! doom'd to drag out in a foreign land,
Unpitied years of misery and shame.

PRISONER.

O happy lot! who would not leap with joy
Into the ship that bore him to the land
Of shame and toil, and crime and wickedness,
So that with all his load of misery
He might escape from death! May not I escape?
Bolts have been riven, and walls been undermined,
And the free winds have borne the prisoner
To the dark depths of safety—never more
To walk the streets of cities, but to dwell
As in the shadow of the grave, unknown
But to his own soul silent as the night!
I feel a wild hope springing from despair!
That shadow was not mine that stood all white
Shivering on a scaffold:—Sampson's strength is here,
And the hard stone to my unwearied hand
Will crumble into dust.

CLERGYMAN.

O let us pray!

PRISONER.

Yes, I will pray! pray for deliverance,
And years come! O be they what they may,
For life is sweet, embitter'd though it be
With the lowest dregs in the cup of misery!

CLERGYMAN.

Shall we kneel down?

PRISONER.

Ay! they will dance and dance,

And smile and laugh, and talk of pleasant things,
And listen to sweet music all the night,
That I am lying fetter'd in the straw
In dire convulsions. They will speak of
Amid their mirth and music, but will see not
My image in their souls, or it would strike them
With palsy 'mid their savage merriment,
Clanking these dreadful fetters in their ears.

CLERGYMAN.

I will return at night.

PRISONER.

O leave me not,

For I am scarcely in my sober mind.

A thousand fiends are waiting to destroy me
Soon as you leave the cell, for innocence
Is found not proof against the pains of hell.

CLERGYMAN.

I will bring your wife to visit you.

PRISONER (*kneeling*).

O God

Of tender mercies, let thy countenance
Shine on that wretched one. Let this cell lie
Forsaken of thy presence—if thy will—

But, for His sake who died upon the cross,
Let heavenly sunshine fall into her soul!
Temper the wind in the shorn lamb that lies
Upon her breast in helpless infancy!
O! if a cottage could but rest in peace,
Here could I pass the remnant of my life
In lonely resignation to my fate.
Forsake her and my sweet family.

CLERGYMAN.

He forsakes man—that melancholy word
Applieth to gracious Providence.

PRISONER.

I am then forsaken?

CLERGYMAN.

Fear it not!

Wrapt in the dark cloud of adversity,
Thou art indeed; but clouds are of the earth.
Lift up the eye of Faith, and thou wilt see
The clear blue sky of the untroubled heavens.

PRISONER.

My soul at once is calm'd—now let us pray.

PART II.

SCENE I.

*The Morning of the Day of Execution—The young
CLERGYMAN and another FRIEND sitting beside the
PRISONER, who is asleep.*

CLERGYMAN.

He stirs—he would wake.

FRIEND.

List! list! he speaks!

CLERGYMAN.

A smile is on his face—a kindling smile.

FRIEND.

Oh! when he wakes!

CLERGYMAN.

Hearken—he speaks again.

PRISONER (*in his sleep*).

O, my sweet Alice! 'T was a dreadful dream!
Am I in truth awake? Come to my heart!
There—there—I feel thy breath—pure—pure—most
pure.

FRIEND.

What a deep sigh of overwhelming bliss!
He gapes for him when he awakes from heaven.

CLERGYMAN.

Will not the benignant Providence
That blesseth now his sleep, uphold him falling
Into the shadow of death!

PRISONER.

No tears, my Alice!

Weep—weep more! Where is our infant, Alice?
Esther, where art thou? Mary? My sweet twins!
—I dreamt that I had bid thee farewell, Alice!
Why is that loving voice so slow to speak?
Hold—thy bosom lest the curse return!
Why beats thy heart so—

FRIEND.

Lo! his glazed eyes

Are open—but methinks he sees us not.

(*starting up*).

My family swept off from the earth.
—I know not, in the darkness of my brain,

My dreams from waking thoughts, nor these from dreams.

—Yes! yes! 't is plain. O heaven of heavens!
Thou canst not be in all thy sanctity
A place so full of perfect blessedness,
As the bed where I was lying in my dream.

CLERGYMAN.

We have been praying for thee all the night.

PRISONER.

What! my dear friends! good morning to you both.
Have I been sleeping long?

CLERGYMAN.

Since four o'clock,

And now 't is almost eight.

PRISONER.

Blest ~~was~~ that sleep

Beyond all human bliss! I ~~was~~ at home,
And Alice in my bosom—Come, my Friend,
You must not thus be overcome, this hour
Too awful is for tears. Look not on ~~me~~
As ~~am~~ a ~~man~~ of anguish and despair,
But ~~a~~ Man, sorely stricken though he be,
Supported by the very power of Sorrow,
And Faith that ~~is~~ a solemn comforter
Even hand in hand with Death.

CLERGYMAN.

Most noble spirit!

Fitter art thou with that untroubled voice
To comfort ~~me~~ than to be comforted.

PRISONER.

This cell hath taught me many a hidden thing.
I have become acquainted with my soul
Through midnight silence, and through lonely days
Silent as midnight. I have found therein
A well of waters undisturb'd and deep,
Of sustenance, refreshment, and repose.

CLERGYMAN.

On earth nought may prevail o'er innocence.

PRISONER.

One night, methought, a voice said in my cell,
« Despondency, and Anguish, and Despair,
Are falling on thee! curse thy God and die! »—
« Peace, Resignation, and Immortal Hope, »
A dewy voice replied. It was a dream:
But the good angel's voice was in my soul,
Most sweet when I awoke, and from that hour,
A heavenly calm hath never left my cell.

FRIEND.

O must ~~we~~ part for ~~me~~ from our Friend!
Is there no hope? The hour of agony
Is hastening on, and there is none to save!

CLERGYMAN.

Forgive his grief. 'T is easier to resign
Ourselves unto ~~our~~ fate, than to endure
The sight of ~~me~~ we love about to die.

PRISONER.

A little brook doth issue from the hill
Above Lea-side, and, ere it reaches us,
Its course is loud and rocky, crying still
As with a troubled voice. But o'er the green
That smiles beside ~~my~~ door it glideth on,
Just like ~~a~~ dream ~~is~~ soft and silently,
For ever cheerful and for ever calm.
Last night when you came here—I had been thinking
Of that sweet brook, and it appear'd to me
An emblem of my ~~own~~ much alter'd soul,

Lately ~~was~~ troubled, but now flowing on
In perfect calmness to eternity.

FRIEND.

Thinking of Lea-side even unto the last.

PRISONER.

Yea! I will think of it unto the last,
Of heaven and it by turns. There is no reason
Why it should be forgotten while I live.
I see it, like a picture on that wall,
In the silence of the morning, with its smoke,
Its new-waked smoke slow wreathing up to heaven!
And from that heaven, where through my Saviour's
death

I humbly hope to be, I will look down
On that one spot—Oh! sure the loveliest far
On the wide earth! too sweet! too beautiful!
Too blest to leave without ~~a~~ gush of tears.
—They will drive ~~me~~ past my own door ~~to~~ the scaffold?

FRIEND.

Such is the savage sentence.

PRISONER.

It is well.

FRIEND.

We never will forsake you to the last—
But proudly sit beside you—

PRISONER.

Sweet Lea-side!

And I will see my little farm again!
New-thatch'd with my own hand this very Spring—
All full of blossoms is my garden now,
And the sweet hum of bees!—Hush'd be the wheels
As o'er a depth of snow, when they pass by!
That Alice may not hear the fearful sound,
And rush out with my children in her arms.

CLERGYMAN.

Fear not—she hath gone into her father's house.

PRISONER.

I thought our parting had been past. But no!
Souls cannot part though parting words be breathed,
With deep abandonment of earthly loves.
Had I ~~but~~ dreamt that heavenly dream last night
Perhaps it had been so—but in that dream
My human nature burst again to life,
And I think upon my widow as before,
With love, grief, shame, dismay, and agony.

CLERGYMAN.

I am the father, says our gracious God,
Of the orphan and the widow.

PRISONER.

'T was a pang!

A passing pang! (Going ~~to~~ the window.) It is a sunny
day.

Methinks if I had any tears to shed,
That I could weep to ~~me~~ the fading world
So beautiful! How brightly wilt thou smile,
O Sun, to-morrow, when my eyes are dark!
O 't is ~~a~~ blessed earth I leave behind!

[A noise at the door.

FRIEND.

It is ~~yet~~ the time!

JAILOR enters.

JAILOR.

In half ~~a~~ hour

They will ~~come~~ to fetch the prisoner from his cell.

[Goes out.

FRIEND.

O scowling savage! What a heart of stone!

I think he is less cruel than he
Sometimes his face hath worn a look of pity,
And his voice soften'd; but his heart is blind
In ignorance, and harden'd by the sight
Of unrepentant wickedness, and sorrows
Which human sympathy would fail to cure.
He seem'd disturb'd—he feels all he can feel.

CLERGYMAN.

Thou art indeed a Christian.

PRISONER.

Death is

You know my heart, and will reveal it truly
To all who know my tale. The time will
When innocence will vindicate itself,
And shame fall off my rising family
Like snow shaken from the budding trees in spring.
—They doubt not of their father's innocence?

CLERGYMAN.

Unshaken is the confidence of love
In hearts that know not sin—thy memory,
Hallow'd by tribulation, will endure—

PRISONER.

Enough—enough. Here take this blessed book,
Which from my dying father I received,
And give it to my wife. Some farewell thoughts
I have dared to write beneath my children's names,
Recorded duly there soon as baptized.
And now I have no more to say to man.
Leave me alone a little while—and wait
In the open street, till I appear before you.

FRIEND.

We fear to leave the cell—you look so pale!
As if about to faint.

(holding out his hand with a smile).
My pulse is steady.

CLERGYMAN.

We leave thee to thy God!

SCENE II.

*Inside of a Cottage.—The Prisoner's Wife sitting with
her FRIEND, surrounded by her Family.*

Speak to me! let my weeping children speak,
Although it be with sobs of agony.

See how composed your sweetest children sit
All round your knees! They weep, and sigh, and sob,
For piteous they and most compassionate.
But nature steals upon them in their grief.
And happy thoughts, in spite even of themselves,
Come o'er them—the glad light of infancy.
Mourn not for them—in little William's hand,
Although his heart be framed of love and pity,
Already see that play-thing! need weep
For them a gracious God preserves in bliss.

WIFE.

'T is not them I think—O God! O God!

FRIEND.

He soon will be in Heaven.

WIFE.

A dreadful path
Must first be trod. O't is most horrible!

FRIEND.

Since that last is present to your soul,
I dare speak of it. The face of death
More hideous seems to who gaze upon it
Towards a friend we love, than to the wretch
Who sees the black frown fix'd upon himself.
The fears of fancy are most terrible,
But when the apprehended misery comes,
The spirit smiles to feel how bearable
The heaviest stroke of fate.

Thy kind voice seems

To speak of comfort, though the words are dark.
Misery's sick soul is slow to understand,
Yet I will listen, for that gentle voice
Brings of itself relief.

FRIEND.

Calm, unappall'd—

How many the scaffold! Even Guilt,
Strong in repentance, often standeth there
And quaketh not. And will not innocence
Victoriously from that most rueful place
Look o'er the grave—nor death's vain idle show
Have power to raise one beating in his heart?

WIFE.

O what a dreadful night he must have pass'd!

FRIEND.

Nay—fear it not—the night before they die,
Condemn'd to enjoy unbroken sleep,
By mercy to their resigned souls,
Calming and strengthening for the morrow's trial.
While we weeping—his closed eyes were dry,
And his soul hush'd in deep forgetfulness.

WIFE.

I feel if I ne'er shall sleep again!
The look with which he flung his body down
On the stone-floor, when I was carried from him,
Will pass away. O that sweet face
Was changed indeed by nature's agony,
Sunk, fallen, hollow, bloodless, and convulsed!

FRIEND.

O strive to think other prison-hours,
When your knees together, lost in prayer,
You seem'd two happy Beings offering up
Thanksgiving, rather than poor suppliants
Imploring resignation to your doom.

WIFE.

No. I will think but of that desperate hour
When darkness fell between us, there to brood
Until we meet in heaven. Come near to me,
For I tell thee how my husband look'd
When wicked did tear those two asunder
Whom God, and love, and nature had united.

FRIEND.

O spare me—spare me—on yourself have pity.
And these soft-hearted ones—too apt to weep!

WIFE.

Why should I fear to speak?

FRIEND.

Your Infant wakes!

Here, take it your breast—

WIFE.

Heed, heed it not.

—For hours sat, and dreamt, and spoke, and wept;
Recall'd happy life to memory,
From the hour we first met on yon sunny braid!

Our friendship, love, and marriage,—the sweet child
That came to bless our first delightful spring—
All our sweet children! not forgetting her
Who went so young to heaven. The Jailor came,
Or **■** one with **■** black and cruel countenance,
And changed at once **■** sorrow to despair.
We had not thought of parting—in the past
So buried **■** our hearts!—such images
Blinded **■** spirits with the tears of love.
And though **■** felt a dire calamity
Brought us together in that hideous cell,
We thought not what it was; till all at once,
The prison-door flew open, and they dragg'd me,
Not shrieking—as perhaps I **■** do shriek—
But with a cold weight sickening at my heart
That in convulsions drown'd **■** a thousand shrieks,
And brought at last a dark forgetfulness
Of my **■** sufferings, and my husband's doom.
Long streets seem'd passing slowly by my brain,
And fields and trees—until at once I knew
The faces of my weeping family,
And this my Father's house. A dreadful dream!
Yet could I wish **■** of it for ever!

[Her eldest DAUGHTER steals up with a Book in her hand.]

DAUGHTER.

Here is a book which little Mary Grieve
(She who has wept **■** much for my poor Father
As if she were a sister of our own)
Gave me a week ago, a happy book,
Which lies below my pillow when I sleep.
Look at it, Mother! 't is the history
Of **■** reprieved when just about to die.
I have read it till it seems **■** sad true tale
Of all my Father's woe—and when I read it
Even **■** the darkest day, believe me, Mother,
A gleam of sunshine falls upon the leaves,
Straight down from heaven! There is a picture—look!
■ it not like my Father's gentle face?

WIFE (*grasping the book*).

As sure **■** God is in heaven! it **■** the **■**!—
His wife and children too with eyes and faces
Of mad delirious joy all fix'd on heaven!
And well they may—then and for evermore.

DAUGHTER.

I show'd it to our clergyman—he smiled—
And laid his gentle hand upon my hair,
And with a low kind voice he bade me hope.

■ bade thee hope?

DAUGHTER.

Yes—and I thought he wept.

WIFE.

He tried to comfort the sweet innocent!

DAUGHTER.

Though I should see my father in the cart
Passing our very door—

WIFE.

Will he pass **■** door?

I will rush out and clasp him, and beseech
Kind heaven to let me die upon his breast.

[Goes towards the door.]

I had forgot—we are not at Lea-side.

—Come to me, little William—weep not child!

BOY.

O yesterday **■** **■** a dreadful sight!

DAUGHTER.

William—hold your peace.

WIFE.

What saw my little boy?

BOY.

We went last night to **■** with Mary Grieve
Coming from school. And oh! upon the bridge
Two men **■** building up—I did not ask them—
They told me what it was—and we ran home
Fearing **■** look back.

WIFE.

O shut out the sun

That blinds my soul with its accursed light!
Close—close the shutters—that eternal darkness
May **■** **■** and my poor family,
And the wild world with all its miseries
Be blank as if we all **■** in the grave.

[The shutters are closed.]

BOY.

Mother! let **■** come closer to your knees!

WIFE.

O let the light come in—this silent darkness
Is **■** than light—light is but mockery—
But darkness is the haunted tomb of death,
Which shuddering nature never may endure.
—I never thought thy face so sad before
As in that sudden light.—*[Clock strikes].*—What hour?
what hour?

FRIEND.

Your husband's strife is o'er.

WIFE.

Praise be to God.

[Falls on her knees]. O Thou that art an angel in the sky,
Strengthen my soul that I **■** earth may cherish
Those whom thou lovest—these infants round my feet.

FRIEND.

Such prayers go up to heaven—swifter than light.

WIFE.

The body shall have Christian-burial!
I will away that no base hand disturb it.
What though it felt the cruel death of shame,
Is it **■** beautiful and fair to see,
As if he rested from the harvest-toil
In **■** cool shady place o'erhung with trees?
■ shall be dressed with flowers—a thousand times,
A thousand thousand times my lips will kiss it;
And when it is laid in the grave at last,
Oh! will not tears from many hundred eyes
Fall on the coffin, and **■** hundred tongues
Bless him th' unhappy—him the innocent?
—Methinks I can endure the daylight now.

*[She goes **■** the window.]*

O Lord! yon hill-side is quite black with people
All standing motionless—with heads uncover'd.
Are they gazing all on him? Alive? **■** dead?
This is **■** sight to drive my soul to madness,
To blasphemy and disbelief in God!

FRIEND.

I thought the hour **■** past.

WIFE.

You knew it was not.

Upon the self-same side of that black mount
I saw a pious congregation sitting
Last summer's sacrament! and **■** they **■**
To enjoy **■** execution. Wretched things!
They little understand the words of Christ.

FRIEND.

It seems in truth most cruel—dreadful show
Of fixed faces! many a troubled soul
Is gazing there, yet loves the agony
It makes itself ■ suffer—turns away—
Then looks and shudders, and with cheeks as wan
And ghastly as the man about to die,
Waits for the hideous moment—greedily
Devouring every motion of his eye,
Now only bent to heaven.

O senseless wretches!

Thus tamely witnessing the guiltless die.
Rush down upon the scaffold—rend it—crush it
Into a thousand atoms—tear away
Th' accursed halter from his innocent neck,
And send him like a lark let loose to heaven,
Into the holy light of liberty.
—One hour delay the execution!
For from afar the words of mercy come—
I hear them on the wind—Reprieve—Reprieve—
O, gazing multitude! look grim ■ more,
But shout until both earth and heaven reply!
Salvation is at hand—Reprieve—Reprieve!

[She rushes out into the air, followed by her
FRIEND and her Children, who endeavour
■ restrain her in vain.

SCENE III.

A Field in the Country.—Labourers reposing.

THE MASTER.

Come, Mary Macintyre—give us a song,
Then ■ our work again. Thou hast a voice
■ sweet, that ■ the Linnet on the broom
Might take a lesson from thee.

SONG.

A bird in Spring had built her nest
In a tuft o' flowers on a Castle-wa',
Where saftly on her honny breast
The dew and light o' heaven did fa'.

Among the moss and silky hair
Twa young aces lay in love together—
And oh! their yellow plumes ■ fair
When glinting in the sunny weather.

Upon that Tower for many ■ hour
Anither bird would sit and sing,
Or resting on that red wa'-flow'r
In sleep would fault his gowden wing.

As morning at the break o' day
I saw the nest a' pearl'd wi' dew,
That like ■ net of diamonds lay
Aboon that flower o' freshest hue.

I could ■ see the bonnie Bird,
She cower'd sae close upon her nest,
But that saft ither sang I heard
That lull'd her and her brood to rest.

Sweet through the silent dawning rung
The pleasure o' that lanely sang,
And the auld Tower again look'd young
That psalm sae sweetly sail'd along.

Mair sweetly breath'd the birchen grove
That waved upon the Castle-Hill,
And a' the earth look'd fresh wi' love
The moment that the sang ■ still!

At gloaming I came back that way,
But I miss'd the flower sae red and sweet,
And the nest whare thae twa birdies lay,
Wae's me! was herried at my feet.

I wud na weep for the dead wa'-flower,
Sweet birds! gin I kent where ye were gane;
■ the low has blacken'd the auld Mearns-Tower,
And bluid is drapping frae ilka stane.

And he that herried the lint-white's nest,
And kill'd the auld birds wi' his sling,
He wud na spare the chirping breast,
Nor the down upon the wee bit wing.

MASTER.

■ is ■ old traditionary song.
The Maxwells in a body from Hag-Castle
At midnight came, and burn'd the good Mearns-Tower,
With young Laird Stewart and his English Lady,
And their four pretty bairns. They burn'd them all.
The Lady's blood is still upon the stones
Of the west-corner. Many a blashing storm
Hath driven across them, yet they still are red.
'T is two o'clock, come to our work again!

YOUNG MAN.

Oh! I am sick at heart! this very moment
Is my poor Master standing on the scaffold!
Go, go to work—I will kneel down and pray
For his departing soul. [Kneels down.

MASTER.

His hour is come.
Men, women, children, now all rush to ■ him
In his white death-clothes standing like a ghost!
Ay, lasses, ye may weep—yet will that crowd
Show many a female face—girls like yourselves
In their best gowns adorn'd for holiday,—
And wives that love their husbands—and even mothers
With infants in their arms. Confound their cruelty!
Enough of death there is in this wide world
Near each man's fireside, or his neighbour's house!
Why rush to see him in the open day-light
Standing with fear, and shame, and agony?

MARY.

Oh! ■ that sweet hill-side he often sat
Watching his young spring-lambs! and now even there
Is he about to die the death of shame!

MASTER.

Methinks I see the hill-side all alive,
With silent faces gazing steadfastly
On ■ poor single solitary wretch,
Who views not in the darkness of his trouble
One human face among the many thousands
All staring towards the scaffold! ■ are there
Who have driven their carts with him unto the market,
Have shook hands with him meeting at the fair,
Have in his very cottage been partakers
Of the homely fare which rev'rently he bless'd,
Yea! who have ■ his face in holier places,
And in the ■ seat been at worship with him,
Within the House of God. May God forgive them!

He ■ not guilty.

MASTER.

Everything is dark.

Last in the company of the murder'd man—
Blood on his hands—a bloody knife conceal'd—
The coin found on him which the widow swore to—
His fears when apprehended—and the falsehoods
Which first he utter'd—all perplex my mind!
And then they say the murder'd body bled
Soon ■ he touch'd it.—Let ■ to our work,
Poor people oft must work with heavy hearts.
—Oh! doth that sunshine smile ■ cheerfully
Upon Lea-side ■ o'er my happy fields!

*[The Scene changes to a little field commanding
■ view of the place of execution. Two YOUNG
■■■ looking towards it.]*

■■■■ MAN.

I dare to look no longer.—What dost thou see?

SECOND MAN.

There is ■ stirring ■ all the crowd.
All heads are turn'd ■ ■ O God of Heaven!
There Francis Russel ■ upon ■ cart,
For which a lane is open'd suddenly!
On, on it goes—and now it has arrived
At the scaffold foot.

FIRST MAN.

Say! dost thou see his face?

SECOND MAN.

Paler than ashes.

FIRST MAN (coming forward).

Let ■ have one look.

O what white cheeks! see, see—his upward eyes
Even at this distance have a ghastly glare.
I fear that he is guilty. Fear has bathed
In clammy dew his long lank raven hair.
His countenance ■ convulsed—it is not paleness,
That dims his cheeks—but a wild yellow hue
Like that of mortal sickness or of death.
Oh! what the soul can suffer, when the Devil
Sits on it, grimly laughing o'er his prey,
Like ■ carrion-bird beside ■ dying beast,
Croaking with hunger and ferocity!

[He turns away.]

SECOND ■■■

He is standing on the scaffold—he looks round—
But does not speak—some one goes up to him—
He whispers in his ear—he kisses him—
He falls ■ his knees—now ■ ■ on the scaffold
But he and that old Wretch! ■ rope is hanging
Right over his head—and, ■ my Maker liveth,
That demon ■ he grasps it with his fingers
Hath laughter on his face!

FIRST MAN.

How look the crowd?

SECOND MAN.

I saw them not—but now ten thousand faces
Are looking towards him with wide-open eyes!
Uncover'd every head—and all is silent
And motionless ■ if 't were all a dream.

FIRST MAN.

■ he still praying?

SECOND MAN.

I can look no more,
For death and horror round his naked neck

Are gathering! Curse those lean and shrivell'd fingers
That calmly—slowly—and without ■ tremble—
Are binding unto agony and shame
One of God's creatures with a human soul!
—Hark! hark! ■ sudden shriek—a yell—a shout!—
The whole crowd tosses like a stormy sea.
But oh! behold how still and motionless
That figure ■ the scaffold!

FIRST ■■■

What can it mean?

SECOND MAN.

Perhaps with ■ soul all the crowd rise up
To rescue him from death.

■■■■ ■■■

Let ■ away

And know what happens. Hark! another shout
That rends the silent sky. See hats are waved!
And every face is bright—deliverance
■ in that peal of joy—he shall not die.

[Scene changes to the place of execution.]

SHERIFF.

Bring the ■ up—and let ■ hear his story.

[A SOLDIER is dragged along by the crowd.]

SOLDIER.

I am the murderer.

ONE OF THE CROWD.

Here is Stephen's watch—

The watch of the murder'd man—and his very purse—
Both found upon the villain.

SHERIFF.

'T is strong proof.

—What have you got to say against this charge?

SOLDIER.

I robb'd and murder'd him—that 's all—'t is true.

■■■ OF THE CROWD.

Just as the prisoner ■ up from his knees,
This soldier at my side took out his watch,
And with ■ cruel and unchristian oath
Proclaim'd the hour, in laughing mockery.
My eye by chance fell on it—and the truth
Burst on my soul. I leapt upon the wretch,
And with ■ horrid cry he made confession
That he was the guilty man.

SHERIFF.

Scarcely credible.

SOLDIER.

'T is true. Last night I saw the Evil-One
In human shape as I ■ among my comrades;
He stood close to my side—invisible
To all but me—and with ■ fiery eye
He then commanded ■ to go this day
And see the execution. So I came!
—And now behold the open gates of hell!

■■■■ ■■■

The execution cannot thus proceed.

SOLDIER.

A little while—but yet a little while—
And I will come into the roaring pit
To dwell for ever with the damn'd!

ONE OF THE CROWD.

Mad—mad.

SHERIFF.

Ay! 't is the madness of despair and guilt.

Unhalter yon poor wretch—he must be carried
Back to his prison—till the truth appear.

[The PRISONER'S Wife, accompanied by her
FRIEND and Children, rush through the crowd.
WIFE.

Come down—come down—my husband! from the
scaffold.

—O Christ! art thou alive—or dead with fear!

Let me leap up with one bound ■ his side,
And strain him to my bosom till our souls
Are mix'd like rushing waters.

Dost hear thy Alice? Come down from the scaffold,
And walk upon the green and flowery earth
With me, thy wife, in everlasting joy!

[She tries to move forward, but falls down in a
fainting-fit.

ONE ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

See—see his little daughter! how she tears
The covering from his eyes—unbids the halter—
Leaps up to his bosom—and with sobs is kissing
■ pale fix'd face. ■ I ■ thy daughter—Father!
But there he stands—as lifeless ■ a stone—
Nor sees—nor feels—nor hears—his soul ■ gone
Upon a dismal travel!

[The PRISONER is led down from the scaffold,
with his daughter held unconsciously in his
■ ■ ■ ■ ■

PRISONER.

Must this wild dream be all dreamt o'er again!
Who put this little Child into my arms? My wife
Lying dead!—Thy judgments, Heaven! are terrible.

THE CLERGYMAN.

Look up—this world is shining out once more
In welcome to thy soul recall'd from death.

PRISONER.

Oh! might that be—but this is not a dream
From which I may awake.—What, what has happened?

CLERGYMAN.

The murderer is discovered.

[The Prisoner falls on his knees, and his Wife who
has recovered, goes and kneels by his side.

CLERGYMAN.

Crowd not so round them—let the glad fresh air
Enter into their souls.

PRISONER.

Alice! ■ word!

Let ■ hear thy voice assuring ■ of life.

Ah me! that soft cheek brings ■ by its touch
From the black, dizzy, roaring brink of death,
At once into the heart of happiness!

—Gasping with gratitude! she cannot speak.

WIFE.

I never shall smile more—but all my days

Walk with still footsteps, and with humble eyes,
An everlasting hymn within my soul
To the great God of Mercy!

PRISONER (starting up).

■ thou bright angel with that golden hair,
Scattering thy smiles like sunshine through the light,
Art thou my own sweet Daughter! Come, my Child,
Come dancing ■ into thy Father's soul!

Come with those big tears sparkling ■ thy cheeks,
And let ■ drink them with a thousand kisses.

—That laugh hath fill'd the silent world with joy!

CHILD.

This night I will sit upon your knees once more,—
And oh! if ever I offend my Father! . . .

No—never—never!—All our Cottage stands
Just as you left it—the old oaken chair

Will be fill'd to-night,—and our sweet hearth will burn
As it used to do—upon my Father's face!

—I too will pray—for though a little Child,
God now will hear my prayers!

PRISONER (looking round).

The fields and hills

Have ■ return'd into their usual shape,
And all the sunny earth seems beautiful

As in my boyish days!—Oh! tell me—tell me—
■ I disgrace myself by abject fear

On the way from prison to yon hideous place?

CLERGYMAN.

No—thou wert calm

PRISONER.

My friend—O say not so.

For from the moment that I left the prison
Blind horror seized me—and I thought the earth
Was reddening round ■ from the bloody sky.

I recollect some faces in the cart

Glimmering! and something like ■ bridge we past

Over a deep glen fill'd with raging thunder!

Then all was hush'd—and rose the voice of psalms

Doleful and wild! when suddenly I stood

In the fixed gazing of a million eyes,

And the feeling of my own identity

Came like ■ flash of lightning through my heart.

CROWD.

Huzza! huzza! the guiltless is set free!

Lea-side to-night, and all its happy fields,
Shall shine as bright as in the gladsome day.

For we will kindle ■ yon little green

A bonfire that shall set the heavens ■ flame,

And send up sparkling to the far-off stars

Beams like themselves—bright with deliverance.

Huzza! huzza! The guiltless is set free!

[The scene closes.

Miscellaneous Poems.

Oh! Nature! whose myriad disclose
His bright perfections at whose word they rose,
Next to that Power who form'd thee and sustains,
Be thou the great inspirer of my strains.
Still, as I touch the lyre, do thou expand
Thy genuine charms, and guide an artless hand.

COWPER.

THE SCHOLAR'S FUNERAL.

Why hang the sweet bells mute in Magdalene-Tower,
Still wont to usher in delightful May,¹
The dewy silence of the morning hour
Cheering with many a changeful roundelay?
And those pure youthful voices, where are they,
That hymning far up in the listening sky,
Seem'd issuing softly through the gates of day,
As if a troop of sainted souls on high
Were hovering o'er the earth with angel melody?

This day the pensive Choristers are mute,
The Tower stands silent in the shades of woe,
And well that darkness and those shadows suit
The solemn hush shed o'er the courts below.
There all is noiseless as a plain of snow,
Nor wandering footsteps stir the unechoing wall.
Hark—hark! the muffled bell is tolling slow!
Into my mournful soul its warnings fall—
It is the solemn day of Vernon's funeral.

No sound last night was heard these courts within,
Save sleepless scholar sobbing in his cell;
For mirth had seem'd a sacrilegious sin
Against the dead whom all did love so well.
Only—at evening-prayer the holy swell
Of organ at the close of service sent
(While on their knees the awe-struck weepers fell,
Or on the pillar'd shade in anguish leant)
Through the dim echoing aisle a sorrowful lament.

All night the melancholy moonshine slept
O'er the lone chamber where his corpse was laid:
Amid the sighing groves the cold dews wept,
And the sad stars, in glimmering beams array'd
In heaven, seem'd mourning o'er the parted shade
Of him who knew the nature and the name
Of every orb to human ken display'd,
Whether on silent throne or steadfast flame,
Or roll'd in music round the Universal Frame.

And on the day looks mournful as the night,
For all o'er heaven black clouds begin to roll,
Through which the dim sun streams a fitful light
In sympathy with man's desponding soul.
Is nought around but images of dole!
The distant towers a kindred sorrow breathe,
Struck 'mid their gloomy groves by that dismal toll;
And the grey cloisters, coldly stretch'd beneath,
Hush'd in profounder calm confess'd the power of death.

¹ On the First of May the Choristers ascend the beautiful Tower of Magdalene College, Oxford, and there sing a Latin hymn on the Season.

Sad for the glory that had parted thence,
Through spire, tower, temple, theatre, and dome,
Mourns Oxford in her old magnificence,
Sublimely silent 'mid the sunless gloom.
But chief one College weeps her favourite's doom—
All hearts turn thither in the calm of morn;
Silent she standeth like one mighty tomb,
In reverend beauty—desolate—forsorn—
For her refulgent star is all-untimely shorn.

Her courts grow darker as the hour draws near
When that blest corpse shall sink for evermore,
Let down by loving hands to dungeon drear,
From the glad world of sunshine cover'd o'er
By the damp pavement of the silent floor!
—Sad all around—as when a gentle day
All dimly riseth o'er a wreck-strewn shore,
When Love at last hath ceased to heaven to pray,
And Grief hath wept her fill, and Hope turn'd sick away.

Yea! even a careless stranger might perceive
That death and sorrow rule this doleful place—
Passing along the grey-hair'd menials grieve,
Nor is it hard a tender gloom to trace
On the young chorister's sunshiny face,
While slow returning from the mournful room
Of friends where they were weeping o'er the days
With Vernon pass'd—profoundly sunk in gloom
The pale-faced scholar walks, still dreaming of the tomb.

Now ghastly sight and lowly-whispering sound
On every side the sudden'd spirit meet—
And notice give to all the courts around
Of doleful preparation—the rude feet
Of death's hired menials through this calm retreat
With careless tread are hurrying to and fro—
And loving hearts with pangs of anguish beat,
To see the cloisters blackening all below
With rueful sable plumes—a ghastly funeral-show.

—Come, let us on with silent feet ascend
The stair that leads up to yon ancient tower—
—There, lieth in his shroud my dearest friend!
Oh! that the breath of sighs, the dewy shower
Stream'd from many eye-lids had the power
Gently to stir, and raise up from its bed
The broken stalk of that consummate flower!
Nought may restore the odours once when shed,
That sunshine smiles in vain—it wakens not the dead!

Behold! his parents kneeling side by side,
Beside the body that is sleeping there!
Far off were they when their sweet Henry died,
At once they fell from bliss into despair.

What sorrows slumber in that silvery hair!
The old man groans, nor dares his face to show
To the glad day-light—while a sobbing prayer
Steals from the calmer partner of his woe,
Who gently lays her hand upon those locks of snow.

He lifts his eyes—quick through a parting cloud
The sun looks out—and fills the room with light,
Hath given a purer lustre to the shroud,
And plays and dances o'er those cheeks so white.
A curst he the cruel Sun! who shines so bright
Upon my dead boy's face! one kiss—one kiss—
Before thou sink to everlasting night!
My child—my child!—oh! how unlike to this
The last embrace I gave in more than mortal bliss.

Pale as a statue bending o'er a tomb,
The childless mother! as a statue still!
But Resignation, Hope, and Faith illumine
Her upward eyes! and her meek spirit fill
With downy peace, which blasts of earthly ill
May never ruffle more—a smile appears
At times to flit across her visage chill,
More awful rendering every gush of tears
Shed at the dark eclipse of all life's sunny years.

The whole path from his cradle to his grave
She travels back with a bewild'rd brain!
Bright in the gales of youth his free locks wave,
As if their burnish'd beauty laugh'd at pain,
And god-like claim'd exemption from the reign
Of grief, decay, and death! Her touch doth meet
Lips cold as ice that ne'er will glow again,
And lo! from these wan lips unto his feet
Drawn by the hand of death a ghostly winding-sheet!

She hoped she have seen him in yon hallow'd grove,
With gay companions laughing at his side,
And listening unto him whom all did love!
For she had heard with pure maternal pride
How science to his gaze unfolded wide
Her everlasting gates—but as he trod
The Temple's inner shrine, he sank and died—
And all of him that hath not gone to God
Within her loving clasp lies senseless on the clod.

With tottering steps she to the window goes.
Oh! what a glorious burst of light is there!
Rejoicing in his course the river flows,
And 'neath its coronet of dark-blue air
The stately Elm-grove rises fresh and fair,
Blest in the dewy silence of the skies!
She looks one moment—then in blind despair
Turns to the coffin where her Henry lies—
The green earth laughs in vain before his closed eyes!

The Old Man now hath no more tears to shed—
Wasted are all his groans so long and deep—
He looks as if he cared not for the dead!
Or thought his Son would soon awake from sleep.
An agony there is that cannot weep,
That glares not on the visage, but is borne
Within the ruin'd spirits' dungeon-keep,
In darkness and in silence most forlorn,
Hugging the grave-like gloom, nor wishing for the

Lo! suddenly he starteth from his knees!
And hurrying up and down, all round the walls
Glances wild looks—and now his pale hands seize,
Just as the light on its expression falls,
Yon picture, whose untroubled face recalls
A smile for ever banish'd from the air!
«O dark! my Boy! are now thy Father's halls!
But I will hang this silent picture there,
And day and night will kneel before it in despair.»

With trembling grasp he lifts the idle gown
Worn by his Son—then closing his dim eyes,
With a convulsive start he flings it down,
Goes and returns, and loads it where it lies
With hurried kisses! Then his glance copies
A letter by that hand now icy-cold
Fill'd full of love, and home-bred sympathies;
Naming familiarly both young and old,
And blessing that sweet Home he ne'er was to behold.

And as the Father lays his wither'd hand
Upon a book whose leaves are idly spread:
Gone—gone is he who well could understand
The kingly language of the mighty dead!
—There lies the flute that oft at twilight shed
Airs that beguiled the old man of his tears;
But cold the master's touch—his skill is fled,
And all his innocent life at once appears
Like some sweet lovely tune that charm'd in other years.

But now the door is open'd soft and slow.
The hour is come, and all the mourners wait
With heads uncover'd in the courts below!
Stunn'd are the parents with these words of fate,
And bow their heads low down beneath the weight
Of that soul-sickening moment of despair!
Grief cometh deadly when it cometh late,
And wild a Fury's hand delights to tear
From Eld's deep-furrow'd front the thin and hoary hair.

His eyes are open, and with tearless gloam
Fix'd on the coffin! but they see it not,
Like haunted Gulls blind-walking in a dream,
With soul intent on its own secret blot.
The coffin moves!—yet rooted to the spot,
He sees it borne away, with vacant eyes,
Unconscious what it means! hath even forgot
The name of Her who in a death-fit lies,—
His heart is turn'd to stone, nor heeds who lives or dies!

Lo! as the Pall comes forth into the light
And a chill shudder thrills the weeping crowd!
There is it 'mid the sunshine black as night!
And as to disappear—a passing cloud!
Grief no longer bear—but bursts aloud!
Youth, manhood, age, one common nature sways;
And hoary heads across the pall are bowed
Near burnish'd locks where youthful beauty plays—
For all alike did love the Form that there decays!

List! list! a doleful dirge—a wild death-song! —
The coffin is placed upon its bier,
And through the echoing cloisters borne along!
—How touching those young voices thus to hear

Singing of sorrow, and of mortal fear
To their glad innocence ■ yet unknown!
Singing they weep—but transient every tear,
Nor may their spirits understand the groan
That age ■ manhood pours above the funeral-stone.

Waileth more dolefully that passing psalm,
At every step they take towards the cell
That calls the coffin to eternal calm!
At each swing of the melancholy bell
More loud the sighing and the sobbing swell,
More ghostly paleness whitens every face!
Slow the procession moves—slow tolls that knell—
But yet the funeral at that solemn pace
Alas! too ■ will reach its final resting-place.

How Vernon loved to walk this cloister'd shade
In silent musings, far into the night!
When o'er that Tower the rising Moon display'd
Not purer than his soul her cloudless light.
Still ■ his lamp-lit window burning bright,
A little earthly star that shone most sweet
To those in heaven—but now extinguish'd quite—
—Fast-chain'd are now those nightly-wand'ring feet
In bonds that none may burst—folds of the winding-sheet.

Wide is the chapel-gate, and entereth slow
With all its floating pomp that sable pall!
Silent as in a dream the funeral show
(For grief hath breathed one spirit into all)
Is ranged at once along the gloomy wall!
Ah me! what mournful lights athwart the gloom,
From yonder richly-pictured window fall!
And with a transitory smile illumine
The dim-discover'd depth of that damp breathless tomb.

All hearts turn shuddering from that gulf profound,
And momentary solace vainly seek
In gazing on the solemn objects round!
Those pictured saints with eyes uplifted meek
To the still heavens, how silently they speak
Of faith untroubled, sanctity divine—
While on the paleness of each placid cheek
We seem to see a holy lustre shine
O'er mortal beauty breathed from ■ immortal shrine!

What though beneath our feet the earthly mould
Of virtue, beauty, youth, and genius lie
In grim decay! Yet round us ■ behold
The cheering emblems of eternity.
What voice divine is theirs! If soul may die,
And nought its perishable glory save,
Unto yon marble face that to the sky
Looks up with humble hope, what feeling gave
Those smiles that speak of heaven, though kindling o'er
■ grave!

O holy image of the Son of God!
Bearing his cross up toilsome Calvary!
Was that stern path for sinful mortals trod?
—Methinks from that calm cheek, and pitying eye
Uplifted to that grim and wrathful sky,
(Dim for ■ sakes with a celestial tear)
Falls a sweet smile where Vernon's relics lie
In mortal stillness on the unmoving bier!
Seeming the bright spring-morn of heaven's eternal year.

■ Altar Piece.

—Down, down within oblivion's darksome brink
With lingering motion, as if every hand
Were loth to let the mournful burden sink,
The coffin disappears! The weeping band,
All round that gulf one little moment stand
In mute and black dismay—and scarcely know
What dire event has happen'd! the loose sand
From the vault-stone with dull drop sounds below,—
The grave's low hollow voice hath told the tale of woe!

Look for the last time down that cold damp gloom;
Of those bright letters take ■ farewell sight!
—Down falls the vault-stone on the yawning tomb,
And all below is sunk in sudden night!
Now is the chapel-aisle with sunshine bright,
The upper world is glad, and fresh and fair,
But that black ■ repels the dancing light,—
The beams of heaven must never enter there,
Where by the mould'ring corpse in darkness sits Despair.

Where now those tears, smiles, motions, looks and tones,
That made our Vernon in his pride of place
So glorious and ■ fair! these sullen stones,
Like ■ frozen sea, lie o'er that beauteous face!
Soon will there be no solitary trace
Of him, his joys, his sadness, or his mirth!
Even now grows dim the memory of that grace
That halo-like shone round the soul of worth!
All fading like a dream! all vanishing from earth.

Where now the fancies wild—the thoughts benign
That raised his soul and purified his heart!
Where now have fled those impulses divine
That taught that gifted youth the Poet's art,
Stealing at midnight with a thrilling start
Into his spirit, wakeful with the pain
Of that mysterious joy! In darkness part
All the bright hopes, that in ■ glorious train
Lay round his soul, like clouds that hail the morning's
reign!

Ah me! can sorrow such fair image bring
Before a mourner's eyes! Methinks I see,
Laden with all the glories of the spring,
Balm, brightness, music, a resplendent tree,
Waving its blossom'd branches gloriously
Over a sunny garden of delight!
A cold north-wind comes wrathful from the sea,
And there at dawn of day a rueful sight!
As winter brown and sere, the glory once ■ bright.

I look into the mist of future years,
And gather comfort from the eternal law
That yields up manhood to ■ host of fears,
To blinded passion, and bewildering awe!
Th' exulting soul of Vernon never ■
Hope's ghastly visage by Truth laugh'd to scorn;
Imagination had not paused ■ draw
The gorgeous curtains of Life's sunny morn,
Nor show'd the ■ behind so dismal and forlorn.

To thee, my Friend! as to a shining star
Through the blue depths a cloudless course ■ given;
There smiled thy soul, from earthly vapours far,
Serenely sparkling in its native heaven!

No clouds at last were o'er its beauty driven—
But ■ aloft it burn'd reaptly,—
At once it faded from the face of even,
As oft before the nightly wanderer's eye
A star ■ which he gazed drops sudden from the sky!

Who ■ ■ break my dreams? The chapel-door
Is opening slow, and that old Man appears
With his long floating locks so silvery-hoar!
His frame is crouching, ■ if twenty years
Had pass'd in one short day! There are no tears
On his wan wrinkled face, or hollow eyes!
At last with pain his humbled head he rears,
And asks, while not one grief-choked voice replies,
• Show me the very stone 'neath which my Henry lies! »

He sees the scatter'd dust—and down he falls
Upon that pavement with a shuddering groan—
And with ■ faltering broken voice he calls
By that dear name upon his buried Son.
Then dumb he lies! and ■ and ■
Fixes his eye-balls with ■ ghastly glow
On the damp blackness of that hideous stone,
As if he look'd it through, and ■ below
The dead face looking up ■ white ■ frozen snow!

O gently make way for that Lady fair!
How calm she walks along the solemn aisle!
Beneath the sad grace of that braided hair,
How still her brow! and what a holy smile!
One start she gives—and stops a little while,
When bow'd by grief her husband's frame appears,
With reverend locks which the hard stones defile!
Then with the only voice that mourner hears,
Lifts up his hoary head and bathes it in her tears!

At last the funeral party melts away,
And as I look up from the chapel-floor,
No living object can my eyes survey,
Save these two childless Parents at the door,
Flinging back a wild farewell—then seen no more!
And now I hear my own slow footsteps sound
Along the echoing aisle—that tread is o'er—
And as with blinded eyes I turn ■ round,
The Sexton shuts the gate that stuns with thundering
sound!

How fresh and cheerful laughs the open air
To one who has been standing by ■ tomb!
And yet the beauty that is glistening there
Flings back th' unwilling soul into the gloom.
We turn from walls which dancing rays illumine
Unto the darkness where we lately stood,
And still the image of that narrow ■
Beneath the sunshine chills our very blood,
With the damp breathless air of mortal solitude.

O band of rosy children shouting loud,
With Morris-dance in honour of the May!
Restrain that laughter, ye delighted crowd,
Let one sad hour disturb your holiday.
Ye drop your flowers, and wonder who are they
With garb ■ black and cheeks of deadly hue!
With one consent then rush again to play,
For what hath Sadness, Sorrow, Death to do,
Beneath that sunny sky with that light-hearted crew!

And ■ the Parents have left far behind
The gorgeous City with its groves and bowers,
The funeral toll pursues them on the wind,
And looking back, ■ cloud of thunder lowers
In mortal darkness o'er the shining towers,
That glance like fire at every sunny gleam!
Within that glorious scene, what hideous hours
Dragg'd their dire length! tower, palace, temple swim,
Before their wilder'd brain—a grand but dreadful dream!

Say who will greet them at their Castle-gate?
A silent line in sable garb array'd,
The ancient servants of the House will wait!
Up ■ those woe-worn visages afraid
To ■ their gaze! while on the tower display'd,
A rueful scutcheon meets the Father's eye,
Hung out by death when beauty had decay'd,
And sending far into the sunless sky
The mortal gloom that shrouds its dark emblazonry.

Oh! black as death yon pine-grove ■ the hill!
Yon waterfall hath now ■ dismal roar!
Why is that little lake ■ sadly still,
So dim the flowers and trees along the shore!
'T is ■ in vernal sunshine to restore
Their faded beauty, for the source of light
That warm'd the primrose-bank doth flow no more!
Vain Nature's power! for unto Sorrow's sight
No dewy flower is fair, no blossomy tree is bright.

—Five years have travell'd by—since side by side
That aged pair were laid in holy ground!
With them the very name of Vernon died,
And now it seemeth like an alien sound,
Where once it shed bright smiles and blessings round!
Another race dwell in that ancient Hall,
Nor one memorial of that youth is found
Save his sweet Picture—now unknown to all
That smiles, and long will smile neglected ■ the wall.

But ■ forgotten in that lofty clime,
Where star-like once thy radiant spirit shone,
Art thou, my Vernon! 'mid those courts sublime
The mournful music of thy name is known.
Oxford still glories in her gifted Son,
And grey-hair'd men who speak of days gone by
Recount what noble palms by him were won,
Describe his step, his mien, his voice, his eye,
Till tears will oft rush in to close his eulogy.

In the dim silence of the Chapel-aisle
His Image stands! with pale but life-like face!
The cold white marble breathes a heavenly smile,
The still locks cluster with ■ mournful grace.
O ne'er may time that beauteous bust deface!
There may it smile through ages far away,
On those, who, walking through that holy place,
A moment pause that Image to survey,
And read with soften'd soul the monumental lay.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,

That stray along thy forehead fair,
 Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
 Oh! can that light and airy breath
 Steal from ■ being doom'd ■ death;
 Those features to the grave be sent
 In sleep thus mutely eloquent;
 Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
 The phantom of ■ blessed dream?
 A human shape I feel thou art,
 I feel it, at my beating heart,
 Those tremors both of soul and ■
 Awoke by infant innocence!
 Though dear the forms by fancy wove,
 We love them with ■ transient love;
 Thoughts from the living world intrude
 Even on her deepest solitude:
 But, lovely child! thy magic stole
 At ■ into my inmost soul,
 With feelings as thy beauty fair,
 And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown;
 Glad would they be their child to own!
 And well they ■ have loved before,
 If since thy birth they loved not ■
 Thou art ■ branch of noble stem,
 And, seeing thee, I figure them.
 What many a childless ■ would give,
 If thou in their still home wouldst live!
 Though in thy face no family-line
 Might sweetly say, "This babe is mine!"
 In time thou wouldst become the same
 As their own child,—all but the name!

How happy must thy parents be
 Who daily live in sight of thee!
 Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek
 Than ■ thee smile, and hear thee speak,
 And ■ all natural griefs beguiled
 By thee, their fond, their duteous child.
 What joy must in their souls have stirr'd
 When thy first broken words were heard,
 Words, that, inspired by Heaven, express'd
 The transports dancing in thy breast!
 As for thy smile!—thy lip, cheek, brow,
 Even while I gaze, ■ kindling now.

I call'd thee duteous; ■ I wrong?
 No! truth, I feel, is in my song:
 Duteous thy heart's still beatings ■
 To God, to Nature, and ■ Love!
 To God!—for thou ■ harmless child
 Hast kept his temple undefiled:
 To Nature!—for thy tears and sighs
 Obey alone her mysteries:
 To Love!—for fiends of hate might see
 Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee!
 What wonder then, though in thy dreams
 Thy face with mystic meaning beams!

Oh! that my spirit's eye could ■
 Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
 That light of dreaming soul appears
 To play from thoughts above thy years.
 Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring
 To Heaven, and Heaven's God adoring!

And who can tell what visions high
 May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
 What brighter throne ■ brightness find
 To reign on than an infant's mind,
 Ere sin destroy, ■ error dim,
 The glory of the Seraphim?

But now thy changing smiles express
 Intelligible happiness:
 I feel my soul thy soul partake.
 What grief! if thou shouldst ■ awake!
 With infants happy ■ thyself
 I see thee bound, a playful elf:
 I see thou art a darling child
 Among thy playmates, bold and wild.
 They love thee well; thou art the queen
 Of all their sports, in bower ■ green;
 And if thou livest to woman's height,
 In thee will friendship, love delight.

And live thou surely must; thy life
 Is far too spiritual for the strife
 Of mortal pain, nor could disease
 Find heart to prey on smiles like these.
 Oh! thou wilt be an angel bright!
 To those thou lovest, a saving light!
 The staff of age, the help sublime,
 Of erring youth, and stubborn prime;
 And when thou goest to Heaven again,
 Thy vanishing be like the strain
 Of airy harp, ■ soft the tone
 The ear scarce knows when it is gone!

Thrice blessed he! whose stars design
 His spirit pure to lean on thine;
 And watchful share, for days and years,
 Thy sorrows, joys, sighs, smiles, and tears!
 For good and guiltless ■ thou art,
 Some transient griefs will touch thy heart;
 Griefs that along thy alter'd face
 Will breathe a ■ subduing grace,
 Than ev'n those looks of joy that lie
 On the soft cheek of infancy.
 Though looks, God knows, are cradled there
 That guilt might cleanse, or soothe despair.

O vision fair! that I could be
 Again, as young, ■ pure as thee!
 Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
 May view, but cannot brave the storm;
 Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
 That paint the bird of paradise,
 And years, so fate hath order'd, roll
 Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.
 Yet, sometimes, sudden sights of grace,
 Such ■ the gladness of thy face,
 O sinless babe! by God are given
 To charm the wanderer back to Heaven.

No ■ impulse hath me led
 To this green spot, thy quiet bed,
 Where, by ■ gladness overcome,
 In sleep thou dreamest of thy home.
 When to the lake I would have gone,
 A wondrous beauty drew me on,

Such beauty ■ the spirit ■
 ■ glittering fields, and moveless trees,
 After a warm and silent shower,
 Ere falls on earth the twilight hour.
 What led me hither, all ■ say,
 Who, knowing God, his will obey.

Thy slumbers now cannot be long:
 Thy little dreams become too strong
 For sleep—too like realities:
 Soon shall I see those hidden eyes!
 Thou wakest, and, starting from the ground,
 In dear amazement look'st around;
 Like one who, little given to roam,
 Wonders ■ find herself from home!
 But when a stranger meets thy view,
 Glistens thine eye with wilder hue:
 A moment's thought who I may be,
 Blends with thy smiles of courtesy.

Fair was that face as break of dawn,
 When o'er its beauty sleep ■ drawn,
 Like a thin veil that half-conceal'd
 The light of soul, and half-reveal'd.
 While thy hush'd heart with visions wrought,
 Each trembling eye-lash moved with thought,
 And things ■ dream, but ne'er can speak,
 Like clouds ■ floating o'er thy cheek,
 Such summer-clouds ■ travel light,
 When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright;
 Till thou awokest,—then ■ thine eye
 Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy!

And lovely is that heart of thine,
 Or ■ these eyes could never shine
 With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
 Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!
 Nature has breathed into thy face
 A spirit of unconscious grace;
 A spirit that lies never still,
 And makes thee joyous 'gainst thy will.
 As, sometimes o'er a sleeping lake
 Soft airs a gentle rippling make,
 Till, ere we know, the strangers fly,
 And water blends again with sky.

O happy sprites! didst thou but know
 What pleasures through my being flow
 From thy soft eyes, ■ holier feeling
 From their blue light could ne'er be stealing,
 But thou wouldst be ■ loth to part,
 And give me more of that glad heart!
 Oh! gone thou art! and hearest hence
 The glory of thy innocence.
 But with deep joy I breathe ■ air
 That kiss'd thy cheek, and fam'd thy hair;
 And feel though fate our lives must sever,
 Yet shall thy image live for ever!

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER,

■ ■ ■ FOREST ■ DALNESS, GLEN-ETIVE, ARGYLLSHIRE.

Magnificent Creature! ■ stately and bright!
 In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
 For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
 Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head;

Or borne like ■ whirlwind down on the vale!—
 Hail! King of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
 —Hail! Idol divine!—whom Nature hath borne
 O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
 Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and
 moor,

As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore;
 For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free
 Are spread in ■ garment of glory o'er thee.

Up! up to yon cliff! like a King to his throne!
 O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
 A throne which the Eagle is glad ■ resign
 Unto footsteps ■ fleet and ■ fearless ■ thine.
 There the bright heather springs up in love of thy
 breast—

Lo! the clouds in the depth of the sky ■ at rest;
 And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
 In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers lie still—
 Though your branches ■ ■ in the storm of delight,
 Like the ■ of the pine on yon shelterless height.
 One moment—thou bright Apparition!—delay!
 Then melt o'er the crags, like the ■ from the day.

Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,
 The wild spirit hung in majestic mirth:
 In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss,
 O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss;
 O'er the grim rocks carcering with prosperous motion,
 Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the ocean!
 Then proudly he turn'd ere he sank to the dell,
 And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell,
 While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,
 Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

The ship of the desert hath pass'd on the wind,
 And left the dark ocean of mountains behind!
 But my spirit will travel wherever she flee,
 And behold her in pomp o'er the rim of the sea—
 Her voyage pursue—till her anchor be cast
 In some cliff-girdled haven of beauty at last.

What lonely magnificence stretches around!
 Each sight how sublime! and how awful each sound!
 All hush'd and serene, ■ ■ region of dreams,
 The mountains repose 'mid the roar of the streams,
 Their glens of black umbrage by cataracts riven,
 But calm their blue tops in the beauty of Heaven.
 Here the glory of nature hath nothing to fear.
 —Aye! Time the destroyer in power hath been here;
 And the forest that hung on yon mountain so high,
 Like a black thunder cloud ■ the arch of the sky,
 Hath gone, like that cloud, when the tempest ■ by.
 Deep sunk in the black moor, all ■ and decay'd,
 Where the floods have been raging, the limbs ■ display'd
 Of the Pine-tree and Oak sleeping vast in the gloom,
 The kings of the forest disturb'd in their tomb.

E'en now, in the pomp of their prime, I behold
 O'erhanging the desert the forests of old!
 So gorgeous their verdure, ■ solemn their shade,
 Like the heavens above them, they never may fade.
 The sunlight is on them—in silence they sleep—
 A glimmering glow, like the breast of the deep,
 When the billows ■ heave in the calmness of morn.
 —Down the pass of Glen-Etive the tempest is borne,

And the hill side is swinging, and ■■■ with a sound
In the heart of the forest embosom'd profound;
Till all in a moment the tumult is o'er,
And the mountain of thunder is still as the shore
When the sea is at ebb; not a leaf nor a breath
To disturb the wild solitude, steadfast ■ death.

From his eyrie the eagle hath soar'd with a scream,
And I wake on the edge of the cliff from my dream;
—Where ■ is the light of thy far-beaming brow?
Fleet son of the wilderness! where art thou now?
—Again o'er yon crag thou return'st to my sight,
Like the horns of the ■ from a cloud of the night!
Serene on thy travel—as soul in a dream—
Thou needest ■ bridge o'er the rush of the stream.
With thy presence the pine-grove is fill'd, as with light,
And the caves, ■ thou passest, one moment are bright.
Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on the rock
'Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's shock,
Thou fling'st thy bold beauty, exulting and free,
O'er a pit of grim blackness, that roars like the sea.

His voyage is o'er!—As if struck by a spell
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell,
There softly and slowly sinks down ■ his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamour'd of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chain'd to ■ sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven!

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee!
Magnificent prison enclosing the free!
With rock-wall encircled—with precipice crown'd—
Which, awake by the sun, thou can'st clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather kind Nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;
And close ■ that covert, as clear ■ the skies
When their blue depths ■ cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold
Looking up through the radiance, ■ bright and as
bold!

How lonesome! how wild! yet the wildness is rife
With the stir of enjoyment—the spirit of life.
The glad fish leaps up in the heart of the lake,
Whose depths, at the sullen plunge, sullenly quake!
Elate ■ the fern-branch the grasshopper sings,
And away in the midst of his roundelay springs;
'Mid the flowers of the heath, not ■ bright than
himself,

The wild-bee is busy, a musical elf—
Then starts from his labour, unwearied and gay,
And circling the antlers, booms far far away.
While high up the mountains, in silence remote,
The cuckoo unseen is repeating his note,
And mellowing Echo, on watch in the skies,
Like a voice from some loftier climate replies.
With wide-branching antlers, a guard to his breast,
There lies the wild Creature, even stately in rest!
'Mid the grandeur of nature, composed and serene,
And proud in his heart of the mountainous scene,
He lifts his calm eye to the eagle and raven,
At ■ sinking down ■ smooth wings to their haven,
As if in his soul the bold Animal smiled
To his friends of the sky, the joint-heirs of the wild.

Yes! fierce looks thy nature, ev'n hush'd in repose—
In the depth of thy desert regardless of foes.
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar
With a haughty defiance to come to the war!
No outrage is war to a creature like thee!
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck ■ the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
■ the beams of thy forehead that glitter with death,
■ feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,—
In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar,—
In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more,—
Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign!
—But what if the stag ■ the mountain be slain?
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth ■ bay
Like a victor that falls ■ the close of the day—
While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurn'd from his furious feet:
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.
High life of a hunter! he meets on the hill
The new waken'd daylight, so bright and ■ still;
And feels, as the clouds of the morning unroll,
The silence, the splendour, ennoble his soul.
'T is his o'er the mountains to stalk like a ghost,
Enshrouded with mist, in which nature is lost,
Till he lifts up his eyes, and flood, valley, and height,
In one moment all swim in ■ ocean of light;
While the sun, like a glorious banner unfurl'd,
Seems to wave o'er a new, more magnificent world.
'T is his—by the mouth of some cavern his seat—
The lightning of heaven to hold at his feet,
While the thunder below him that grows from the
cloud,

To him comes on echo more awfully loud.
When the clear depth of noon-tide, with glittering
motion,
O'erflows the lone glens—an aerial ocean—
When the earth and the heavens, in union profound,
Lie blended in beauty that knows not a sound—
As his eyes in the sunshiny solitude close
'Neath a rock of the desert in dreaming repose,
He sees, in his slumbers, such visions of old
As his wild Gaelic songs to his infancy told;
O'er the mountains a thousand plumed hunters are borne,
And he starts from his dream at the blast of the horn.
Yes! child of the desert! lit quarry were thou
For the hunter that came with a ■ on his brow,—
By princes attended with ■ and spear,
In their white-tented camp, for the warfare of deer.
In splendour the ■ the green summit stood,
And brightly they shone from the glade in the wood,
And, silently built by a magical spell,
The pyramid ■ in the depth of the dell.
All mute was the palace of Lochy that day,
When the king and his nobles—a gallant array—
To Gleno or Glen-Etive came forth in their pride,
And a hundred fierce stags in their solitude died.
Not lonely and single they pass'd o'er the height—
But thousands swept by in their hurricane-flight;
And bow'd to the dust in their trampling tread
Was the plumage ■ many a warrior's head.
—« Fall down ■ your faces!—the herd is ■ hand! »
—And onwards they ■ like the ■ o'er the sand;
Like the snow from the mountain when loosen'd by rain,
And rolling along with a crash to the plain;

Like a thunder-split oak-tree, that falls in one shock
 With his hundred wide _____ from the top of the rock,
 Like the voice of the sky, when the black cloud is near,
 So sudden, a loud came the tempest of Deer.
 Wild mirth of the desert! fit pastime for kings!
 Which still the rude Bard in his solitude sings.
 Oh! reign of manificence! vanish'd for ever!
 Like music dried up in the bed of a river
 Whose course hath been changed! yet my soul can survey
 The clear cloudless morn of that glorious day.
 Yes! the wide silent forest is loud as of yore,
 And the far-ebbed grandeur rolls back to the shore.

I wake from my trance!—lo! the sun is declining!
 And the Black-mountain afar in his lustre is shining,
 —One soft golden gleam _____ the twilight prevail!
 Then down let me sink to the cot in the dale,
 Where sings the fair maid _____ the viol _____ sweet,
 Or the floor is alive with her white twinkling feet.
 Down, down like a bird to the depth of the dell!
 —Vanish'd creature! I bid thy fair image farewell!

A LAY OF FAIRY LAND.

It is upon the Sabbath-day at rising of the sun,
 That to Glenmore's black forest-side a Shepherdess hath
 _____ gone,
 From eagle and from _____ guard her little flock,
 And read her Bible as she sits on greensward or _____ rock.

Her widow-mother wept to hear her whisper'd prayer so
 _____ sweet,
 Then through the silence bless'd the sound of her soft
 _____ parting feet;
 And thought, "while thou art praising God amid the
 hills so calm,
 Far off this broken voice, my child! will join the morn-
 ing psalm."

So down upon her rushy couch her moisten'd cheek
 she laid,
 And away into the morning hush is flown her Highland
 Maid;
 In heaven the _____ are all bedimm'd, but in its dewy
 mirth
 A _____ more beautiful _____ they is shining _____ the earth.

—In the deep mountain-hollow the dreamy day is done,
 For close the peace of Sabbath brings the rise and set
 of sun;
 The mother through her lonely door looks forth unto
 the green,
 Yet the shadow of her Shepherdess is _____ where to be
 seen.

Within her loving bosom, stirs _____ faint thro' of fear—
 "Oh! why _____ late!" _____ footstep—and she knows her
 child is near;
 So out into the evening the gladden'd mother goes,
 And between her and the crimson light her daughter's
 beauty glows.

The heather-balm is fragrant—the heather-bloom is
 fair,
 But 't is neither heather-balm _____ bloom that wreathes
 round Mhairi's hair;

Round her white brows so innocent, and her blue
 quiet eyes,
 That look out bright, in smiling light, beneath the
 flowery dyes.

These flowers, by far too beautiful among our hills to
 grow.

These gem-crown'd stalks, too tender _____ bear one flake
 of snow:

_____ all the glens of Caledon could yield _____ bright a
 hand,

That in its lustre breathes and blooms of some warm
 foreign land.

• The hawk hath long been sleeping upon the pillar-
 stone,

And what hath kept my Mhairi in the moorlands all
 alone?

And where got she those lovely flowers mine old eyes
 dimly see?

Where'er they grew, it must have been upon a lovely
 tree.

• Sit down beneath our elder-shade, and I my tale will
 tell.—

And speaking, on her mother's lap the wondrous chap-
 let fell;

It seem'd as if its blissful breath did her worn heart
 restore,

Till the faded eyes of age did beam _____ they had beam'd
 of yore.

• The day was something dim—but the gracious _____
 shine fell

On me, and on my sheep and lambs, and our own little
 dell;

Some lay down in the warmth, and some began to feed,
 And I took out the Holy Book, and thereupon did read.

• And while that I was reading of Him who for us died,
 And blood and water shed for _____ from out his blessed
 side,

An angel's voice above my head came singing o'er
 and o'er,

_____ Abernethy-wood it sank, now _____ in dark Glenmore.

• 'Mid lonely hills, _____ Sabbath, all by myself, to hear
 That voice, unto my beating heart did bring a joyful fear;
 For well I knew the wild song that waver'd o'er my head,
 _____ be from _____ celestial thing, or from the happy
 dead.

• I look'd up from my Bible—and lo! before _____ stood,
 In her green graceful garments, the Lady of the Wood;
 Silent she was and motionless, but when her eyes met
 mine,

I knew she came to do _____ good, her smile _____ so divine.

• She laid her hand as soft _____ light upon your daughter's
 hair,

And up that white arm flow'd my heart into her bosom
 fair;

And all _____ I loved her well as she my mate had been,
 Though she had come from Fairy-Land, and _____ the
 Fairy-Queen.

Then started Mhairi's mother ■ that wild word of fear,
For a daughter had been lost to her for many a hopeless
year;
The child had gone at sunrise among the hills to roam,
But many ■ sunset since had been, and ■ hath brought
her home.

Some thought that Fhaum, the Savage shape that on the
mountain dwells,
Had somewhere left her lying dead among the heather-
bells,
And others said the River red had caught her in her glee,
And her fair body swept unseen into the unseen Sea.

But thoughts come ■ a mother's breast a mother only
knows,
And grief, although it ■ dies, in fancy finds repose;
By day she feels the dismal truth that death has ta'en
her child,
At night she hears her singing still and dancing o'er the
wild.

And then her Country's legends lend all their lovely faith,
Till sleep reveals a silent land, but not a land of death—
Where, happy in her innocence, her living child doth play
With those fair Elves that wafted her from her ■
world away.

• Look not so mournful mother! 't is not a Tale of woe—
The Fairy-Queen stoop'd down and left a kiss upon my
brow,
And faster than mine own two doves e'er stoop'd unto
my hand,
Our flight was through the ether—then we dropt ■
Fairy-Land.

• Along a river-side that ran wide-winding thro' a wood,
We walked, the Fairy-Queen and I, in loving solitude;
And there serenely on the trees, in all their rich attire,
Sat created birds whose plumage seem'd to burn with
harmless fire.

• No sound was in ■ steps,—as ■ the ether mute—
For the velvet ■ lay greenly deep beneath the gliding
foot,
Till ■ came to a Waterfall, and 'mid the Rainbows there
The Mermaids and the Fairies played in Water and in Air.

« And ■ there ■ sweet singing, for it at once did
breathe
From all the Woods and Waters, and from the Caves be-
neath,
But when those happy creatures beheld their lovely
Queen,
The music died away at once, ■ if it ne'er had been,—

• And hovering in the Rainbow, and floating ■ the Wave,
Each little head so beautiful ■ show of homage gave,
And bending down bright lengths of hair that glisten'd
in its dew,
Seem'd ■ the Sun ten thousand rays against the Water
threw.

• Soft the music rose again—but ■ left it far behind,
Though strains o'ertook ■ and then, on some small
breath of wind;

Our guide into that brightning bliss ■ aye ■
brightning stream,
■ lo! a Palace silently unfolded like a dream.

• Then thought I of the lovely tales, and music lovelier
still,
My elder sister used to sing at evening ■ the lull,
When I was but a little child too young ■ watch the
sheep,
And on her kind knees laid my head in very joy to sleep.

• Tales of the silent people, and their green silent Land!
—But the gates of that bright Palace did suddenly expand,
And fill'd with green-robed Fairies was seen an ample
hall,
Where she who held my hand in hers ■ the loveliest
of them all.

• Round her in happy heavings, flow'd that bright glis-
tering crowd,
Yet though a thousand voices hailed, the murmur was
not loud,
And o'er their plumed and flowery heads there sang ■
whispering breeze,
When, as before their Queen, all sank down slowly on
their knees.

« Then, » said the Queen, « seven years to-day since mine
own infant's birth—
And we must send her Nourice this evening back to earth;
Though sweet her home beneath the sun—far other
home than this—
So I have brought her sister small, to see her in her bliss.

« Lohana! bind thy frontlet upon my Mhairi's brow,
That she ■ earth may show the flowers that in ■ gar-
dens grow. »
And from the heavenly odours breathed around my
head I knew
How delicate must be their shape, how beautiful their hue!

• Then near and nearer still ■ heard small peals of
laughter sweet,
And the infant Fay came dancing in with her white-
twinkling feet,
While in green rows the smiling Elves fell back on either
side,
And up that avenue the Fay did like a sun-beam glide.

• But who came then into the Hall? One long since
mourn'd ■ dead!
Oh! never had the mould been strewn o'er such ■ star-
like head!
On ■ alone she pour'd her voice, on me alone her eyes,
And, ■ she gazed, I thought upon the deep-blue cloud-
less skies.

• Well knew I my fair sister! and her unforgotten face!
Strange meeting one ■ beautiful in that bewildering
place!
And like two solitary rills that by themselves flowed on,
And had been long divided—we melted into one.

• When that the shower was all wept out of our delight-
ful tears,
And love rose in ■ hearts that had been buried there
for years,

You well may think another shower straightway began
to fall,
Even for our mother and our home to leave that heavenly
Hall!

• I may not tell the sobbing and weeping that was there,
And how the mortal Nourice left her Fairy in despair,
But promised, duly every year, to visit the sad child,
As soon ■ by our forest-side the first pale primrose smiled.

• While they two were embracing, the Palace it was gone,
And I and my dear sister stood by the Great Burial-stone;
While both of ■ our river ■ in twilight glimmering by,
And knew at once the dark Cairngorm in his own silent
sky.

The Child hath long been speaking ■ ■ who may not
hear,
For a deadly Joy came suddenly upon a deadly Fear,
And though the Mother fell not down, she lay ■ Mhairi's
breast,
And her face ■ white ■ that of one whose soul has
gone to rest.

She sits beneath the Elder-shade in that long mortal
swoon,
And piteously ■ her wan cheek looks down the gentle
Moon;
And when her ■ are restored, whom sees she at her
side,
But Her believed in childhood to have wandered off and
died!

In these small hands, ■ lily-white, is water from the
spring,
And a grateful coolness drops from it ■ from an angel's
wing,
And ■ her Mother's pale lips her rosy lips are laid,
While these long soft eye-lashes drop tears on her hoary
head.

She stirs not in her Child's embrace, but yields her old
grey hairs
Unto the heavenly dew of tears, the heavenly breath of
prayers—
No voice hath she to bless her child, till that strong fit
go by,
But gazeth on the long-lost face, and then upon the sky.

The Sabbath-morn was beautiful—and the long Sab-
bath-day—
The Evening-star rose beautiful when day-light died
away;
Morn, day, and twilight, this lone Glen flow'd over with
delight,
But the fulness of all mortal Joy hath bless'd the Sab-
bath-night.

A CHURCH-YARD SCENE.

How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With reverend steps, from stone to stone
In ■ small village church-yard lying,
O'er intervening flowers to move!
And ■ we read the ■ unknown
Of young and old to judgment gone,

And hear in the calm air above
Time onwards softly flying,
To meditate, in Christian love,
Upon the dead and dying!
Across the silence seem to go
With dream-like motion, wavering, slow,
And shrouded in their folds of snow,
The friends we loved long long ago!
Gliding across the sad retreat,
How beautiful their phantom-feet!
What tenderness is in their eyes,
Turn'd where the poor survivor lies
'Mid monitory sanctities!
What years of vanish'd joy are fann'd
From one uplifting of that hand
In its white stillness! when the Shade
Doth glimmeringly in sunshine fade
From our embrace, how dim appears
This world's life through a mist of tears!
Vain hopes! blind sorrows! needless fears!

Such is the scene around me now:
A little Church-yard on the brow
Of a green pastoral hill;
Its sylvan village sleeps below,
And faintly here is heard the flow
Of Woodburn's summer rill;
A place where all things mournful meet,
And yet the sweetest of the sweet,
The stillest of the still!
With what a pensive beauty fall
Across the mossy mouldering wall
That rose-tree's cluster'd arches! See
The robin-redbreast warily,
Bright, through the blossoms, leaves his nest:
Sweet ingrate! through the winter blest
At the firesides of men—but shy
Through all the sunny summer hours,
He hides himself among the flowers
In his own wild festivity.
What lulling sound, and shadow cool
Hangs half the darken'd church-yard o'er,
From thy green depths so beautiful,
Thou gorgeous sycamore!
Oft hath the holy wine and bread
Been blest beneath thy murmuring tent,
Where many a bright and hoary head
Bow'd at that awful sacrament.
Now all beneath the turf are laid
On which they sat, and sang, and pray'd.
Above that consecrated tree
Ascends the tapering spire that seems
To lift the soul up silently
To heaven with all its dreams,
While in the belfrey, deep and low,
From his heaved bosom's purple gleams
The dove's continuous murmurs flow,
■ dirge-like song, half bliss, half woe,
The voice so lonely seems!

THE WIDOW.

The courtly hall is gleaming bright
With fashion's graceful throng—
All hearts ■ chain'd in still delight,
For like the heaven-borne voice of night

Breathes Handel's sacred song.
Nor on my spirit melts in vain
The deep—the wild—the mournful strain
That fills the echoing hall
(Though many a callous soul be there)
With sighs, and soba, and cherish'd pain—
While on a face, a Seraph's fair,
Mine eyes in sadness fall.

Not those the tears that smiling flow
As fancied sorrow bleeds,
Like dew upon the rose's glow;
—That Lady 'mid the glittering show
Is clothed in widows' weeds,
She sits in reverie profound,
And drinks and lives upon the sound,
As if she ne'er would wake!
Her closed eyes cannot hold the tears
That tell what dreams her soul have bound—
In memory they of other years
For a dead husband's sake.

Methinks her inmost soul lies spread
Before my tearful sight—
A garden whose best flowers are dead,
A sky still fair (though darkened)
With hues of lingering light.
I see the varying feelings chase
Each other o'er her pallid face,
From shade to deepest gloom.
She thinks a living objects dear,
And pleasure lends a cheerful grace;
But oh! that look a dim and drear,
—Her heart is in the tomb.

Rivalling the tender crescent Moon,
The Star of evening shines—
A warm, still, balmy night of June,
Low-murmuring with a fitful tune
From yonder grove of pines.
In the silence of that starry sky,
Exchanging vows of constancy,
Two happy lovers stray:
—To her how sad and strange! to know,
In darkness while the phantoms fade,
That a widow'd wretch is now,
The other in the clay.

A wilder gleam disturbs her eye:
Oh! hush the deep'ning strain!
And must the youthful Warrior die?
A gorgeous funeral passes by,
The dead-march stuns her brain.
The singing voice she hears no more,
Across his grave the thunders roar!
How weeps yon gallant band
O'er him their valour could not save!
For the bayonet is red with gore,
And he, the beautiful and brave,
Now sleeps in Egypt's sand.

But far away in cloud and mist
The ghastly vision swims.
—Unto that dying cadence list!
She thinks the voices of the blest
Now chaunt their evening hymns.

O for a dove's unwearied wing,
That she might fly where angels sing
Around the judgment-seat;
That Spirit pure to kiss again,
And smile at earthly sorrowing!
Wash'd free from every mortal stain,
At Jesus' blessed feet.

How longs her spirit to recall
That prayer so vain and wild!
For, idly wandering round the Hall,
Her eyes are startled as they fall
On her own beauteous Child.
Gazing on one so good and fair,
Less mournful breathes that holy air,
And almost melts to mirth:
Pleased will she sojourn here a while,
And see, beneath her pious care,
In heaven's most gracious sunshine smile
The sweetest Flower on earth.

The song dies 'mid the silent strings,
And the Hall is now alive
With a thousand gay and fluttering things;
—The noise to her a comfort brings,
Her heart and soul revive.
With solemn pace and loving pride
She walks by her fair daughter's side,
Who views with young delight
The gaudy sparkling revelry,—
Unconscious that from far and wide
On her is turn'd each charmed eye—
The Beauty of the night!

A Spirit she! and Joy her name!
She walks upon the air;
Grace swims throughout her fragile frame,
And glistens like a lambent flame
Amid her golden hair.
Her eyes are of the heavenly blue,
A cloudless twilight bathed in dew;
The blushes on her cheek,
Like the bloom of the vernal year
That lend the virgin-snow their hue—
And oh! what pure delight to hear
The gentle Vision speak!

Yet dearer than that rosy glow
To yon cheek so wan;
Lovely I thought it long ago,
But lovelier far now blanch'd with woe
Like the breast-down of the swan.
Then worship ye the sweet—the young—
Hark! the witchcraft of her tongue,
Wild-murmuring like the lute.
On thee, O Lady! let me gaze:
Thy soul is now a lyre unstrung,
But I hear the voice of other days,
Though these pale lips be mute.

Lovely thou art! yet none may dare
That placid soul to move.
Most beautiful thy braided hair,
But awful holiness breathes there,
Unmeet for earthly love.

More touching far than deep distress
Thy smiles of languid happiness,
That like the gleams of Even
O'er thy calm cheek serenely play.
—Thus at the silent hour — bless,
Unmindful of the joyous day,
The still sad face of Heaven.

HYMN TO SPRING.

How beautiful the pastime of the Spring!
Lo! newly waking from her wintry dream,
She, like a smiling infant, timid plays
On the green margin of this sunny lake,
Fearing, by starts, the little breaking waves
(If riplings, rather known by sound than sight,
May haply so be named) that in the grass
Soon fade in murmuring mirth; now seeming proud
To venture round the edge of yon far point,
That from an eminence softly sinking down,
Doth from the wide and homeless waters shape
A scene of tender, delicate repose,
Fit haunt for thee, in thy first hours of joy,
Delightful Spring!—nor less an emblem fair,
Like thee, of beauty, innocence, and youth.

On such a day, 'mid such — — — this,
Methinks the poets who in lovely hymns
Have sung thy reign, sweet Power! and wish'd it long,
In their warm hearts conceived those eulogies
That, lending to the world inanimate
A pulse and spirit of life, for aye preserve
The sanctity of Nature, and embalm
Her fleeting spectacles in memory's cell
— spite of time's mutations. Onwards roll
The circling seasons, and as each gives birth
To dreams peculiar, yea destructive oft
Of former feelings, in oblivion's shade
Sleep the fair visions of forgotten hours.
But Nature calls the poet to her aid,
And in his lays beholds her glory live
For ever. Thus, in winter's deepest gloom,
When all is dim before the outward eye,
Nor the — catches — delightful sound,
They who have wander'd in their musing walks
With the great poets, in their spirits feel
No change on earth, but — the unalter'd woods
Laden with beauty, and inhale the song
Of birds, airs, echoes, and of vernal showers.

So hath it been with me, delightful Spring!
And now I hail thee as a friend who pays
An annual visit, yet whose image lives
From parting to return, and who is blest
Each time with blessings warmer than before.

Oh! gracious Power! for thy beloved approach
The expecting earth lay wrapt in kindling smiles,
Struggling with tears, and often overcome.
A blessing sent before thee from the heavens,
A balmy spirit breathing tenderness,
Prepared thy way, and all created things
Felt that the angel of delight was near.
Thou camest at last, and such a heavenly smile
Shone round thee, as becom'd the eldest-born

Of Nature's guardian spirits. The great Sun,
Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile,
Came forth to do thee homage: a sweet hymn
Was by the low Winds chaunted in the sky;
And when thy feet descended on the earth,
Scarce could they move amid the clustering flowers
By Nature strewn o'er valley, hill, and field,
To hail her blest deliverer!—Ye fair Trees,
How — ye changed, and changing while I gaze!
It seems as if some gleam of verdant light
Fell — you from a rainbow; but it lives
Amid your tendrils, brightening every hour
Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet Birds,
Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,
Beneath the waters, — in mossy caves?
There are, 't is said, birds that pursue the spring,
Where'er she flies, or else in death-like sleep
Abide her annual reign, when forth they come
With freshen'd plumage and enraptured song,
As ye do now, unwearied choristers!
Till the land ring with joy. Yet — ye not,
Sporting in tree and air, more beautiful
Than the young lambs, that from the valley-side
Send a soft bleating like an infant's voice,
Half happy, half afraid! O blessed things!
At sight of this your perfect innocence,
The sterner thoughts of manhood melt away
Into a mood as mild as woman's dreams.
The strife of working intellect, the stir
Of hopes ambitious; the disturbing sound
Of fame, and all that worshipp'd pageantry
That ardent spirits burn for in their pride,
Fly like departing clouds, and leave the soul
Pure and serene as the blue depths of heaven.

Now, is the time in some meek solitude
To hold communion with those innocent thoughts
That bless'd our earlier days;—to list the voice
Of Conscience murmuring from her inmost shrine,
And learn if still she sing the quiet tune
That fill'd the ear of youth. If then we feel,
That 'mid the powers, the passions, and desires
Of riper age, we still have kept our hearts
Free from pollution, and 'mid tempting scenes
Walk'd on with pure and unreprieved steps,
Fearless of guilt, as if we knew it not;
Ah me! with what a — sublimity
Will the green hills lift up their sunny heads,
Ourselves as stately: Smiling will we gaze
On the clouds whose happy home is in the heavens;
Nor envy the clear streamlet that pursues
His — 'mid flowers and music to the sea.
But dread the beauty of a vernal day,
Thou trembler before memory! To the saint
What sight so lovely as the angel form
That smiles upon his sleep! The sinner veils
His face ashamed,—unable to endure
The upbraiding silence of the seraph's eyes!—

Yet awful must it be, even to the best
And wisest man, when he beholds the sun
Prepared — more to — his annual round
Of glory and of love, and thinks that God
To him, though sojourning in earthly shades,
Hath also given an orbit, whence his light
May glad the nations, or at least diffuse

Peace and contentment over those he loves!
 His soul expanded by the breath of Spring,
 With holy confidence the thoughtful man
 Renews his vows to virtue,—vows that bind
 To purest motives and most useful deeds.
 Thus solemnly doth pass the vernal day,
 In abstinence severe from worldly thoughts;
 Lofty disdainings of all trivial joys
 Or sorrows; meditations long and deep
 On objects fit for the immortal love
 Of souls immortal; weeping penitence
 For duties (plain though highest duties be)
 Despised or violated; humblest vows,
 Though humble strong — death, henceforth to walk
 Elate in innocence; and, holier still,
 Warm gushings of his spirit unto God
 For all his past existence, whether bright,
 As the spring landscape sleeping in the sun,
 Or dim and desolate like a wintry sea
 Stormy and boding storms! Oh! such will be
 Frequent and long his musings, till he feels
 As all the stir subsides, like busy day
 Soft-melting into eve's tranquillity.
 How blest is peace when born within the soul.

And therefore do I sing these pensive hymns,
 O Spring! to thee, though thou by some art call'd
 Parent of mirth and rapture, worshipp'd best
 With festive dances and a choral song.
 No melancholy man am I, sweet Spring!
 Who, filling all things with his own poor griefs,
 Sees nought but sadness in the character
 Of universal Nature, and who weaves
 Most doleful ditties in the midst of joy.
 Yet knowing something, dimly though it be,
 And therefore still more awful, of that strange
 And — tumultuous thing, the heart of man,
 It chanceth oft, that mix'd with Nature's smiles
 My soul beholds a solemn quietness
 That almost looks like grief, as if on earth
 There were no perfect joy, and happiness
 Still trembled — the brink of misery!

Yea! mournful thoughts like these even now arise,
 While Spring, like Nature's smiling infancy,
 Sports round me, and all images of peace
 Seem native to this earth, nor other home
 Desire or know. Yet doth a mystic chain
 Link in our hearts foreboding fears of death
 With every loveliest thing that seems to us
 Most deeply fraught with life. Is there a child
 More beautiful than its playmates, even more pure
 Than they? while gazing on its face, we think
 That one — fair most surely soon will die!
 Such are the fears now beating at my heart.
 Ere long, sweet Spring! amid forgotten things
 Thou and thy smiles must sleep: thy little lambs
 Dead, or their nature changed; thy hymning birds
 Mute; faded every flower so beautiful;—
 And all fair symptoms of incipient life
 To fulness swollen, or sunk into decay!

Such are the melancholy dreams that filled
 In the elder time the songs of tenderest bards,
 Whene'er they named the Spring. Thence, doubts and
 fears

Of what might be the final doom of man;
 Till all things spoke to their perplexed souls
 The language of despair; and, mournful sight!
 Even hope lay prostrate upon beauty's grave!—
 Vain fears of death! breathed forth in deathless lays!
 O foolish bards, immortal in your works,
 Yet trustless of your immortality!
 Not — are they whom Nature calls her bards
 Thus daunted by the image of decay.
 They have their tears, and oft they shed them too,
 By reason unreproach'd; but on the pale
 Cold cheek of death, they see a spirit smile,
 Bright and still brightening, even like thee, O Spring!
 Stealing in beauty through the winter snow!—

Season, beloved of Heaven! my hymn is closed!
 And thou, sweet Lake! on whose retired banks
 I have — long reposed, yet in the depth
 Of meditation scarcely seen thy waves,
 Farewell!—the voice of worship and of praise
 Dies on my lips, yet shall my heart preserve
 Inviolate the spirit whence it sprung!
 Even as a harp, when some wild plaintive strain
 Goes with the hand that touch'd it, still retains
 The soul of music sleeping in its strings.

THE VOICE OF DEPARTED FRIENDSHIP.

I was a Friend who died in early youth!
 —And often in those melancholy dreams,
 When my soul travels through the umbrage deep
 That shades the silent world of memory,
 Methinks I hear his voice, sweet as the breath
 Of balmy ground-flowers stealing from some spot
 Of sunshine sacred, in a gloomy wood,
 To everlasting spring.

In the church-yard
 Where now he sleeps—the day before he died,
 Silent we sat together on a grave;
 Till gently laying his pale hand on mine,
 Pale in the moonlight that was goldly sleeping
 On heaving sod and marble monument,—
 This was the music of his last farewell!
 • Weep not my brother! though thou seest me led
 By short and easy stages, day by day,
 With motion almost imperceptible,
 Into the quiet grave. God's will be done.
 Even when a boy, in doleful solitude
 My soul oft sat within the shadow of death!
 And when I look'd along the laughing earth,
 Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air
 Joyfully ringing with the sky-lark's song,
 I wept! and thought how sad for one so young
 To bid farewell to — much happiness.
 But Christ hath call'd — from this lower world,
 Delightful though it be—and when I gaze
 On the green earth and all its happy hills,
 'T is with such feelings as a man beholds
 A little Farm which he is doom'd to leave
 On an appointed day. Still more and —
 He loves it — that mournful day draws near,
 But hath prepared his heart—and is resign'd.
 —Then lifting up his radiant eyes to heaven,
 He said with fervent voice—• O what were life,
 Even in the warm and summer-light of joy,

Without those hopes that, like refreshing gales
 At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul
 Breathed from the ocean of eternity.
 —And oh! without them who could bear the storms
 That fall in roaring blackness o'er the waters
 Of agitated life! Then hopes arise
 All round our sinking souls, like those fair birds
 O'er whose soft plumes the tempest hath no power,
 Waving their snow-white wings amid the darkness,
 And willing ■ with gentle motion, on
 To some calm island! on whose silvery strand
 Dropping at once, they fold their silent pinions,—
 And, ■ we touch the shores of paradise,
 In love and beauty walk around our feet! »

LORD RONALD'S CHILD.

THREE days ago Lord Ronald's child
 Was singing o'er the mountain-wild,
 Among the sunny showers
 That brought the rainbow ■ her sight,
 And bathed her footsteps in the light
 Of purple heather-flowers.
 But chilly came the evening's breath—
 The silent dew ■ cold with death—
 She reach'd her home with pain;
 And from the bed where now she lies
 With snow-white face and closed eyes,
 She ne'er must rise again.

Still is she ■ a frame of stone
 That in its beauty lies alone,
 With silence breathing from its face,
 For ever in some holy place!
 Chapel ■ aisle! on marble laid—
 With pale hands o'er its pale breast spread—
 An image humble, meek, and low,
 Of one forgotten long ago!

Soft feet are winding up the stair—
 And lo! a Vision passing fair!
 All dress'd in white—a mournful show—
 A band of orphan children come,
 With footsteps like the falling snow,
 To bear to her eternal home
 The gracious Lady who look'd down
 With smiles on their forlorn estate—
 —But Mercy up to heaven is gone,
 And left the friendless to their fate.

They pluck the honeysuckle's bloom,
 That through the window fills the room
 With mournful odours—and the rose
 That in its innocent beauty glows,
 Leaning its dewy golden head
 Towards the pale face of the dead,
 Weeping like ■ thing forsaken
 Unto eyes that will not waken.

All bathed in pity's gentle showers,
 They place these melancholy flowers
 Upon the cold white breast!
 And there they lie! profoundly calm!
 Ere long to fill with fading balm
 A place of deeper rest!

By that fair Band the bier is borne
 Into the open light of morn,—
 And, till the parting dirge be said,
 Upon ■ spot of sunshine laid
 Beneath a grove of trees!
 Bowed and uncovered every head,
 Bright-tressed youth, and hoary age—
 —Then suddenly before the dead
 Lord Ronald's gather'd vassalage
 Fall down upon their knees!

Glen-Etive and its mountains lie
 All silent ■ the depth profound
 Of that unclouded sunbright sky
 —Low heard the melancholy sound
 Of waters murmuring by.
 —Glides softly from the orphan-band
 A weeping Child, and takes her stand
 Close to the Lady's feet,
 Then wildly sings a funeral hymn!
 With overflowing eyes and dim
 Fix'd ■ the windings-sheet!

HYMN.

O beautiful the streams
 That through our valleys run,
 Singing and dancing in the gleams
 Of summer's cloudless sun.

The sweetest of them all
 From its fairy banks is gone;
 And the music of the waterfall
 Hath left the silent stone!

Up among the mountains
 In soft and mossy cell,
 By the silent springs and fountains
 The happy wild-flowers dwell.

The queen-rose of the wilderness
 Hath wither'd in the wind,
 And the shepherds see no loveliness
 In the blossoms left behind.

Birds cheer our lonely groves
 With many a beauteous wing—
 When happy in their harmless loves,
 How tenderly they sing!

O'er all the rest was heard
 One wild and mournful strain,
 —But hush'd is the voice of that hymning bird,
 She ne'er must sing again!

Bright through the yew-trees gloom,
 I saw a sleeping dove!
 On the silence of her silvery plume,
 The sunlight lay in love.

The grove seem'd all her own
 Round the beauty of that breast—
 —But the startled dove afar is flown!
 Forsaken is her nest!

In yonder forest wide
 A flock of wild-deer lies,
 Beauty breathes o'er each tender side,
 And shades their peaceful eyes!

The hunter in the night
 Hath singled out the doe,
 ■ whose light the mountain-flock lay bright,
 Whose hue was like the snow!

A thousand stars shine forth,
 With pure and dewy ray—
 Till by night the mountains of our north
 Seem gladdening in the day.

O empty all the heaven!
 Though ■ thousand lights be there—
 For clouds o'er the evening-star are driven,
 And shorn her golden hair!

That melancholy music dies—
 And all at once the kneeling crowd
 Is stirr'd with groans, and sobs, and sighs—
 As sudden blasts come rustling loud
 Along the silent skies.
 —Hush! hush! the dirge doth breathe again!
 The youngest of the orphan train
 Walks up unto the bier,
 With rosy cheeks, and smiling eyes
 As heaven's unclouded radiance clear;
 And there like Hope to Sorrow's strain
 With dewy voice replies.

—What! though the stream be dead,
 Its banks all still and dry!
 It murmureth now o'er a lovelier bed
 In the air-groves of the sky.

What! though our prayers from death
 The queen-rose might not save!
 With brighter bloom and balmy breath
 She springeth from the grave.

What though our bird of light
 Lie mute with plumage dim!
 In heaven I see her glancing bright—
 ■ hear her angel hymn.

What! though the dark tree smile
 No more—with our dove's calm sleep!
 She folds her wing on a sunny isle
 In heaven's untroubled deep.

True that our beauteous doe
 Hath left her still retreat—
 But purer now in heavenly snow
 She lies at Jesus' feet.

O star! untimely set!
 Why should we weep for thee!
 Thy bright and dewy coronet
 Is rising o'er the sea!

THE ANGLER'S TENT.

THE following Poem is the narrative of ■ day, the pleasantest of many pleasant ones, of a little Angling-excursion among the mountains of Westmoreland, Lancashire, and Cumberland. ■ tent, large panniers filled with its furniture, with provisions, etc. were loaded upon horses, and while the anglers, who separated every morning, pursued each his own sport up the torrents, ■ carried

over the mountains to the appointed place by some lake or ■ where they were to meet again in the evening.

■ this manner they visited all the wildest and most secluded scenes of the country. On the first Sunday they passed among ■ hills, their tent was pitched on the banks of West-Water, at the head of that wild and solitary lake, which they had reached by the mountain-path that passes Barn-Moor Tarn from Eskdale. Towards evening the inhabitants of the valley, not exceeding half ■ dozen families, with some too from the neighbouring glens, drawn by the unusual appearance, ■ to visit the strangers in their tent. Without, the evening was calm and beautiful; within, were the gaiety and kindness of simple mirth. At a late hour, their guests departed under ■ most refulgent moon that lighted them up the surrounding mountains, ■ which they turned to halt with long-continued shouts and songs the blazing of a huge fire, that was hastily kindled at the door of the tent to bid them a distant farewell.

The images and feelings of these few happy days, and, above all, of that delightful evening, the author wished to preserve in poetry. What he has written, while it serves to himself and his friends as a record of past happiness, may, he hopes, without impropriety be offered to the public, since, if ■ all faithful to its subject, it will have some interest to those who delight in the wilder scenes of Nature, and who have studied with respect and love the character of their simple inhabitants.

THE hush of bliss was on the sunny hills,
 The clouds were sleeping on the silent sky,
 We travell'd in the midst of melody
 Warbled around us from the mountain-rills.
 The voice was like the glad voice of ■ friend
 Murmuring ■ welcome to his happy home;
 We felt its kindness with our spirits blend,
 And said, « This day no farther will we roam!»
 The coldest heart that ever looked on heaven,
 Had surely felt the beauty of that day,
 And, as he paused, a gentle blessing given
 To the sweet scene that tempted him to stay.
 But we, who travelled through that region bright,
 Were joyful pilgrims under Nature's care,
 From youth had loved the dreams of pure delight,
 Descending on us through the lonely air,
 When Heaven is clothed with smiles, and Earth ■ Heaven is fair!

Seven lovely days had like a happy dream
 Died in our spirits silently away,
 Since Grassmere, waking to the morning ray,
 Met our last lingering look with farewell gleam.
 I may not tell what joy our being fill'd,
 Wand'ring like shadows over plain and steep,
 What beauteous visions lonely souls can build
 When 'mid the mountain solitude they sleep.
 I may not tell how the deep power of sound
 Can back to life long-faded dreams recall,
 When lying 'mid the noise that lives around
 Through the hush'd spirit flows a waterfall.
 To thee, my WORDSWORTH! whose inspired song
 Comes forth in pomp from Nature's inner shrine,
 To thee by birth-right such high themes belong,
 The unseen grandeur of the earth is thine!
 One lowlier simple strain of human love be mine.

How leapt our hearts, when from an airy height,
 On which we paused for a sweet fountain's sake,
 With green fields fading in a peaceful lake,
 A deep-sunk vale burst sudden on our sight!
 We felt as if at home; a magic sound,
 As from ■ spirit whom we must obey,

■ Mr Wordsworth accompanied the author ■ this excursion.

Bade us descend into the vale profound,
 And in its silence pass the Sabbath-day.
 The placid lake that rested far below,
 Softly embosoming another sky,
 Still as we gazed assumed a lovelier glow,
 And seem'd to send us looks of amity.
 Our hearts were open to the gracious love
 Of Nature, smiling like a happy bride;
 So following the still impulse from above,
 Down the green slope we wind with airy glide,
 And pitch our snowy tent on that fair water's side.

Ah me! even now I see before me stand,
 Among the verdant holly-boughs half-hid,
 The little radiant airy Pyramid,
 Like some wild dwelling built in Fairy-land.
 As silently as gathering cloud it rose,
 And seems a cloud descended on the earth,
 Disturbing not the Sabbath-day's repose,
 Yet gently stirring at the quiet birth
 Of every short-lived breeze: the sunbeams greet
 The beauteous stranger in the lonely bay;
 Close to its shading tree two streamlets meet,
 With gentle glide, as weary of their play.
 And in the liquid lustre of the lake
 Its image sleeps, reflected far below;
 Such image as the clouds of summer make,
 Clear seen amid the waveless water's glow,
 As slumbering infant still, and pure as April snow.

Wild though the dwelling seem, thus rising fair,
 A sudden stranger 'mid the sylvan scene,
 One spot of radiance on surrounding green,
 Human it is—and human souls are there!
 Look through that opening in the canvas wall,
 Through which by fits the scarce-felt breezes play,
 —Upon three happy souls thine eyes will fall,
 The summer lambs are not more blest than they!
 On the green turf all motionless they lie,
 In dreams romantic as the dreams of sleep,
 The filmy air slow-glimmering on their eye,
 And in their ear the murmur of the deep.
 Or haply now by some wild-winding brook,
 Deep, silent pool, or waters rushing loud,
 In thought they visit many a fairy nook
 That rising mists in rainbow colours shroud,
 And ply the Angler's sport involved in mountain-cloud!

Yes! dear to us that solitary trade,
 'Mid vernal peace in peacefulness pursued,
 Through rocky glen, wild moor, and hanging wood,
 White-flowering meadow, and romantic glade!
 The sweetest visions of our boyish years
 Come to our spirits with a murmuring tone
 Of running waters,—and a stream appears,
 Remember'd all, tree, willow, bank, and stone!
 How glad were we, when after sunny showers
 Its voice came to us issuing from the school!
 How fled the vacant, solitary hours,
 By dancing rivulet, or silent pool!
 And still our souls retain in manhood's prime
 The love of joys our childish years that blest;
 So encircled by these hills sublime,
 We Anglers, wandering with a tranquil breast,
 Build in this happy vale a fairy bower of rest!

Within that bower are strewn in careless guise,
 Idle day, the angler's simple gear:
 Lines that, as fine as floating gossamer,
 Dropt softly on the stream the silken flies;
 The limber rod that shook its trembling length,
 Almost as airy as the line it threw,
 Yet often bending in an arch of strength
 When the tired salmon rose at last to view,
 Now lightly leans across the rushy bed,
 On which at night we dream of sports by day;
 And, empty now, beside it close is laid
 The goodly pannier framed of osiers grey;
 And, maple bowl in which we went to bring
 The limpid water from the morning wave,
 Or from a mossy and sequester'd spring
 To which dark rocks a grateful coolness gave,
 Such might Hermit in solitary cave!

And ne'er did Hermit, with a purer breast,
 Amid the depths of sylvan silence pray,
 Than prayed we friends on that mild quiet day,
 By God and man beloved, the day of rest!
 All passions in our souls were lull'd to sleep,
 Ev'n by the power of Nature's holy bliss;
 While Innocence her watch in peace did keep
 Over the spirit's thoughtful happiness!
 We view'd the green earth with a loving look,
 Like us rejoicing in the gracious sky;
 A voice came to us from the running brook
 That seem'd to breathe a grateful melody.
 Then all things seem'd imbued with life and sense,
 And as from dreams with kindling smiles to wake,
 Happy in beauty and in innocence;
 While, pleas'd our inward quiet to partake,
 Lay hush'd, as in a trance, the scarcely-breathing lake.

Yet think not, in this wild and fairy spot,
 This mingled happiness of earth and heaven,
 Which to our hearts this Sabbath-day was given,
 Think not, that far-off friends were quite forgot.
 Helm-crag arose before our half-closed eyes
 With colours brighter than the brightening dove;
 Beneath that guardian mount a cottage lies¹
 Encircled by the halo breathed from Love!
 And sweet that dwelling² rests upon the brow
 (Beneath its sycamore) of Orest-hill,
 As if it smiled on Windermere below,
 Her green recesses and her islands still!
 Thus, gently-blended many a human thought
 With those that peace and solitude supplied,
 Till in our hearts the moving kindness wrought
 With gradual influence, like a flowing tide,
 And for the lovely sound of human voice we sigh'd.

And hark! a laugh, with voices blended, stole
 Across the water, echoing from the shore!
 And during pauses short, the beating oar
 Brings the glad music closer to the soul.
 We leave our tent; and lo! a lovely sight
 Glides like a living creature through the air,
 For aye the water seems thus passing bright,
 A living creature beautiful and fair!
 Nearer it glides; and now the radiant glow
 That its radiant shadow seems to float,

¹ At that time the residence of Mr Wordsworth's family.

² The cottage on the banks of Windermere.

Turns to a virgin band, ■ glorious show,
Rowing with happy smiles ■ little boat.
Towards the tent their lingering course they steer,
And cheerful now upon the shore they stand,
In maiden bashfulness, yet free from fear,
And by our side, gay-moving hand in hand,
Into our Tent they go, a beauteous sister-band!

Scarce from our hearts had gone the sweet surprise,
Which this glad troop of rural maids awoke;
Scarce had ■ more familiar kindness broke
From the mild lustre of their smiling eyes,
Ere the Tent seem'd encircled by the sound
Of many voices; in an instant stood
Men, women, children, all the circle round,
And with ■ friendly joy the strangers view'd.
Strange was it to behold this gladsome crowd
Our late so solitary dwelling fill;
And strange to hear their greetings mingling loud
Where all before ■ undisturb'd and still.
Yet was the stir delightful to our ear,
And moved to happiness our inmost blood,
The sudden change, the unexpected cheer,
Breaking like sunshine ■ a pensive mood,
This breath and voice of life in seeming solitude!

Hard task it was, in our small tent to find
Seats for our quickly-gather'd company;
But in them all was such a mirthful glee,
I woen they soon were seated to their mind!
Some viewing with a hesitating look
The panniers that contained our travelling fare,
On them at last their humble station took,
Pleased at the thought, and with a smiling air.
Some on our low-framed beds then chose their seat,
Each maid the youth that loved her best beside,
While many a gentle look, and whisper sweet,
Brought ■ the stripling's face a gladsome pride.
The playful children on the velvet green,
Soon as the first-felt bashfulness was fled,
Smiled to each other at the wondrous scene,
And whisper'd words they to each other said,
And raised in sportive fit the shining, golden head!

Then did we learn that this our stranger tent,
Seen by the lake-side gleaming like a sail,
Had quickly spread o'er mountain and o'er vale
A gentle shock of pleased astonishment.
The lonely dwellers by the lofty rills
Gazed in surprise upon th' unwonted sight,
The wandering shepherds ■ it from the hills,
And quick descended from their airy height.
Soon as the voice of simple song and prayer
Ceased in the little chapel of the dell,
The congregation did in peace repair
To the lake-side, to view our wondrous cell.
While leaving, for one noon, both young and old,
Their cluster'd hamlets in this deep recess,
All join the throng, in conscious good-will bold,
Elate and smiling in their Sabbath-dress,
A mingled various group of homely happiness!

And thus our tent ■ joyous ■ became,
Where loving hearts from distant vales did ■
As at some rural festival, and greet
Each other with glad voice and kindly name.

Here ■ pleased daughter to her father smiled,
With fresh affection in her soften'd eyes;
He in return look'd back upon his child
With gentle start and tone of mild surprise:
And ■ his little grandchild, at her breast,
An old man's blessing and a kiss bestow'd,
Or to his cheek the lisping baby prest,
Light'ning the mother of her darling load;
While comely matrons, all sedately ranged
Close to their husbands' or their children's side,
A neighbour's friendly greeting interchanged,
And each her own with frequent glances eyed,
And raised her head in all ■ mother's harmless pride.

Happy were we among such happy hearts!
And to inspire with kindness and love
Our simple guests, ambitiously we strove,
With novel converse and endearing arts!
We talk'd to them, and much they loved to hear,
Of those sweet vales from which we late had come;
For though these vales are to each other near,
Seldom do dalemen leave their own dear home.
Then would we speak of many ■ wondrous sight
Seen in great cities,—temple, tower, and spire,
And winding streets at night-fall blazing bright
With many a star-like lamp of glimmering fire.
The grey-hair'd men with deep attention heard,
Viewing the speaker with a solemn face,
While round our feet the playful children stirr'd,
And near their parents took their silent place,
Listening with looks where wonder breathed a glowing
grace.

And much they gazed with never-tired delight
On varnish'd rod. with joints that shone like gold,
And silken line on glittering reel enroll'd,
To infant anglers ■ most wondrous sight!
Scarce could their chiding parents then control
Their little hearts in harmless malice gay,
But still one, bolder than his fellows, stole
To touch the tempting treasures where they lay.
What rapture glisten'd in their eager eyes,
When, with kind voice, we bade these children take
A precious store of well-dissembled flies,
To use with caution for the strangers' sake!
The unlook'd-for gift we graciously bestow
With sudden joy the leaping heart o'erpowers;
They grasp the lines, while all their faces glow
Bright as spring-blossoms after sunny showers,
And wear them in their hats like wreaths of valley-
flowers!

Nor could they check their joyance and surprise,
When the clear crystal and the silver bowl
Gleam'd with ■ novel beauty on their soul,
And the wine mantled with its rosy dyes.
For all our pomp we show'd with mickle glee,
And choicest viands, fitly to regale,
On such a day of rare festivity,
Our guests thus wondering at their native vale.
And oft we pledged them, nor could they decline
The social cup ■ did our best to press,
But mingled wishes with the joyful wine,
Warm wishes for our health and happiness.
And all the while, a low, delightful sound

Of voice soft-answering voice, with music fill'd
Our fairy palace's enchanted ground,
Such tones seem from blooming tree distill'd,
Where unseen bees repair their waxen cells to build.

Lost as we were in that most blessed mood
Which Nature's sons alone can deeply prove,
We lavish'd with free heart our kindest love
On all who breathed, —one common brotherhood.
Three faithful servants, men of low degree,
Were with us, as we roam'd the wilds among,
And well it pleased their simple hearts to see
Their masters mingling with the rural throng.
Oft to our guests they sought to speak aside,
And, in the genial flow of gladness, told
That we were free from haughtiness or pride,
Though scholars all, and rich in lands and gold.
We smiled to hear our praise thus rudely sung,
(Well might such praise our modesty offend),
Yet, we all strove, at once with eye and tongue
To speak, as if invited by a friend,
And with our casual talk instruction's voice to blend.

Rumours of wars had reached this peaceful vale,
And of the Wicked King, whom guilt had driven
On earth to wage a warfare against Heaven,
These sinless shepherds had heard many a tale.
Encircled as we were with smiles and joy,
In quietness to Quiet's dwelling brought,
To think of him whose bliss is to destroy,
At such a season was an awful thought!
We felt the eternal power of happiness
And virtue's power; we felt with holy awe
That in this world, in spite of chance distress,
Such is the Almighty Spirit's ruling law.
And joyfully did we these shepherds tell
To hear all rumours with a tranquil mind,
For, in the end, that all would yet be well,
Nor this bad Monarch leave one trace behind,
More than o'er yonder hills the idly-raving wind.

Then gravely smiled, in all the power of age,
A hoary-headed, venerable man,
Like the mild chieftain of a peaceful clan,
'Mid simple spirits looked a sage.
Much did he praise the holy faith we held,
Which God, he said, to cheer the soul had given,
For even the very angels that rebell'd,
By sin performed the blessed work of Heaven.
The Wicked King, of whom we justly spake,
Was but an instrument in God's wise hand,
And though the kingdoms of the earth might quake,
Peace would revisit every ravaged land,
Even the earthquake, in some former time,
Scatter'd yon rugged mountain far and wide,
Till years of winter's snow and summer's prime,
To naked cliffs fresh verdure have supplied,
—Now troops of playful lambs are bounding on its side.

Pleased were the simple group to hear the sire
Thus able to converse with men from far,
And much did they of vaguely-rumour'd war,
That long had raged in distant lands, inquire.
Scarce could their hearts, at peace with all mankind,
Believe what bloody deeds on earth are done,

That of woman born should be so blind
As walk in guilt beneath the blessed sun;
And one, with thoughtful countenance, express
A fear lest on some dark disastrous day,
Across the might come that noisome pest,
And make fair England's happy vales his prey.
Short-lived that fear!—soon firmer thoughts arise:
Well could these dalesmen wield the patriot's sword,
And stretch the foe beneath the smiling skies;
In innocence they trust, and in the Lord,
Whom they, that very morn, in gladness had adored!

But such thoughts to lighter speech give way;
We in our turn a willing ear did lend
To tale of sports, that made them blithely spend
The winter-evening and the summer-day.
Smiling they told us of the harmless glee
That bids the echoes of the mountains wake,
When at the stated festival they see
Their new-wash'd flocks come snow-white from the lake;

And joyful dance at neighbouring village fair,
Where lads and lasses, in their best attire,
Go to enjoy that playful pastime rare,
And careful statesmen shepherds new to hire!
Or they would tell, how, at some neighbour's cot,
When nights are long, and winter on the earth,
All cares are in the dance and song forgot,
And round the fire quick flies the circling mirth,
When nuptial vows are pledged, or at an infant's birth!

Well did the roses blooming on their cheek,
And eyes of laughing light, that glisten'd fair
Beneath the artless ringlets of their hair,
Each maiden's health and purity bespeak.
Following the impulse of their simple will,
No thought had they to give or take offence;
Glad were their bosoms, yet sedate and still,
And fearless in the strength of innocence.
Oft as, in accents mild, we strangers spoke
To these sweet maidens, an unconscious smile
Like sudden sunshine o'er their faces broke,
And with it struggling blushes mix'd the while.
And oft as mirth and glee went laughing round,
Breathed in this maiden's ear some harmless jest
Would make her, for one moment, leave the ground
Her eyes let fall, as wishing from the rest
To hide the sudden throb that beat within her breast.

Oh! not in vain have purest poets told,
In elegies and hymns that ne'er shall die,
How, in the fields of famous Arcady,
Lived simple shepherds in the age of gold!
They fabled not, in peopling rural shades
With all most beautiful in heart and frame;
Where without guile swains woo'd their happy maids,
And love friendship with a gentler name.
Such songs in truth and nature had their birth,
Their source was lofty and their aim was pure,
And still, in many a favour'd spot of earth,
The virtues that awoke their voice endure!
Bear witness thou! O! wild and beautiful dell
To whom my gladden'd heart devotes this strain;
—O! long may all who in thy bosom dwell
Nature's primeval innocence retain,
Nor e'er may lawless foot thy sanctity profane!

Sweet maids! my wandering heart returns to you;
 And well the blush of joy, the courteous air,
 Words unrestrained, and open looks declare
 That fancy's day-dreams have not been untrue.
 It was indeed a beautiful thing, to see
 The virgin, while her bashful visage smiled,
 As if she were a mother, on her knee
 Take up, with many a kiss, the asking child.
 And well, I ween, she play'd the mother's part;
 For as she bended o'er the infant fair,
 A mystic joy seemed stirring at her heart,
 A yearning fondness, and a silent prayer.
 Nor did such gentle maiden long refuse
 To cheer our spirits with some favourite strain,
 Some simple ballad, framed by rustic muse,
 Of one who died for love, or, led by gain,
 Sail'd in a mighty ship to lands beyond the main.

And must we close this scene of merriment?
 —Lo! in the lake soft burns the star of eve,
 And the night-hawk hath warn'd our guests to leave,
 Ere darker shades descend, our happy tent.
 The Moon's bright edge is seen above the hill;
 She comes to light them on their homeward way;
 And every heart, I ween, now lies as still
 As on yon fleecy cloud her new-born ray.
 Kindly by young and old our hands are press'd,
 And kindly we the gentle touch return;
 Each face declares that deep in every breast
 Peace, virtue, friendship, and affection burn.
 At last beneath the silent air we part,
 And promise make that shall not be in vain,
 A promise asked and given warm from the heart,
 That we will visit all, on hill and plain,
 If e'er it be our lot to see this land again!

Backward they gazed, as slowly they withdrew,
 With step reluctant, from the water-side;
 And oft, with waving hand, at distance tried
 Through the dim light to send a last adieu!
 One lovely group still linger'd on the green,
 The first — come, the last to go away;
 While steep'd in stillness of the moonlight scene,
 Moor'd to a rock their little pinnacle lay.
 These laughing damsels climb its humble side,
 Like fairy elves that love the starry sea;
 Nor e'er did billows with more graceful glide
 'Mid the wild main enjoy their liberty.
 Their faces brightening in triumphant hue,
 Close to each maid their joyful lovers stand;
 One gives the signal,—all the jovial crew
 Let go, with tender press, the yielding hand;
 —Down drop the oars at once,—away they push from
 land.

The boat hath left the silent bank, the tone
 Of the retiring oar escapes the mind;
 Like mariners some ship hath left behind,
 We feel, thus standing speechless and alone.
 One moment lives that melancholy trance—
 The mountains ring: Oh! what a joy is there!
 As hurries o'er their heights, in circling dance,
 Cave-loving Echo, Daughter of the Air.
 Is it some spirit of night that wakes the shout,
 As o'er the cliffs, with headlong speed, she ranges?
 Is it, — plain and steep, some fairy rout

Answering each other in tumultuous changes?
 There seems amid the hills a playful war;
 Trumpet and clarion join the mystic noise;
 Now growing on the ear, now dying far!
 Great Gabel from his summit sends a voice,
 And the remotest depths of Ennerdale rejoice!

Oh! well I know what means this din of mirth!
 No spirits are they, who, trooping through the sky,
 In chorus swell that mountain-melody;
 —It — from mortal children of the earth!
 These are the voices that so late did cheer
 Our tent with laughter; from the hills they come
 With friendly sound unto our listening ear,
 A jocund farewell to our glimmering home.
 Loth are our guests, though they have linger'd long,
 That — sweet tent at last should leave their sight;
 So with one voice they sing a parting song,
 Ere they descend behind the clouds of night.
 Nor are we mute; an answering shout we wake,
 At each short pause of the long, lengthening sound,
 Till all is silent as the silent Lake,
 And every noise above, below, around,
 Seems in the brooding night-sky's depth of slumber
 drown'd!

Soon from that calm our spirits start again
 With blither vigour; nought around we see
 Save lively images of mirth and glee,
 And playful fancies hurry through our brain.
 Shine not, sweet Moon! with such a haughty light;
 Ye stars! behind your veil of clouds retire;
 For we shall kindle on the earth, this night,
 To drown your feeble rays, a joyous fire.
 Bring the leaves withering in the holly-shade,
 The oaken branches sapless now and hoar,
 The fern no longer green, and whins that fade
 'Mid the thin sand that strews the rocky shore.
 Heap them above that new-awaken'd spark;
 Soon shall a pyramid of flame arise;
 Now the first rustling of the vapour, hark!
 The kindling spirit from its prison flies,
 And in an instant mounts in glory to the skies!

Far gleams the Lake, as in the light of day,
 Or when, from mountain-top, the setting sun,
 Ere yet his earth-delighting course is run,
 Sheds on the slumbering wave a purple ray.
 A bright'ning verdure runs o'er every field,
 As if by potent necromancer shed,
 And a dark wood is suddenly reveal'd,
 A glory resting on its ancient head.
 And oh! what radiant beauty doth invest
 Our tent, that seems to feel a conscious pride,
 Whiter by far than any cygnet's breast,
 Or cygnet's shadow floating with the tide.
 A warmer flush unto the moonlight cold,
 Winning its lovely way, is softly given,
 A silvery radiance tinged with vivid gold;
 While thousand mimic stars are gaily driven
 Through the bright glistening air, scarce known from
 those in Heaven.

Amid the flame our lurid figures stand,
 Or, through the shrouding vapour dimly view'd,
 To fancy seem, in that strange solitude,
 Like the wild brethren of some lawless band.

One, snatching from the heap a blazing bough,
 Would, like lone maniac, from the ■■■ retire,
 And, ■■■ he waved it, mutter deep ■■■ vow,
 His head encircled with a wreath of fire.
 Others, with rushing haste, and eager voice,
 Would drag new victims to the insatiate power,
 That like a savage idol did rejoice
 Whate'er his suppliants offer'd to devour.
 And aye strange murmurs o'er the mountains roll'd,
 As if from sprite immured in cavern lone,
 While higher rose pale Luna to behold
 Our mystic orgies, where no light had shone,
 For many and many a year of silence—but her own.

O! gracious Goddess! not in vain did shine
 Thy spirit o'er the heavens; with reverent eye
 We hail'd thee floating through the happy sky;
 No smiles to us are half so dear as thine!
 Silent we stood beside our dying flame,
 In pensive sadness, born of wild delight,
 And gazing heavenward, many a gentle name
 Bestow'd on her who beautifies the night.
 Then, with ■■■ heart, like men who inly mourn'd,
 Slowly we paced towards ■■■ fairy cell,
 And ere we enter'd, for one moment turn'd,
 And bade the silent majesty farewell!
 Our rushy beds invite us to repose;
 And while our spirits breathe a grateful prayer,
 In balmy slumbers soon our eyelids close,
 While, in our dreams, the Moon, serenely fair,
 Still bathes in light divine the visionary air!

Methinks, next night, I see her mount her throne,
 Intent with loving smile once more to hail
 The deep, deep peace of this her loneliest vale,
 —But where hath now the magic dwelling flown?
 Oh! it hath melted like a dream away,
 A dream by far too beautiful for earth;
 Or like ■■■ cloud that hath no certain stay,
 But ever changing, like a different birth.
 The aged holly trees more silently,
 Now we are gone, stand on the silent ground;
 I seem to hear the streamlet floating by
 With ■■■ complaining, melancholy sound.
 Hush'd ■■■ the echoes in each mountain's breast,
 No traces there of former mirth remain;
 They all in friendly grandeur lie at rest
 And silent, save where Nature's endless strain,
 From cataract and cave, delights her lonely reign.

Yet, though the strangers and their Tent have past
 Away, like snow that leaves no mark behind,
 Their image lives in many a guiltless mind,
 And long within the shepherd's cot shall last.
 Oft when, on winter night, the crowded seat
 Is closely wheel'd before the blazing fire,
 Then will he love with grave voice to repeat
 (He, the grey-headed venerable sire)
 The conversation he with us did hold
 On moral subjects, he had studied long;
 And some will gibe the maid who was ■■■ bold
 As sing to strangers readily ■■■ song.
 Then they unto each other will recal
 Each little incident of that strange night,
 And give their kind opinion of us all:

God bless their faces smiling in the light
 Of their ■■■ cottage-hearth! O, fair subduing sight!

Friends of my heart! who shared that purest joy,
 And oft will read these lines with soften'd soul,
 Go where we will, let years of absence roll,
 Nought shall ■■■ sacred amity destroy.
 We walk'd together through the mountain-calm,
 In open confidence, and perfect trust;
 And pleasure, falling through our breasts like balm,
 Told that the yearnings that we felt were just.
 No slighting tone, no chilling look e'er marr'd
 The happiness in which our thoughts reposed,
 No words ■■■ those of gentleness were heard,
 The eye spoke kindly when the lip was closed.
 But chief, ■■■ that blest day that wakes my song,
 Our hearts eternal truth in silence swore;
 The holy oath is planted deep and strong
 Within our spirits,—in their inmost core,—
 And it shall blossom fair till life shall be no more!

Most hallow'd day! scarce can my heart sustain
 Your tender light by memory made more mild;
 Tears could I shed even like unto a child,
 And sighs within my spirit hush the strain.
 Too many clouds have dimm'd my youthful life,
 These wakeful eyes too many vigils kept;
 Mine hath it been to toss in mental strife,
 When in the moonlight breathing Nature slept.
 But I forget my cares, in bliss forget,
 When, peaceful Valley! I remember thee;
 I seem to breathe the air of joy, and yet
 Thy bright'ning hues with moisten'd eyes I see.
 So will it be, till life itself doth close,
 Roam though I may o'er many a distant clime;
 Happy, or pining in unnoticed woes,
 Oft shall my soul recal that blessed time,
 And in her depths adore the beautiful and sublime!

Time that my rural reed at last should cease
 Its willing numbers; not in vain hath flow'd
 The strain that on my singing heart bestow'd
 The holy boon of undisturbed peace.
 O gentlest lady! Sister of my friend,
 This simple strain I consecrate to thee;
 May its music with thy soul may blend,
 Albeit well used to loftier minstrelsy.
 Nor, may thy quiet spirit read the lay
 With cold regard, thou wife and mother blest!
 For he was with ■■■ on that Sabbath-day,
 Whose heart lies buried in thy inmost breast.
 Then go, my innocent and blameless tale!
 In gladness go, and free from every fear,
 To yon sweet dwelling above Grassmere vale,
 And be to them I long have held so dear
 One of their fire-side songs, still fresh from year to year!

APOLOGY

FOR THE LITTLE NAVAL TEMPLE, ON STORRS' POINT,
 WINANDERMERE.

NAY, Stranger! smile not at this little dome,
 Albeit quaint, and with no nice regard
 To highest rules of grace and symmetry,
 Plaything of art, it venture thus to stand

'Mid the great forms of Nature. Doth it
A vain intruder in the quiet heart
Of this majestic Lake, that like an
Of ocean, or some Indian river vast,
In beauty floats amid its guardian hills?
Haply it may: yet in this humble tower,
The mimicry of loftier edifice,
There lives a silent spirit, that confers
A lasting charter on its sportive wreath
Of battlements, amid the mountain-calm
To stand as proudly, yon giant rock
That with his shadow dims the dazzling lake!

Then blame it not: for know 't was planted here,
In mingled mood of seriousness and mirth,
By who Nature's sanctity
No cold unmeaning outrage. He one
Who often in adventurous youth had sail'd
O'er the great waters, and he dearly loved
Their music wild; nor less the gallant souls
Whose home is the Ocean:—so he framed
This jutting mole, that like a natural cape
Meets the soft-breaking waves, and on its point,
Bethinking him of some sea-structure huge,
Watch-tower light-house, rear'd this mimic dome,
Seen up and down the lake, a monument
Sacred to images of former days.

See! in the playfulness of English zeal
Its low walls are emblazon'd! There thou read'st
Howe, Duncan, Vincent, and that mightier name
Whom death has made immortal.—Not misplaced
On temple rising from inland sea
Such venerable names, though ne'er was heard
The sound of cannon o'er these tranquil shores,
Save when it peal'd to waken in her cave
The mountain echo: yet this chronicle,
Speaking of war amid the depths of peace,
Wastes not its meaning on the heedless air.
It hath its worshippers: it sends a voice,
A voice creating elevated thoughts,
Into the hearts of our bold peasantry
Following the plough along these fertile vales,
Or up among the misty solitude
Beside the wild sheep-fold. The fishermen,
Who on the clear wave ply their silent trade,
Oft passing lean upon their dripping oars,
And bless the heroes: Idling in the joy
Of summer sunshine, as in light
The stranger glides among these lovely isles,
This little temple to his startled soul
Oft sends a gorgeous vision, gallant crews
In fierce joy cheering as they onwards bear
To break the line of battle, meteor-like
Long ensigns brightening on the towery mast,
And sails in awful silence o'er the main
Lowering like thunder-clouds!—

Then, stranger! give
A blessing on this temple, and admire
The gaudy pendant round the painted staff
Wreathed in still splendour, in wanton folds,
Even like a serpent bright and beautiful,
Streaming its burnish'd glory the air.

¹ Late Sir Legard, Bart.

And whether silence sleep upon the stones
Of this small edifice, or from within
Steal the glad voice of laughter and of song,
Pass on with alter'd thoughts, and gently own
That Windermere, with all her radiant isles
Serenely floating on her azure breast,
Like stars in heaven, with kindest smiles may robe
This monument to heroes dedicate,
Nor Nature feel her holy reign profaned
By work of art, though framed in humblest guise,
When a high spirit prompts the builder's soul.

THE FAIRIES,

A DREAM-LIKE REMEMBRANCE OF A DREAM.

It chanced three merry Fairies met
On the bridge of a mountain rivulet,
Whose hanging arch through the misty spray,
Like a little Lunar Rainbow lay,
With turf and flowers a pathway meet
For the twinkling of unearthly feet,
For bright were the flowers as their golden tresses,
And green the turf as their Elfin-dresses.
Aye the water o'er the Linn
Was mocking, with a gleesome din,
The small shrill laughter, as it broke
In peals from these night-wandering Folk;
While the stream danced with a tinkling tune,
All happy to by a blink o' the moon.
Now laughing louder than before,
They strove to deaden that ceaseless roar;
And, when vanquish'd the waterfall,
Loudly they shouted one and all,
Like the chorus of a Madrigal,
Till the glen awoke from its midnight trance,
And o'er the hills in flight-like dance,
Was the troop of echoes driven,
This moment on earth, and that in heaven.

From the silent heart of a hollow Yew,
The Owl sail'd forth with a loud halloo;
And his large yellow eyes look'd bright
With wonder, in the wan moonlight,
As hovering white, and still as snow,
He caught a glance of the things below,
All burning the bridge like fire
In the sea-green glow of their wild attire.
"Halloo! Halloo! tu-whit! tu-whoo!"
Cried the gleesome Elves, and away they flew,
With mimic shriek, sob, cry, and howl,
In headlong chace of the frighten'd Owl.
With many a buffet they drove him onward,
Now hoisted him up, press'd him downward;
They pull'd at his horns, and with many a tweak,
Around and around they screw'd his beak;
On his back they beat with a birch-spray flail,
And they the long feathers from his tail;
Then, like warriors mounted in their pride,
Behind wings behold them ride!
And shouting, charge unto the war,
Each waving his soft plume-scytar;
A of laughter, not of tears,
The wild-wood's harmless Cuirassiers.

Through the depth of Ivy the wall
(The sole remains of old Greystock Hall)

The Screamer ■ driven, half scared to death;
 And the gamesome Fairies, all ■ of breath,
 Their tiny robes in the air arranging,
 And kisses in their flight exchanging;
 Now slowly with the soft wind stealing
 Right onwards, round about ■ wheeling,
 Like leaves blown off in gusty weather,
 To the rainbow-bridge all flock together;
 And lo! ■ the green ■ all alight,
 Like a cluster of Goldfinches mingling bright.

What feats the Fairy Creatures play'd!
 Now seeming of the height afraid,
 And, folding the moss in fast embraces,
 They peep'd o'er the bridge with their lovely faces.
 Now hanging like the fearless flowers
 By their tiny arms in the Cataract-showers,
 Swung back and forward with delight,
 Like Pearls in the spray-shower burning bright!
 Then they drop at once into the Pool—
 A moment gone! then beautiful
 Ascending on slow-hovering wing,
 As if with darkness dallying,
 They rose again, through the smiling air,
 To their couch of moss and flow'rets fair,
 And rooted lay in silence there.

Down into the gulf profound
 ■ the ■ without a sound!
 A charm had hush'd the thundering shocks,
 And stillness steep'd the blacken'd rocks.
 'T was fit, where these fair things were lying,
 No sound, ■ of some Zephyr sighing,
 Should stir the gentle Solitude!
 The mountain's night-voice was subdued
 To far-off music faint and dim,
 From Nature's heart a holy hymn!
 For ■ that Universal Strain
 Through Fairy-bosoms breathed in vain;
 Entranced in joy the Creatures lay,
 Listening the music far away,
 Till One the deep'ning silence broke,
 And thus in song-like murmurs spoke.

MOUNTAIN-FAIRY.

• Soon as the lingering Sun was gone,
 I sail'd away from my sparry throne,
 Mine ■ cool, silent, glimmering dwelling,
 Below the roots of the huge Hyvellyn.
 As onwards like a thought I flew,
 From my wings fast fell the pearly dew,
 Sweet tiny orbs of lucid ray
 Rising and setting ■ my way,
 As if I had been ■ Planet fair,
 That ruled its ■ bright hemisphere.
 'O beauteous sight!' the Shepherd cried,
 To the Shepherd slumbering ■ his side,—
 'Look where the Mountain-Fairy flies!'
 But ■ he had open'd his heavy eyes,
 I had flown o'er Grassmere's moonlight flood,
 And the rustling swing of old Rydal-Wood,
 And sunk down 'mid the heather-bells
 On the shady side of sweet Furness-Fells.
 'T was but one soft ■ o' my wing!
 A start, and an end to my journeying.
 One moment's rest in ■ spot ■ drear,—
 For the Moonlight was sleeping ■ Windermere,

And I ■ in that long pure streak of light
 The joy and the sadness of the night,
 And mine eyes, in sooth, began to fill,
 ■ beautiful that Lake—so still—
 So motionless its gentle breast—
 Save where just rocking in their rest,
 A crowd of water-lilies lay
 Like stars amid the milky way.

• But what had I with the Lake to do?
 So off to the misty hills I flew,
 And in dark ravines, and creviced rocks,
 With my finger I counted my thousand flocks,
 And each little Lamb by name I blest,
 As snow-white they lay in their innocent rest.
 When I saw some weak cold tottering Lamb
 Recline 'gainst the side of its pitiful Dam,
 Who seemed to have ■ wildering fear
 Of Death, as of a Foe that was near,
 I shone like ■ sunbeam soft and ■
 Till the fleece lay smooth on its strengthened form,
 And the happy Creatures lay down together
 Like waves on the sea in gentle weather,
 And in contentment calm and deep
 Sank faintly-bleating into sleep.

• In the soft moonlight glow I knew
 Where the herbs that hold the poison grew;
 And at the touch of my feathery foot
 They withered at once both stalk and root,
 But I shook not the gracious tears of night
 From the plants most dear to the Shepherd's sight,
 And with mellowed lustre bade them spring
 In the yellow round of the Fairy's ring,
 Till, methought, the hillside smiled afar
 With the face of many ■ verdant Star.
 I marked the Fox at the mouth of his den,
 And raised the shadows of Hunter-men,
 And I bade aerial beagles rave,
 And the horn twang through the Felon's cave,
 Then buried him with famine in his grave.

• The Raven sat upon Langdale-Peak
 With crusted blood on his ebony-beak,
 And I dashed him headlong from the steep,
 While the murderer croaked in his sullen sleep.
 Away I sailed by the Eagle's nest
 And the Eaglets couched ■ beneath her breast,
 But the Shepherd shall miss her cry at morn,
 For her eyes ■ dim and her plumage torn,
 And I left in their Eyrie the trops accurst
 To die in their hunger, and cold, and thirst.
 All, all is well with my lovely Flocks!
 And so I dropt suddenly down the rocks,
 From Loughrigg-top, like ■ falling Star,
 Seen doubtless through the mists afar
 By ■ hundred Shepherds on the Hill
 Wandering among the Moonlight still,
 And with folded wings and feet earth-bound
 I felt myself standing o'er the sound
 ■ this Waterfall, and with joy espied
 A Sister-Elf ■ either side!
 My Tale is told—nor strange nor new—
 Now, ■ Lady Bright-Eyes! what say you? •

As ■ wild Night-Flower through the dew
 Looks ■ the Moon with freshened hue,

When a wandering breath of air
 Hath lifted up its yellow hair,
 And its own little glade grows bright
 At the soft revelation of its light,
 Upsprung, ■ sudden and so sweet,
 The MOUNTAIN-FAIRY to her feet;
 And, looking round her with a smile,
 Silent the Creature paused awhile,
 Uncertain what glad thoughts should burst
 In music from her spirit first,
 Till, like a breath breathed clear from Heaven,
 To her at once ■ voice was given,
 And through the tune the words ■■■
 As through the fragrant dew the leaflets of the Rose.

COTTAGE-FAIRY.

• Sisters! I have seen this night
 A hundred Cottage-Fires burn bright,
 And ■ thousand happy faces shining
 In the bursting blaze, and the gleam declining.
 I ■■ not I for the stars above,
 The lights ■ earth ■ the lights I love:
 Let Venus bless the Evening-air,
 Uprise ■ morn Prince Lucifer,
 But those little tiny stars be mine
 That through the softened copse-wood shine,
 With beauty crown the pastoral hill,
 And glimmer o'er the sylvan rill,
 Where stands the Peasant's ivied nest,
 And the huge mill-wheel is at rest.
 From out the honeysuckle's bloom
 I peeped into that laughing room,
 Then, like a hail-drop, ■ the pane
 Pattering, I stilled the din again,
 While every startled eye looked up;
 And, half-raised to her lips the cup,
 The rosy Maiden's look met mine!
 But I veiled mine eyes with the silken twine
 Of the small wild roses clustering thickly;
 Then to her ■■ returning quickly,
 She 'gan to talk with bashful glee
 Of Fairies 'neath the greenwood Tree
 Dancing by moonlight, and she blest
 Gently our silent Land of rest.
 The Infants playing on the floor,
 At these wild words their sports gave o'er,
 And asked where lived the Cottage-Fairy;
 The maid replied, 'She loves to tarry
 Ofttimes beside ■■ very hearth,
 And joins in little Children's mirth
 When they ■■ gladly innocent;
 And sometimes beneath the leafy Tent
 That ■■■ round ■■ Cottage-door,
 Our overshadowing Sycamore,
 We see her dancing in a ring,
 And hear the blessed Creature sing—
 A Creature full of gentleness,
 Rejoicing in ■■ happiness.'
 Then pluck'd I a wreath with many ■ gem
 Burning—a flowery Diadem;
 And through the wicket with ■ glide
 I slipped, and sat ■■ down beside
 The youngest of those Infants fair,
 And wreath'd the blossoms round her hair.
 'Who placed these flowers on William's head?'
 His little wondering Sister said,

'A wreath not half so bright and gay
 Crown'd me, upon the morn of May,
 Queen of that sunny Holiday.'
 The tiny Monarch laughed aloud
 With pride among the loving crowd,
 And, with my shrillest voice, I lent
 A chorus to their merriment;
 Then with such murmur as a ■■
 Makes, from a flower-cup suddenly
 Borne off into the silent sky,
 I skimmed away, and with delight
 Soiled down the calm stream of the night,
 Till gently, ■■ a flake of Snow,
 Once ■■ I dropt on earth below,
 And girdled ■■ with a rainbow zone,
 The Cot beloved I call mine own.

• Sweet Cot! that on the mountain-side
 Looks to the stars of Heaven with pride,
 And then flings far its smiling cheer
 O'er the radiant Isles of Windermere,—
 Blest! ever blest! thy sheltered roof!
 Pain, grief, and trouble, stand aloof
 From the shadow of thy green Palm-Tree!
 Let nought from Heaven e'er visit Thee,
 But dews, and rays, and sounds of mirth;
 And ever may this happy Earth
 Look happiest round thy small domain!
 Thee were I ne'er ■■ again,
 Methinks that agony and strife
 Would fall even on a Fairy's life,
 And nought should ever bless mine eyes
 Save the dream of that vanished Paradise.
 —The hush'd bee-hives were still as death—
 And the sleeping Doves held fast their breath,
 Nestling together on the thatch;
 With my wing-tip I raised the latch,
 And there that lovely Lady shone,
 In silence sitting all alone,
 Beside the cradle of her Child!
 And ever as she gazed, she smiled
 On his calm forehead white as snow;
 I rock'd the cradle to and fro,
 As on the broom ■■ Linnets' nest
 Swings to the mild wind from the west;
 And oft his little hands and breast,
 With ■■ and dewy lips I kist.
 'Sweet Fairy!' the glad Mother said,
 And down she knelt as if she prayed—
 While glad ■■ I to hear our name
 Bestowed ■■ such a beauteous frame,
 And with my wings I hid mine eyes,
 Till I ■■ the weeping knacker rise
 From her prayer in holy ecstasies!'

The COTTAGE-FAIRY ceased; and Night,
 That seem'd ■■ feel a calm delight
 In the breath of that sweet-warbling tongue,
 Was sad ■■ closing of the song,
 And all her starry eyne look'd dull,
 Of late so brightly beautiful;
 Till on the Fox-glove's topmost cup
 The FAIRY OF THE LAKE leapt up,
 And with that gorgeous column swinging,
 By fits a low wild prelude singing,

And gracefully on tip-toe standing,
 With outstretch'd arm, as if commanding,
 The beauty of the Night again
 Revived beneath her heavenly strain.—
 Low, sad, and wild, were the ■■■ I heard,
 Like the opening song of the hidden Bird,
 Ere music steep'd th' Italian vales
 From the heart of a thousand Nightingales;
 But words ■■■ none; the balmy air
 Grew vocal round that Elfin fair,
 And, like her fragrant breath, the song
 Dropp'd dewily from that sweet tongue,
 But 't was a language of her own,
 To grosser human ■■■ unknown;
 And while in blissful reverie
 My soul lived on that melody,
 In ■■■ all as death ■■■ still:
 Then, like an echo in ■ Hill
 Far off ■■ melancholy strain!
 Too heavenly pure to rise again,—
 And all alone the dreamer stood
 Beside the disenchanted flood,
 That rolled the rocky banks along
 With its own dull, slow, mortal song.
 —What wafted off the Fairies? hush!
 The storm ■■■ down the glen—crush—crush—
 And ■ the blackening rain-cloud broke,
 The Pine Tree groans to the groaning Oak!
 Thunder is in the waving wood—
 And from Rydal-mere's white-flashing flood
 There comes through the mist an angry roar,
 Loud as from the great sea-shore.
 Well, I ween, the Fairies knew
 The clouds that the sudden tempest brew,
 And had heard far-off the raging rills,
 As they leapt down from a hundred hills,—
 And the ghostlike moan that wails and raves
 From the toppling crags and the sable caves,—
 Ere the night-storm in his wrath doth come,
 And bids each meaner sound be dumb—
 So they sailed away to the land of rest,
 Each ■ the spot that it loved the best,
 And left ■■ noisy world!

THE HERMIT.

STRANGER! this lonely glen in ancient times
 Was named the glen of blood; nor Christian feet
 By night or day, from these o'er-arching cliffs
 That haply now have to thy joyful shouts
 Return'd a mellow music, ever brought
 One trembling sound to break the depth of silence.
 The village maiden, in this little stream,
 Though then, ■ now, most clearly beautiful,
 Ne'er steep'd her simple garments, while she sang
 Some native air of sadness or of mirth.
 In these cold, shady pools, the fearless trout
 Ne'er ■ the shadow, but of sailing cloud,
 Or kite that wheeling eyed the far-off lamb;
 And on yon hazel bowers the ripen'd fruit
 Hung clustering, moved but by the frequent swing
 Of playful squirrel,—for no school-boy here
 With crook and angle light on holiday
 Came nutting, or to snare the sportive fry.
 Even bolder spirits shunn'd the glen of blood!

These rocks, the abode of Echo, ■■■ mock'd
 In sportive din the huntsman's bugle-horn;
 And as the shepherd from the mountain-fold
 Homewards return'd beneath the silent Moon,
 A low unconscious prayer would agitate
 ■■ breathless heart, for here in unblest grave
 Lay one for whom ne'er toll'd the passing-bell!

And thus was Nature by the impious guilt
 Of ■■ who scorn'd her gracious solitude,
 Defrauded of her worshippers: though pure
 This glen, as consecrated house of God,
 ■■ haunt of heaven-aspiring piety.
 Or in whose dripping cells the poet's ■■
 Might list unearthly music, this sweet glen,
 With all its tender tints and pensive sounds,
 Its balmy fragrance and romantic forms,
 Lay lonely and unvisited; yea worse,
 Peopled with fancied demons, and the brood
 At enmity with man.

So was it once:

But ■■ far other creed hath sanctified
 This dim seclusion, and all human hearts
 Unto its spirit deeply reconciled.
 'T is said, and I in truth believe the tale,
 That many years ago an aged man,
 Of a divine aspect and stately form,
 Came to this glen, and took up his abode
 ■■ of those wild caves ■■ numerous
 Among the hanging cliffs, though hid from view
 By trailing ivy, or thick holly-bush,
 Through the whole year so deeply, brightly green.
 With evil eye the simple villagers
 First look'd on him, and scarcely dared to tell
 Each other what dim fears were in their souls.
 But there is something in the voice and eye
 Of beautiful old age, with angel power
 That charms away suspicion, and compels
 The unwilling soul to reverence and love.
 So was it with this mystical old man!
 When first he came into the glen, the spring
 Had just begun to tinge the sullen rocks
 With transient smiles, and ere the leafy bowers
 Of summer rustled, many a visitant
 Had sat within his hospitable cave,
 From his maple bowl the unpolluted spring
 Drunk fearless, and with him partook the bread
 That his pale lips most reverently had bless'd
 With words becoming such a holy man!

Oft ■■ he seen surrounded by a group
 Of happy children, unto whom he spake
 With ■■ than a paternal tenderness;
 And they who once had gazed with trembling fear
 On the wild dweller in th' unholy glen,
 At last with airy trip and gladsome song
 Would seek him there, and listen on his knee
 To mournful ditties, and most touching tales!

One only book ■■ in this hermit's cell,
 The Book of Life; and when from it he read
 With solemn voice devoutly musical,
 His thoughtful eye still brightening as the words,
 The words of Jesus, in that peaceful cave
 Sounded more holily,—and his grey hair,

Betokening that ■ long in Jesus' breast
 Would be his blessed sleep,— on his calm brows
 Spread quietly, like thin and snowy clouds
 On the hush'd evening sky :—While thus he sate,
 Ev'n like the Apostle whom our Saviour loved,
 In his old age, in Patmos' lonely isle
 Musing on him that he had served in youth,—
 Oh! then, I ween, the awe-struck villagers
 Could scarce sustain his tones ■ deeply charged
 With hope, and faith, and gratitude, and joy.
 But when they gazed!—in the mild lineaments
 Of his majestic visage, they beheld
 How beautiful is holiness, and deem'd
 That ■ he ■ some spirit sent by God
 To teach the way ■ Heaven!

And yet his voice
 Was oftentimes sadder, than ■ they conceived
 An Angel's voice would be, and though to soothe
 The ■ of all others ever seem'd
 His only end in life, perhaps he had
 Grievings of his own of which he nothing spake;
 Else were his locks ■ grey, ■ pale his cheek,
 Than one had thought who only ■ his form
 So stately and ■ tall.—

Once did they speak
 To him of that most miserable man
 Who here himself had slain,—and then his eye
 Was glazed with stern compassion, and a tear,—
 ■ the first they e'er had seen him shed,
 Though mercy was the attribute he loved
 Dearest in God's own Son,—bedimm'd its light
 For ■ short moment; yea, that hermit old
 Wept,—and his sadden'd face angelical
 Veil'd with his wither'd hands,—then on their knees
 He bade his children (so he loved ■ call
 The villagers) kneel down; and unto God
 Pray for his brother's soul.—

Amid the dust
 The hermit long hath slept,—and every one
 That listen'd to the saint's delightful voice.—
 In yonder church-yard, near the eastern porch,
 Close ■ the altar-wall, ■ little mound
 As if by Nature shaped, and strewn by her
 With every tender flower that sorrow loves,
 Tradition calls his grave. On Sabbath-day,
 The hind oft hears the legendary tale
 Rehearsed by village moralist austere,
 With many a pious phrase; and not ■ child,
 Whose trembling feet have scarcely learnt to walk,
 But will conduct thee to the hallow'd spot
 And lip the hermit's name.

Nor did the cave
 That he long time from Nature tenanted
 Remain unhonour'd.—Duly every spring,
 Upon the day he died, thither repair'd
 Many a pure spirit, to his memory
 Chaunting a choral hymn, composed by ■
 Who ■ his death-bed sat and closed his eyes.
 « I am the resurrection and the life, »
 Some old man then would, with a solemn voice,
 Read from that Bible that so oft had blest
 The Hermit's solitude with heavenly cheer.

This Book, sole relic of the sinless man,
 Was from the dust kept sacred, and even now
 Lies on yon box of undecaying yew,
 And may it never fade!—

Stranger unknown!
 Thou breathest, at present, in the very cave
 Where on the Hermit death most gently fell
 Like ■ long wish'd-for slumber. The great Lord,
 Whose castle stands amid the music wild
 Breathed from the bosom of ■ hundred glens,
 ■ youth by nature taught to venerate
 Things truly venerable, hither came
 One year to view the fair solemnity:
 And that the forest-weeds might not obstruct
 The entrance of the cave, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■
 The soft green beauty of its mossy walls,
 This massive door ■ from ■ fallen oak
 Shaped rudely, but all other ornament,
 That porch of living rock with woodbines wreathed,
 And outer roof with many a pensile shrub
 Most delicate, he with wise feeling left
 To Nature, and her patient servant, Time!

Stranger! I know thee not: yet since thy feet
 Have wandered here, I deem that thou art one
 Whose heart doth love in silent communings
 To walk with Nature, and from scenes like these
 Of solemn sadness, to sublime thy soul
 To high endurance of all earthly pains
 Of mind or body: ■ that thou connect
 With Nature's lovely and more lofty forms,
 Congenial thoughts of grandeur or of grace
 In moral being. All creation takes
 The spirit of its character from him
 Who looks thereon: and ■ ■ blameless heart,
 Earth, air, and ocean, howsoever beheld,
 Are pregnant with delight; while ■ the clouds,
 Embathed in dying sunshine, to the base
 Possess no glory, and ■ the wicked tower
 As with avenging thunder.

This sweet glen,
 How sweet it is thou feel'st, with sylvan rocks
 Excluding all but one blue glimpse of sky
 Above, and from the world that lies around
 All but the faint remembrance, tempted ■
 To most unnatural murder, once sublimed
 To the high temper of the seraphim:
 And thus, though its mild character remain'd
 Immutable,—with pious dread ■ shunn'd
 As ■ unholy spot, ■ visited
 With reverence, as ■ consecrated shrine.

Farewell! and grave this moral on thy heart,
 « That Nature smiles for ■ on the good,—
 ■ that all beauty dies with innocence! »

LINES

WRITTEN ■ READING THE ■ ■ ■ ■ ■
 ELISABETH SMITH.

Peace to the dead! the voice of Nature cries,
 Even o'er the grave where guilt or frailty lies;
 Compassion drives each sterner thought away,
 And all ■ good when mouldering in the clay.

For who amid the dim religious gloom,
 The solemn Sabbath brooding o'er the tomb,
 The holy stillness that suspends ■ breath
 When the soul rests within the shade of death,
 What heart could then withhold the pensive sigh
 Reflection pays to poor mortality,
 Nor sunk in pity near allied to love,
 E'en bless the being we could ne'er approve!
 The headstrong will with innocence at strife,
 The restless passions that deform'd his life,
 Desires that spurn'd at reason's weak control,
 And dimm'd the native lustre of the soul,
 The look repulsive that like ice repress'd
 The friendly warmth that play'd within the breast,
 The slighting word, through heedlessness severe,
 Wounding the spirit that it ought to cheer,
 Lie buried in the grave! or if they live,
 Remembrance only wakes them to forgive;
 While vice and error steal ■ soft relief
 From the still twilight of a mellowing grief.
 And oh! how lovely do the tints ■
 Of every virtue sleeping in the urn!
 Each grace that fledged unobserved away,
 Starts into life when those it deck'd decay;
 Regret fresh beauty ■ the corse bestows,
 And self-reproach is mingled with our woes.

But nobler sorrows lift the musing mind
 When soaring spirits leave their frames behind,
 Who walked the world in Nature's generous pride,
 And, like a sun-beam, lighten'd as they died!
 Hope, resignation, the sad soul beguile,
 And Grief's tear-drops 'mid Faith's celestial smile:
 Then burns our being with a holy mirth
 That ■ kindred with this mortal earth;
 For hymning angels in blest vision wave
 Their wings' bright glory o'er the seraph's grave!

Oh thou! whose soul unmoved by earthly strife,
 Led by the pole-star of eternal life,
 Own'd no emotion stain'd by touch of clay,
 No thought that angels might not pleased survey;
 Thou! whose calm ■ through Virtue's fields was ■
 From youth's fair morning ■ thy setting sun,
 Nor vice e'er dared ■ little cloud to roll
 O'er the bright beauty of thy spotless soul;
 Thou! who ■ in good works strong to save,
 Resign'd and happy, eyed'st the opening grave,
 And in the blooming summer of thy years
 Scarce felt'st regret to leave this vale of tears;
 Oh! from thy throne amid the starry skies,
 List to my words thus interwove with sighs,
 And if the high resolves, the cherish'd pain
 That prompt the weak but reverential strain,
 If love of virtue ardent and sincere
 Can win to mortal ■ a cherub's ear,
 Bend from thy radiant throne thy form divine,
 And make the adoring spirit pure ■ thine!
 When my heart ■ o'er the long review
 Of all thy bosom felt, thy reason knew,
 O'er boundless learning free from boastful pride,
 And patience humble though severely tried,
 Judgment unclouded, passions thrice refined,
 A heaven-aspiring loftiness of mind,
 And, rare perfection! calm and sober ■
 Combined with fancy's wild magnificence;

Struck with the pomp of Nature's wondrous plan,
 I hail with joy the dignity of man,
 And soaring high above life's roaring sea,
 Spring ■ the dwelling of my God and Thee.

Short here thy stay! for souls of holiest birth
 Dwell but a moment with the sons of earth;
 To this dim sphere by God's indulgence given,
 Their friends are angels and their home is heaven.
 The fairest rose in shortest time decays;
 The sun, when brightest, soon withdraws his rays;
 The dew that gleams like diamonds on the thorn
 Melts instantaneous ■ the breath of morn;
 Too ■ a rolling shade of darkness shrouds
 The star that smiles amid the evening clouds;
 And sounds that come so sweetly on the ear,
 That the soul wishes every ■ could hear,
 Are as the Light's unwearied pinions fleet,
 As scarce as beautiful, and ■ short as sweet.

Yet, though the unpolluted soul requires
 Airs born in Heaven to fan her sacred fires,
 And ■ to God exulting to be free
 From fleshly chain that binds mortality,
 The world is hallow'd by her blest sojourn,
 And glory dwells for ever round her urn!
 Her skirts of beauty sanctify the air
 That felt her breathings, and that heard her prayer;
 Vice dies where'er the radiant vision trod,
 And there e'en Atheists must believe in God!
 Such the proud triumphs that the good achieve!
 Such the blest gift that sinless spirits leave!
 The parted soul in God-given strength sublime,
 Streams undimm'd splendour o'er unmeasured time;
 Still ■ the earth the sainted hues survive,
 Dead in the tomb, but in the heart alive.
 In vain the tide of ages strives to roll
 A bar ■ check the intercourse of soul;
 The hovering spirits of the good and great
 With fond remembrance own their former state,
 And musing virtue often can behold
 In vision high their plumes of wavy gold,
 And drink with tranced ear the silver sound
 Of seraphs hymning on their nightly round.
 By death untaught, our range of thought is small,
 Bound by the attraction of this earthly ball.
 Our sorrows and our joys, our hopes and fears
 Ignobly pent within ■ few short years;
 But when ■ hearts have read Fate's mystic book,
 On Heaven's gemm'd sphere ■ lift a joyful look,
 Hope turns to Faith, Faith glorifies the gloom,
 And life springs forth exulting from the tomb!

Oh, blest ELIZA! though to me unknown,
 Thine eye's mild lustre and thy melting tone;
 Though ■ this earth apart ■ lives were led,
 Nor my love found thee till thy soul was fled;
 Yet, can affection kiss thy silent clay,
 And rend the glimmering veil of death away:
 Fancy beholds with fix'd, delighted eye,
 Thy white-robed spirit gently gliding by;
 Deep sinks thy smile into my quiet breast,
 As moonlight steeps the ocean-wave in rest!
 While thus, bright shade! thine eyes of mercy dwell
 On that fair land thou loved'st of old ■ well,

What holy raptures through thy being flow,
 To ■ thy memory blessing all below,
 Virtue re-ignite at thy grave her fires,
 And vice repentant shun his low desires!
 This the true Christian's heaven! on earth to see
 The sovereign power of immortality
 At ■ with sin, and in triumphant pride
 Spreading the empire of the crucified.

Oft 'mid the calm of mountain solitude,
 Where Nature's loveliness thy spirit wooed;
 Where lonely cataracts with sullen roar
 To thy hush'd heart ■ fearful rapture bore,
 And caverns moaning with the voice of night,
 Steep'd through the ear thy mind in strange delight;
 I feel thy influence on my heart descend,
 Like words of comfort whisper'd by ■ friend,
 And every cloud in lovelier figures roll,
 Shaped by the power of thy presiding soul!
 And when, slow-sinking in a blaze of light,
 The sun in glory bathes each radiant height,
 Amid the glow thy form seraphic ■
 To float refulgent with unborrow'd beams;
 For thou, like him, hadst still thy ■ pursued,
 From thy ■ blessedness dispensing good;
 Brightly that soul in life's fair morn arose,
 And burn'd like him, more glorious at its close.

But now, I feel my pensive spirit turn,
 Where parents, brothers, sisters, o'er thee mourn.
 For though to all unconscious time supplies
 A strength of soul that stifles useless sighs;
 And in our loneliest hours of grief is given
 To our dim gaze a nearer glimpse of heaven,
 Yet, human frailty pines in deep distress,
 Even when a friend has soar'd to happiness,
 And sorrow, selfish from excess of love,
 Would glad recal the seraph from above!
 And, chief, to thee! ■ whose delighted breast,
 While, yet ■ have, she play'd herself to rest,
 Who rock'd her cradle with requited care,
 And bless'd her sleeping with ■ silent prayer;
 To thee, who first beheld, with watchful eye,
 From her flush'd cheek health's natural radiance fly,
 And, though by fate denied the power to save,
 Smoothed with kind care her passage to the grave,
 When slow consumption led with fatal bloom
 A rosy spectre smiling to the tomb;
 The strain of comfort first to thee would flow,
 But thou hast comforts man could ne'er bestow;
 And e'en misfortune's long and gloomy roll
 Wakes dreams of glory in thy stately soul.
 For ■ whispers, and religion proves,
 That God by sorrow chasteneth whom he loves;
 And suffering virtue smiles at misery's gloom,
 Cheer'd by the light that burns beyond the tomb.

All Nature speaks of thy departed child,
 The flowery meadow, and the mountain wild;
 Of her the lark 'mid sun-shine oft will sing,
 And torrents flow with dirge-like murmuring!
 The lake, that smiles to heaven ■ watery gleam,
 Shows in the vivid beauty of ■ dream
 Her, whose fine touch in mellowing hues array'd
 The misty summit and the woodland glade,

The sparkling depth that slept in waveless rest,
 And verdant isles reflected ■ its breast.
 As down the vale thy lonely footsteps stray,
 While eve steals dimly on retiring day,
 And the pale light that nameless calm supplies
 That holds communion with the promised skies,
 When Nature's beauty overpowers distress,
 And stars soft-burning kindle holiness,
 Thy lips in passive resignation move,
 And peace broods o'er thee on the wings of love.
 The languid mien, the cheek of hectic dye,
 The mournful beauty of the radiant eye,
 The placid smile, the light and easy breath
 Of nature blooming on the brink of death,
 When the fair phantom breathed in twilight balm
 A dying vigour and deceitful calm,
 The tremulous voice that ■ loved to tell
 Thy fearful heart that all would soon be well,
 Steal on thy memory, and though tears will ■
 O'er scenes gone by that thou wouldst fain recal,
 Yet oft has faith with deeper bliss beguiled
 A parent weeping her departed child,
 Than love maternal, when her baby lay
 Hush'd at her breast, or smiling in its play,
 And, ■ some glimpse of infant fancy came,
 Murmuring in scarce-heard lisp some broken name.
 Thou feel'st no more grief's palpitating start,
 Nor the drear night hangs heavy on thy heart.
 Though sky and star may yet awhile divide
 Thy mortal being from thy bosom's pride,
 Your spirits mingle—while to thine is given
 A loftier nature from the touch of heaven.

EXTRACT

FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM, ENTITLED "THE ■"

My soul, behold the beauty of his home!
 The very heavens look down with gracious smiles
 Upon its holy rest. How bright a green
 Sleeps round the dwelling of two loving hearts!
 The air lies hush'd above the peaceful roof,
 As if it felt the sanctity within.
 On glides the river with ■ tranquil flow,
 Delighting in his music, ■ he bathes
 The happy bounds where happiness doth stray.
 —I see them sitting by each other's side,
 In the heart's silent secrecy! I hear
 The breath of meditation from their souls.
 They speak: a soft, subduing tenderness,
 Born of devotion, innocence and bliss,
 Steals from their bosoms in a silver voice
 That makes a pious hymning melody.
 They look: ■ gleam of light as sadly sweet
 As if they listen'd to some mournful tale,
 Swims in their eyes that almost melt to tears.
 They smile: oh! never did such languor steal
 From lustre of two early-risen stars
 When all the silent heavens appear their own.
 And lo! an infant shows his gladsome face!
 His beautiful and shining golden head
 Lies ■ his mother's bosom, like a rose
 Fallen on ■ lilled bank. A dewy light
 Meets the soft smiling of his upward eye,
 As in the playful restlessness of joy
 ■ clings around her neck, and fondly strives

To reach the kisses mantling from her soul.
 —And now the baby in his cradle sleeps,
 Hush'd by his mother's prayer! How soft her tread
 Falls, like a snow-flake, on the noiseless floor!
 She almost fears to breathe too fond a sigh
 Towards the father of her darling child.
 —Sleep broods o'er all the house: the mother's heart,
 Beating within her husband's folding arms,
 Dreams of sweet looks of waking happiness,
 Unceasing greetings of congenial thought,
 Deep blendings of existence; till awake
 By the long stirring of delightful dreams,
 She with a silent prayer of thankfulness
 Leans gently-breathing on the breast of love!

Can guilt or misery ever enter here?
 Ah! no; the spirit of domestic peace,
 Though calm and gentle as the brooding dove,
 And as murmuring forth a quiet song,
 Guards, powerful as the sword of cherubim,
 The hallow'd porch. She hath a heavenly smile
 That sinks into the sullen soul of vice,
 And as him o'er virtue, so transforms
 The purpose of his heart, sudden shame
 Smothers the struggling into birth,
 And makes him an eye of kindness
 Even the blessings that he as a blast.
 It is a lofty thought, O guardian love!
 To think that he who lives beneath thine eye
 Can never be polluted. Pestilence,
 The dire, contagious pestilence of sin,
 May walk abroad, and lay its victims low;
 But they, whose upright spirits worship thee,
 Breathe not the tainted air—they live apart
 Unharm'd, as Israel's heaven-protected sons,
 When the exterminating angel pass'd
 With steps of blood o'er Egypt's groaning land.
 Then ever keep unbroken and unstained
 The Sabbath-sanctity of home; the shrine
 Where spirit in its rapture worships God.
 By Heaven beloved for ever as the walls
 That duly every morn and evening hear
 Our whisper'd hymns! Eternity broods there.
 Yea! like a father smiling as a hand
 Of happy children, the Almighty One
 Dwells in the midst of us, appearing oft
 In visible glory, while our souls,
 Made pure beneath the watching of his eye,
 Walk stately in the conscious praise of Heaven!

EDITH AND NORA.

A PASTORAL POET'S

Suz hath risen up from her morning prayer,
 And chained the waves of her golden hair,
 Hath kissed her sleeping sister's cheek,
 And breathed the blessing she might not speak,
 Lest the whisper should break the dream that smiled
 Round the snow-white brow of the sinless child.
 Her radiant Lamb and her purpling Dove
 Have ta'en their food from the hand they love;
 The low deep coo and the plaintive bleat
 In the morning calm, how clear and sweet!
 Ere the Sun has warmed the dawning hours,
 She hath watered the glow of her garden flowers,

And welcomed the hum of the earliest
 The moist bloom working drowsily;
 Then up the flow of the rocky rill
 Trips away to the pastoral Hill;
 And, as she lifts her glistening eyes
 The joy of her heart to the dewy skies,
 Feels that her sainted Parents bless
 The of their Orphan Shepherdess.

'T is a lonely Glen! but the happy Child
 Hath friends whom she in the morning wild!
 As on she trips, her native stream,
 Like her hath awoke from a joyful dream,
 And glides away by her twinkling feet,
 With a face as bright and a voice as
 In the osier bank the Ouzel sitting,
 Heard her steps, and away is flitting
 From stone to stone, she glides along,
 Then sinks in the stream with a broken song.
 The Lapwing, fearless of his nest,
 Stands looking round with his delicate crest,
 Or a love-like joy is in his cry,
 As he wheels and darts and glances by.
 The Heron asleep on the silvery sand
 Of his little lake! Lo! his wings expand
 As a dreamy thought, and withouten dread,
 Cloud-like he floats o'er the Maiden's head.
 She looks to the birch-wood glade, and lo!
 There is browsing there the mountain-roe,
 Who lifts up her gentle eyes, nor moves
 As on glides the form whom all nature loves.
 Having spent in Heaven an hour of mirth,
 The Lark drops down to the dewy earth,
 And as silence smooths his yearning breast
 In the gentle fold of his lowly nest,
 The Linnet takes up the hymn, unseen
 In the yellow broom or the bracken green.
 And now, as the morning-hours are glowing,
 From the hill-side coos the cocks crowing,
 And the Shepherd's Dog is barking shrill
 From the mist fast rising from the hill,
 And the Shepherd's self, with locks of grey,
 Hath blessed the Maiden on her way!
 And she sees her dear flock
 On a verdant mound beneath the rock,
 Close together in beauty and love,
 Like the small fair clouds in heaven above,
 And her innocent soul at the peaceful sight
 Is swimming o'er with a still delight.

And how shall sweet Edith pass the day,
 From her home and her sister far away,
 With none whom she may speak the while,
 Or share the silence and the smile,
 When the stream of thought flows calm and deep,
 And the face of Joy is like that of sleep?
 Fear not—the long, still Summer-day
 On downy wings hath sail'd away,
 And is melting unawares in Even,
 Like a pure cloud in the heart of Heaven,
 Nor Weariness nor Woe hath paid
 One visit to the happy Maid,
 Sitting in sunshine or in shade.
 For many a wild Tale doth she know,
 Framed in these valleys long ago

By pensive Shepherds, unto whom
The sweet breath of the heather-bloom
Brought inspiration, and the Sky
Folding the hill-tops silently,
And airs so spirit-like, and streams
Aye murmuring through a world of dreams.
A hundred plaintive tunes hath she—
A hundred chaunts of sober glee—
And she hath sung them o'er and o'er,—
As — some solitary shore
'T is said the Mermaid oft doth sing
Beneath some cliff's o'ershadowing,
While melteth o'er the waters clear
A song which there is none to hear!
Still at the close of each wild strain
Hath gentle Edith lived again
O'er long-past hours—while smiles and sighs
Obey'd their own loved Melodies.
Now rose to sight the hawthorn-glade,
Where that old blind Musician played
So blithely to the dancing ring—
Or, in a fit of sorrowing,
Sung mournful Songs of other years
That fill'd his own dim eyes with tears.
And then the Sabbath seemed to rise
In stillness o'er the placid skies,
And from the small Kirk in the Dell
Came the clear chime of holy Bell,
Solemnly ceasing, when appear'd
The grey-hair'd Man beloved and fear'd—
The Man of God—whose eyes were fill'd
With visions in the heavens beheld,
And rightfully inspired fear,
Whose yoke, like Love's, is light to bear.
—And thus sole sitting on the Brae,
From human voices far away,
Even like the flowers round Edith's feet,
Shone forth her fancies wild or sweet;
Some in the shades of memory
Unfolding out reluctantly,
But breathing from that tender gloom
A faint—etherial—pure perfume;
Some burning in their full-blown pride,
And by the Sun's love beautified;
None wither'd—for the air is holy,
Of a pure spirit's melancholy;
And God's own gracious eye hath smiled
On the sorrows of this Orphan Child;
Therefore, her Parents' Grave appears
Green, calm, and sunbright through her tears,
Beneath the deep'ning hush of years.

An Image of young Edith's Life,
This one still day—no noise—no strife—
Alike calm—morning—noon—and even—
And Earth to her as pure as Heaven.

Now night comes wavering down the sky:
The clouds like ships at anchor lie,
All gather'd in the glimmering air,
After their pleasant voyage: there
One solitary bark glides —
So slow, that its haven will ne'er be won.
But a wandering wind hath lent it motion,
And the last Sail hath passed o'er the heavenly ocean.

Are these the Hills — steep'd by day,
In — greenness that seem'd to mock decay,
And that stole from the Sun so strong and light,
That it well might dare th' eclipse of night?
Where is the sound that filled the air
Around—and above—and every where?
Soft wild pipes hushed! and a world of wings
All shut with their radiant shiverings!
The wild bees now are all at rest
In their earthen cell—or their mossy nest—
Save when some lated labourers come
From the far-off hills with a weary hum,
And drop down 'mid the flowers, till morn
Shall awaken to life each tiny horn.
Dew sprinkles sleep — every flower,
And each bending stalk has lost its power—
No toils have they, but in beauty blest,
They seem to partake in Nature's rest.
Sleep calms the bosom of the Earth,
And a dream just moves it in faintest mirth.

The slumber of the Hills and Sky
Hath hushed into a reverie
The soul of Edith—by degrees,
With half-closed eyes she nothing sees
But the glimmer of twilight stretched afar,
And one bright solitary star,
That comes like an angel with his beams,
To lead her on through the world of dreams,
She feels the soft grass beneath her head,
And the smell of flowers around her shed,
Breathing of Earth,—as yet, she knows
Whence is the sound that past her flows,
(The flowery fount in its hillside cell)
But a beauty there is which she cannot tell
To her soul that beholds it, spread all around;
And she feels a rapture, oh! more profound
Than e'er by a dream was breathed, — driven
Through a bosom, all suddenly filled with heaven.

Oh! come ye from heaven ye blessed Things,
So silent with your silvery wings
Folded in moonlight glimmerings?
—They have dropt like two soft gleams of light,
Those gracious Forms, on the verdant height
Where Edith in her slumber lies,
With calm face meeting the calm skies,
Like one whose earthly course is o'er,
And sleepeth to awake no more!
Gazing upon the Child they stand,
Till — with small soft silent hand
Lifts from that brow the golden hair—
— Was ever mortal face so fair?
God gives to us the sleeping maid!
And scarcely are the kind words said,
Than Edith's lovely neck is wreathed
With arms — soft — zephyrs breathed
O'er sleeping lilies,—and slowly raised
The still form of the child, amazed
To see those visages divine,
And eyes so filled with pity, shine
On her, a simple Shepherdess,
An orphan in the wilderness!

— O, happy child! who livest in mirth
And joy of thine own — this sinful Earth,

Whose heart, like a lonely stream, keeps singing,
 Or, like a holy bell, is ringing
 So sweetly in the silent wild—
 Wilt thou come with us, thou happy child,
 And live in a land where woe and pain
 Are heard but as a far-off strain
 Of mournful music,—where the breath
 Of Life is murmuring not of Death;
 And Happiness alone doth weep,
 And nought but Bliss doth break our sleep.
 Wilt thou come with us to the Land of Dreams?
 —A kiss as soft as moonlight seems
 To fall on Edith's brow and cheek—
 As that voice no more is heard to speak;
 And bright before her half-closed eyes
 Stand up these Shapes from Paradise,
 Breathing sweet fear into her heart!
 —She trembleth lest their beauty part,
 Cloudlike, ere she be full awake,
 And leave her weeping for their sake,
 An orphan Shepherdess again,
 Left all by herself in that lonely glen!

• Fear not, sweet Edith! to come along
 With us, though the voice of the Fairy's Song
 Sound strange to thy soul thus murmuring near—
 Fear not, for thou hast nought to fear!
 Oft hast thou heard our voice before,
 Hymn-like pass by thy cottage door
 When thou and thy sister were at prayers,—
 Oft hast thou heard it in wild low airs,
 Circling thy couch on the heathery hill,—
 And when all the stars in heaven were still,
 As their images in the lake below,
 That was our voice that seem'd to flow,
 Like softest waters through the night,
 The music breathed from our delight.
 Then, come with us, sweet Edith! come
 And dwell in the Lake-Fairy's home;
 And happier none can be in heaven,
 Than we in those green valleys, given
 By Nature's kind beneficence
 To us, who live in innocence;
 And on our gentle missions go,
 Up to the human world of woe,
 To make by our music mortal Elves
 For a dream as happy as ourselves;
 All flitting back ere the sun arise,
 To our own untroubled Paradise.

• O waft me there, ere my dream is gone,
 For dreams have a wild world all their own!
 And never was vision like to this—
 O waft me away ere I wake from bliss!
 But where is my little sister? Where
 The child whom her mother with dying prayer
 Put into my bosom, and bade us be
 True to each other, as on the sea
 Two loving birds, whom a wave may divide,
 But who float back soon to each other's side!
 Bring Nora here, and we two will take
 Our journey with you deep down the Lake,
 And let its waters for ever close
 O'er the upper world of human woes,
 For young though we be, and have known no strife,
 Yet we start at the shadows of mortal life;

And many a tear have we two shed
 In each other's arms, on an orphan bed,—
 So let Nora to my heart be given,
 And with you will I fly, and trust in Heaven.

A sound of parting wings is heard,
 As when at night a wandering bird
 Flits by us, absent from its nest
 Beyond the hour of the Songster's rest.
 For, the younger Fairy away hath flown,
 And hath Nora found in her sleep alone,
 Hath raised her up between her wings,
 And lulled her with gentlest murmurings,
 And borne her over plain and steep
 With soft smooth glide that breaks not sleep,
 And laid her down as still as death
 By Edith's side on the balmy heath,
 And all ere twice ten waves have broke
 On the Lake's smooth sand, or the aged oak
 Hath ceased to shiver its leaves so red
 Beneath the breeze that just touched its head.

The heath-flowers all are shining bright,
 And every star has its own soft light,
 And all the quiet clouds are there,
 And the sun's sweet sound is in the air,
 From stream and echo mingling well
 In the silence of the glimmering dell,—
 But no more is seen the radiant fold
 Of Fairy-wings bedropt with gold,
 Nor those sweet human faces! They
 Have melted like the dew away,
 And Edith and Nora never more
 Shall be sitting seen on the earthly shore!
 For they drift away with peaceful motion,
 Like birds into the heart of ocean,
 Some silent spot secure from storms—
 Who float on with their soft-plumed forms
 Whiter than the white sea-foam,
 Still dancing from home to home;
 Fair Creatures! in their lonely glee
 Happier than Stars in Heaven or Sea.

Long years are past—and every stone
 Of the Orphans' cot is with moss o'ergrown,
 And wild-stalks beautiful and tall
 Hang o'er the little garden-wall,
 And the clear well within the rock
 Lies with its smiling calm unbroke
 By dipping pitcher! There the Hives!
 But a faint feeble hum survives—
 Dead is that Cottage once so sweet,
 Shrouded in a winding-sheet—
 Nor the sobbing of the air
 Mourns o'er the life that once was there!

O happy ye! who have flown afar
 From the sword of those ruthless men of war,
 That, for many a year, have bathed in blood
 Scotland's green glens of solitude!
 Orphans ye—but your lips were calm
 When together ye sang the evening psalm;
 Nor sound of terror as the breeze,
 E'er startled you up from your humble knees,
 When the dewy daisied sod,
 In heaven ye worshipp'd your Father's God,

After the simple way approved
 By men whom God and Angels loved.
 Dark—dark days come—when holy prayers
 Are sinful held, and snow-white hairs
 By ruffian hands are torn and strew'd,
 Even where the Old Man bows to God!
 Sabbath is heavy to the soul,
 When no kirk-bell is heard to toll,
 Struck dumb as ice—no bridal show
 Shines cheerful through these days of woe;
 Now are the blest baptismal rites
 Done by lone streams, in moonless nights;
 Now every lover loves in dread;
 Sleep flies from cradle and from bed;
 The silent meal in fear is blest;
 In fear the mother gives her breast
 To the infant, whose dim eyes can trace
 A trouble in her smiling face.
 The little girl her hair has braided
 Over a brow by terror shaded;
 And virgins, in youth's lovely years,
 Who fear not death, have far worse fears.
 Wailing is heard o'er all the land,
 For, by day and night, a bloody hand
 A bloody sword doth widely wave,
 And peace is none, but in the grave.

But Edith and Nora lead happy hours
 In the Queen Lake-Fairy's palace-bowers,
 Nor troubles from the world of ill
 E'er reach that kingdom calm and still,
 A dream-like kingdom sunk below
 The fatal reach of waking woe!
 There, radiant water-drops are shed,
 Like strings of pearl round each Orphan's head,
 Glistening with many a lovely ray,
 Yet, all ■ light, that they melt away,
 Unfelt by the locks they beautify—
 The flowers that bloom there never die,
 Breathing for ever through the calm
 A gentle breath of honey'd balm;
 Nor ever happy Fairy grieves
 O'er the yellow fall of the Forest leaves;
 Nor mourns to hear the rustling dry
 Of their faded pride in the frosty sky;
 For all is young and deathless there,
 All things unlike—but all things fair.
 Nor is that saddest beauty known
 That lies in the thoughts of pleasure flown;
 Nor doth joy ever need to borrow
 A charm to its soul from the smiles of sorrow.

Nor are the upper world and skies
 Withheld, when they list, from these Orphans' eyes—
 The shadow of green trees on earth
 Falls on the Lake—and the small bird's mirth
 Doth often through the silence ring
 In sweet, shrill, merry jargon—
 So that the Orphans almost think
 They are lying again on the broomy brink
 Of their native Dee—and scarcely know
 If the change hath been to bliss or woe,
 As, 'mid that music wild, they seem
 To start back to life from a fairy dream.
 So all that most beautiful is above
 Sends down to their rest its soul of love;

Nor have they in their bliss forgot
 The walls, roof, and door, of their native cot;
 Nor the bed in which their Parents died,
 And they themselves slept side by side!
 They know that Heaven hath brought them here,
 To shield them from the clouds of fear;
 And therefore ■ their sinless breasts
 When they go to sleep the Bible rests,
 The Bible that they read of old,
 Beside their lambs in the mountain-fold,
 Unseen but by ■ gracious eye,
 That blest their infant piety!

On what doth the wondering shepherd gaze,
 As o'er Loch-Ken the moonlight plays,
 And in the Planet's silvery glow,
 Far shines the smooth sand, white as snow?
 In Heaven or Lake there is no breeze,
 Yet a glimmering Sail that Shepherd sees,
 Swan-like steer on its stately way
 Into the little Crescent bay;
 Now jocundly its fair gleam rearing,
 And now in darkness disappearing,
 Till 'mid the water-lilies riding
 It hangs, and to the green shore gliding
 Two lovely Creatures silently
 Sit down beneath the star-light sky,
 And look around, in deep delight,
 On all the pure still smiles of night.
 As they sit in beauty on the shore,
 The Shepherd feels he has seen before
 The quiet of their heavenly eyes:
 « 'T is the Orphans come back from Paradise,
 Edith and Nora! They now return,
 When this woe-worn Land hath ceased to mourn.
 We thought them dead, but at Heaven's command,
 For years they have lived in Fairy Land,
 And they glide back by night to their little cot,
 O absent long, but by none forgot! »

The boat with its snow-white sail is gone,
 And the Creatures it brought to shore are flown!
 Still the crowd of water-lilies shake,
 And a long bright line shines o'er the Lake,
 But nought else tells that a bark was near;
 While the wilder'd Shepherd seems to hear
 A wild hymn wandering through the wood,
 Till it dies up the mountain solitude;
 And a dreamy thought, ■ the sounds depart,
 Of Edith and Nora comes o'er his heart.

At morning's first pure silent glow,
 A band of simple Shepherds go
 To the Orphans' Cot, and there they behold
 The Dove so bright, with its plumes of gold,
 And the radiant Lamb, that used to glide
 So spirit-like by fair Edith's side.
 Fair Creatures! that no ■ were seen
 On the sunny thatch or the flowery green,
 Since the lovely Sisters had flown away,
 And left their Cottage to decay!
 Back to this world returned again,
 They seem in sadness and in pain,
 And coo and bleat is like the breath
 Of sorrow mourning over death.

Lo! smiling on their rusky bed,
 Lie Edith and Nora—embraced—and dead!
 A gentle frost has closed their eyes,
 And hushed—just hushed—their balmy sighs.
 Over their lips, yet rosy red,
 A faint, pale, cold decay is shed;
 A dimness hangs o'er their golden hair,
 That sadly tells no life is there;
 There beats no heart, no current flows
 In bosoms sunk in such repose;
 Limbs may not that chill quiet have,
 Unless laid ready for the grave.
 Silence lies there from face to feet,
 And the bed she loves best is a winding-sheet.

Let the Coffin sink down soft and slowly,
 And calm be the burial of the holy!
 One long look in that mournful cell—
 Let the green turf heave—and then, farewell!
 No need of tears! in this church-yard shade
 Oft had the happy Orphans played
 Above these quiet graves! and well they lie
 After a calm bright life of purity,
 Beneath the flowers that once sprung to meet
 The motion of their ■■■ still feet!
 The mourners are leaving the buried clay
 To the holy hush of the Sabbath-day,
 When a Lamb comes sadly bleating by,
 And a Dove soft wavering through the sky,
 And both lie down without a sound,
 In beauty on the funeral mound!
 What may these lovely creatures be!
 —Two sisters who died in infancy,
 And thus had those they loved attended,
 And been by those they loved befriended!
 Whate'er—fair Creatures! might be their birth,
 Never more were they seen on earth;
 But to young and old belief was given
 That with Edith and Nora they went to Heaven.

LINES

WRITTEN IN ■ LONELY BURIAL GROUND ON THE
 ■■■ COAST OF ■■■ HIGHLANDS.

How mournfully this burial ground
 Sleeps 'mid old Ocean's solemn sound,
 Who rolls his bright and sunny waves
 All round these deaf and silent graves!
 The cold wan light that glimmers here,
 The sickly wild-flowers may not cheer;
 If here, with solitary hum,
 The wandering mountain-bee doth come,
 'Mid the pale blossoms short his stay,
 To brighter leaves he booms away.
 The Sea-bird, with a wailing sound,
 Alighteth softly on a mound,
 And, like an image, sitting there
 For hours amid the doleful air,
 Seemeth to tell of some dim union,
 Some wild and mystical communion,
 Connecting with his parent Sea
 This lonesome, stoneless Cemetery.

This may not be the Burial-place
 Of some extinguished kingly race,

Whose name on earth no longer known
 Hath moulder'd with the mouldering stone.
 That nearest grave, yet brown with mould,
 Seems but one summer-twilight old;
 Both late and frequent hath the bier
 Been on its mournful visit here,
 And yon green spot of sunny rest
 Is waiting for its destined guest.

I see no little kirk—no bell
 On Sabbath tinkleth through this dell.
 How beautiful those graves and fair,
 That, lying round the house of prayer,
 Sleep in the shadow of its grace!
 But death has chosen this rueful place
 For his own undivided reign!
 And nothing tells that e'er again
 The sleepers will forsake their bed—
 Now, and for everlasting dead,
 For Hope with Memory seems fled!

Wild-screaming Bird! unto the Sea
 Winging thy flight reluctantly,
 Slow floating o'er these grassy tombs
 So ghost-like, with thy snow-white plumes,
 At once from thy wild shriek I know
 What means this place so steep'd in wo!
 Here, they who perish'd on the deep
 Enjoy at last unrocking sleep,
 For Ocean, from his wrathful breast,
 Flung them into this haven of rest,
 Where shroudless, coffinless they lie,—
 'T is the shipwreck'd seaman's cemetery.

Here scamen old, with grizzled locks,
 Shipwreck'd before ■■ desert rocks,
 And by some wandering vessel taken
 From sorrows that seem God-forsaken,
 Home-bound, here have met the blast
 That wreck'd them on Death's shore at last!
 Old friendless men, who had no tears
 To shed, nor any place for fears
 In hearts by misery fortified,—
 And, without terror, sternly died.
 Here, many a creature, moving bright
 And glorious in full manhood's might,
 Who dared with ■■ untroubled eye
 The tempest brooding in the sky,
 And loved to hear that music rave,
 And danced above the mountain-wave,
 Hath quaked on this terrific strand,—
 All flung like sea-weeds to the land;
 A whole crew lying side by side,
 Death-dash'd at once in all their pride.
 And here, the bright-haired, fair-faced Boy,
 Who took with him all earthly joy
 From one who weeps both night and day,
 For her sweet Son borne far away,
 Escaped at last the cruel deep,
 In all his beauty lies asleep;
 While she would yield all hopes of grace
 For one kiss of his pale, cold face!

Oh I could wail in lonely fear!
 For many a woful ghost sits here,

All weeping with their fixed eyes!
And what a dismal sound of sighs
Is mingling with the gentle roar
Of small waves breaking on the shore;
While ocean seems to sport and play
In mockery of its wretched prey!

And lo! a white-winged vessel sails
In sunshine, gathering all the gales
Fast-freshening from yon isle of pines,
That o'er the clear waves and shines.
I turn to the ghostly crowd,
All smeared with dust, without a shroud,
And silent every blue-swollen lip!
Then gazing on the sunny ship,
And listening to the glad some cheers
Of all her thoughtless mariners,
I seem to hear in every breath
The hollow under-tones of Death,
Who, all unheard by those who sing,
Keeps tune with low wild murmuring,
And points with his lean bony hand
To the pale ghasts sitting on this strand,
Then dives beneath the rushing prow,
Till on some moonless night of woe
He drives her shivering from the steep
Down—down a thousand fathoms deep.

THE FRENCH EXILE.

My Mary! wipe those tears away
That dim thy lovely eyes,
Nor, that wild, romantic lay,
That leads through fairy worlds astray,
Waste all thy human sighs.
Come hither on the lightsome wing
Of innocence, and with thee bring
Thy smiles that warmly fall
Into the heart with sunny glow;
When he tunes his harp to sing,
Thou wilt not be in haste to go.
—The Minstrel's in the Hall!

Quickly she started from her seat,
With blushing, virgin-grace;
Her long hair floating like a stream,
While through it shone with tender gleam
Her calm and pensive face!
Soon she heard the Minstrel's name,
Across her silent cheek there came
A blithe yet pitying ray;
For often had she heard me tell
Of the French Exile, blind and lame,
Who sung and touch'd the harp so well—
Old Louis Fontenaye.

Silent he sat his harp beside,
Upon an antique chair;
And something of his country's pride
Did, exiled though he was, reside
Throughout his foreign air!
A snow-white dog of Gascon breed,
With ribands deck'd, was there to lead
His dark steps,—and secure

The paltry alms that traveller threw,
Alms that in truth he much did need,
For every child that saw him, knew
That he was wretched poor.

His harp with figures quaint and rare
Was deck'd, and strange device;
There, you beheld the mermaid fair
In mirror braid her sea-green hair,
In wild and sportive guise.
There, on the imitated swell
The Tritons blew the wreathed shell
Around some fairy isle:
—He framed it, when almost a child,
Long ere he left his native dell:
Who the antic carving wild
Could scarce forbear to smile.

With silver voice, the lady said,
She knew how well he sung!
—Starting, he raised his hoary head,
To hear from that kind-hearted maid
His own dear native tongue.
He seem'd as if restored to sight,
So suddenly his eyes grew bright
When that music touch'd his ear;
The lily fields of France, I ween,
Before him swam in soften'd light,
And the sweet waters of the Seine
They all are murmuring near.

Even now, his voice was humbly sad,
Subdued by woe and want;
So crush'd his heart, no wish he had
To feel for one short moment glad,
That hopeless Emigrant!
—The aged man is young again,
And cheerily chaunts a playful strain
While his face with rapture shines;—
How rapidly his fingers glance
O'er the glad strings! his giddy brain
Drinks in the chorus and the dance,
Beneath his clustering vines.

We saw it was a darling tune
With his old heart,—a cheer
That made all pains forgotten soon;—
Gay look'd he as a bird in June
That loves itself to hear.
Nor undelightful were the lays
That warm and flowery sung the praise
Of France's lovely Queen,
When with the Ladies of her Court,
Like Flora and her train of fays,
She came at summer-eve to sport
Along the banks of Seine.

But fades the sportive roundelay;
Both harp and voice are still;
The dear delusion will not stay,
The murmuring Seine flows far away,
Sink cot and vine-clad hill!
Though his cheated soul is wounded sore,
His aged visage dimm'd once more,
The smile will not depart:

But struggles 'mid the wrinkles there,
For he clings unto the parting shore,
And the morn of life ■ melting fair,
Still lingers in his heart.

Ah me! what touching silentness
Slept o'er the face divine
Of my dear maid! methought each tress
Hung 'mid the light of tenderness,
Like clouds in soft moonshine.
With artful innocence she tried
In languid smiles from me to hide
Her tears that fell like rain;—
But when she felt I must perceive
The drops of heavenly pity glide,
She own'd she could not chuse but grieve,
So gladsome ■ the strain!

If when his griefs once more began,
His eyes had been restored,
And met her face so still and wan,
How had that aged, exiled man
The pitying Saint adored!
Yet though the angel light that play'd
Around her face, pierced not the shade
That veil'd his eyeballs dim,—
Yet ■ his ear her murmurs stole,
And, with a faltering voice, he said
That he felt them sink into his soul
Like the blessed Virgin's hymn!

He pray'd that Heaven its flowers would strew
On both our heads through life,
With such a tone, as told he knew
She was a virgin fond and true,
Mine own betrothed wife!
And something too he strove to say
In praise of our green isle,—how they
Her generous children, though at war
With France, and both on field and wave
Encountering oft in fierce array,
Would not from home or quiet grave
Her exiled sons debar!

Long was the aged Harper gone
Ere Mary well could speak,—
So I cheer'd her soul with loving tone,
And, happy that she was my own,
I kiss'd her dewy cheek.
And, when once more I saw the ray
Of mild-returning pleasure play
Within her glistening eyes,
I bade the gentle maiden go
And read again that Fairy lay,
Since she could weep, 'mid fancied woe,
O'er real miseries.

THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

With laughter swimming in thine eye,
That told youth's heartfelt revelry;
And motion changeful as the wing
Of swallow waken'd by the spring;
With accents blithe as voice of May
Chaunting glad Nature's roundelay;

Circled by joy like planet bright
That smiles 'mid wreathes of dewy light,—
Thy image such, in former time,
When thou, just entering on thy prime,
And woman's sense in thee combined
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,
First taught'st my sighing soul to move
With hope towards the heaven of love!

Now years have given my Mary's face
A thoughtful and a quiet grace:—
Though happy still,—yet chance distress
Hath left a pensive loveliness;
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams!
Thy smiles, slow-kindling now and mild,
Shower blessings on a darling child;
Thy motion slow, and soft thy tread,
As if round thy hush'd infant's bed!
And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone,
That tells thy heart is all my own,
Sounds sweeter, from the lapse of years,
With the wife's love, the mother's fears!

By thy glad youth, and tranquil prime
Assured, I smile at hoary time!
For thou art doom'd in age to know
The calm that wisdom steals from woe;
The holy pride of high intent,
The glory of a life well spent.
When, earth's affections nearly o'er,
With Peace behind, and Faith before,
Thou render'st up again to God,
Untarnish'd by its frail abode,
Thy lustrous soul,—then harp and hymn,
From hands of sister seraphim,
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye
Open in Immortality.

MY COTTAGE.

One small spot
Where my tired mind may rest and call it home.
There is a magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit.

SOUTHEY'S Hymn to the Penman.

Here have I found at last a home of peace
To hide me from the world; far from its noise,
To feed that spirit, which, though sprung from earth,
And link'd to human beings by the bond
Of earthly love, hath yet a loftier aim
Than perishable joy, and through the calm
That sleeps amid the mountain-solitude,
Can bear the billows of eternity,
And hear delighted.

Many ■ mystic gleam,
Lovely though faint, of imaged happiness
Fell on my youthful heart, as oft her light
Smiles on ■ wandering cloud, ere the fair Moon
Hath risen in the sky. And oh! ye dreams
That to such spiritual happiness could shape
The lonely reveries of my boyish days,
Are ye at last fulfill'd? Ye fairy scenes,

That to the doubting gaze of prophecy
 Rose lovely, with your fields of sunny green,
 Your sparkling rivulets and hanging groves
 Of more than rainbow lustre, where the swing
 Of woods primeval darken'd the still depth
 Of lakes bold-sweeping round their guardian hills
 Even like the arms of Ocean, where the roar
 Sullen and far from mountain cataract
 Was heard amid the silence, like a thought
 Of solemn mood that tames the dancing soul
 When swarming with delights;—Ye fairy scenes!
 Fancied no more, but bursting on my heart
 In living beauty, with adoring song
 I bid you hail! and with ■ holy love
 As ever beautified the eye of saint
 Hymning his midnight orisons, to you
 I consecrate my life,—till the dim stain
 Left by those worldly and unhallow'd thoughts
 That taint the purest soul, by bliss destroyed,
 My spirit travel like ■ summer sun,
 Itself all glory, and its path all joy.

Nor will the musing penance of the soul,
 Perform'd by moonlight, or the setting sun,
 To hymn of swinging oak, or the wild flow
 Of mountain-torrent, ever lead her on
 To virtue, but through peace. For Nature speaks
 A parent's language, and, in tones as mild
 As e'er hush'd infant on its mother's breast,
 Wins us to learn her lore. Yea! even to guilt,
 Though in her image something terrible
 Weigh down his being with a load of awe,
 Love mingles with her wrath, like tender light
 Stream'd o'er a dying storm. And thus where'er
 Man feels ■ man, the earth is beautiful.
 His blessings sanctify even senseless things,
 And the wide world in cheerful loveliness
 Returns to him its joy. The summer air,
 Whose glittering stillness sleeps within his soul,
 Stirs with its own delight: The verdant earth,
 Like beauty waking from a happy dream,
 Lies smiling: Each fair cloud to him appears
 A pilgrim travelling to the shrine of peace;
 And the wild wave, that wantons ■ the sea,
 A gay though homeless stranger. Ever blest
 The man who thus beholds the golden chain
 Linking his soul ■ outward Nature fair,
 Full of the living God!

And where, ye haunts
 Of grandeur and of beauty! shall the heart,
 That yearns for high communion with its God,
 Abide, if e'er its dreams have been of you?
 The loveliest sounds, forms, hues, of all the earth
 Linger delighted here: Here guilt might come,
 With sullen soul abhorring Nature's joy,
 And in a moment be restored to Heaven.
 Here sorrow, with a dimness o'er his face,
 Might be beguiled to smiles,—almost forget
 His sufferings, and, in Nature's living book,
 Read characters ■ lovely, that his heart
 Would, as it bless'd them, feel ■ rising swell
 Almost like joy!—O earthly paradise!
 Of many ■ secret anguish hast thou heal'd
 Him, who now greets thee with a joyful strain.

And oh! if in those elevated hopes
 That lean on virtue,—in those high resolves
 That bring the future close upon the soul,
 And nobly dare its dangers;—if in joy
 Whose vital spring is more than innocence,
 Yea! Faith and Adoration!—if the soul
 Of ■ may trust to these,—and they are strong,
 Strong ■ the prayer of dying penitent,—
 My being shall be bliss. For witness, Thou!
 O Mighty One! whose saving love has stolen
 On the deep peace of moon-beams to my heart,—
 Thou! who with looks of mercy oft hast cheer'd
 The starry silence, when, ■ noon of night,
 On some wild mountain thou hast not declined
 The homage of thy lonely worshipper,—
 Bear witness, Thou! that both in joy and grief,
 The love of nature long hath been with me
 The love of virtue:—that the solitude
 Of the remotest hills to ■ hath been
 Thy temple:—that the fountain's happy voice
 Hath sung thy goodness, and thy power has stunn'd
 My spirit in the roaring cataract!

Such solitude to me! Yet are there hearts,—
 Worthy of good men's love, nor unadorn'd
 With sense of moral beauty,—to the joy
 That dwells within the Almighty's outward shrine,
 Senseless and cold. Aye, there are men who see
 The broad sun sinking in ■ blaze of light,
 Nor feel their disembodied spirits hail
 With adoration the departing God;
 Who on the night-sky, when ■ cloudless ■
 Glides in still beauty through unnumber'd stars,
 Can turn the eye unmoved, as if a wall
 Of darkness screen'd the glory from their souls.
 With humble pride I bless the Holy One
 For sights to these denied. And oh! how oft
 In seasons of depression,—when the lamp
 Of life burn'd dim, and all unpleasant thoughts
 Subdued the proud aspirings of the soul,—
 When doubts and fears withheld the timid eye
 From scanning scenes to come, and a deep sense
 Of human frailty turn'd the past to pain,
 How oft have I remember'd that a world
 Of glory lay around me, that a source
 Of lofty solace lay in every star,
 And that no being need behold the sun,
 And grieve, that knew Who hung him in the sky.
 Thus unperceived I woke from heavy grief
 To airy joy: and seeing that the mind
 Of man though still the image of his God,
 Lean'd by his will ■ various happiness,
 I felt that all was good; that faculties,
 Though low, might constitute, if rightly used,
 True wisdom; and when ■ hath here attain'd
 The purpose of his being, he will sit
 Near Mercy's throne, whether his ■ hath been
 Prone on the earth's dim sphere, or, ■ with wing
 Of viewless eagle, round the central blaze.

Then ever shall the day that led me here
 Be held in blest remembrance. I shall see,
 Even at my dying hour, the glorious sun
 That made Winander one wide wave of gold,
 When first in transport from the mountain-top

I hail'd the heavenly vision! Not a cloud,
Whose wreaths lay smiling in the lap of light,
Not one of all those sister-isles that sleep
Together, like a happy family
Of beauty and of love, but will arise
To cheer my parting spirit, and to tell
That Nature gently leads unto the grave
All who have read her heart, and kept their own
In kindred holiness.

But ere that hour
Of awful triumph, I do hope that years
Await me, when the unconscious power of joy
Creating wisdom, the bright dreams of soul
Will humanize the heart, and I shall be
More worthy to be loved by those whose love
Is highest praise:—that by the living light
That burns for ever in affection's breast,
I shall behold how fair and beautiful
A human form may be.—Oh, there are thoughts
That slumber in the soul, like sweetest sounds
Amid the harp's loose strings, till airs from Heaven
On earth, at dewy night-fall, visitant,
Awake the sleeping melody! Such thoughts,
My gentle Mary, I have owed to thee.
And if thy voice e'er melt into my soul
With a dear home-toned whisper,—if thy face
E'er brighten in the unsteady gleams of light
From our own cottage-hearth;—O Mary! then
My overpower'd spirit will recline
Upon thy inmost heart, till it become,
O sinless seraph! almost worthy thee.

Then will the earth,—that oft-times to the eye
Of solitary lovers seems o'erhung
With too severe a shade, and faintly smiles
With ineffectual beauty on his heart,—
Be clothed with everlasting joy; like land
Of blooming fairy, or of boyhood's dreams
Ere life's first flush is o'er. Oft shall I turn
My vision from the glories of the scene
To read them in thine eyes; and hidden grace,
That slumbers in the crimson clouds of Even,
Will reach my spirit through their varying light,
Though viewless in the sky. Wandering with thee,
A thousand beauties never seen before
Will glide with sweet surprise into my soul,
Even in those fields where each particular tree
Was look'd — — — friend,—where I had been
Frequent, for years, among the lonely glens.

Nor, 'mid the quiet of reflecting bliss,
Will the faint image of the distant world
Ne'er float before us:—Cities will arise
Among the clouds that circle round the sun,
Gorgeous with tower and temple. The night-voice
Of flood and mountain to our ear will seem
Like life's loud stir:—And, — the dream dissolves,
With burning spirit we will smile to see
Only the Moon rejoicing in the sky,
And the still grandeur of the eternal hills.

Yet, though the fulness of domestic joy
Bless our united beings, and the home
Be ever happy where thy smiles are seen,
Though human voice might never touch our ear

From lip of friend or brother;—yet, oh! think
What pure benevolence will warm our hearts,
When with the undelaying steps of love
Through yon o'ershadowing wood — dimly see
A coming friend, far distant then believed,
And all unlook'd-for. When the short distrust
Of unexpected joy no more constrains,
And the eye's welcome brings him to our arms,
With gladden'd spirit he will quickly own
That true love ne'er was selfish, and that man
Ne'er knew the whole affection of his heart
Till resting on another's. If from scenes
Of noisy life he come, and in his soul
The love of Nature, like a long-past dream,
If e'er it stir, yield but a dim delight,
Oh! we shall lead him where the genial power
Of beauty, working by the wavy green
Of hill-ascending wood, the misty gleam
Of lakes reposing in their peaceful vales,
And, lovelier than the loveliness below,
The moonlight Heaven, shall to his blood restore
An undisturbed flow, such as he felt
Pervade his being, morning, noon, and night,
When youth's bright years pass'd happily away,
Among his native hills, and all he knew
Of crowded cities was from passing tale
Of traveller, half-believed, and soon forgotten.

And fear not, Mary! that, when winter comes,
These solitary mountains will resign
The beauty that pervades their mighty frames,
Even like a living soul. The gleams of light
Hurrying in joyful tumult o'er the cliffs,
And giving to our musings many a burst
Of sudden grandeur, even as if the eye
Of God were wandering o'er the lovely wild,
Pleased with his own creation;—the still joy
Of cloudless skies; and the delighted voice
Of hymning fountains,—these will leave awhile
The altered earth:—But other attributes
Of nature's heart will rule, and in the storm
We shall behold the same prevailing Power
That slumbers in the calm, and sanctify,
With adoration, the delight of love.

I lift my eyes upon the radiant Moon,
That long unnoticed o'er my head has held
Her solitary walk, and as her light
Recalls my wandering soul, I start to feel
That all has been a dream. Alone I stand
Amid the silence. Onward rolls the stream
Of time, while to my ear its waters sound
With a strange rushing music. O my soul!
What'er betide, for aye remember thou
These mystic warnings, for they are of Heaven.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF WINANDERMERE, ON
RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS ILLNESS.

ONCE more, dear Lake! along thy banks I rove,
And bless thee in my heart that flows with love.
Methinks, as life's awakening embers burn,
Nature rejoices in her son's return;

And, like a parent after absence long,
Sings from her heart of hearts a cheerful song.
Oh! that fresh breeze through all my being stole,
And made sweet music in my gladden'd soul!
To me just rescued from the opening grave,
How bright the radiance of the dancing wave!
A gleam of joy, a soft endearing smile,
Plays 'mid the greenness of each sylvan isle,
And, in the bounty of affection, showers
A loving welcome o'er these blissful bowers.
Quick glides the hymning streamlet, and partake
The deep enjoyment of the happy lake;
The pebbles, sparkling through the yellow brook,
Seem to my gaze to wear a livelier look;
And little wild-flowers, that in careless health
Lay round my path in unregarded wealth,
In laughing beauty court my eyes again,
Like friends unchanged by coldness or disdain.
Now life and joy are one:—to Earth, Air, Heaven,
An undisturbed jubilee is given;
While, happy as in dreams, I seem to fly,
Skimming the ground, and soaring through the sky,
And feel, with sudden life-pervading glee,
As if this rapture all were made for me.

And well the glory to my soul is known;
For mystic visions stamped it as my own.
While sickness lay, like ice, upon my breath,
With eye prophetic, through the shades of death
That brooded o'er me like a dreary night,
This beauteous scene I saw in living light.
No friend was near me: and a heavy gloom
Lay in deep silence o'er the lonely room;
Even hope had fled; and as in parting strife
My soul stood trembling on the brink of life,—
When lo! sweet sounds, like those that now I hear,
Of zephyr and of breeze stole into my ear.
Far through my heart the mingled music ran,
Like tones of mercy to a dying man.
Beneath the first light of the morning's mirth,
Like new-waked beauty lay the dewy earth,
The mighty I saw, as now I see,
And my soul shone with kindred majesty:
Calm smiled the Lake; and from that smile
Faith, hope, and trust, oblivion of my woes:
I felt that I should live; nor could despair
Bedim a scene so glorious, and so fair.

Now is the vision truth. Disease hath flown,
And in the midst of joy I stand alone.
The eye of God is on me: the wide sky
Is sanctified with present Deity,
And, at his bidding, Nature's aspect mild
Pours healing influence on her wasted child.
My eye brightens with the bright'ning scene,
Cheer'd with the hues of kind restoring green;
As with a lulling sound the fountain flows,
My tingling ear is filled with still repose;
The summer silence, sleeping on the plain,
Sends settled quiet to my dizzy brain;
And the moist freshness of the glittering wood
Cools with a heart-felt dew my feverish blood.

O blessed Lake! thy sparkling waters roll
Health to my frame, and rapture to my soul.

Emblem of peace, of innocence, and love!
Sleeping in beauty given thee from above:
This earth delighting in thy gentle breast,
And the glad heavens attending on thy rest!
Can he e'er turn from virtue's quiet bowers,
All fragrant dropping with immortal flowers,
Whose inward eye, with magic art,
Beholds thy glory imaged in his heart?
No! he shall live, from guilt and vice afar,
As in the silent Heavens some lonely star:
A light shall be around him to defend
The holy head of Nature's bosom friend.
And if the mists of error e'er should come
To that bright sphere where virtue holds her home,
She has a charm to meet the intruder thence;
Or, powerful in her spotless innocence,
With one calm look her spirit will transform
To a fair cloud the heralds of the storm.

Nor less, Winander! to thy power I seem
Rays of delight amid the gloom of woe.
Yes! oft, when self-tormenting fancy framed
Forms of dim fear that grief has never named;
When the whole world seem'd void of mental cheer,
Nor spring nor summer in the joyless year,
Oft has thy image of upbraiding love,
Seen on a sudden through some opening grove,
Even like the tender unexpected smile
Of dear friend I had forgot the while,
In silence said, "My son, why not partake
The peace now brooding o'er thy darling lake?"
Oh! why in sullen discontent destroy
The law of Nature, Universal Joy?

Sweet Lake! I listen to thy guardian voice:
I look abroad; and, looking, I rejoice.
My home is here; ah! never shall we part,
Till life's last pulse hath left my wasted heart.
True that another land first gave me birth,
And other lakes beheld my infant mirth:
Far from these skies dear friendships have I known,
And still in memory lives their soften'd tone;
Yet though the image of my earlier years
'Mid Scotland's mountains dim my eyes with tears,
And the heart's day-dreams oft will lingering dwell
On that wild region which she loves so well,—
Think not, sweet Lake! before my years are told
My love for thee and thine e'er grow cold:
For here hath Hope fix'd her last earthly bound,
And where Hope rests in peace, is hallow'd ground.

And oh! if e'er that happy time shall come,
When she I love sits smiling in my home,
And, oft at chance may bid me part,
Speaks the soft word that slides into the heart,
Then fair as now thou art, yea! passing fair,
Thy scarce-seen waters melting into air,
Far lovelier gleams will dance upon thy breast,
And thine isles bend their trees in deeper rest.
Then will my joy-enlighten'd soul descry
All that is beautiful on land or sky;
For, when the heart is calm with pure delight,
Revels the soul 'mid many a glorious sight.
The earth then kindles with a vernal grace,
Glad as the laugh upon an infant-face:

The sun himself ■ clothed with vaster light,
And showers of gentler sadness bathe the night.

Dreams of delight! while thus I fondly ■
Your fairy-folds, Oh! can ye e'er deceive?
Are ye in vain ■ cheated mortals given,
Lovely impostors in the garb of Heaven?
Fears, hopes, doubts, wishes, hush my pensive shell,
Fount of them all, dear Lake! farewell! farewell!

PICTURE OF A BLIND MAN.

Why sits ■ long beside yon cottage-door
That aged ■ with tresses thin and hoar?
Fix'd are his eyes in ■ continued gaze,
Nor seem to feel the sun's meridian blaze;
Yet are the orbs with youth-like colours bright,
As o'er the Iris falls the trembling light.
Changeless his mien; not even one flitting ■
Of spirit wanders o'er his furrow'd face;
No feeling moves ■ venerable head:
—He sitteth there—an emblem of the dead!
The ■ of age lies ■ him ■ the seat,
His faithful dog ■ slumbering ■ ■ feet,
And yon fair child, who steals ■ hour for play
While thus her father ■ upon his way,
Her sport will leave, nor cast ■ look behind,
Soon as she hears his voice,—for he is blind!

List! as in tones through deep affection mild
■ speaks by name to the delighted child!
Then, bending mute in dreams of painful bliss
Breathes o'er her neck a father's tenderest kiss,
And with light hand upon her forehead fair
Smooths the stray ringlets of her silky hair!
A beauteous phantom rises through the night
For ever brooding o'er his darken'd sight
■ clearly imaged both in form and limb,
He ■ remembers that his eyes are dim,
But thinks he sees in truth the vernal wreath
His gentle infant wove, that it might breathe
A sweet restoring fragrance through his breast,
Chosen from ■ wild-flowers ■ he loves the best.
In that ■ he ■ the sparkling glee
That sanctifies ■ face of infancy;
The dimpled cheek where playful fondness lies,
And the blue softness of her smiling eyes;
The spirit's temple unprofaned by tears,
Where God's unclouded loveliness appears;
Those gleams of soul to every feature given,
When youth walks guiltless by the light of heaven!

And oh! what pleasures through his spirit burn,
When ■ the gate his homeward steps return;
When fancy's eye the curling smoke surveys,
And his ■ hearth is gaily heard ■ blaze!
How beams his sightless visage! when the press
Of Love's known hand, with cheerful tenderness,
Falls on his arm, and leads with guardian ■
His helpless footsteps ■ the accustomed chair;
When the dear voice he joy'd from youth to hear
With kind inquiry comes unto his ear,
And tremulous tells how lovely still ■ be
Those fading beauties that he ne'er ■ see!

Though ne'er by him his cottage-home be seen,
Where to the wild brook slopes the daisied green;
Though the bee, slowly borne ■ laden wing,
To him be known but by its murmuring;
And the long leaf that trembles in the breeze
Be ■ that tells him of his native trees;
Yet dear ■ him each viewless object round
Familiar to his soul from touch or sound.
The stream, 'mid banks of osier winding near,
Lulls his calm spirit through the listening ear:
Deeply his soul enjoys the loving strife
When the warm summer air is fill'd with life,
And as his limbs in quiet dreams are laid,
Blest is the oak's contemporary shade.

Happy old Man! ■ vain regrets intrude
On the still hour of sightless solitude.
Though deepest shades o'er outward Nature roll,
Her cloudless beauty lives within thy soul.
—Oft to yon rising mount thy steps ascend,
As to the spot where dwelt a former friend;
From whose green summit thou couldst ■ behold
Mountains far-off in dim confusion roll'd,
Lakes of blue mist, where gleam'd the whitening sail,
And many ■ woodland interposing vale.

Thou seest them still: and oh! how soft ■ shade
Does memory breathe o'er mountain, wood, and glade!
Each craggy pass, where oft in sportive scorn
■ sprung thy limbs in life's exulting morn;
Each misty cataract, and torrent-flood,
Where thou a silent angler oft hast stood;
Each shelter'd creek where through the roughest day
Floated thy bark without the anchor's stay;
Each nameless field by nameless thought endear'd;
Each little hedge-row that thy childhood rear'd,
That ■ unalter'd yet in form and size,
Though fled the clouds of fifty summer skies,
Rise ■ thy soul,—on high devotion springs
Through Nature's beauty borne on Fancy's wings,
And while the blissful vision floats around,
Of loveliest form, fair hue, and melting sound,
Thou carest not, though blindness may not roam,—
For Heaven's own glory smiles around thy home.

PEACE AND INNOCENCE.

That lingering lustre of a vernal day
From the dim landscape slowly steals away;
One lovely hour!—and then the stars of Even
Will sparkling hail the apparent Queen of Heaven;
For the tired Sun, now softly sinking down,
To his fair daughter leaves his silent throne.
Almost could I believe with life embued,
And hush'd in dreams, this gentle solitude.
Look where I may, a tranquillizing soul
Breathes forth ■ life-like pleasure o'er the whole.
The shadows settling ■ the mountain's breast
Recline, as conscious of the hour of rest;
Stedfast as objects in a peaceful dream,
The sleepy trees ■ bending o'er the stream;
■ stream, half veil'd in snowy vapour, flows
With sound like silence, motion like repose.
My heart obeys the power of earth and sky,
And 'mid the quiet slumbers quietly!

A wreath of smoke, that feels ■ breath of air,
 ■■ amid yon fair clouds, itself ■ fair,
 And seems to link in beauteousness and love
 That earthly cottage ■ the domes above.
 There my heart rests,—as if by magic bound:
 Blessings be ■ that plat of orchard-ground!
 Wreathed round the dwelling like ■ fairy ring,
 Its green leaves lost in richest blossoming.
 Witlin that ring ■ creature ■■ alive;
 The bees have ceased to hum around the hive;
 On the tall ash the rooks have roosted long,
 And the fond dove hath coo'd his latest song:
 Now, shrouded close beneath the holly-bush,
 Sits on her low-built nest the sleeping thrush.

All do ■ sleep: behold ■ spotless lamb
 Looks bleating round, as if it sought its dam.
 ■■ restless motion and its piteous moan
 Tell that it fears all night to rest alone,
 Though heaven's most gracious dew descends in peace
 Softly ■ snow-flakes on its radiant fleece.
 That mournful bleat hath touch'd the watchful ■■
 Of ■■ whom the little lamb is dear,
 As innocent and lovely ■ itself!
 See where with springs she comes, the smiling elf!
 Well does the lamb her infant guardian know:
 Joy brightening dances o'er her breast of snow,
 And light ■ flying leaf, with sudden glide,
 Fondly she presses to the maiden's side.
 With kindness quieting its late alarms,
 The sweet child folds it in her nursing arms;
 And calling it by every gentle name
 That happy innocence through love can frame,
 With tenderest kisses lavish'd ■ its head,
 Conducts it frisking ■ its shelter'd bed.

Kind-hearted infant! be thy slumbers bland!
 Dream that thy sportive lambkin licks thy hand,
 Or, wearied out by races short and fleet,
 ■■ in the sunshine, resting ■ thy feet;
 That waking from repose, unbroken, deep,
 Thou ■■ shalt know that thou hast been asleep!
 With eye-lids trembling through thy golden hair,
 I hear thee lisping low thy nightly prayer.
 O ■■ voice! what beauty breathes therein!
 Ne'er hath its music been impair'd by sin.
 In all its depths my soul shall carry hence
 The air serene born of thy innocence.
 To me ■■ awful is thy hour of rest,
 For little children sleep in Jesus' breast!

LOUGHRIG TARN.

Thou guardian Naiad of this little Lake!
 Whose banks in unprofaned Nature sleep
 (And that in waters lone and beautiful
 Dwell spirits radiant ■ the homes they love,
 Have poets still believed), O surely blest
 Beyond all genii or of wood ■ wave,
 Or sylphs that in the shooting sunbeams dwell,
 Art thou! yea, happier even than summer-cloud
 Beloved by air and sky, and floating slow
 O'er the still bosom of upholding heaven.

Beauteous ■ blest, O Naiad, thou must be!
 For, since thy birth, have all delightful things,

Of form and hue, of silence and of sound,
 Circled thy spirit, ■ the crowding stars
 Shine round the placid Moon. Lovest thou to sink
 Into thy cell of sleep? The water parts
 With dimpling smiles around thee, and below,
 The unsunn'd verdure, soft as cygnet's down,
 Meets thy descending feet without ■ sound.
 Lovest thou ■ sport upon the watery gleam?
 Lucid ■ air around thy head it lies
 Bathing thy sable locks in pearly light,
 While, all around, the water-lilies strive
 To shower their blossoms o'er the virgin queen.
 Or doth the shore allure thee?—well it may:
 How soft these fields of pastoral beauty melt
 In the clear water! neither sand nor ■■
 Bars herb ■ wild-flower from the dewy sound,
 Like Spring's ■■ voice now rippling round ■■ Tarn.
 There oft thou liest 'mid the echoing bleat
 Of lambs, that race amid the sunny gleams;
 Or bee's wide murmur ■ it fills the broom
 That yellows round thy bed. O gentle glades,
 Amid the tremulous verdure of the woods,
 In steadfast smiles of more essential light,
 Lying like azure streaks of placid sky
 Amid the moving clouds, the Naiad loves
 Your glimmering alleys, and your rustling bowers;
 For there, in peace reclined, her half-closed eye
 Through the long vista ■■ her darling Lake,
 Even like herself, diffused in fair repose.

Not undelightful to the quiet breast
 Such solitary dreams ■ ■ have fill'd
 My busy fancy; dreams that rise in peace,
 And thither lead, partaking ■ their flight
 Of human interests and earthly joys.
 Imagination fondly leans on truth,
 And sober scenes of dim reality
 To her seem lovely as the western sky
 To the rapt Persian worshipping the sun.
 Methinks this little lake, to whom my heart
 Assigned a guardian spirit, renders back
 To me, in tenderest gleams of gratitude,
 Profounder beauty to reward my hymn.

Long hast thou been ■ darling haunt of mine,
 And still warm blessings gush'd into my heart,
 Meeting or parting with thy smiles of peace.
 But now, thy mild and gentle character,
 More deeply felt than ever, seems ■ blend
 Its essence pure with mine, like some sweet tune
 Oft heard before with pleasure, but at last,
 In one high moment of inspired bliss,
 Borne through the spirit like ■ angel's song.

This is the solitude that reason loves!
 Even he who yearns for human sympathies,
 And hears ■ music in the breath of man,
 Dearer than voice of mountain or of flood,
 Might live ■ hermit here, and mark the ■■
 Rising or setting 'mid the beauteous calm,
 Devoutly blending in his happy soul
 Thoughts both of earth and heaven!—Yon mountain-
 side,
 Rejoicing in its clustering cottages,
 Appears to ■■ a paradise preserved
 From guilt by Nature's hand, and every wreath.

■ smoke, that from these hamlets mounts to heaven,
In its straight silence holy ■ ■ spire
Rear'd o'er the house of God.

Thy sanctity
Time yet hath reverenced; and I deeply feel
That innocence her shrine shall here preserve
For ever.—The wild vale that lies beyond,
Circled by mountains trod but by the feet
Of venturous shepherd, from all visitants,
Save the free tempests and the fowls of heaven,
Guards thee;—and wooded knolls fantastical
Seclude thy image from the gentler dale,
That by the Brathay's often-varied voice
Cheer'd as it winds along, in beauty fades
'Mid the green banks of joyful Windermere!

O gentlest Lake! from all unhallow'd things
By grandeur guarded in thy loveliness,
Ne'er may thy poet with unwelcome feet
Press thy soft moss embathed in flowery dyes,
And shadow'd in thy stillness like the heavens.
May innocence for ■■ lead ■■ here,
To form amid the silence high resolves
For future life; resolves, that, born in peace,
Shall live 'mid tumult, and though haply mild
As infants in their play, when brought to bear
On the world's business, shall assert their power
And majesty—and lead me boldly on
Like giants conquering in ■ noble cause.

This is a holy faith, and full of cheer
To all who worship Nature, that the hours,
Past tranquilly with her, fade not away
For ever like the clouds, but in the soul
Possess a secret silent dwelling-place,
Where with a smiling visage memory sits,
And startles oft the virtuous with a show
Of unsuspected treasures. Yea, sweet Lake!
Oft hast thou borne into my grateful heart
Thy lovely presence, with ■ thousand dreams
Dancing and brightening o'er thy sunny wave,
Though many ■ dreary mile of mist and ■■
Between us interposed. And even now,
When yon bright ■■ hath risen ■ ■ ■ home,
I bid thee farewell, in the certain hope
That thou, this night, wilt o'er my sleeping eyes
Shed cheering visions, and with freshest joy
Make ■■ salute the dawn. Nor may the hymn
Now sung by ■■ unto thy listening woods,
Be wholly vain,—but haply it may yield
A gentle pleasure to some gentle heart,
Who blessing, at its close, the unknown bard,
May, for his sake, upon thy quiet banks
Frame visions of his own, and other songs
More beautiful, to Nature and to Thee!

WAKING DREAMS.

■ FRAGMENT.

O THAT my soul might breathe one touching strain,
By the gracious Muses destined not to die,
But ■■■■ing oft, o'er valley, hill, and plain,
Enrolled 'mid Scotia's native minstrelsy!
O more than blest the spirit of thy sky,

■ stormy clouds, its depth of slumb'rous blue,
And gladly would I close my filial eye
In the calm fondness of a last adieu,
Could I but frame one Lay to Thee and Nature true.

In olden time, thy glens ■■ heard to roll
The voice of song—deep, solemn, and divine,
That claim'd dominion o'er the happy soul,
Most spirit-like, ■■ from a secret shrine.
Oft as the dewy Evening Star 'gan shine,
Th' inspired Shepherd sought ■■ lonely cave,
Nor, singing there, beheld its dim decline,
Nor heard, entranced, the Piny Forest rave,
Nor saw the glorious Sun descending to the wave.

The solitary soul, in such recess,
An air-swept lyre, the breath of heaven obey'd;
And, still his hymns were hymns of tenderness,
Of blissful loves, ■■ earthly bliss decay'd.
The Poet died; and in the dust ■■ laid!
The green Earth hides him in its smiling rest!
For, haply now, the Church-yard is a glade,
Where, by the feet of wandering wild-deer preat,
The flowers in morning-dew are glistening o'er his breast.

Yet Wisdom weeps not o'er such Poet's fate,
Though seeming robb'd of his eternal fame!
The soul whom heaven and genius consecrate
In Nature's Memory lives without a name.
The beauty of the Wild Flower is the same
To him who loves it for that beauty's sake,
And for that sake alone! fair is the flame
Of nameless stars that suddenly awake,
And the Earth laughs with light of many a nameless Lake.

Yet looking now o'er this delightful Earth,
A clinging spirit of immortal love
Is blending with the sweet land of my birth!
As if on field, lake, mountain, glen, and grove,
When I ■■ dead, some part of me might move!
Some faint memorial of my mortal day
Sleeping like moonlight the old woods above!
My soul in sorrow turneth from decay,
O might it live on Earth, embalm'd in heavenly Lay!

Have I not e'er since reason's dawning light
Thee, Scotland, worshipped with praise and prayer!
Lovely by day, magnificent by night!
Where is the cloud-wrapt hill, the valley fair,
If mortal feet might climb or wander there,
Whose Echo ne'er hath answer'd to my voice?
The unsunn'd Glen, the breathless Forest, where
That hath not heard my raptured soul rejoice
In Nature's hush divine, her spirit-humbling noise?

I, like an Eagle, o'er the mountain-cliff,
Have soared in dreams as lofty and as lone;
On air-woven Lakes, I from my fairy skiff
The anchor of my solitude have thrown.
Methinks, that but to ■■ some spots are known!
—Give answer from afar, thou once-seen Glen,
Thou shadowy, silent world of mist and stone,
Thy desert shapes like Images of Men,
In mockery of Man's voice, the small pipe of the Wren!

Or ■■■■ Thou! with music and with light,
Thou Vale of Vales! that to the Evening Star

My soul did consecrate one summer night,
When loth that such sweet darkness should debar
My soul from loveliness it could not mar,
I ask'd that gentle Orb to be the guide
Of one, who from his way had wander'd far;
And ■■■ she led me where my heart espied
Valley and Lakelet bright, by midnight glorified!

Yet to the impulse of such lifeless things
I ne'er so far surrender'd up my dreams,
As not to feel my spirit's folded wings,
Like ■■■ bird basking in Life's sunny gleams.
Yea! whether musing by the moorland streams,
Or in the ■■■ of mountain-silence bound,
From human eyes far off the loveliest gleams
Came smiling o'er the loveliness around,
Yea! even the trickling dew ■■■ like ■■■ human sound.

For other friendships have I learn'd to cherish,
Than with the Sky, the Ocean, and the Earth;
Lovely they are and pure—but they must perish,
For perishing the fount that gave them birth.
But on the human face immortal mirth,
Or calm than mirth far lovelier may endure;
Nor shall that heart e'er ache in spiritual dearth,
Nor ever pine for pleasures, high and pure,
Linked to its brother man, in brotherhood secure

Among the hills a hundred homes have I;
My Table in the wilderness is spread;
In those lone spots, a human smile can buy
Plain fare, kind welcome, and a rushy bed.
O dead to Christian Love! to nature dead,
Who, when ■■■ cottage at the close of day
Hath o'er his soul its cheerful dimness shed,
Feels ■■■ that God was with him on his way,
Nor with these simple folks devoutly kneels to pray.

What means the silent Lake, the Cataract's roar,
The snow-like moonshine on the summer-hill,
Old Ocean thundering o'er his solemn shore,
Or the faint hymning of the infant rill?
Say, can such things th' immortal Spirit fill
With perfect voice ■■■ silence like their own?
No! in its trance the soul is longing still
For other music: by one breath o'erthrown,
The Fancy's pageant sinks with its aerial throne.

Where is the radiance, touching ■■■ the hue
Breathed by delight o'er childhood's laughing cheek?
What glimpse of ether, beauteous ■■■ the dew
In eyes whose gazing silence seems to speak
Of something in our souls more hush'd and meek
Than aught that sleeps ■■■ sky, earth, sea, or air?
Then turn from such vain images—and seek
True Beauty shrined amid yon golden hair,
Behold yon snow-white brow—her throne, her heaven is
there.

Then, ■■■ thou wanderest through thy native vales,
Like wild-flowers spread to cheer thee on thy way,
(Wild-flowers all dancing in the sunny gales),
Sweet sinless children, smiling in their play,
Will chain thy footsteps oft with fond delay!
Thou see'st, as in some Mere's unclouded glow,
The pure bright morn of being's vernal day,

And, gazing on the heaven that lies below,
Feel'st not to draw thy breath amid this world of woe.

If such the temper of thy heart, what joy
■ rising there, when on some radiant steep
Thou ■■■ the solitary Shepherd-boy
(While his white flock amid the sunshine sleep,)
Through all the long day's stillness, lone and deep,
Sitting, unwearied as the gladsome brook
That sings along with many a frolic leap,
While earnestly his unuplifted look
Lives ■■■ the yellow page of ■■■ old fairy book.

Alone thou need'st not be, though all around
Thy dreaming soul a mountainous region lie,
Spread like ■■■ that heaves without a sound,
Chained in tumultuous silence 'mid the sky.
Cloud-like ascends before thine inward eye
The wreathed smoke, from many ■■■ palm-tree grove,
'Mid the still desert mounting silently,
Straight up to heaven! and, as it fades above,
Looks like ■■■ guardian Power that eyes the earth with
love.

Blessings be on yon hill-side cottages!
A starry group rejoicing in the mist!
Blest be the leaves, fruit, branches of the trees,
And the thatched roof they shelter ever blest.
Long hath the light of knowledge and of rest
Thence banished sin, and suffering there beguiled;
That loving angel, Innocence, hath kissed
Frequent the cheek of every rosy child,
And leads them dancing on along the pathless wild.

Ah me! when wandering at sweet eventide,
'Mid the fair vales of England, as they lay,
Of their ■■■ beauty touched with stately pride,
Encircled with the diadem of May!
Here Palace-domes, there dwellings light and gay,
In groves embosomed, or with rosy showers,
Bride-like adorned in beautiful array,
Where, charmed by fragrance, the delighted Hours
Seem'd, ■■■ the sun went down, still lingering 'mid the
flowers.

How hath that gorgeous vision in the air
(Light, music, fragrance, cottage, tower, and dome)
Melted to nothing! Thou art smiling there,
Most sweetly smiling through the dewy gloom,
Just as Eve's star and crescent-moon illumine
Heaven's arch, that folds thee in the hush of night,
Wild Hamlet! In thy quiet's inner ■■■
The wanderer sits, and wonders in delight
On what kind angel's wing hath been his homeward flight.

MARY.

THREE days before my Mary's death,
We walk'd by Grassmere shore;
"Sweet Lake!" she said with faltering breath,
"I ne'er shall ■■■ thee more!"

Then turning round her languid head,
She look'd me in the face;
And whisper'd, "When thy friend is dead,
Remember this lone place."

Vainly I struggled ■ ■ smile
That did my fears betray;
■ seem'd that ■ ■ ■ darling isle
Foreboding darkness lay.

My Mary's words were words of truth;
None ■ ■ behold the Maid;
Amid the tears of age and youth
She in her grave was laid.

Long days, long nights, I ween, were past
Ere ceased her funeral knell;
But to the spot I went at last
Where she had breathed a farewell!

Methought I ■ ■ the phantom stand
Beside the peaceful wave;
I felt the pressure of her hand—
Then look'd towards her grave.

Fair, fair, beneath the evening sky
The quiet church-yard lay:
The tall pine-grove ■ ■ solemnly
Hung ■ ■ ■ above her clay.

Dearly she loved their arching spread,
Their music wild and sweet,
And, ■ ■ ■ wished on her death-bed,
Was buried at their feet.

Around her grave ■ beauteous fence
Of wild-flowers shed their breath,
Smiling like infant innocence
Within the gloom of death.

Such flowers from bank of mountain-brook
At eve we used ■ bring,
When every little mossy nook
Betray'd returning Spring.

Oft had I fixed the simple wreath
Upon her virgin breast;
But now such flowers ■ form'd it, breathe
Around her bed of rest.

Yet all within my silent soul
As the hush'd air ■ ■ calm;
The natural ■ ■ ■ slowly stole
Assuaged my grief like balm.

The air, that seem'd ■ thick and dull
For months unto my eye;
Ah me! how bright and beautiful
It floated on the sky!

A trance of high and solemn bliss
From purest ether came;
'Mid such ■ heavenly ■ ■ ■ this
Death is ■ empty name!

The memory of the past return'd
Like music to my heart,—
■ seem'd that causelessly I mourn'd,
When ■ ■ were told ■ part.

• God's mercy, • to myself I said,
• To both ■ ■ souls is given—
To me, sojourning ■ earth's shade,
To her—a Saint in Heaven!

SOLITUDE.

O VALE of visionary rest!
—Hush'd as the grave it lies
With heaving banks of tenderest green,
Yet brightly, happily serene,
As cloud-vale of the sleepy west
Reposing on the skies.
Its reigning spirit may not vary—
What change can seasons bring
Unto ■ sweet, ■ calm a spot,
Where every loud and restless thing
■ like ■ far-off dream forgot?
Mild, gentle, mournful, solitary,
As if it aye were spring,
And Nature loved to witness here
The still joys of the infant year,
'Mid flowers and music wandering glad,
For ever happy, yet for ever sad.

This little world how still and lone
With that horizon of its own!
And, when in silence falls the night,
With its own Moon how purely bright!
No shepherd's Cot is here—no Shealing
■ verdant roof through trees revealing—
No branchy covert like ■ nest,
Where the weary woodmen rest,
And their jocund carols sing
O'er the fallen Forest-King.
Inviolable by human hand
The fragrant white-stemm'd birch-trees stand,
With many ■ green and sunny glade
'Mid their embowering murmurs made
By gradual soft decay—
Where stealing to that little lawn
From secret haunt and half-afraid,
The Doe, in mute affection gay,
At close of eve leads forth her fawn
Amid the flowers to play.
And in that dell's soft bosom, lo!
Where smileth up a cheerful glow
Of water pure as air,
A Tarn by two small streamlets spread
■ beauty o'er its waveless bed,
Reflecting in that heaven ■ still
The birch-grove mid-way up the hill,
And summits green and bare.

How lone! beneath its veil of dew
That morning's rosy fingers drew,
Seldom shepherd's foot hath prest
One primrose in its sunny rest.
The sheep at distance from the spring
May here her lambkins chance ■ bring,
Sporting with their shadows airy,
Each like tiny Water-Fairy
Imaged in the lucid lake!
The hive-bee here doth sometimes make
Music, whose sweet murmurings tell
Of his shelter'd straw-roof'd cell
Standing 'mid ■ ■ garden gay,
Near a cottage far away.
By the lake-side, on ■ stone
Stands the Heron all alone,

Still ■ any lifeless thing!
 Slowly ■ his laggard wing,
 And cloud-like floating with the gale
 Leaves at last the quiet vale.

THE SISTERS.

SWEET Creature! issuing like a dream
 So softly from that wood!
 —She glideth on a sunny gleam—
 In youth and innocence so bright,
 She lendeth lustre to day-light
 And life to solitude!
 O'er all her face ■ radiance fair
 That seemeth to be native there!
 No transient smile, no burst of joy
 Which time or ■ may destroy,
 A soul-breathed calm that ne'er may cease!
 The spirit of eternal peace!
 The sunshine may forsake the sky,
 But the blue depths of ether lie
 In stedfast meek serenity.
 Onward she walks—with that pure face
 Shedding around its gladdening grace—
 Those cloudless eyes of tenderest blue
 Sparkling through a tear-like dew—
 That golden hair that floats in air
 Fine ■ the glittering gossamer—
 That motion dancing o'er the earth
 Without ■ aim—in very mirth—
 That lark-like song whose strengthening measure
 Is soaring through the air of pleasure.—
 ■ she not like the innocent Morn!
 When from the slow-unfolding arms
 ■ Night, she starts in all her charms,
 And o'er the glorious earth is borne,
 With orient pearls beneath her feet,—
 All round her, music warbling sweet,
 And o'er her head the fulgent skies
 In the fresh light of Paradise.

Lo! Sadness by the side of Joy!
 —With raven ■ on her brow
 Braided o'er that glimpse of snow—
 O'er her bosom stray locks spread
 As if by grief dishevelled—
 Unsparkling eyes where smiles appear
 More mournful far than many ■ tear—
 Voice most gentle, sad, and slow,
 Whose happiest ■ still breathe of woe—
 As in our ancient Scottish airs
 Even joy the sound of ■ wears—
 Motion like ■ cloud that goes
 From deep ■ more profound repose—
 Seems she not in pensive light
 Image of the falling night?
 —Still survive faint gleams of day,
 But all sinking to decay—
 There is almost mirth and gladness,
 Temper'd soft with peace and sadness—
 Sound ■ from the ■ and hill,
 But the darkening world is still—
 The heavens above ■ bright and holy,
 Most beautiful—most melancholy—
 And gazing with suspended breath,
 We dream of grief—decay—and death!

THE FAREWELL AND RETURN.

I ■ where two dear friends did dwell,
 Husband and Wife—to bid farewell,
 Before I left my peaceful home,
 Along through distant lands to roam.
 I found them by their sparkling hearth,
 In perfect love and inward mirth—
 Through virtue happy in themselves,
 And sporting with four beauteous Elves,
 Who, like the tender flowers of Spring
 Moved by the zephyr's lightest wing,
 Danced here and there in playful guise,
 With sunny heads and laughing eyes,
 With song of joy and wanton shout—
 A happy—restless—maddening rout!

They look ■ the opening door,
 And all their noisy mirth is o'er!
 To graveness sink their wanton wiles,
 And blushes hide their struggling smiles.
 Quick to their mother's lap they run,
 As trembling to be look'd upon—
 There half-delighted—half-afraid,
 They hide, then slowly raise the head—
 And venture thus to look ■ ■
 With sweet restraint and bashful glee!
 Till the dear child I love the best
 With downcast look steals from the rest,
 And with ■ infant's blessed art
 Twines her white arms around my heart.

And now the stir—the noise revive!
 The little cottage seems alive,
 As if a new-awaken'd soul
 Like light were gladdening through the whole.
 The happy parents smile to see
 Their Mary lisping on my knee
 With bolder look and freer tone,
 As if she felt that seat her own;
 While oft her gamesome brothers tried
 To win from my protecting side
 The little truant maid away,
 By taunting jibe and novel play:
 But vain both jibe and play to move
 An infant's heart when touch'd with love!

Soon evening brings the hour of rest—
 And Mary ■ my loving breast
 Hath fallen asleep! ■ not ■ wake
 The blessed babe, I gently take
 Her guiltless bosom soft and fair,
 Unto her bed—and breathe ■ prayer
 That all her future life be spent
 Happy ■ she is innocent!
 Near me her joyful parents stand,
 Bless ■ by ■ and press my hand—
 Their mingling tones my spirit meet,
 Though always kind now doubly sweet—
 ■ golden chain in concord mild
 Links closely Parents—Friend, and Child.

Years past along—and lo! once more
 I stand beside that cottage-door;—
 The hour in which I went away
 Seems but the ■ of yesterday.

Motionless there I linger long,
 O'erpower'd with a tumultuous throng
 Of memories, fancies, hopes, and fears,
 Sinkings of heart, sighs, smiles, and tears,
 No cause had I for mournful thought,
 Yet in my beating heart there wrought
 A dread of something undefined!
 While like the hollow midnight wind,
 A voice fell sullen on my ear,
 "Think not to find your Mary here!"

A dreary stillness reign'd around
 Deep as the hush of burial-ground,
 As if all life were banish'd thence
 By breath of noisome pestilence.
 Not so—I met a ghastly man
 With haggard eyes and visage wan;
 In his dim looks I charged with woe
 My dearest friend I scarce could know.
 One moment's pause—then did he fall
 Upon my neck—and told me all!
 That she my darling girl was dead,
 And by his hands newly laid
 Spotless within her spotless shroud—
 His voice here died—he wept aloud.

Vainly his tortured soul I cheer'd—
 When lo! his wretched Wife appear'd,
 Unlike that Wife when last we parted,
 Then deeply blest—now broken-hearted.
 She gazed on me with eye-balls wild,
 And shriek'd the name of her dead Child;
 And, with convulsive sobs oppress'd,
 She fainted on her Husband's breast!
 The memory of that happy night
 Came o'er her like a sudden blight!
 Those gentle looks—those melting smiles—
 Those happy shouts—those wanton wiles—
 That dreaming face upon its bed—
 —Now lying there, pale, cold, and dead!

Ah me! beneath a beauteous sky
 The Fairy-land of peace doth lie,
 Through which united Spirits stray
 Companions on the destined way
 That leads to everlasting life!
 Yet oft that darkening sky is rife
 With thunder-bearing clouds! they fade—
 And heaven's blue depths again display'd
 Seem steep'd in quiet more profound!
 —I walk'd unto the burial-ground,
 Where that delightful Child doth rest—
 There both her Parents deeply blest!
 Methought I saw their souls rejoice,
 Listening in heaven that Seraph's voice.

LINES

WRITTEN AT ■ LITTLE WELL ■ THE ■ ■ ■ ■ ■,
 LANGDALE.

Thou lonely spring of waters undefiled!
 Silently slumbering in thy mossy cell,
 Yea, moveless as the hillock's verdant side
 From which thou hadst thy birth, I bless thy gleam
 Of clearest coldness, with ■ deep-felt joy

And as I bow to bathe my freshen'd heart
 In thy restoring radiance, from my lips
 A breathing prayer sheds o'er thy glassy sleep
 A gentle tremor!

Nor must I forget
 A benison for the departed soul
 Of him, who, many ■ year ago, first shaped
 This little Font,—imprisoning the spring
 Not wishing to be free, with smooth slate-stone,
 Now in the beauteous colouring of age
 Scarcely distinguished from the natural rock,
 ■ blessed hour the solitary man
 Laid the first stone,—and in his native vale
 It serves him for a peaceful monument,
 'Mid the hill-silence.

Renovated life
 Now flows through all my veins:—old dreams revive;
 And while an airy pleasure in my brain
 Dances unbidden, I have time to gaze,
 Even with a happy lover's kindest looks,
 On Thee, delicious Fountain!

Thou dost shed
 (Though sultry stillness fill the summer air
 And parch the yellow hills) all round thy cave
 A smile of beauty lovely as the Spring
 Breathes with his April showers. The narrow lane
 On either hand ridged with low shelving rocks,
 That from the road-side gently lead the eye
 Up to thy bed,—ah me! how rich a green,
 Still brightening, wantons o'er its moisten'd grass!
 With what a sweet sensation doth my gaze,
 Now that my thirsty soul is gratified,
 Live on the little cell! The water there,
 Variously dappled by the wreathed sand
 That sleeps below in many an antic shape,
 Like the mild plumage of the pheasant-hen
 Soothes the beholder's eye. The ceaseless drip
 From the moss-fretted roof, by Nature's hand
 Vaulted most beautiful, even like ■ pulse
 Tells of the living principle within,—
 A pulse but seldom heard amid the wild.

Yea, seldom heard: there is but one lone cot
 Beyond this well:—it is inhabited
 By an old shepherd during summer months,
 And haply he may drink of the pure spring,
 To Langdale Chapel on the Sabbath-morn
 Going to pray,—or as he home returns
 At silent eve: or traveller such as I,
 Following his fancies o'er these lonely hills,
 Thankfully here may slake his burning thirst
 Once in a season. Other visitants
 It hath not; save perchance the mountain-crow,
 When ice hath lock'd the rills, or wandering colt
 Leaving its pasture for the shady lane.

Methinks, in such a solitary cave,
 The fairy forms belated peasant sees
 Oft nightly dancing in a glittering ring
 On the smooth mountain sward, might more retire
 To lead their noon-tide revels, or to bathe
 Their tiny limbs in this transparent well.

Of loveliest colours and of sweetest smell,
 Native ■ these our hills, and ever ■
 A fair ■ family by the happy side
 Of their own parent spring;—and others too,
 Of foreign birth, the cultured garden's joy,
 Planted by that old shepherd in his mirth,
 Here smile like strangers in ■ novel scene.
 Lo! a tall rose-tree with its clustering bloom,
 Brightening the mossy wall ■ which it leans
 Its arching beauty, to my gladsome heart
 Seems, with its smiles of lonely loveliness,
 Like some fair virgin at the humble door
 Of her dear mountain-cot, standing to greet
 The way-bewilder'd traveller.

But my soul
 Long pleased to linger by this silent cave,
 Nursing its wild and playful fantasies,
 Pants for ■ loftier pleasure,—and forsakes,
 Though surely with no cold ingratitude,
 The flowers and verdure round the sparkling well.
 A voice calls on me from the mountain-depths,
 And it must be obey'd: Yon ledge of rocks,
 Like a wild staircase ■ Hardknott's brow,
 Is ready for my footsteps, and even now,
 Wastwater blackens far beneath my feet,
 She the storm-loving Lake.

Sweet Fount!—Farewell!

THE PAST.

How wild and dim this Life appears!
 One long, deep, heavy sigh!
 When o'er our eyes, half-closed in tears,
 The images of former years
 Are faintly glimmering by!
 And still forgotten while they go,
 As on the sea-beach wave on wave
 Dissolves at once in snow.
 Upon the blue and silent sky
 The amber clouds ■ moment lie,
 And like a dream are gone!
 Though beautiful the moon-beams play
 On the lake's bosom bright ■ they,
 And the soul intensely loves their stay,
 Soon as the radiance melts away
 We scarce believe it shone!

Heaven airs amid the harp-strings dwell,
 And ■ wish they ne'er may fade—
 They cease! and the soul is ■ silent cell,
 Where music never played.
 Dream follows dream through the long night hours,
 Each lovelier than the last—
 But ere the breath of morning-flowers,
 That gorgeous world flies past.
 And many ■ sweet angelic cheek,
 Whose smiles of love and kindness speak,
 Glides by us on this earth—
 While in a day we cannot tell
 Where shone the face ■ loved so well
 In sadness or in mirth.

PEACE.

I could believe that sorrow ne'er sojourn'd
 Within the circle of these sunny hills:
 That this small Lake, beneath the morning light
 Now lying so serenely beautiful,
 Ne'er felt one passing storm, but on its breast
 Retained for aye the silent imagery
 Of those untroubled heavens.

How still yon Isle,
 Scarcely distinguish'd from its glimmering shadow
 In the water pure ■ air! Yon little Flock
 How snow-white! lying on the pastoral mount,
 Basking in the sunshine. That lone Fisherman,
 Who draws his ■ so slowly to the shore,
 How calm an Image of secluded Life!
 While the boat moving with its twinkling oars,
 On its short voyage to yon verdant point
 Fringed with wild birch-wood, leaves ■ shining track
 Connecting by a pure and silvery line
 The quiet of both shores.

So deep the calm
 I hear the solitary Stock-dove's voice
 Moaning across the Lake, from the dark bosom
 Of yon old Pine-Grove. Hark the village clock
 Tolls soberly! And, 'mid the tufted Elms,
 Reveals the spire still pointing up to Heaven.
 I travel on unto the noisy City,
 And on this sunny bank mine hour of rest
 Stream-like has murmured by—yet shall the music
 Oft rise again—the Lake, Hills, Wood, and Grove,
 And that calm House of God. ■ Vale, Farewell!

THE DESOLATE VILLAGE.

FIRST DREAM.

SWEET Village! on thy pastoral hill
 Array'd in sunlight sad and still,
 As if beneath the harvest-moon,
 Thy noiseless homes were sleeping!
 It is the merry month of June,
 And creatures all of air and earth
 Should now their holiday of mirth
 With dance and song be keeping.
 But, loveliest Village! silent Thou,
 As cloud wreathed o'er the Morning's brow,
 When light is faintly breaking,
 And Midnight's voice afar is lost,
 Like the wailing of a wearied ghost,
 The shades of earth forsaking.

'T is ■ the Day to Scotia dear,
 A ■ Sabbath mild and clear!
 Yet from her solemn burial-ground
 The small Kirk Steeple looks around,
 Enshrouded in ■ calm
 Profound ■ fills the house of prayer,
 E'er from the band of virgins fair
 Exhales the choral psalm.
 A sight so steeped in perfect rest
 Is slumbering not ■ nature's breast

In the smiles of earthly day!
 'T is a picture floating down the sky,
 By fancy framed in years gone by,
 And mellowing in decay!
 That thought is gone!—the Village still
 With deepening quiet ~~the~~ the hill,
 Its low green roofs are there!
 In soft material beauty beaming,
 As in the silent hour of dreaming
 They hung embowered in air!

■ this the Day when to the mountains
 The happy shepherds go,
 And bathe in sparkling pools and fountains
 Their flocks made white ■ ■ ?
 Hath gentle girl and gamesome boy,
 With meek-eyed mirth or shouting joy,
 Gone tripping up the brae?
 Till far behind their Town doth stand,
 Like an image in sweet Fairy Land,
 When the Elves have flown away!
 —O sure if aught of human breath
 Within these walls remain,
 Thus deepening ■ the hush of death,
 'T is but ■ melancholy Crone,
 Who sits with solemn eyes
 Beside the cradle all alone,
 And lulls the infant with a strain
 Of Scotia's ancient melodies.

What if these homes be filled with life?
 'T is the sultry month of June,
 And when the cloudless sun rides high
 Above the glittering air of noon,
 All nature sinks oppress,—
 And labour shuts his weary eye
 In the mid-day hour of rest.
 Yet let the soul think what it will,
 Most dirge-like mourns that moorland rill!
 How different ■ its flow!
 When with a dreamy motion gliding
 'Mid its green fields in love abiding,
 Or leaping o'er the mossy lion,
 And sporting with its own wild din,
 Seem'd water changed ■ ■
 Beauty lies spread before my sight,
 But grief-like shadows dim its light,
 And all the scene appears
 Like a church-yard when a friend is dying,
 In ■ than earthly stillness lying,
 And glimmering through ■ tears!

Sweet Woodburn! like a cloud that ■
 Comes floating o'er my soul!
 Although thy beauty still survive,
 One look hath changed the whole.
 The gayest village of the gay
 Beside thy own sweet river,
 Wert Thou on Week or Sabbath day!
 So bathed in the blue light of joy,
 As if no trouble could destroy
 Peace doom'd to last for ever.
 Now in the shadow of thy trees
 Still lovely in the tainted breeze,
 The fell Plague-Spirit grimly lies
 And broods, as in despite

Of uncomplaining lifelessness,
 On the troops of silent shades that press
 Into the church-yard's cold recess,
 From that region of delight.

Last ■ from the school-house door,
 When the glad play-bell was ringing,
 What shoals of bright-haired elves would pour,
 Like small ■ racing on the shore,
 In dance of rapture singing!
 Oft by yon little silver well,
 Now sleeping in neglected cell,
 The village-maid would stand,
 While resting on the mossy bank
 With freshened soul the traveller drank
 The cold cup from her hand;
 Haply ■ soldier from the war,
 Who would remember long and far
 That Lily of the Land.
 And still the green is bright with flowers,
 And dancing through the sunny hours,
 Like blossoms from enchanted bowers
 On a sudden wafted by,
 Obedient to the changeful air,
 And proudly feeling they are fair,
 Glide bird and butterfly.

But where is the tiny hunter-rout
 That revell'd on with dance and shout
 Against their airy prey?
 Alas! the fearless linnet sings,
 And the bright insect folds its wings
 Upon the dewy flower that springs
 Above these children's clay.
 And if to yon deserted well
 Some solitary maid,
 As she ■ went at eve, should go—
 There silent as her shade
 She stands ■ while—then sad and slow
 Walks home, afraid to think
 Of many a loudly-laughing ring
 That dipp'd their pitchers in that spring,
 And lingered round its brink.

On—on—through woful images
 My spirit holds her way!
 Death in each drooping flower she sees:
 And oft the momentary breeze
 ■ singing of decay.
 —So high upon the slender bough
 Why hangs the crow her nest?
 All undisturbed her young have lain
 This spring-time in their nest;
 Nor as they flew on tender wing
 E'er fear'd the cross-bow or the sling.
 Tame as the purpling turtle-dove,
 That walks ■ in human love,
 The magpie hops from door to door;
 And the hare, not fearing to be seen,
 ■ gambol on the village green
 As ■ the lonely moor.
 The few sheep wandering by the brook
 Have all a dim neglected look,
 Oft bleating in their dumb distress
 On her their sweet dead shepherdess.

The horses pasturing through the range
Of gateless fields, all common now,
Free from the yoke enjoy the change,
To them a long long Sabbath-sleep!
Then gathering in one thunderous band,
Across the wild they sweep,
Tossing the long hair from their eyes—
Till far the living whirlwind flies
As o'er the desert sand.
From human let their course be free—
No lonely angler down the lea
Invites the zephyr's breath—
And the beggar far away doth roam,
Preferring in his hovel-home
Penury to death.
On that green hedge a scatter'd row
Now weather-stain'd—once white as snow—
Of garments that have long been spread,
And now belong unto the dead,
Shroud-like proclaim to every eye,
"This is the place for charity!"

O blest are ye! unthinking creatures!
Rejoicing in your lowly natures
Ye dance round human tombs!
Where gladlier sings the mountain lark
Than o'er the church-yard dim and dark!
Or where, than on the church-yard wall,
From the wild rose-tree brighter fall
Her transitory blooms!
What is it to that lovely sky
If all her worshippers should die!
As happily her splendours play
On the grave where human forms decay,
As o'er the dewy turf of Morn,
Where the virgin, like a woodland Fay
On wings of joy was borne.
—Even now a soft and silvery haze
Hill—Village—Tree—is steeping
In the loveliness of happier days,
Ere rose the voice of weeping!
When incense-fires from every hearth
To heaven stole beautiful from earth.

Sweet Spire! that crown'st the house of God!
To thee my spirit turns,
While through a cloud the soften'd light
On thy yellow dial burns.
Ah, me! my bosom inly bleeds
To see the deep-worn path that leads
Unto that open gate!
In silent blackness it doth tell
How oft thy little sullen bell
Hath o'er the village toll'd its knell,
In beauty desolate.
Oft, wandering by myself at night,
Such spire hath risen in soften'd light
Before my gladden'd eyes,—
And as I look'd around to see
The village sleeping quietly
Beneath the quiet skies,—
Methought that 'mid her stars so bright,
The moon in placid mirth,
Was not in heaven a holier sight
Than God's house on the earth.
Sweet image! transient in my soul!
That very bell hath ceased to toll

When the grave receives its dead—
And the last time it slowly swung,
'T was by a dying stripling rung
O'er the sexton's hoary head!
All silent from cot or hall
Comes forth the sable funeral!
The Pastor is not there!
For yon sweet Manse now empty stands,
Nor in its walls will holier hands
Be e'er held up in prayer.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O must'n't be our souls as this Burial-ground!
And let our feet without a sound
Glide o'er the mournful clay;
For lo! two radiant Creatures flitting
O'er the grave-stones! moveless sitting
On a low funeral mound! 'T is day!
And, but that ghosts where'er they rove
Do in their breathless beauty love
The cold, the wan, and the silent light
O'er the Church-yard shied by the Queen of Night,
Sure Sister Shades! They!
—Of many 't is the holy faith,
Ere from the dying frame
Departs the latest lingering breath,
Its earthly garb the same,
A shadowy Likeness still doth come,
A noiseless, pale-faced, beckoning Wraith,
To call the Stranger home!
Or, are ye Angels! who from bliss,
With dewy fall, our earth
On wings of Paradise descend,
The grave of Innocence to kiss,
And tears of immortal birth
With human tears to blend!
Aye! there they sit! like earthly Creatures
With softer, sadder, fainter features!
A Halo round each head;
Fair Things whose earthly course is o'er,
And who bring from some far-distant shore
The beauty that on earth they wore,
With the silence of the dead.

The dream of Ghost and Angel fades,
And I gaze upon two Orphan-Maids,
Frail Creatures, doom'd to die!
Spirits may be fair in their heavenly sleep,
But sure when mortal Beings weep
In tears a beauty lies deep,
The glimmering of mortality!
Their aged Friend in slumber lies,
And hath closed for an hour the only eyes
That ever cheer'd their orphan-state,
At the hour of birth left desolate!
She sleeps! and these Maids have come
With mournful hearts to this mournful home,
Led here by a pensive train
Of thoughts still brooding on the dead!
For they have watched the breast of Pain
Till it moved not on its bed,
The lifeless lips together prest,
And many a ghastly body drest,

And framed the shroud for the ■■■ of bone
That lay unheeded and alone,
When all its friends ■■■ dead and gone!

So they walk not to yon breezy mountain
To sit in the shade of its silvery fountain,
And 'mid that lofty air serene
Forget the dim and wailing scene
That spreads beneath their feet!
They walk not down yon fairy stream
Whose liquid lapses sweet
Might wrap them in ■■■ happy dream
Of a pure, calm, far retreat,
As on that rivulet seems to flow,
Escaping from ■ world of Wo!
But this still realm is their delight,
And hither they repair
Communion with the Dead to hold!
Peaceful, ■ at the fall of night,
Two little Lambkins gliding white
Return unto the gentle air
That sleeps within the Fold.
Or like two Birds ■ their lonely nest,
Or wearied ■ ■ their bay of rest,
Or fleecy clouds, when their ■ is run,
That hang, ■ their ■ beauty blest,
'Mid the calm that sanctifies the west
Around the setting Sun.

Phantoms! ye waken to mine eye
Sweet trains of earthly imagery!
Whate'er on Nature's breast is found
In loveliness without a sound,
That silent seems to soul and sense,
Emblem of perfect Innocence!
Two radiant dew-drops that repose
On mossy bank at Evening's close,
And, happy in the gentle weather,
In beauty disappear together!
Two flowers upon the lonesome moor,
When ■ dim day of storm is o'er,
Lifting up their yellow hair
To ■ the balm of the slumbering air.
Two Sea-birds from the troubled ocean
Floating with a snowy motion,
In the absence of ■ gale
Over a sweet inland vale!
Two early-risen Stars that lie
Together on the Evening-sky,
And imperceptibly pursue
Their walk along the depths of blue.
—Sweet Beings! on my dreams ye rise
With all your frail humanities!
Nor Earth below, nor Heavens above,
An image yields of Peace and Love,
So perfect ■ your pensive breath
That brings unsought ■ dream of death!
Each sigh ■ touching than the last,
Till Life's pathetic tune be past!

THE DEPARTURE.

THIRD DREAM.

The grave is fill'd and the turf is spread
To grow together o'er the dead.

The little daisies bright and fair
Are looking up scarce injured there,
And ■ warm night of summer-dew
Will all their wonted smiles renew,
Restoring to its blooming rest
A soft couch for the sky-lark's breast.
The funeral-party, one by ■
Have given their blessing and are gone—
Prepared themselves ere long ■ die,
A small, sad, silent company.
The orphans robed in spotless white
Yet linger in the holy ground,
And shed all o'er that peaceful mound
A radiance like the wan moonlight.
—Then from their mother's grave they glide
Out of the church-yard side by side.
Just at the gate they pause and turn—
I hear sad blended voices mourn
• Mother, farewell! » the last endeavour
To send their souls back ■ the clay. ♡
Then they hide their eyes—and walk away
From her grave—now and for ever!

Not till this parting invocation
To their mother's buried breast,
Had they felt the power of desolation!
Long as she lived, the village lay
Calm—unrepining in decay—
For grief was its own consolation,
And death seem'd only rest.
—But now ■ dim and sullen breath
Hath character'd the face of death;
And tears, and sighs, and sobs, and wailing,
All round—o'er human joy prevailing—
Or 'mid the pausing fits of woe,
Wild silence, like a depth of snow
Shrouding in slumber stern and dull
The spring-fields late so beautiful,
Upon their fainting spirits press
With weight of utter hopelessness,
And drive them off, they heed not where,
So that oblivion's ebbless wave
May lie for ever on one grave,
One village of despair.

Faint with such spectacles of ■
Towards their solitary home
Across the village-green they go—
Eyeing the streamlet's murmuring flow,
Where melt away the specks of foam,
Like human creatures dying
'Mid their voyage down life's peaceful stream,
Upon the bosom of ■ dream
In thoughtless pleasure lying.
Calm reveries of composing grief!
Whose very sadness yields relief
To heart, and soul, and eye.
The Orphans look around—and lo!
How touching is that Lilac's glow,
Beneath the tall Laburnum's bow
That dazzling spans the sky!
That golden gleam—that gentle fire
Forces even anguish to admire;
And gently cheers away distress
By the power of nature's loveliness.
From many a little garden steal

Odours that have been wasting long
 A sweetness there none to feel;
 And from the hidden flowers a song
 Of bees, in happy multitude
 All busy in that solitude,
 An image brings of all the strife
 And gladness of superior life,
 Till man seem, 'mid these insects blest,
 A brother-insect hardly miss'd.

They seize that transient calm; the door
 Of their cottage open stands—
 Far lonelier than one hour before,
 When they with weak and trembling hands
 The head of that dear coffin bore
 Unto its darksome bed!
 To them far drearier than the tomb,
 The naked silence of the room
 Deserted by the dead.
 They kiss the dim and senseless walls,
 Then hurry fast away;
 Some sudden thought their feet recalls,
 And trifles urge their stay,
 Till with the violence of despair
 They rush into the open air,
 And bless its thatch and sheltering tree,
 Then leave it everlastingly!
 —On, on they go, in sorrow blind,
 Yet with a still and gentle motion
 That speaks the inner soul resign'd;
 Like little billows o'er the ocean
 Still flowing on with tide and wind,
 And though the tempest smite their breast,
 Reaching at last bay of rest.

God bless them on their pilgrimage!
 And may his hand divine
 With healing dew their woes assuage,
 When they have reach'd that silent shrine
 By nature framed in the open air,
 With soft turf for the knees of prayer,
 And dome of many a pastoral hill
 Lying in heaven serene and still;
 For, pilgrims ne'er to Sion went
 More mournful, or more innocent,
 Before the rueful Cross to lie
 At midnight Mount Calvary.
 Two favourite sheep before them go—
 Each with its lambs of spotless snow
 Frisking around with pattering feet,
 With peaceful eyes and happy bleat.
 Happy! yet like a soft complaint!
 As if at times the voice of sorrow
 Through the hush'd air came breathing faint
 From blessed things that fear no morrow.
 —Each Shepherdess holds in her hand
 A verdant crook of the willow-wand,
 Wreathed round with melancholy flowers
 Gather'd 'mid the hills in happier hours.
 In a small cage a thrush is sitting—
 Or restless as the light
 That through his sunny prison plays,
 From perch to perch each moment flitting,
 His quick and glancing eye surveys
 The novel trees and fields bright,

And like a torrent gushing strong
 He sends through heaven his sudden song,
 A song that all dim thought destroys,
 And breathes o'er all its wild joys.

As on the Orphans hold their way
 Through stillness of the dying day,
 Fairies might they who are returning,
 At the end of allotted time,
 Unto their own immortal clime!
 Each bearing in its lovely hand
 Some small memorial of the land
 Where they, like human frames,
 And call'd by gentle Christian names,
 For long had been sojourning!
 Some little fair insensate thing,
 Relic of that wild visiting!
 Bird that beneath a brighter spring
 Of its own vanish'd earth will sing;
 Those harmless creatures that will glide
 O'er fairy vales in earthly snow,
 And from the fairy river's flow
 Come forth more purely beautified.

Now with a wild and mournful song,
 The fair procession moves along,
 While, by that so sweet
 The little flock delighted, press
 As if with human tenderness
 Around the singer's feet.
 Up—up the gentle slope they wind,
 Leaving the laughing flowers behind
 That to court their stay.
 One moment the top they stand,
 At the wild-unfolding vale's command,
 —Then down into that fairy land
 Dream-like they sink away!

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING A PICTURE BY BERGHEM, OF AN
 ASS IN A STORM-SHOWER.

Poor wretch! that blasted leafless tree,
 More frail and death-like even than thee,
 Can yield no shelter to thy shivering form;
 The sleet, the rain, the wind of Heaven
 Full in thy face are coldly driven,
 As if thou wert alone the object of the storm.

Yet chill'd with cold, and drench'd with rain,
 Mild creature! thou dost not complain
 By sound or look of these ungracious skies;
 Calmly as if in friendly shed,
 There stand'st thou, with unmoving head,
 And a grave, patient meekness in thy half-closed eyes.

Long could my thoughtful spirit gaze
 On thee; nor I loth to praise
 Him who in moral mood this image drew;
 And yet, methinks, that I could frame
 An image different, yet the same,
 More pleasing to the heart, and yet Nature true.

Behold a lane retired and green,
 Winding amid a forest-scene

With blooming furze in many a radiant heap;
There is a browsing Ass espied,
One colt is frisking by her side,
And one among her feet is safely stretch'd in sleep.

And lo! a little maiden stands,
With thistles in her tender hands,
Tempting with kindly words the colt to eat;
Or gently down before him lays,
With words of solace and of praise,
Pluck'd from th' untrodden turf the herbage soft and sweet.

The summer sun is sinking down,
And the peasants from the market-town
With cheerful hearts to their homes returning;
Groups of gay children too are there,
Stirring with mirth the silent air,
O'er all their eager eyes the light of laughter burning.

The Ass hath got his burthen still!
The merry elves the panniers fill;
Delighted there from side to side they swing:
The creature heeds not shout nor call,
But jogs on careless of them all,
Whether in harmless sport they gaily strike or sing.

A gipsy-group! the secret wood
Stirs through its leafy solitude,
As wheels the dance to many a jocund tune;
Th' unpannier'd Ass slowly retires
From the brown tents, and sparkling fires,
And silently feeds on beneath the silent moon.

The Moon sits o'er the huge oak tree,
More pensive 'mid this scene of glee
That mocks the hour of beauty and of rest;
The soul of all her softest rays
On yonder placid creature plays,
As if she wish'd to cheer the hardships of the oppress.

But now the silver moonbeams fade,
And, peeping through a flowery glade,
Hush'd as a wild-bird's nest, a cottage lies:
An Ass stands meek and patient there,
And by her side a spectre fair,
To drink the balmy cup before she dies.

With tenderest care the plying dame
Supports the dying maiden's frame,
And strives with laughing looks her heart to cheer;
While playful children crowd around
To catch her eye by smile or sound,
Unconscious of the doom that waits their lady dear!

I feel this mournful dream impart
A holier image to my heart,
For oft doth grief to thoughts sublime give birth:
Blest creature! through the solemn night,
I see thee bathed in heavenly light,
Shed from that wondrous child—The Saviour of the Earth.

When flying Herod's murderous rage,
Thou that wretched pilgrimage
Didst gently near the virgin-mother lie;

On thee the humble Jesus sate,
When thousands rush'd to Salem's gate
To 'mid holy hymns the sinless pass by.

Happy thou wert, nor low thy praise,
In peaceful patriarchal days,
When countless tents slow pass'd from land to land
Like clouds o'er heaven: the gentle race
Such quiet scene did meetly grace,
Circling the pastoral camp in many a stately band.

Poor wretch! my musing dream is o'er;
Thy shivering form I view once more,
And all the pains thy race is doom'd to prove;
They whose thoughtful spirits see
The truth of life, will pause with me,
And bless thee in a voice of gentleness and love!

PRAYER TO SLEEP.

O GENTLE Sleep! wilt Thou lay thy head
For one little hour on thy Lover's bed,
And none but the silent stars of night
Shall witness be to our delight!

Alas! 't is said that the Couch must be
Of the Eider-down that is spread for Thee,
So, I in my sorrow must lie alone,
For mine, sweet Sleep! is a Couch of stone.

Music to Thee I know is dear;
Then, the saddest of music is ever here,
For Grief sits with me in my cell,
And she is a Syren who singeth well.

But Thou, glad Sleep! lovest gladsome airs,
And wilt only come to thy Lover's prayers
When the bells of merriment are ringing,
And bliss with liquid voice is singing.

Fair Sleep! so long in thy beauty woo'd,
No Rival hast Thou in my solitude;
Be mine, my Love! and we two will lie
Embraced for ever—or awake to die!

Dear Sleep! farewell!—hour, hour, hour, hour,
Will slowly bring on the gleam of Morrow,
But Thou art Joy's faithful Paramour,
And lie wilt Thou not in the arms of Sorrow.

ON READING

MIR CLARKSON'S HISTORY OF THE ABOLITION OF THE
SLAVE TRADE.

'Mid the august and never-dying light
Of constellated spirits, who have gain'd
A throne in heaven, by power of heavenly acts,
And leave their immortal and unchanged
On earth, even the names of Sun and Moon,
See'st thou, my soul! 'mid all that radiant host
One worthier of thy love and reverence,
Than He, the fearless spirit who went forth,
Mail'd in the armour of invincible faith,
And bearing in his grasp the spear of truth,

Fit to destroy ■ save,—went forth to wage,
 Against the fierce array of bloody men,
 Avarice and ignorance, cruelty and hate,
 A holy warfare! Deep within his soul,
 The groans of anguish, and the clank of chains,
 Dwelt ceaseless as a cataract, and fill'd
 The secret haunts and meditative prayer.
 Encircled by the silence of the hearth,
 The evening silence of a happy home;
 Upon his midnight bed, when working soul
 Turns inward, and the steady flow of thought
 ■ all we feel of life; in crowded rooms,
 Where ■ sensation oft takes place of mind,
 And all time seems the present; in the sun,
 The joyful splendour of ■ summer-day;
 Or 'neath the moon, the calm and gentle night;
 Where'er he moved, one vision ever fill'd
 His restless spirit. 'T was a vision bright
 With colours born in Heaven, yet oh! bedimm'd
 With breath of sorrow, sighs, and tears, and blood!
 Before him lay ■ quarter of the world,
 A mighty Land, wash'd by unnumber'd floods,
 Born in her bosom,—floods that to the sea
 Roll ocean-like, ■ in the central wilds
 Fade like the dim day melting into night;
 A land all teeming with the gorgeous show
 Of Nature in profuse magnificence!
 Valleys and groves, where untamed herds have ranged
 Without a master since the birth of time!
 Fountains and caves fill'd with the hidden light
 Of diamond and of ruby, only view'd
 With admiration by the unenvying sun!
 Millions of beings like himself he sees
 ■ stature and in soul,—the sons of God,
 Destined to do him homage, and to lift
 Their fearless brows unto the burning sky,
 Stamp'd with his holy image! Noble shapes,
 Kings of the desert, men whose stately tread
 Brings from the dust the sound of liberty!
 The vision fades ■ here; he ■ the gloom
 That lies upon these kingdoms of the sun,
 And makes them darker than the dreary realms,
 Scarce-moving at the pole. A sluggish flow
 Attends those floods ■ great and beautiful,
 Rolling in majesty that ■ adores!
 And lo! the faces of those stately men,
 Silent ■ death, ■ changed to ghastly shapes
 By madness and despair! His ears are torn
 By shrieks and ravings, loud, and long, and wild,
 Or the deep-mutter'd ■ of sullen hearts,
 Scorning in bitter woe their gnawing chains!
 He sees, and shuddering feels the vision true,
 A pale-faced band, who in his mother-isle
 First look'd upon the day, beneath its light
 Dare to be tyrants, and with coward deeds
 Sully the glory of the Queen of Waves!
 He ■ that famous Isle, whose very winds
 Dissolves like icicles the tyrant's chains,
 On Afric bind them firm ■ adamant,
 Yet boast, with false and hollow gratitude,
 Of all the troubled nations of the earth
 That she alone is free! The awful sight
 Appeals not to him; he draws his lonely breath
 Without ■ tremor; for ■ voice is heard
 Breathed by no human lips,—heard by his soul,—
 That he by Heaven is chosen to restore

Mercy on earth, ■ mighty conqueror
 Over the sins and miseries of man.
 The work is done! the Niger's sullen waves
 Have heard the tidings,—and the orient Sun
 Beholds them rolling on to meet his light
 In joyful beauty.—Tombûl's spiry towers
 Are bright without the brightness of the day,
 And Houssa waking from his age-long trance
 Of woe, amid the desert, smiles to hear
 The last faint echo of the blissful sound.—

LINES WRITTEN ON OAK ISLAND, KILLARNEY.

FAR in the heart of Island solitude
 Our Tent was pitch'd, beneath a Grove of Oaks.
 A scene more solemn never Hermit chose
 For penitence and prayer; nor pensive Bard
 Wept over, dreaming of his dying hour
 And the happy stillness of a sylvan grave.
 That ancient wood was breathless as a tomb,
 Save when the Stock-dove in his central haunt
 Awakening suddenly a loud deep song,
 Startled the silence, ev'n as with a peal
 Of faint and far-off Thunder. From the door
 Of our lone Tent, thus wildly-canopied,
 Down to the Lake-side, gently sloped ■ Bank,
 Like the heaved bosom of the sea-green wave;
 Where the pure waters of a crescent Bay
 Kiss'd with a murmuring joy the fragrant heath,
 Impurpled with its bloom. On either side,
 As emulous of that refulgent Bank,
 Hills brightly-girdled with green arbutus-groves
 Rose up to Heaven; yet bow'd their lofty heads
 In homage ■ that Mountain¹ where the ■
 Of Jove abides. Right in the front he spread
 His Cliffs, his Caverns, and his streamy Glens,
 Flinging an air of wild sublimity
 O'er Beauty's quiet home! Yet, not exiled
 Was that fair spirit from the home she loved.
 Her sweet smile trembled ■ the o'ershadow'd wave
 Even at the mountain's foot; like dew it lay
 On the relenting sternness of the Rocks;
 The black and sullen entrances of Caves
 Dropp'd wild-flowers at her bidding; ere it reached
 Her ear, the tumult of the Cataract
 Was pleasant music; but her perfect bliss
 Came from the clear blue sky, and from the clouds
 That seem'd eternal in their depth of rest.

I closed mine eye, that undisturb'd by sense
 Of outward objects, ■ might gaze and gaze
 On that transcendent landscape, ■ it lay
 Dreamingly imaged in my happy soul.
 But all seem'd wavering as the restless Sea,
 Or the white morning-mist. Soon darkness veil'd
 The far-withdrawing Vision, and a blank
 Like blindness ■ decay of memory
 Brooded where all those glorious things had shone.

Up started Fancy from her dreamless sleep!
 For lo! the loveliest of all earthly Lakes
 (And let me breathe thy name so beautiful,
 Winander!) lay before me, in the light
 Of the sweet Harvest-moon. She, gracious Queen,

¹ Eagle-mountain.

Hung motionless above the liquid vale,
 To her as dear as her own native Heaven!
 The cliffs that tower round that romantic shore
 Seem'd jealous of her love, and gave their breasts
 To meet her tender smiles: each shaded Bay,
 Bright with the image of its guardian Star,
 To catch one glimpse seem'd opening its fair trees;
 Delighting in her mild and placid eye
 The whispering Islands softly hymn'd her praise:
 Gladly had all the Woods reveal'd their depths
 To the Spirit glimmering on their topmost boughs;
 And the far Mountains that by day appear
 So stern and frowning, by her power subdued,
 Flung down their mighty bulks into repose,
 Like Genii by enchantment lull'd asleep!
 Then, if wafted on an Angel's wing,
 Wondering I found myself beneath the shade
 Of my own Sycamore, that from its heart
 Did sing a mournful and pathetic strain,
 Glad some withal! a strain that lowly breathed
 "Welcome, O Wanderer! welcome to thy Home!"
 A light was in my cottage—I beheld
 A shadow move—it—then I heard
 A soft step gently stealing through the gloom.
 Long was the silence that enchain'd our souls!
 For by his own sweet Fire, a Husband sat
 Once more! sat gazing on his first-born Child,
 Who on his sinless Mother's happy breast
 An emblem seem'd of Innocence in Heaven!

THE FALLEN OAK, A VISION.

SCENE, A WOOD, NEAR KESWICK, BELONGING TO
GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

BENEATH the shadow of an ancient oak,
 Dreaming I lay, far 'mid a solemn wood,
 When a noise like thunder stirr'd the solitude,
 And from that trance I suddenly awoke!
 A noble tree came crashing to the ground,
 Through the dark forest opening out a glade;
 While all its hundred branches stretching round,
 Crush'd the tall hazels in its ample shade.
 Methought, the vanquish'd monarch he died
 Utter'd a groan: while loud and taunting cheers
 The woodmen raised o'er him whose stubborn pride
 Had braved the seasons for a hundred years.
 It seem'd a savage shout, a senseless scorn,
 Nor long prevail'd amid the awful gloom;
 Sad look'd the forest of her glory shorn,
 Reverend with age, yet bright in vigour's bloom,
 Slain in his hour of strength, a giant in his tomb.

I closed mine eyes, nor could I brook to gaze
 On the wild havoc in one moment done;
 Hateful to me shone forth the blessed sun,
 As through the new-form'd void he pour'd his rays.
 Then rose a dream before my sleeping soul!
 A wood-nymph tearing her dishevell'd hair,
 And wailing loud, from a long vista stole,
 And eyed the ruin with a fixed despair.
 The velvet moss, that bathed its roots in green,
 For many a happy day had been her seat:
 Than valley wide more dear this secret scene;
 —She asked no music but the rustling sweet

Of the rejoicing leaves; now, all is gone,
 That touch'd the Dryad's heart with pure delight.
 Soon shall the axe destroy her fallen throne,
 Its leaves of gold, its bark so glossy bright—
 —But she hastes away,—death-sickening the
 sight!

A nobler shape supplied the Dryad's place;
 Soon as I saw the spirit in her eye,
 I knew the mountain-goddess, Liberty,
 And in adoring reverence veil'd my face.
 Smiling she stood beside the prostrate oak,
 While a stern pleasure swell'd her lofty breast,
 And thus, methought, in thrilling accents spoke—
 "Not long, my darling Tree! must be thy rest!
 Glorious thou wert, when towering through the skies
 In winter-storms, or summer's balmy breath;
 And thou, my Tree! shalt gloriously arise,
 In life majestic, terrible in death!
 For thou shalt float above the roaring wave,
 Where flags denouncing battle stream afar;—
 Thou wert, from birth, devoted to the brave,
 And thou shalt sail like a blazing star,
 Bearing victorious NELSON through the storms of war!"

NATURE OUTRAGED.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO ROBERT SYM, ESQ.
EDINBURGH.

ONCE, the very gentlest stillest day
 That ever Spring did in her gladness breathe
 O'er this delightful earth, I left my home
 With a beloved friend, who ne'er before
 Had been among these mountains,—but whose heart,
 Led by the famous poets, through the air
 Serene of Nature oft had voyaged,
 On fancy's wing, and in her magic bowers
 Reposed, by wildest music sung to sleep:—
 So that, enamour'd of the imaged forms
 Of beauty in his soul, with holiest zeal
 He longed to hail the fair original,
 And do her spiritual homage.

That his love
 Might, consonant to Nature's dictate wise,
 From quiet impulse grow, and to the power
 Of meditation and connecting thought,
 Rather than startling glories of the eye,
 Owe its enthronement in his inmost heart,
 I led him to behold a little lake,
 Which I so often in my lonely walks
 Had visited, but never yet had
 One human being on its banks, that I
 Thought it mine almost, thither took
 My friend, assured he could chuse but love
 A scene so loved by me!

Before we reached
 The dell wherein this little lake doth sleep;
 Into involuntary praise of all
 Its pensive loveliness, my happy heart
 Would frequent burst, and from those lyric songs
 That, sweetly warbling round the pastoral banks
 Of Grassmere, on its silver have shed
 The undying sunshine of a poet's soul,

I breathed such touching strains — suited well
The mild spring-day, and that secluded scene,
Towards which, in full — of delight,
We two then walked in peace.

On the green slope
Of — romantic glade we sat — down,
Amid the fragrance of the yellow broom,
While o'er our heads the weeping birch-tree stream'd
Its branches, arching like — fountain-shower,
Then look'd towards the lake, with hearts prepared
For the — reception of all lovely forms
Enrobed in loveliest radiance, such as oft
Had steep'd my spirit in — holy calm,
And made it by the touch of purest joy
Still — — infant's dream.

But where had fled
The paradise beloved in former days!
I look'd upon the countenance of my friend,
Who, lost in strange and sorrowful surprise,
Could — forbear to smile. Is this, he cried,
The lone retreat, where from the secret top
Of Helicon, the wild-eyed — descends
To bless thy slumbers? this the virgin scene
Where beauty smiles in undisturbed peace?

I look'd again: but never did lover gaze,
At last returning from some foreign clime,
With more affectionate sorrow on the face
That he left fair in youth, than I did gaze
On the alter'd features of my darling vale,
That, 'mid the barbarous outrages of art,
Retain'd, I ween, a heavenly character
That nothing could destroy. Yet much was lost,
Of its original brightness: Much — there,
Marring that spirit I remember'd once
Perfectly beautiful. The meadow field,
That with its rich and placid verdure lay
Even like a sister-lake, with nought to break
The smoothness of its bosom, save the swing
Of the hoar Canna, or, — snowy white,
The young lamb frisking in the joy of life,—
Oh! grief! a garden, all unlike, I ween,
To that where bloom'd the fair Hesperides,
Usurp'd the seat of Nature, while a wall
Of most bedazzling splendour, o'er whose height,
The little birds, content to flit along
From bush to bush, could never dare to fly,
Preserved from those who knew no ill intent,
Fruit-trees*exotic, and flowers passing rare,
Less lovely far than many a — that bloom'd
Unnoticed in the woods.

And lo! a house,
An elegant villa! in the Grecian style!
Doubtless contrived by some great architect
Who had — Attic soul; and in the shade
Of Academe or the Lyceum walk'd,
Forming conceptions fair and beautiful.
Blessed for ever be the sculptor's art!
It hath created guardian deities
To shield the holy building,—heathen gods
And goddesses, — which the peasant stares
With most perplexing wonder; and light Fauns
That the good owner's unpoetic soul

Could — among the umbrage of the groves
Imagine, here, for ever in his sight,
In — unwearied posture frisk in stone.

My friend, quoth I, forgive these words of mine,
That haply seem more sportive than becomes
A soul that feels for Nature's sanctity
Thus blindly outraged; but when evil work
Admits — remedy, we then are glad
Even from ourselves to hide, in mirth constrain'd,
An unavailing sorrow. Oh! my friend,
Hadst thou beheld, — I, the glorious rock
By that audacious mansion hid for ever,
—Glorious I well might call it, with bright bands
Of flowers, and weeds — beautiful as flowers
Refulgent,—crown'd, — with — diadem,
With oaks that loved their birth-place, and alive
With the wild tones of echo, bird, and bee,—
Thou couldst have wept to think that paltry Art
Could — prevail o'er Nature, and weak man
Thus stand between thee and the works of God.
Well might the Naiad of that stream complain!
The glare of day hath driven her from her haunts,
Shady — more: The woodman's axe hath clear'd
The useless hazels where the linnet hung
Her secret nest; and yon hoar waterfall,
Whose misty spray rose through the freshen'd leaves
To heaven, like Nature's incense, and whose sound
Came deaden'd through the multitude of boughs
Like a wild anthem by some spirit sung,
Now looks as cheerless — the late-left —
Upon the mountain's breast, and sends — voice,
From the bare rocks, of dreariness and woe!
See! farther down the streamlet, — hath framed
A delicate cascade! The channel stones,
Hallow'd by rushing waters, and more green
Even than the thought of greenness in the soul,
Are gone; and pebbles, carefully arranged
By size and colour, at the bottom lie
Imprison'd; while a smooth and shaven lawn,
With graceful gravel walks most serpentine,
Surrounds the noisy wonder, and sends up
— smile of scorn unto the rocky fells,
Where, 'mid the rough fern, bleat the shelter'd sheep.

Oft hath the poet's eye on these wild fells
Beheld entrancing visions;—but the cliffs,
In unscaled majesty, must frown — more;
No — the — profound draw down the soul
Into their stern dominion: — the clouds,
Floating or settling — the mountain's breast,
Must be adored no more:—far other forms
Delight his gaze, to whom, alas, belongs
This luckless vale!—On every eminence,
Smiles some gay image of the builder's soul,
Watch-tower or summer-house, where oft, — eve,
He meditates to go, with book in hand,
And read in solitude; — weather-cock,
To tell which way the wind doth blow; or fort,
Commanding every station in the vale
Where enemy might encamp, and from whose height
A gaudy flag might flutter, when he hears
With a — British pride of Frenchmen slain,
Ten thousand in — battle, lying grim
By the brave English, their dead conquerors!

Such ■■■ the spirit of the words I used
 On witnessing such sacrilege. We turned
 Homewards in silence, ■■■ as from the grave
 Of one in early youth untimely dead,
 And all that to my pensive friend I said
 Upon our walk, were ■■■ few words of grief,
 That thoughtlessness and folly, in one day,
 Could render vain the mystic processes
 Of Nature, working for a thousand years
 The work of love and beauty; so that Heaven
 Might shed its gracious dew upon the earth,
 Its sunshine and its rain, till living flowers
 Rose up in myriads to ■■■ its power.
 But, in the midst of this glad jubilee,
 A blinded mortal came, and with ■■ nod,
 Thus rendering ignorance ■■■ than wickedness,
 Bid his base ■■■ a tear from Nature's book
 A blissful leaf with worst impiety."

If thou, whose heart has listen'd to my song,
 From Nature hold'st some fair inheritance
 Like that whose mournful ruins I deplore,
 Remember that thy birth-right doth impose
 High duties on thee, that ■■■ perform'd,
 Else thou ■■■ ■■■ happy. Thou must watch
 With holy zeal e'er Nature while she sleeps,
 That nought may break her rest; her waking smiles
 Thou ■■■ preserve and worship; and the gloom
 That sometimes lies like night upon her face,
 Creating awful thoughts, that gloom ■■■ hush
 The beatings of thy heart, as if it lay
 Like the dread shadow of eternity.
 Beauteous thy home upon this beauteous earth,
 And God hath given it to thee: therefore, learn
 The laws by which the Eternal doth sublime
 And sanctify his works, that thou mayst ■■■
 The hidden glory veiled from vulgar eyes,
 And by the homage of enlighten'd love,
 Repay the power that blest thee. Thou shouldst stand
 Oft-times amid thy dwelling place, with awe
 Stronger than love, even like ■■ pious ■■■
 Who in some great cathedral, while the chaunt
 Of hymns is in his soul, ■■■ more beholds
 The pillars rise august and beautiful,
 Nor the dim grandeur of the roof that hangs
 Far, far above his head, but only ■■■
 The opening heaven-gates, and the white-robed bands
 Of spirits prostrate in adoring praise.
 So shalt thou to thy death-hour find ■■ friend,
 A gracious friend in Nature; and thy name,
 As the rapt traveller through thy fair domains
 Oft-lingering journeys, shall with gentle voice
 ■■■ breathed amid the solitude, and link'd
 With those enlighten'd spirits that promote
 The happiness of others by their own,
 The consummation of all earthly joy.

MELROSE ABBEY.

It was not when the Sun through the glittering sky,
 In summer's joyful majesty,
 Look'd from his cloudless height;—
 It ■■■ when the Sun ■■■ sinking down,
 And tinging the ruin's mossy brown
 With gleams ■■ ruddy light;—

Nor yet when the Moon, like a pilgrim fair,
 'Mid star and planet journeyed slow,
 And, mellowing the stillness of the air,
 Smiled ■■ the world below;—
 That, MELROSE! 'mid thy mouldering pride,
 All breathless and alone,
 I grasp'd the dreams to day denied,
 High dreams of ages gone!—
 Had unshriv'd guilt for one moment been there,
 ■■■ heart had turn'd to stone!
 For oft, though felt no moving gale,
 Like restless ghost in glimmering shroud,
 Through lofty Oriel opening pale
 Was seen the hurrying cloud;
 And, at doubtful distance, each broken wall
 Frown'd black ■■ bier's mysterious pall
 From mountain-cave beheld by ghastly seer;
 It seem'd as if sound had ceased to be;
 Nor dust from arch, ■■■ leaf from tree,
 Relieved the noiseless ear.
 The owl had sailed from her silent tower,
 Tweed hush'd his weary wave,
 The time was midnight's moonless hour,
 My seat a dreaded Douglas' grave!

My being was sublimed by joy,
 My heart was big, yet I could not weep;
 I felt that God would ne'er destroy
 The mighty in their tranced sleep.
 Within the pile no common dead
 Lay blended with their kindred mould;
 Theirs were the hearts that pray'd, or bled,
 In cloister dim, on death-plain red,
 The pious and the bold.
 There slept the saint whose holy strains
 Brought seraphs round the dying bed;
 And there the warrior, who to chains
 Ne'er stoop'd his crested head.
 I felt my spirit sink or swell
 With patriot rage or lowly fear,
 As battle-trump, or convent-bell,
 Rung in my tranced ear.
 But dreams prevail'd of loftier mood,
 When stern beneath the chancel high
 My country's spectre-monarch stood,
 All sheath'd in glittering panoply;
 Then I thought with pride what noble blood
 Had flow'd for the hills of liberty.

High the resolves that fill the brain
 With transports trembling upon pain,
 When the veil of time is rent in twain,
 That hides the glory past!
 The scene may fade that gave them birth,
 But they perish not with the perishing earth,
 For ever shall they last.
 And higher, I ween, is that mystic might
 That ■■■ to the soul from the silent night,
 When she walks, like a disembodied spirit,
 Through realms her sister shades inherit,
 And soft as the breath of those blessed flowers
 That smile in Heaven's unfading bowers,
 With love and awe, a voice she hears
 Murmuring assurance of immortal years.
 ■■■ hours of loneliness and woe
 Which even the best and wisest know,

How leaps the lighten'd heart ■ seize
On the bliss that comes with dreams like these!
As fair before the mental eye
The pomp and beauty of the dream return,
Dejected virtue calms her sigh,
And leans resign'd on memory's urn.
She feels how weak is mortal pain,
When each thought that starts to life again
Tells that she hath not lived in vain.

For Solitude, by Wisdom woo'd,
■ mistress of delight,
And even in gloom ■ tumult view'd,
She sanctifies their living blood
Who learn her lore aright.
The dreams her awful face imparts
Unhallowed mirth destroy;
Her griefs bestow ■ noble hearts
A nobler power of joy.
While hope and faith the soul thus fill,
We smile at chance distress,
And drink the cup of human ill
In stately happiness,
Thus ■ where death his empire keeps
Life holds the pageant vain,
And where the lofty spirit sleeps,
There lofty visions reign.
Yea, often to night-wandering man
A pow'r fate's dim decrees to scan,
In lonely trance by bliss is given;
And midnight's starless silence rolls
A giant vigour through our souls,
That stamps us sons of Heaven.

Then, MELROSE! Tomb of heroes old!
Blest be the hour I dwelt with thee;
The visions that can ne'er be told
That only poets in their joy ■ see,
The glory borne above the sky
The deep-felt weight of sanctity!
Thy massy towers I view no more
Through brooding darkness rising hoar,
Like ■ broad line of light dim seen
Some sable mountain-cleft between!
Since that dread hour, hath human thought
A thousand gay creations brought
Before my earthly eye;
I to the world have lent ■ ear,
Delighted all the while ■ hear
The voice of poor mortality.
Yet, not the less doth there abide
Deep in my soul a holy pride,
That knows by whom it ■ bestow'd,
Lofty to man, but low to God;
Such pride as hymning angels cherish,
Blest in the blaze where man would perish.

LINES WRITTEN BY MOONLIGHT AT SEA.

Am me! in dreams of struggling dread,
Let foolish tears no ■ be shed,
Tears wept ■ bended knee,
Though years of absence slowly roll
Between us and some darling soul
Who lives upon the sea!

Weep, weep not for the mariner,
Though distant far he roam,
And have no lovely resting-place
That he ■ call his home.
Friends hath he in the wilderness,
And with those friends he lives in bliss
Without ■ pining sigh!
The waves that round his vessel crowd,
The guiding star, the breezy cloud,
The music of the sky.
And, dearer even than Heaven's sweet light,
■ gazes on that Wonder bright,
When sporting with the gales,
Or lying in ■ beauteous sleep
Above her shadow in the deep,
—The Ship in which he sails.
Then weep not for the mariner!
He needeth not thy tears;
From his soul the Ocean's midnight voice
Dispels all mortal fears.
Quietly slumber shepherd-men
In the silence of some inland glen,
Lull'd by the gentlest sounds of air and earth;
Yet as quietly rests the mariner,
Nor wants for dreams as melting fair
Amid the Ocean's mirth.

THE NAMELESS STREAM.

GENTLE as dew, a summer shower
In beauty bathed tree, herb, and flower,
And told the stream to murmur on
With quicker dance and livelier tone.
The mist lay steady ■ the fell,
While lustre steep'd each smiling dell,
Such wild and fairy contrast made
The magic power of light and shade.
Through trees a little bridge was seen,
Glittering with yellow, red, and green,
As o'er the moss with playful glide
The sun-beam danced from side to side,
And made the ancient arch to glow
Various as Heaven's reflected bow.
Within the dripping grove ■ heard
Rustle or song of joyful bird;
The air of rapture fill'd the air
From unseen myriads mingling there;
Life lay entranced in sinless mirth,
And Nature's hymn ■ o'er the earth!

In this sweet hour of peace and love,
I chanced from restless joy ■ move,
When by my side a being stood
Fairer than Naiad of the flood,
Or her who ruled the forest scene
In days of yore, the Huntress Queen.
Wildness, subdued by quiet grace,
Play'd o'er the vision's radiant face,
Radiant with spirit fit to steer
Her flight around the starry sphere,
Yet, willing ■ sink down in rest
Upon ■ guardian mortal breast.
Her eyes were rather soft than bright,
And, when a smile half-closed their light,
They seem'd amid the gleam divine
Like stars scarce seen through fair moonshine!

While ever, ■ with sportive air,
She lightly waved her clustering hair,
A thousand gleams the motion made,
Danced o'er the auburn's darker shade.

O MARY! I had known thee long,
Amid the gay, the thoughtless throng,
Where mien leaves modesty behind,
And manner takes the place of ■■■■;
Where woman, though delightful still,
Quits Nature's ease for Fashion's skill,
Hides, by the gaudy gloss of art,
The simple beauty of her heart,
And, born to lift our souls to heaven,
Strives for the gaze despised when given,
Forgets her being's godlike power
To shine the wonder of an hour.
Oft had I sigh'd to think that thou,
An angel fair, couldst stoop ■ low;
And ■ with light and airy pride,
'Mid worldly souls I saw thee glide,
Wasting those smiles that love with tears
Might live on all his blessed years,
Regret ■■ from thy causeless mirth,
That Heaven could thus be stain'd by Earth.

■ vain regret! I should have known,
Thy soul ■■ strung to loftier tone;
That wisdom bade thee joyful range
Through worldly paths thou couldst not change,
And look with glad and sparkling eye
Even on life's careless vanity.
—But now, thy being's inmost blood
Felt the deep power of solitude:
From Heaven a sudden glory broke,
And all thy angel soul awoke.
I hail'd the impulse from above,
And friendship was sublimed to love.
Fair ■■ the vales that peaceful sleep
'Mid mountain-silence lone and deep,
Sweet narrow lines of fertile earth,
'Mid frowns of horror, smiles of mirth!
Fair too the fix'd and floating cloud,
The light obscure by eve bestowed,
The sky's blue stillness, and the breast
Of lakes, with all that stillness blest.
■■ dearer to my heart and eye,
Than valley, mountain, lake, or sky,
One Nameless Stream, whose happy flow
Blue ■ the heavens, or white ■ snow,
And gently-swelling sylvan side
By Mary's presence beautified,
Tell ever of expected years,
The wish that sighs, the bliss that fears,
Till taught at last no more to roam,
I worship the bright Star of Home.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

EAR Margaret ■■ three months old,
Her Father laid her in the mould!
Poor Babe! her fleeting visit here
Was mark'd by many a sigh and tear,
And sudden starts of unknown pain
Oft seem'd to shake her little brain!

Scarcely unto her ear was known
A yearning Mother's gentle tone;
She could not by her smiles repay
The sleepless night, the anxious day;
And yet, ■ times, her eyes would rest
With gladness on that Mother's breast,
And sinking, with a murmur there,
Like ■ hush'd stir of vernal air,
We ■■ her little bosom move
Blest by the genial fount of Love!

Gently the stroke of death did come,
And ■■ her to ■ heavenly home;
Ev'n like the wild harp's transient strain,
She slept—and never woke again!
And now, beneath her spotless shroud,
Like a pale star behind ■ cloud,
Or a young Flower that dies in May,
Chill'd by hoar-frost—the Baby lay.
Ah, me! ■ was a sad delight,
Through the dim stillness of the night,
While grief the glimmering air possess'd,
To mark her little bed of rest:
The sweet Child bore no looks of death,
She seem'd alive, though 'reft of breath;
Her lips retained their sunny glow,
But her cold cheek was pale ■ snow!
While thus she lay, no painful trace
Broke the fair silence of her face;
But something like ■ smile did play
Over the dead insensate clay,
As if a happy dream had shed
A halo round that guiltless head.

At morning light we took our way,
To drop the dear Babe in the clay.
No mourners might that corse attend,
Save Father—Servant—Neighbour—Friend;
For ■■ but real weepers gave
A blessing to mine Infant's grave.
The vernal noon was soft and mild,
Meet for the funeral of a child;
Round the small grave the sunbeams stole,
Pure as the Infant's sainted soul!
And th' opening heavens appear'd to shed
A loving lustre o'er the dead.
The fair unfolding buds of Spring
Sustain'd our quiet sorrowing;
For wide o'er the rejoicing Earth
Wild flowers were springing in their mirth,
Of many a bright and heavenly dye,
Emblems of sinless Infancy.
Oh! fairer, sweeter far than they,
My Flower now dropt into the clay!
Shut by the sod roof, smooth and even,
Her blossoms from the dews of heaven!

When evening came, the silent hearth,
Two nights before alive with mirth,
With dim and languid lustre shone,
As if it knew our Babe ■■ gone.
At ■■ spirits felt beguiled
Of grief—we spake not of our child—
Yet every word we softly said,
Told that ■■ thoughts ■■ with the dead.

I look'd into the Mother's face,
And a calm smile had taken place
Of tears, by Jesu's self approved!
Our only Child, ■ much beloved,
Had left us for a cradle blest
Beyond ■ mortal mother's breast.—
We knew—we felt that God was kind—
What awful bliss to be resigned!

And is our Home a silent cell
Moved only by the passing-bell,
That on that May-day morning clear
All ■ kind Village wept to hear?
No—it is filled from morn till night
With smiles, shouts, dances of delight.
And songs of nature's bursting glee,
And wild Elves' mimic minstrelsy:
And rosy cheeks are sparkling there,
And orbs glide by of golden hair;
And with arms wreathed in loving ring,
While Innocence is dallying
With that bright shape—her brother Joy!
—Who gave them may again destroy—
But dance along ye blithesome crew,
And I will join the pastime too;
For whether on Life's mystic Tree
Fair Blossoms shine resplendently,
Or one chill blast of passing air
Hath swept its broken branches bare,
The tempests blow—the sunbeams shine,
Alike, from Mercy's awful Shrine.

ART AND NATURE.

SYLPH-LIKE, and with ■ graceful pride,
I saw the wild Louisa glide
Along the dance's glittering row,
With footsteps soft ■ falling snow.
On all around her smiles she pour'd,
And though by all admired, adored,
She seem'd ■ hold the homage light,
And careless claim'd it as her right.
With syren voice the Lady sung:
Love on her tones enraptured hung,
While timid ■ and fond desire
Came blended from her witching lyre.
While thus, with unresisted art,
The Enchantress melted every heart,
Amid the glance, the sigh, the smile,
Herself, unmoved and cold the while,
With inward pity eyed the scene,
Where all were subjects—she ■ Queen!

Again, I ■ that Lady fair:
Oh! what a beauteous change ■ there!
In a sweet cottage of her ■
She sat, and she was all alone,
Save a young child she sung to rest
On its soft bed, her fragrant breast.
With happy smiles and happy sighs,
She kiss'd the infant's closing eyes,
Then, o'er him in the cradle laid,
Moved her dear lips ■ if she pray'd.
She bless'd him in his father's ■:
Lo! to her side that father came,

And, in a voice subdued and mild,
■ bless'd the mother and her child!
I thought upon the proud saloon,
And that Enchantress Queen; but soon,
Far-off Art's fading pageant stole,
And Nature fill'd my thoughtful soul!

LINES WRITTEN IN A HIGHLAND GLEN.

To whom belongs this Valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like ■ living Thing?
Silent,—as Infant at the breast,—
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring!

The Heavens appear ■ love this vale;
Here clouds with ■ motion sail,
Or 'mid the silence lie!
By that blue arch, this beauteous Earth
'Mid Evening's hour of dewy mirth
Seems bound unto the sky.

O! that this lovely Vale were mine!
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,
My years would gently glide;
Hope would rejoice in endless Dreams,
And memory's oft-returning gleams
By Peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious Heaven,
A Piety sublime;
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
To make in this deep solitude
Eternity of Time!

And did I ask to whom belong'd
This Vale?—I feel that I have wrong'd
Nature's most gracious soul!
She spreads her glories o'er the Earth,
And all her Children from their birth
Are joint-heirs of the whole!

Yea! long as Nature's humblest Child
Hath kept her Temple undefiled
By sinful sacrifice,
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,
He is ■ Monarch, and his Throne
Is built amid the skies!

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

Beside her Babe, who sweetly slept,
A widow'd mother ■ and wept
O'er years of love gone by;
And as the sobe thick-gathering came,
She murmur'd her dead Husband's ■
■ that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,
For ■ single friend she had
On this cold-hearted Earth;
The ■ will not give back its prey—
And they ■ wrapt in foreign clay
Who gave the Orphan birth.

Stedfastly ■ ■ star doth look
 Upon a little murmuring brook,
 She gazed upon the bosom
 And fair brow of her sleeping Son—
 • O merciful Heaven! when I am gone
 Thine is this earthly blossom! »

While thus she sat—a sunbeam broke
 Into the ■■■;—the Babe awoke,
 And from his cradle smiled!
 Ah me! what kindling smiles met there
 I know not whether ■■■ more fair,
 The Mother or her Child!

With joy fresh-sprung from short alarms,
 The smiler stretched his rosy arms,
 And to her bosom leapt—
 All tears at once were swept away,
 And said a face ■ bright ■ day,—
 • Forgive me! that I wept! »

Sufferings there ■■■ from Nature sprung,
 Ear hath not heard, nor Poet's tongue
 May venture ■ declare;
 But this ■ Holy Writ ■ sure,
 • The griefs she bids ■ here endure
 She ■■■ herself repair! »

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF WASTWATER, DURING
 A STORM.

There is a lake hid far among the hills,
 That raves around the throne of solitude,
 Not fed by gentle streams, or playful rills,
 But headlong cataract and rushing flood.
 There, gleam no lovely hues of hanging wood,
 No spot of sunshine lights her sullen side;
 For horror shaped the wild in wrathful mood,
 And o'er the tempest heaved the mountain's pride.
 If thou art one, in dark presumption blind,
 Who vainly deem'st no spirit like to thine,
 That lofty genius deifies thy mind,
 Fall prostrate here ■ Nature's stormy shrine,
 And ■ the thunderous ■■ disturbs thy heart,
 Lift thy changed eye, and ■■ how low thou art.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS ■ WASTWATER, DURING
 A CALM.

Is this the Lake, the cradle of the storms,
 Where silence never tames the mountain-roar,
 Where poets fear their self-created forms,
 Or, sunk in trance severe, their God adore?
 Is this the Lake, for ever dark and loud
 With wave and tempest, cataract and cloud?
 Wondrous, O Nature! is thy sovereign power,
 That gives to horror hours of peaceful mirth;
 For here might beauty build her summer-bower!
 Lo! where yon rainbow spans the smiling earth,
 And, clothed in glory, through a silent shower
 The mighty Sun comes forth, ■ godlike birth;
 While, 'neath his loving eye, the gentle Lake
 Lies like a sleeping child too blest to wake!

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT, ON HELM-CRAG.

Go up among the mountains, when the storm
 Of midnight howls, but go in that wild mood
 When the soul loves tumultuous solitude;
 And through the haunted air, each giant form
 Of swinging pine, black rock, or ghostly cloud,
 That veils some fearful cataract tumbling loud,
 Seems ■ thy breathless heart with life imbued.
 'Mid those gaunt, shapeless things thou art alone!
 The mind exists, thinks, trembles through the ear,
 The memory of the human world is gone,
 And time and space seem living only here.
 Oh! worship thou the visions then made known,
 While sable glooms round Nature's temple roll,
 And her dread anthem peals into thy soul.

SONNET.

THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

List! while I tell what forms the mountain's voice!
 —The storms are up; and from yon sable cloud
 Down rush the rains; while 'mid the thunder loud
 The viewless eagles in wild screams rejoice.
 The echoes answer to the unearthly noise
 Of hurling rocks that, plunged into the Lake,
 Send up a sullen groan: from clefts and caves,
 As of half-murder'd wretch, hark! yells awake,
 Or red-eyed frenzy as in chains he raves.
 These form the mountain's voice; these, heard at night,
 Distant from human being's known abode,
 To earth some spirits how in cold affright,
 But ■■ they lift to glory and to God.

SONNET.

THE EVENING-CLOUD.

■ cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow:
 Long had I watch'd the glory moving on
 O'er the still radiance of the Lake below.
 Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow!
 Even in its very motion, there ■■ rest:
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onwards to the golden gates of Heaven,
 Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON THE SABBATH-DAY.

When by God's inward light, a happy child,
 I walk'd in joy, as in the open air,
 It seem'd ■ my young thought the Sabbath smiled
 With glory and with love. So still, ■ fair,
 The Heavens look'd ever on that hallow'd morn,
 That, without aid of memory, something there

■ surely told me of its glad return.
 ■ did my little heart at evening burn,
 When, fondly seated on my father's knee,
 Taught by the lip of love, I breathed the prayer,
 Warm from the fount of infant piety!
 Much is my spirit changed; for years have brought
 Intenser feeling and expanded thought;
 —Yet, must I envy every child I see!

SONNET.

WRITTEN ■ SKIDDAW, DURING A TEMPEST.

IT ■ a dreadful day, when late I pass'd
 O'er thy dim vastness, SKIDDAW!—Mist and cloud
 Each subject fell obscured, and rushing blast
 To thee made darling music, wild and loud,
 Thou Mountain-Monarch! Rain in torrents play'd,
 As when at ■ a wave is borne to Heaven,
 A watery spire, then ■ the ■ dismay'd
 Of reeling ship with downward wrath is driven.
 I could have thought that every living form
 Had fled, ■ perish'd in that savage storm,
 So desolate the day. To ■ given
 Peace, calmness, joy: then ■ myself I said,
 Can grief, time, chance, or elements control
 Man's charter'd pride, the Liberty of soul?

SONNET.

I WANDER'n lonely, like a pilgrim sad,
 O'er mountains known but to the eagle's gaze;
 Yet, my hush'd heart, with Nature's beauty glad,
 Slept in the shade, or gloried in the blaze.
 Romantic vales stole winding to my eye
 In gradual loveliness, like rising dreams;
 Fair, nameless tarns, that seem to blend with sky
 Rocks of wild majesty, and elfin streams.
 How strange, methought, I should have lived so near,
 Nor ever worshipp'd Nature's altar here!
 Strange! say not so—hid from the world and thee,
 Though in the midst of life their spirits move,
 Thousands enjoy in holy liberty
 The silent Eden of unenvied Love!

SONNET.

 WRITTEN ■ ■ ■ EVENING I HEARD OF THE DEATH
 ■ MY ■ ■ ■ WILLIAM DUNLOP.

A GOLDEN cloud ■ floating o'er my head,
 With kindred glories round the sun to blend!
 Though fair the scene, my dreams were of the dead;
 —Since dawn of morning I had lost a friend.
 I felt as if my sorrow ne'er could end:
 A cold, pale phantom on a breathless bed,
 The beauty of the crimson west subdued,
 And sighs that seem'd my very life to rend,
 The silent happiness of eve renew'd.
 Grief, fear, regret, ■ self-tormenting brood
 Dwelt ■ my spirit, like a ceaseless noise;
 But, oh! what tranquil holiness ensued,
 When, from that cloud, exclaimed ■ well-known voice,
 —God ■ here, ■ bid my friend rejoice!

SONNET.

THE lake lay hid in mist, and to the sand
 The little billows hastening silently,
 Came sparkling on, in many a gladsome band,
 Soon ■ they touch'd the shore, all doom'd to die!
 I gazed upon them with a pensive eye,
 For ■ that dim and melancholy strand,
 I saw the image of Man's destiny.
 So hurry we, right onwards, thoughtlessly,
 Unto the coast of that Eternal Land!
 Where, like the worthless billows in their glee,
 The first faint touch unable to withstand,
 We melt at ■ into Eternity.
 O Thou who weigh'st the waters in thine hand,
 My awe-struck Spirit puts her ■ in Thee!

LINES

 SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. JAMES GRAHAME,
 AUTHOR OF "THE SABBATH," ETC.

WITH tearless eye and undisturbed heart,
 O Bard! of sinless life and holiest song,
 I muse upon thy death-bed and thy grave;
 Though round that grave the trodden grass still lies
 Besmeared with clay; for many feet were there,
 Fast-rooted to the spot, when slowly sank
 Thy coffin, GRAHAME! into the quiet cell.
 Yet, well I loved thee, even as one might love
 An elder brother, imaged in the soul
 With solemn features, half-creating awe,
 But smiling still with gentleness and peace.
 Tears have I shed when thy most mournful voice
 Did tremblingly breathe forth that touching air
 By Scottish shepherd haply framed of old,
 Amid the silence of his pastoral hills,
 Weeping the flowers on Flodden-field that died.
 Wept too have I, when thou didst simply read
 From thine own lays so simply beautiful
 Some short pathetic tale of human grief,
 Or orison or hymn of deeper love,
 That might have won the sceptic's sullen heart
 To gradual adoration, and belief
 Of Him who died for us upon the Cross.
 Yea! o! when thou wert well, and in the calm
 Of thy most Christian spirit blessing all
 Who look'd upon thee, with those gentlest smiles
 That never lay on human face but thine;
 Even when thy serious eyes were lighted up
 With kindling mirth, and from thy lips distill'd
 Words soft as dew, and cheerful as the dawn,
 Then too I could have wept, for ■ thy face,
 Eye, voice, and smile, nor less thy bending frame
 By other ■ impair'd than length of years,
 Lay something that still turn'd the thoughtful heart
 To melancholy dreams, dreams of decay,
 Of death and burial, and the silent tomb.

And of the tomb thou art an inmate now!
 Methinks ■ thy name upon the stone
 Placed at thy head, and yet my cheeks are dry.
 Tears could I give thee, when thou wert alive,
 The mournful tears of deep foreboding love
 That might not be restrain'd; but ■ they seem
 Most idle all! thy worldly course is o'er,

And leaves such sweet remembrance in my soul
As some delightful music heard in youth,
Sad, but not painful, more spirit-like
Than when it murmur'd through the shades of earth.

Short time wert thou allow'd to guide thy flock
Through the green pastures, where in quiet glides
The Siloah of the soul! Scarce was thy voice
Familiar to their hearts, who felt that heaven
Did therein speak, when suddenly it fell
Mute, and for ever! Empty now and still
The holy house which thou didst meekly grace,
When with uplifted hand, and eye devout,
Thy soul was breathed to Jesus, or explain'd
The words that lead unto eternal life.
From infancy thy heart was vow'd to God;
And aye the hope that one day thou might'st keep
A little fold, from all the storms of sin
Safe-shelter'd, and by reason of thy prayers
Warm'd by the sunshine of approving Heaven,
Upheld thy spirit, destined for a while
To walk far other paths, and with the crowd
Of worldly men to mingle. Yet then,
Thy life was ever such as well became
One whose pure soul was fixed upon the Cross!
And when with simple fervent eloquence,
GRAHAME pled the poor man's cause, the list'ner oft
Thought how becoming would his visage smile
Across the house of God, how beautifully
That man would teach the saving words of Heaven!

How well he taught them, many a one will feel
Unto their dying day; and when they lie
On the grave's brink, unfearing and composed,
Their speechless souls will bless the holy man
Whose voice exhorted, and whose footsteps led
Unto the paths of life; nor sweeter hope,
Next to the gracious look of Christ, have they
Than behold his face who saved their souls.

But closed on earth thy blessed ministry!
And while thy native Scotland mourns her
Untimely reft from her maternal breast,
Weeps the fair Sister-Land, with whom erewhile
The stranger sojourn'd, stranger but in birth,
For well she loved thee, thou wert her own.

On a most clear and noiseless Sabbath-night
I heard that thou wert gone, from the soft voice
Of one who knew thee not, but deeply loved
Thy spirit meekly shining in thy song.
At such an hour the death of one like thee
Gave no rude shock, nor by a sudden grief
Destroy'd the visions from the starry sky
Then settling in my soul. The moonlight slept
With a diviner sadness on the air;
The tender dimness of the night appear'd
Darkening to deeper sorrow, and the voice
Of the far torrent from the silent hills
Flow'd as I listen'd, like a funeral strain
Breathed by some mourning solitary thing.
Yet Nature in her pensiveness still wore
A blissful smile, as if she sympathized
With those who grieved that her own Bard was dead,
And yet happy that his spirit dwelt

At last within her holiest sanctuary,
'Mid long-expecting angels.

And if e'er
Faith, fearless faith in the eternal bliss
A departed brother, may be held
By beings blind as we, that faith should dry
All eyes that weep for GRAHAME; or through their tears
Show where he sits august and beautiful
On the right hand of Jesus, 'mid the saints
Whose glory he on earth so sweetly sang,
No fears have when some delightful child
Falls from its innocence into the grave!
Soon as we know its little breath is gone,
We see it lying in its Saviour's breast,
A heavenly flower there fed with heavenly dew.
Childlike in all that makes a child dear
To God and man, and ever consecrates
Its cradle and its grave, my GRAHAME, wert thou!
And hadst thou died upon thy mother's breast
Ere thou couldst lip her name, fit for heaven
Thou scarce hadst been, than when thy honour'd head
Was laid into the dust, and Scotland wept
O'er hill and valley for her darling Bard.

How beautiful is genius when combined
With holiness! Oh, how divinely sweet
The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touch'd
By the soft hand of Piety, and hung
Upon Religion's shrine, there vibrating
With solemn music in the ear of God!
And must the Bard from sacred themes refrain?
Sweet were the hymns in patriarchal days,
That, kneeling in the silence of his tent,
Or some moonlight hill, the shepherd pour'd
Unto his heavenly Father. Strains survive,
Ere chaunted to the lyre of Israel,
More touching far than ever poet breathed
Amid the Grecian isles, or later times
Have heard in Albion, land of every lay.
Why therefore are ye silent, ye who know
The trance of adoration, and behold
Upon your bended knees the throne of Heaven,
And him who sits thereon? Believe it not,
That Poetry, in purer days the nurse,
Yea! parent oft of blissful piety,
Should silent keep from service of her God,
Nor with her summons, loud but silver-toned,
Startle the guilty dreamer from his sleep,
Bidding him gaze with rapture or with dread
On regions where the sky for ever lies
Bright as the sun himself, and trembling all
With ravishing music, or where darkness broods
O'er ghastly shapes, and sounds not to be borne.

Such glory, GRAHAME! is thine: Thou didst despise
To win the praise of this degenerate age
By gorgeous epithets, all idly heap'd
On theme of earthly state, or, idler still,
By tinkling and unchasten'd lays,
Warbled for pleasure and her syren-train,
Profaning the best name of poesy.
With loftier aspirations, and an aim
More worthy man's immortal nature, Thou
That holiest spirit that still loves to dwell
In the upright heart and pure, of night

Didst fervently invoke, and, led by her
Above the Aonian mount, send from the
Of heaven such soul-subduing melody
As Bethlehem-shepherds heard when Christ born.

It is the Sabbath-day: Creation sleeps
Cradled within the of heavenly love!
The mystic day, when from the vanquish'd grave
The world's Redeemer rose, and hail'd the light
Of God's forgiving smile. Obscured and pale
Were then the plumes of prostrate seraphim,
Then hush'd the universe her sphere-born strain,
When from his throne, Paternal Deity
Declared the Saviour not in vain had shed
His martyr'd glory round the accursed Cross,
That fallen might sit in Paradise,
And earth to heaven ascend in jubilee.
O blessed day, by God and man beloved!
With more surpassing glory breaks thy dawn
Upon my soul, remembering the sweet hymns
That he, whom nations evermore shall
The Sabbath-Bard, in gratulation high
Breathed forth to thee, from the golden urn
That holds the incense of immortal song.

That Poem, divinely melancholy
Throughout its reigning spirit, yet withal
Batling in hues of winning gentleness
The pure religion that alone can save,
Full many a wanderer to the paths of peace
Ere now hath made return, and he who framed
Its hallow'd numbers, in the realms of bliss
Hath and known the smiles of seraph-souls,
By his delightful genius saved from death.
Oft when the soul is lost in thoughtless guilt,
And seeming deaf unto the still small voice
Of conscience and of God, simple phrase
Of beauty or sublimity will break
The spell that link'd to the bands of sin,
And all at once, as waking from a dream,
We shudder at the past, and bless the light
That breaks upon us like the new-born day.
Even it fares with them, who to this world
Have yielded up their spirits, and, impure
In thought and act, have lived without
Of God, who counts the beatings of their hearts.
But there of sublimer mould,
Who dedicate with unworthy zeal
To human Science, up the toilsome steep
Where she in darkness dwells, with pilgrim-feet
By night and day unwearied strive to climb,
Pride their conductor, Glory their reward.
Too oft, alas! even in the search of Truth
They pass her on the way, although she speak
With loving voice, and cast them her eyes,
So beautifully innocent and pure,
To such, O GRAHAM! thy voice cries from the tomb:
Thy worth they loved, thy talents they admired,
And when they think how peaceful was thy life,
Thy death far more than peaceful, though thou sought'st,
Above all other knowledge, that of God
And his redeeming Son; when o'er the page
Where thy mild soul for sits enshrined,
They hang with soften'd hearts, faith may descend
Upon them as they muse, hope that leads

The way to faith, even the morning-star
Shines brightly, heralding approaching day.

But happier visions still now bless my soul.
While lonely wandering o'er the hills and dales
Of my dear native country, with such love
As they may guess, who, from their father's home
Sojourning long and far, fall down and kiss
The grass and flowers of Scotland, in I go,
Not doubting warm welcome from the eyes
Of woman, man, and child, into a cot
Upon green hill-side, and almost touch'd
By its own nameless stream that bathes the
Of the old ash-tree swinging o'er the roof.
Most pleasant, GRAHAM! unto thine eye and heart
Such humble home! there often hast thou
'Mid the glad family listening to thy voice
So silently, the might then have caught
Without the rustle of the falling leaf.
And who sweetly ever sang as thou,
The joys and sorrows of the poor man's life?
Not fancifully drawn, that one might weep,
Or smile, he knew not why, but with the hues
Of truth all brightly glistening, to the heart
Cheering, earth's soft verdure to the eye,
Yet still and mournful as the evening light.
More powerful in the sanctity of death,
There reigns thy spirit over those it loved!
Some chosen books by pious men composed,
Kept from the dust, in every cottage lie
Through the wild loneliness of Scotia's vales,
Beside the Bible, by whose well-known truths
All human thoughts are by the peasant tried.
O blessed privilege of Nature's Bard!
To cheer the house of virtuous poverty,
With gleams of light more beautiful than oft
Play o'er the splendours of the palace-wall.
Nethinks I see a fair and lovely child
Sitting composed upon his mother's knee,
And reading with a low and lisping voice
Some passage from the Sabbath, while the tears
Stand in his little eyes so softly blue,
Till, quite o'ercome with pity, his white arms
He twines around her neck, and hides his sighs
Most infantine, within her gladden'd breast,
Like sweet lamb, half sportive, half afraid,
Nestling one moment 'neath its bleating dam.
And now the happy mother kisses oft
The tender-hearted child, lays down the book,
And asks him if he doth remember still
The stranger who once gave him, long ago,
A parting kiss, and blest his laughing eyes!
His sobs speak fond remembrance, and he weeps
To think kind and good a should die.

Though dead earth, yet he from heaven looks down
On thee, sweet child! and others pure like thee!
Made happier, though an angel, by the sight
Of happiness, and virtue by himself
Created or preserved; and oft his soul
Leaves for a while her amaranthine bowers,
And dimly hears the choral symphonies
Of spirits singing round the Saviour's throne,
Delighted with glimpse of Scotland's vales
Winding round hills where once his pious hymns
Were meditated in his silent heart,

Or with those human beings here beloved,
Whether they smile, ■ virtue ever smiles,
With sunny countenance gentle and benign,
Or a slight shade of sadness seems ■ say,
That they are thinking of the sainted soul
That looks from Heaven on them!—

A holy creed

■ is, and ■ delightful unto all
Who feel how deeply human sympathies
Blend with ■ hopes of heaven, which holds that death
Divideth not, as by ■ roaring sea,
Departed spirits from this lower sphere.
How could the virtuous even in heaven be blest,
Unless they ■ the lovers and the friends,
Whom soon they hope to greet! A placid lake
Between Time floateth and Eternity,
Across whose sleeping waters ■ oft
The voices of the immortal, hither brought
Soft as the thought of music in the soul.
Deep, deep the love ■ bear ■ the dead!
The adoring ■ that we humbly ■
To ■ who ■ a spirit, still partakes
■ that affectionate tenderness we own'd
Towards a being, once, perhaps, ■ frail
And human ■ ourselves, and in the shape
Celestial, and angelic lineaments,
Shines a fair likeness of the form and face
That ■ in former days ■ earthly love.

O GRAHAME! even ■ in midnight dreams behold
Thy placid aspect, more serenely fair
Than the ■ that calms the autumnal heaven.
Thy voice steals, 'mid the pauses of the wind,
Unto my listening soul more touchingly
Than the pathetic ■ of airy harp
That sound ■ evening like a spirit's song.
Yet, many ■ there dearer ■ thy shade,
Yea, dearer far than I; and when their tears
They dry ■ last, (and wisdom bids them weep,
If long and oft, O sure not bitterly!)
Then wilt thou stand before their raptured eyes
As beautiful as kneeling saint e'er deem'd
■ his bright cell Messiah's vision'd form.
I may ■ think upon her blissful dreams
Who bears thy name on earth, and in it ■
A Christian glory and a pious pride,
That must illumine the widow's lonely path
With never-dying sunshine.—To her soul
Soft sound the strains now flowing fast from mine!
And in those tranquil hours when she withdraws
From loftier consolations, may the tears
(For tears will fall, ■ idle though they be)
Now shed by me to her but little known,
Yield comfort to her, as ■ certain pledge
That many a one, though silent and unseen,
Thinks of her and the children at her knees,
Blest for the father's and the husband's sake.

TROUTBECK CHAPEL.

How sweet and solemn ■ the close of day,
After ■ long and lonely pilgrimage
Among the mountains, where our spirits held
With wildering fancy and her kindred powers
High converse, ■ descend ■ from the clouds

Into a quiet valley, ■ with trees
By Nature planted, crowding round the brink
Of an oft-hidden rivulet, or hung
A beauteous shelter o'er the humble roof
Of many a moss-grown cottage!

In that hour

Of pensive happiness, the wandering ■
Looks for some spot of still profounder rest,
Where nought may break the solemn images
Sent by the setting ■ into his soul.
Up ■ yon simple edifice he walks,
That seems beneath its sable grove of pines
More silent than the home where living thing
Abides, yea, ■ than desolated tower
Wrapt in its ivy-shroud.

■ know it well,

The Village-Chapel! Many a year ago,
That little dome ■ God ■ dedicate;
And ■ since, hath undisturbed peace
Sat ■ it, moveless as the brooding dove
That must not leave her nest. A mossy wall,
Bathed though in ruins with a flush of flowers
(A lovely emblem of that promised life,
That springs from death), doth placidly enclose
The bed of rest, where with their fathers sleep
The children of the vale, and the calm stream
That ■ onward with the self-same tone
For ever, by the mystic power of sound
Binding the present with the past, pervades
The holy hush as if with God's own voice,
Filling the listening heart with piety.

Oh! ne'er shall I forget the hour, when first
Thy little chapel stole upon my heart,
Secluded Troutbeck! 'T was the Sabbath-morn,
And up the rocky banks of thy wild stream
I wound my path, full oft I ween delay'd
By sounding waterfall, that 'mid the calm
Awoke such solemn thoughts as suited well
The day of peace; till all at once I came
Out of the shady glen, and with fresh joy
Walk'd ■ encircled by green pastoral hills.
Before me suddenly thy Chapel ■
As if it ■ an image: even then
The noise of thunder roll'd along the sky,
And darkness veil'd the heights,—a summer-storm
Of short forewarning and of transient power.
Ah me! how beautifully silent thou
Didst smile amid the tempest! O'er thy roof
Arch'd a fair rainbow, that to me appear'd
A holy shelter to thee in the storm,
And made thee shine amid the brooding gloom
Bright as the morning star. Between the fits
Of the loud thunder rose the voice of Psalms,
A ■ soul-moving sound. There unappall'd,
■ choir of youths and maidens hymn'd their God,
With tones that robb'd the thunder of its dread,
Bidding it ■ in vain.

Out came the sun

In glory from his clouded tabernacle;
And, waken'd by the splendour, up the lark
Rose with a loud and yet a louder song,
Chaunting ■ heaven the hymn of gratitude.

The service closed; and o'er the church-yard spread
The happy flock who in that peaceful
Had worshipp'd Jesus, carrying their homes
The comfort of a faith that cannot die;
That to the young supplies guiding light
Steadier than reason's, and far brighter too,
And to the aged sanctifies the grass
That grows upon the grave.

O happy lot,
Methought, to tend little flock like this,
Loving them all, and by them all beloved!
So felt their shepherd on that Sabbath-morn
Returning their kind smiles;—a pious man,
Content in this lone vale teach the truths
Our Saviour taught, nor wishing other praise
Than of his great task-master. Yet his youth
Not unadorn'd with science, nor the lore
Becoming in their prime accomplish'd men,
Told that among the worldly eminent
Might lie his shining way:—but, wiser far,
He to the shades of solitude retired,
The birth-place of fathers, and there vow'd
His talents and his virtues, both,
To God who gave them, rendering by his voice
This beautiful Chapel beautiful,
And the blameless dwellers in this quiet dale
Happier in life and death.

A CHURCH-YARD DREAM.

Methought that in Burial-ground
One still, sad vernal day,
Upon a little daisied
I in a slumber lay;
While faintly through my dream I heard
The hymning of that holy Bird,
Who with more gushing rapture sings
The higher up in Heaven float his unwearied wings!

In that my mournful reverie,
Such song of heavenly birth
The voice seemed of a Soul free
From this imprisoning Earth;
Higher and higher still it soared,
A holy Anthem that adored,
Till vanished song and singer blest
In the blue depths of everlasting rest.

Just then Child in sportive glee
Came gliding o'er the graves,
 lone bird that the sea
Floats dallying with the waves;
Upon the vernal flowers awhile
She pour'd the beauty of her smile,
Then laid her bright cheek on the sod,
And, overpowered with joy, slept in the eye of God.

The flowers that shine all round her head
May well be breathing sweet,
For flowers are they that Spring hath shed
To deck her winding-sheet;
And well the tenderest gleams may fall
Of sunshine on that hillock small
On which she sleeps, for they have smiled
O'er the predestined grave of that unconscious Child,

In bridal garments, white snow,
A solitary Maid
Doth meekly bring a sunny glow
Into that solemn shade.
A Church-yard seems joyful place
In the visit of so sweet face;
A soul is in that deep blue eye
Too good live earth—too beautiful to die.

 Death behind a marble Tomb
Looks out upon his prey,
And smiles to know that heavenly bloom
Is yet of earthly clay.
Far off I hear wailing wide,
And, while I gaze upon that Bride,
A silent Wraith before stands,
And points grave with cold, pale, clasped hands.

A Matron beautiful and bright,
As is the silver Moon
Whose lustre tames the sparkling light
Of the starry eyes of June,
Is shining o'er the Church-yard lone;
While circling her in a zone,
Delighted dance five Cherubs fair,
And round their native urn shake wide their golden hair.

Oh! Children they are holy things,
In sight of Earth and Heaven!
An Angel shields with guardian wings
The home where they are given.
Strong power there is in children's tears,
And stronger in their lisped prayers—
But vulture stoops from above,
And, 'mid her orphan brood, bears off Parent Dove.

The young—the youthful—the mature
Have smiled and all past by,
As if nought lovely could endure
Beneath the envious sky;
While bow'd with age and age's woes,
Still near—yet still far off the close
Of weary life, yon aged Crone
Can scarce with blind eyes find her Husband's funeral-
stone.

All dead the joyous, bright, and free,
To whom this life dear!—
The green leaves shiver'd from the
And dangling left the sere!
O dim wild world!—but from the sky
Down came the glad Lark waveringly;
And, startled by his liquid mirth,
I rose to walk in Faith the darkling paths of Earth.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

Methought beneath Castle huge I stood,
That seem'd to grow out of a rock sublime,
Through the dominion of its solitude
Augustly frowning at the rage of Time.
Its lofty minarets, indistinct and dim,
Look'd through the brooding clouds; and as a smile
Of passing sunlight show'd these structures grim
Burning like fire, I could have thought the while

That they were warriors keeping watch ■ high,
All motionless, and sheathed in radiant panoply.

What mortal feet these rampart-heights might scale!

Lo! like black atoms mingling in the sky
The far-off rooks and their fleet shadows sail;
Scarce hears the soul their melancholy cry.

What lovely colours bathed the frowning brow
Of that imperial mansion! Radiant green,
And purple fading in a yellow glow!

Oh! lovelier ne'er ■ mossy bank was seen
In vernal joy; while bands of charter'd flowers
Revell'd like fairy sprites along their palace towers.

Down sunk the draw-bridge with ■ thund'ring shock;

And, in ■ instant, ere the eye could know,
Bound the stern castle to th' opposing rock,
And hung in calmness o'er the flood below;—

A roaring flood, that, born amid the hills,
Forced his lone path through many a darksome glen,
Till, join'd by all his tributary rills,

From lake and tarn, from marish and from fen,
He left his empire with a kingly gleo,
And fiercely bade recoil the billows of the sea.

I felt it ■ a dream, nor wish'd to wake,

Though dim and pale by fits the vision grew,
And oft that ocean dwindled to ■ lake,
And cliff and castle from the clouds withdrew.

Oft, all I heard was but a gentle swell,
Like the wild music of the summer leaves;

Till, like an army mustering in the dell,
The blasts ■ rushing from their pine-clad eaves,
And swept the silence of the scenes away,
Even like a city storm'd upon the Sabbath-day.¹

Though strange my dream, I knew the Scottish strand,

And the bold Frith that rolling fiercely bright
Far-distant faded 'mid that mountain land,

As 'mid dark clouds a sudden shower of light.
Long have my lips been mute in Scotland's praise!

Now is the hour for inspiration's song!

The shadowy glories of departed days

Before my tranced soul in tumult throng,
And I, with fearless voice, ■ them will call,
From camp and battle-field, from princely bower and
hall.

With only my still shadow by my side,

And Nature's lifeless things that slept around,
I seem'd to be! when, from the portal wide,

Startling as sudden light, or wandering sound,
Onwards ■ figure came, with stately brow,

And ■ he glanced upon the ruin'd Pile
A look of regal pride, ' Say, who art thou

(His countenance bright'ning with ■ scornful smile,
He sternly cried) whose footsteps rash profane
The wild romantic realm where I have will'd to reign?—

But ere to these proud words I could reply,

How changed that scornful face to soft and mild;

A witching frenzy glitter'd in his eye,

Harmless, withal, as that of playful child.

And when ■ the gracious vision spoke,

I felt the voice familiar to mine ear;

While many a faded dream of earth awoke;

Connected strangely with that unknown Seer,

Who ■ stretch'd forth his arm, and ■ the sand

A circle round me traced, ■ with Magician's wand.

Desire ■ power then had I none to move,

In that ■ prison, a delighted thrall,

Died all remembrances of daily love,

Or, if they-glimmer'd, vain I held them all.

Alone on that Magician could I gaze;

His voice alone compell'd ■ I to hear,

Wild as the autumnal wind that fitful plays

A wailing dirge unto the dying year,

Amid the silence of the midnight hour,

Moan'd through the ivied window of a mouldering
tower.

He felt his might, and sported with my soul,

Even ■ the sea-wind dallies with a boat

That ■ doth fleetier than the billows roll,

Now, ■ at anchor, on the calm doth float.

Nor needed he to see my senses lock'd

In the dim maze of wildering fantasy;

But ever and anon my wonder mock'd

With careless looks of gentle tyranny.

Well-used ■ that Magician to the sight

Of souls by him subdued to terror and delight.

How bold the fearful oft in dreams become!

Familiar in the midst of all things strange!

Unshuddering then, with spirits will we roam,

Calm and unconscious of th' unearthly change!

Even so it fared with me; ere long I grew

Familiar with the wizard of my dream,

When, from his lofty breast he slowly drew

What seem'd a Mirror by its glancing gleam,

And bade me therein look, where I might ■

Wild sights ■ floating by in clouds of glamour.

Then burn'd that glass insufferably bright,

Till closed my eyelids with the sudden pain;

As, when the downward rays of mid-day light

Kindle to fire upon the verdant main.

Ne'er diamond spark outshone the common air

With purer radiance, nor the setting Sun

Stream'd ■ the window of cathedral fair

A deeper blaze, to tell his course was run:

I gazed again; and lo! that Mirror soon

With tenderest lustre smiled, like a September Moon—

Unto another world it opening gave.

There, castles stood majestic in their prime,

And mailed chieftains, rising from the grave,

Their banners hung o'er battlements sublime.

Oft changed the magic scene; here Lady bright,

In hazel grove, beneath the western star,¹

Listen'd the love-tale of her faithful Knight;

Here the red beacon blazed, and to the war

Fierce clans ■ rushing, while the blaze illumed

Targe, spear, and battle-axe, and widely tossing plumes.

¹ The image in this line is from a poem of ■ Coleridge.

¹ The meeting of Margaret and Cranston, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

How sweet the Moon on yon fair Abbey shone!¹
 Bathing in liquid light so sadly faint
 The flowerets drooping pale in sculptured stone,
 And the still image of each mouldering saint.
 And what may bring a Warrior's crested head?²
 Unto these holy courts and cloisters dim?
 Thou daring spirit, why disturb the dead?
 Yawns the damp tomb, and lo! a spectre grim,³
 Yet with his dead face beautiful withal,
 Lies 'mid immortal light that fills the vaulted hall.

The Abbey melted like a cloud away,
 And many a gorgeous pageant charm'd my heart:
 But how may I recount in feeble lay
 The beauteous marvels of that wizard's art?
 No! not unto myself dare I to tell
 What various visions o'er that Mirror roll'd,
 Till view'd my soften'd soul a lovely dell,
 Where upon Yarrow's banks a Minstrel old
 Did sit, and wake to lords and ladies high
 The last expiring strains of Border Minstrelay.

Gone was the Magic Glass! I look'd around;
 There hung the castle, like a thunder-cloud
 Above the darken'd sea whose hollow sound
 Subdued my spirit more than tempest loud;
 And by my side, upon that solemn shore,
 That Wizard strange did like an image stand,
 Watching the working of the ancient lore
 That o'er the glass had pass'd at his command:
 And when he saw me lost in wild surprise,
 Once he flash'd its light upon my startled eyes.

Ye lesser glories, in my spirit sleep!
 But proudly fling thy white arms to the sea,
 Queen of the unconquer'd North!⁴ lo! yonder deep,
 With all his subject waves, doth worship thee!
 Stately thou sittest on thy mountain throne,
 Thy towers and temples like a cloudy sky;
 And scarce canst tell what fabrics are thine own,
 Hung 'mid the air-built phantoms floating by.
 Oh! ne'er may that bright diadem be shorn,
 By thee, for many an age, majestically worn!

Nor dim and silent were thy regal halls,
 (The mansion, now, of grief and solitude!)
 But mirth and music shook thy pictured walls,
 And Scotland's monarch reign'd in Holy-Rood.
 Well did I know, 'mid banneret and peer,
 Star of the Stuart-line, accomplish'd James!
 His graceful words I almost seem'd to hear,
 As, lightly ranging 'mid those high-born dames,
 To each, in turn, a gallant wish he sigh'd,
 But linger'd still near one, his ruin and his pride!

'Thou field of carnage! silent be thy name!
 Where Scotland's royal standard sunk in blood;
 While round their monarch, like a guardian flame,
 Wasted in vain, his dying nobles stood.
 Gladly I saw dark clouds in tumult pass
 O'er that red sea of horror and despair;
 And the last image in the Magic Glass,
 Even like the seraph Mercy, saintly fair,

¹ Melrose. ² Deloraine. ³ Michael Scott.
⁴ Conclusion of Lay of the Last Minstrel.
⁵ the description of Edinburgh in Marmion.
⁶ Heron.

Over her wounded foe hung sorrowing,¹
 And slaked his burning thirst with water from the spring.

• Dry up those tears, • the gentle wizard cried,
 « Nor weep while nature in her glory smiles! »
 And lo! with sylvan mountains beautified,
 Incumbent cliffs, lone bays, and fairy isles,
 Floated a lake² that I could scarce behold,
 So bright it gleam'd with its enchanted waves!
 While ever and anon wild music roll'd
 From fractured rocks, and undiscover'd caves,
 As a spirit warbled from the steep
 A low unearthly song, to charm the lake to sleep.

A spirit!—lo! her fairy vessel glides
 Round the green edge of yonder oaken brake!
 Before its prow the sparkling wave divides
 In homage to the Lady of the Lake!
 While, gazing from the shore, an armed Knight³
 Holds distant parley with that unknown Queen,
 Whose eyes, with fear and wonder, glistening bright,
 Lend a new wildness to the mountain scene!
 O lovelier far, in that bewilder'd trance,
 Than Lady of the Mere,⁴ by shores of old romance!

Wild rose her palace, 'mid the unbroken calm,
 Burning with flowers, that like a wreath of light,
 Girdled the living dome, and breathing balm
 Sweet to the soul, as all those hues so bright!
 The work of human hands it may not be,
 And unto dreams of fairy power gave birth;
 Yet, 'mid such dreams, the spirit paused to see
 Some dim-discover'd traces of this earth,
 While on that lady's countenance divine
 A pensive shadow lay, that told her mortal line.

Yea! worldly cares to that enchanted dome,
 Despite of Nature's guardian power, intrude;
 Though bathed in sunshine, yet a stormy gloom
 Is gathering o'er the hermit-solitude.
 In evil hour yon princely stranger came!
 For ambush'd foemen glare from every dell:—
 Clan-Alpin hath beheld the Cross of Flame,
 The sign of war her children love as well;
 And all her heathery mountains teem with life,
 With warriors gaunt and grim, and arm'd for mortal
 strife.

Lake, rock, and mountain, cataract and flood,
 Mine eyes behold more; with eager breath,
 I gaze on clashing falchions dimm'd with blood,
 And plumed helms that seem to frown with death.
 One of those shapes so beautiful and brave,
 Like oak-tree sternly bending to the blast,
 Must fall this day—but proud shall be his grave!
 In wrath life's bootless energy hath past!—
 Fallen is the eagle that so strongly flew—
 Long Celtic bards shall wail the dirge of Roderick Dhu.

Oh! by vulgar arm Roderick slain!
 Less than a king the victor may not be:
 See! how his war-steed bears him o'er the plain,
 How nods his crest with regal majesty!

¹ Clara and Marmion. ² Loch Catrine.
³ Fitz-James. ⁴ See Wordsworth's Poems.

Strevlina's gate may bow her lofty head

To kiss the plume that mock'd each hostile sword,
Nor by such homage be dishonoured:

Methinks, in his disguise, she knows her lord,
As if beneath her arch King James did ride,
With all his unhelm'd peerage by his gracious side.

By kingly acts a king should ay be known!

Then look through yonder lustre-beaming hall:
Stately the figures there,—yea! every one!

But Scotland's monarch far outshines them all.
And is she here, the Lady of the Lake?

Hush thy quick-beating heart, thou trembling thing!
And let him smile who suffers for thy sake.¹

On your betrothed arms the golden ring
The Knight of Snowden's kingly hands impose,
A talisman that breaks the spell of all your woes.

The wizard's voice here touch'd upon my heart,

And quick I waked, like ■■■ who, scarce asleep,
Springs from his slumber with ■ sudden start

To shun ■ yawning gulf, or headlong steep.
"Thou lovest," said he, "on warlike pomp to gaze;

'T is a ■ Scottish pride—look here again,
And dream no ■ of deeds of other days.—

Glad I obey'd,—and lo! the shores of Spain²
Rose beautifully terrible like heaven,
When all its lowering clouds in wrathful hosts are
driven.

Woe to yon Tyrant! to his legions woe!

Joy to the vulture on his herdless rock!

Glad would ye be to hear the Ebro flow

Once more, and leave the shepherd with his flock,
Ye savage slaves, that shame the name of France!

But ne'er that sound of safety must ye hear.

List ye that tread!—the red-cross ranks advance!

Vain valour's stand, and vain the flight of fear,
For who shall live, when, shouting in their joy,
The British brother-bands move onwards to destroy?

Wasted on air were these warm words of mine—

The wizard and his Magic Glass were fled;
The solemn hush, that speaks the day's decline,

Across the ■ without a ■ was shed.

The rooks had ceased their cawing in the sky,

Nor humm'd the wild-bee ■ the wall-flower bright
That on the old tower bloom'd luxuriantly;

Then rose the lovely Star that brings the night,
Till Luna enter'd on her placid reign,

And ■ sweet crescent smiled, reflected from the main.

THE CHILDREN'S DANCE.

How calm and beautiful the frosty Night

Has stolen unnoticed like the hush of sleep

O'er Grassmere-vale! Beneath the mellowing light

How sinks in softness every rugged steep!

The old Church-tower ■ solemn watch doth keep

O'er the sweet Village she adorns ■ well;

Faintly the freezing stream is heard to weep,

Wild-murmuring far within its icy cell,

■ hark! ■ the Lake, clear chimes the Chapel-
bell.

¹ Græme.

² ■ Roderick.

Soon will the Moon and all her Stars be here:

A stealing light proclaims her o'er yon hill!

Slowly she raiseth up her radiant sphere,

And stillness, at her smile, becomes more still.

My heart forgoes all thoughts of human ill,

And ■ ■ happy ■ his place of birth:

All things that yield him joy my spirit fill

With kindred joy; and ev'n his humblest mirth

Seems ■ this peaceful hour, to beautify the Earth.

Beyond this vale my fancy may not fly,

Held by its circle in ■ magic chain;

Of merry-making, and festivity

Even 'mid this moonlight-scene shall be my strain.

Nor, gracious Nature! when I wake again

A hymn of loftier temper in thy praise,

Wilt thou the Poet's homage-song disdain,

For Thou hast never listen'd to his lays

Who loved not lowly life and all its simple ways.

Through many ■ vale how rang each snow-roof'd cot,

This livelong day with rapture blithe and wild!

All thoughts but of the lingering eve forgot

Both by grave Parent, and light-hearted Child.

Hail to the Night! whose image oft beguiled

Youth's transient sadness with ■ startling cheer!

The Ball-night this by youngers proudly styled!

The joy ■ distance bright burns brighter near—

Now smiles the happiest hour of all their happy year!

All day the earthen floors have felt their feet

Twinkling quick measures to the liquid sound

Of their own small-piped voices shrilly sweet,

As hand in hand they wheel'd their giddy round.

Ne'er fairy-revels on the greensward mound

To dreaming bard a lovelier show display'd:

Titania's self did ne'er with lighter bound

Dance o'er the diamonds of the dewy glade,

Than danced, ■ peep of ■ mine own dear moun-
tain-maid.

Oft in her own small mirror had the gleam,

The soften'd gleam of her rich golden hair,

That o'er her white neck floated in a stream,

Kindled to smiles that Infant's visage fair,

Half-conscious she that beauty glisten'd there!

Oft had she glanced her restless eyes aside

On silken sash so bright and debonnaire,

Then to her mother flown with leaf-like glide,

Who kiss'd her cherub-head with tears of silent pride.

But all these glad rehearsals ■ ■ o'er,

And young and old in many a glittering throng,

By tinkling copse-wood, and hill-pathway pour,

Cheering the air with laughter and with song.

Those first arrived think others tarrying long,

And chide them smiling with a friendly jeer,

"To let the music waste itself ■ wrong,

So stirringly it strikes upon the ear,

The lame might dance," they cry, "the aged-deaf might
hear."

And lo! the crowded ball-room is alive

With restless motion, and ■ humming noise,

Like on a warm spring-morn a sunny hive,

When round their Queen the waking bees rejoice.

Sweet blends with graver ■■■ the silvery voice
Of children rushing eager to their seats;
The ■■■ proud of his fair flock employs
His guiding beck that due attention meets,—
List! through the silent room each anxious bosom
beats!

Most beautiful and touching is the scene!
More blissful far ■ me than Fancy's bower!
Arch'd ■ the walls with wreaths of holy green,
Whose dark red-berries blush beside the flower
That kindly ■ to charm the wintry hour,
The Christmas rose! the glory white ■ ■!
The dusky roof ■ brighten'd by the power
Of bloom and verdure mingling thus below,
Whence many a taper-light sends forth a cheerful glow.

There sit together tranquilly arrayed
The Friends and Parents of the infant-band;
A Mother nodding to her timid maid
With cheering smiles—or beckoning with her hand,
A sign of love the child doth understand.
There, deeper thoughts the Father's heart employ,
His features grave with fondness melting bland,
He asks his silent heart, with gushing joy,
If all the vale can match his ■ exulting Boy.

See! where in blooming rows the children sit!
All loving partners by the idle floor
As yet divided—save where boy doth sit,
Lightly as small waves running 'long the shore,
To whisper something, haply said before,
Unto the soft cheek of his laughing May!
The whiles the master eyes the opening door,
And, fearing longer than one smile to stay,
Turns on his noiseless heel, and jocund wheels away.

■ Band of living Flowers! O taintless wreath!
By nature nourish'd 'mid her mountain air!
O sweet unfolding buds, that blush and breathe
Of innocence and love! I scarce may dare
To gaze upon you!—What soft gleams of hair!
What peaceful foreheads! and what heavenly eyes!
Bosoms so sweet will never harbour care;
Such spiritual breath was never made for sighs!
For you still breathe ■ Earth the gales of Paradise.

But I will call you by your human name,—
Children of Earth, of Frailty, and Distress!
Alternate objects ye of praise and blame!
The spell is broken—do I love you less?
—no!—a deep'ning, mournful tenderness
Yearns ■ my heart, e'en ■ when I behold
What trivial joys the human soul ■ bless!
I feel ■ pathos that ■ ne'er be told
Breathed from yon mortal locks of pure ethereal gold.

Where now that angel face—that fairy frame—
The joyful beauty of that burnish'd head
That shining forth o'er all—a star-like flame—
Once through this room admiring rapture shed!
Can that fair breast so full of life be dead!
All mute those ruddy lips, whose dewy balm
As if through breathing flowers sweet music shed!
Those bounding limbs, chain'd now in endless calm—
—For her, last Sabbath-day, was sung the funeral psalm!

One reverend head I miss amid the throng—
'T is bow'd in ■ o'er his cottage hearth!
The tread of dancing feet—the voice of song—
The gladsome viol—and the laugh of mirth
To him ■ mockery on this lonesome earth.
Rich in one child—he felt as if his store
Of bliss might never yield to mortal dearth;
■ dry the cup of joy that ■ ran o'er!
—Now that grey-headed man is poorest of the poor.

That ■ a stirring sound—my heart feels light
Once more, and happy as a lamb at play.
At music such ■ this pale thought takes flight!
It speaks of Scotland too, a dear strathspey!
No vulgar skill the Master doth display,
The living bow leaps dancing o'er the strings,
The wrinkled face of Age is bright as day,
While each glad child in fancied ■ springs.
And feels as if through air he skimm'd on flying wings.

A hush of admiration chains the breath,
And calms the laughing features of us all;
The room, erewhile ■ loud, is still as death—
For lo! the Infant-monarchs of the ball
Rise from their seats, rejoicing at the call,
And ■ soft-gliding to their proper place!
He in his triumph rising straight and tall;
She light of air, and delicate of face,
More bright through fear's faint shade her wild uncon-
scious grace.

Towards each other their delighted eyes
They smiling turn, and all at once may tell
From their subdued and sinless ecstasies
That these fair children love each other well.
They sport and play in the same native dell;
There, each lives happy in a shelter'd nest,
And though the children of our vales excel
In touching beauty—far above the rest
Shine forth this starlike pair—the loveliest and the best.

Like a faint shadow falls the pride of youth
O'er faces sparkling yet with childhood's light—
Joy, friendship, fondness, innocence, and truth,
That blushing maiden to her Boy unite
More than a brother dear! Aye—this glad night
Across their quiet souls will often move,
A spot of vernal sunshine ever bright!
When through youth's fairy-land no ■ they rove,
And feel that Grief oft sits beside her sister Love.

But lo! their graceful salutations lend
A mutual boldness to each beating heart;
Up strikes the tune—suspense is at ■ end—
Like fearless forest-fawns away they start!
How wildly nature now combines with art!
The motions of the infant mountaineer
Wont o'er the ■ and up the hills to dart,
Subdued by precept and by music here
Enthral the admiring soul at once through eye and ear!

Like sunbeams glancing o'er ■ meadow-field,
From side to side the airy spirits swim.
What keen and kindling rapture shines reveal'd
Around their eyes, and moves in every limb!

See! how they twine their [] [] [] slim,
In graceful arches o' [] their hanging hair,
Whose ringlets for [] while their eyes bedim.
The music stops—they stand like statues there—
Then parting glide away on noiseless steps of air.

And now a ready hand hath round them thrown
A flowing garland, for their beauteous Queen
Wreath'd by her playmates—roses newly blown
White-clustering 'mid the ivy's vivid green.
Enfolded thus in innocence, they lean
Their silky heads in inclination dear,
Their blent locks fluttering through the space between;
And do they not, advancing thus, appear
Like Angels sent by Spring [] usher in the year?

Their movements every instant lighter grow,
Motion to them more easy [] than rest:
Their cheeks [] tinged with a diviner glow—
Their gleaming locks [] perfect bliss attest.
Now is the triumph of their art confest
By rising murmurs, and soft-rustling feet
All round th' admiring room—they cease—oppress
With [] pride-mingled shame—and [] their []
Fly off, 'mid thundering praise, with bosoms fluttering
sweet.

Around their Queen her loving playmates press,
Proud of her dancing, as it were their own;
With voices trembling through their tenderness,
Like to the flute's low tones when sweetly blown!
Envy to their pure breasts is yet unknown;
Too young and happy for a moment's guile!
There Innocence still sacred keeps her throne,
Well-pleased, in that calm hold, to [] the while
Lingering on human lips an unpolluted smile.

Ah me! that Bards in many a lovely lay,
Forgetting all their own delightful years,
Should sing that life is but one little day,
And this most blessed world the vale of tears!
Even in such songs mysterious truth appears:
We weep—forget—or [] resign'd on death—
But oh! that those inevitable years
The soul should sully with bedimmed breath,
And prove how vain a dream is all [] childhood's faith!

Go to thy mother's arms, thou blessed thing!
And in her yearning bosom hide thy head:
Behold! how bliss resembleth sorrowing!
When smiles are glistening—why should tears be shed!
Nor, grey-hair'd man! art thou dishonoured
By those big drops that force at last their way
Down thy grave wrinkled face! When thou art dead,
That child thou knowest will weep upon thy clay—
Thus fathers oft [] sad when those they love [] gay.

But why should merriment thus feel alloy,
Sanction'd by Nature though such sadness be?
—Look on yon Figure! how he swells with joy!
With head-erecting pride and formal glee!
And may a Poet dare to picture thee,
As stiff thou walk'st thy pupils sly among;
While roguish elf doth ape thy pedantry?
Loudly, I trow, would bark the critic throng,
If vulgar name like thine should slip into my song.

And yet thou shalt not go without the meed
Of well-earn'd praise—one tributary line:
And haply [] I tune my simple reed,
Such theme the pastoral muse may not decline.
Nor vain [] useless is a task like thine—
That, ere the gleams of life's glad morning fly,
[] native grace with fresh attractions shine,
Taming the wild—emboldening the shy—
And still its end the same—the bliss of infancy!

Nor think the coldest spirit could withstand
The genial influence breath'd, like balm from heaven,
From rosy childhood, in [] vernal band
Dancing before him every happy Even.
When through the gloom their gliding forms are driven,
Like soft [] hurrying through the airy mist,
Unto his heart paternal dreams are given,
And, in the bliss of innocent beauty blest,
Oft hath that simple man their burnish'd ringlets kist.

No idle, worthless, wandering man is he,
But in this vale of honest parents bred:
Train'd to a life of patient industry,
He with the lark in summer leaves his bed
Through the sweet calm by morning twilight shed,
Walking to labour by that cheerful song;
And, making now pure pleasure of a trade,
When Winter comes with nights [] dark and long
'T is his to train to grace the smiling infant throng.

And he, I ween, is aye [] welcome guest
In every cottage-home [] hill and vale;
And oft by matron grave is warmly prest
To honour with his praise her home-brew'd ale.
Smiles the grown maid her master to regale,
Mindful of all his kindness when a child:
Invited thus, the master may not fail
To laud with fitting phrase the liquor mild,
And prays that Heaven may bless the cottage on the
wild.

O fair the mazy dance that breaks my dream!
Heaven dawns upon [] as I starting wake!
A flight of fancy this—a frolic whim—
A mirthful tumult in which all partake.
So dance the sunny atoms o'er a lake;
So small clouds blend together in the sky;
So when the evening gales the grove forsake,
The radiant lime-leaves twinkle yet on high,
So flutter new-fledged birds to their own melody.

Through bright confusion order holds her reign,
And [] [] infant there but well doth know
By cunning rules her station [] regain,
And fearless of mistakes [] come and go.
Yet did the master no small pains bestow
On these small Elves [] docile, and so true
To tune and figure. Nature will'd it so,
Who framed to grace their stature [] it grew,
And train'd their fairy feet among the morning dew.

True that, in polish'd life, refinement sheds
A fragile elegance o'er childhood's frame,—
And in a trembling lustre steepers their heads,
A finer charm, [] grace without [] name.

There, culture kindly breathes on nature's flame;
And angel beauty her genial away.
But oh! too oft doth dove-eyed Pity claim
The unconscious victims dancing light and gay.
For sickness lends that bloom, the symbol of decay.

 Health, descending from her mountain-throne,
Surveys with rapture yon delighted train
Of rosy Sprites, by day and night her own,
Though mortal creatures, strangers yet to pain!
For she hath taught them up the hills to strain,
Following the foot-prints o'er the dewy flowers,
Light as the shadows flitting o'er the plain,
Soon the earth salutes the dawning hours
With song and fragrance pour'd from all her glittering
 bowers.

Nor deem to gilded roofs alone confined
The magic charm of mild and free;
Attendant mostly they peace of mind,
Best cherish'd by the breath of purity.
Yea! oft in like this of rustic glee,
Where youth, joy, and innocence resort,
The *Manners* gladly rule the revelry,
Unseen, they mingle in the quickening sport,
Well pleased 'mid village-hinds to hold their homely court.

See! with what tenderness of mien, voice, eye,
Yon little stripling, scarce twelve summers old,
Detains his favourite partner gliding by,
Becoming, as she smiles, more gaily bold!
'T is thus the pleasures of our youth unfold
The fairest feelings of the human heart;
Nor, o'er our heads when silvering years are roll'd,
Will the fond image from our fancy part,
 clings tenacious there 'mid passion, pride, and art.

Aye! nights like this felt o'er many a vale!
Their sweet remembrance mocks the drifted snow
That chokes the cottage up,—it bids the hail
With cheerful pattering 'gainst the panes blow.
Hence, the town-bred traveller chance to go
Into the mountain-dwellings of poor,
The peasants greet with unembarrass'd brow
The splendid stranger honouring thus their door,
And lead his steps with grace along the rushy floor.

 the lights are waxing dim and pale,
And shed a fitful gleaming o'er the room;
 the dim hollies by they fail,
Another hour, and all is wrapt in gloom.
And lo! without, the cold bright illumine
The cloudless air, beautiful and still,
While proudly placed in her meridian dome
Night's peerless Queen the realms of heaven doth fill
With peace and joy, and smiles each vast slumbering
 hill.

The dance and music cease their blended glee,
And many a wearied infant hangs her head,
Dropping asleep upon her mother's knee,
Worn out with joy, and longing for her bed.
Yet lament the bliss too quickly fled,
And fain the dying revels would prolong—
Loth that the parting « Farewell » should be said,
They round the Master in a circle throng—
Unmoved, alas! he stands their useless prayers among.

And an old man asks him, ere they go,
 willing he a parting tune play—
One of those Scottish tunes so sweet and slow!
And proud is he such wishes obey.
Then « Auld lang syne, » the wild and mournful lay
Ne'er breathed through human hearts unmoved by tears,
Wails o'er the strings, and wailing dies away!
While tremblingly his mellow voice he rears,—
Ah me! the aged weep think of former years!

Now rising depart, each Parent pays
Some compliment well-suited his ear—
Couch'd, through their warmth of heart, in florid phrase,
Yet, by a parent's honest hopes, sincere!
They trust to meet him all another year,
If gracious heaven to them preserves the boon
Of life and health—and with tranquil cheer
Their hearts still touch'd with that delightful tune,
Homeward they wend along beneath the silent moon.

O'er Loughrig-cliffs I see one party climb,
Whose empty dwellings through the hush'd midnight
Sleep in the shade of Langdale-pikes sublime—
Up Dummil-Raise, unmindful of the height,
 daughter in his arms, with footsteps light
The father walks, afraid lest she should wake!
Through lonely Easdale past yon cot so white
On Helm-crag side, their journey others take;
And some to those sweet homes that smile by Rydale Lake.

He too, the Poet of this humble show,
Silent walks homeward through the hour of rest—
While quiet as the depth of spotless snow,
A pensive calm contentment fills his breast!
O wayward man! were he not truly blest!
That Lake so still below—that Sky above!
Unto his heart a sinless Infant prest,
Whose ringlets like the glittering dew-wire move,
Floating and sinking soft amid the breath of love!

EDDERLINE'S DREAM.

CANTO FIRST.

CASTLE-OBAN is lost in the darkness of night,
For the moon is swept from the starless heaven,
And the latest line of lowering light
That linger'd on the stormy even,
A dim-seen line, half cloud, half wave,
Hath sunk into the weltering grave.
Castle-Oban is dark without and within,
And downwards to the fearful din,
Where Ocean with his thunder-shocks
Stuns the green foundation rocks,
Through the grim abyss that mocks his eye
Oft hath the eerie watchmen
 shuddering look, shivering sigh,
From the edge of the howling battlement!

Therein is a lonesome room,
Undisturb'd as old tomb
That, built within a forest glen,
Far from feet of living men,
And shelter'd by its black pine-trees,
From sound of rivers, lochs, and seas,
Flings back its arched gateway tall,
At times great funeral.

Noiseless as a central cell
 In the bosom of a mountain,
 Where the fairy people dwell,
 By the cold and sunless fountain!
 Breathless a holy shrine
 When the voice of psalma is shed!
 And there upon her stately bed,
 While her raven rocks recline
 O'er an more pure than snow,
 Motionless beneath her head,—
 And through her large fair eyelids shine
 Shadowy dreams that come and go,
 By deep disquieted,—
 There sleeps in love and beauty's glow,
 The high-born Lady Edderline.

Lo! the lamp's light,
 Glide, gliding round the golden rim!
 Restored life, now glancing bright,
 Now just expiring, faint and dim!
 Like a spirit loth to die,
 Contending with its destiny.
 All dark! a momentary veil
 Is o'er the sleeper! now pale
 Uncertain beauty glimmers faint,
 And calm face of the saint
 With every feature re-appears,
 Celestial in unconscious tears!
 Another gleam! how sweet the while,
 Those pictured faces on the wall,
 Through the midnight silence smile!
 Shades of fair ones, in the aisle
 Vaulted the castle cliffs below,
 To nothing moulder'd, and all,
 Ages long ago!

From her pillow, if driven
 By unseen demon's hand
 Disturbing the repose of heaven,
 Hath fallen her head! The long black hair,
 From fillet's silken band
 In dishevell'd riven,
 Is streaming downwards to the floor.
 The last convulsion o'er?
 And will that length glorious
 Laden with the soul's distresses,
 By those fair hands in morning light,
 Above those eyelids opening bright,
 Be braided nevermore?
 No! the lady is not dead,
 Though flung thus wildly o'er her bed;
 Like a wreck'd upon the shore,
 That lies until the morning brings
 Searchings, and shrieks, and sorrowings;
 Or haply, all eyes unknown,
 Borne away without a groan,
 On a chance plank, 'mid joyful cries
 Of birds that pierce the sunny skies
 With seaward dash, in calm bands
 Parading o'er the silvery sands,
 Or 'mid the lovely flush of shells,
 Pausing burnish wing,
 No fading foot-mark that tells
 Of that poor unremember'd thing!

O dreadful is the world of dreams,
 When that world a chaos seems
 Of thoughts so fix'd before!
 When heaven's face is tinged with blood!
 And friends cross o'er solitude,
 Now friends of ours more!
 Or, dearer to our hearts than ever,
 Keep stretching forth, with vain endeavour,
 Their pale and palsied hands,
 To clasp us phantoms, go
 Along the void like drifting snow,
 To far-off nameless lands!
 Yet all the while know why,
 Nor where those dismal regions lie,
 Hoping that a so deep
 And wild can only be in sleep,
 And that some overpowering
 Will break the fetters of the dream,
 And let us back to waking life,
 Fill'd though it be with care and strife;
 Since there least the wretch know
 The meanings on the face of woe,
 Assured that no mock shower is shed
 Of tears upon the real dead,
 Or that his bliss, indeed, is bliss,
 When bending o'er the death-like cheek
 Of one who scarcely alive,
 At every cold but breathing kiss,
 He hears a saving angel speak—
 • Thy Love will yet revive! •

Eager to speak—but in terror mute,
 With chained breath and snow-soft foot,
 The gentle maid whom that lady loves,
 Like a gleam of light through the darkness moves,
 And leaning o'er her rosy breath,
 Listens in tears—for sleep—or death!
 Then touches with a kiss her breast—
 • O Lady, this is ghastly rest!
 Awake! awake, for Jesus' sake!
 Far in her soul a thousand sighs
 Are madly struggling to get free;
 But that soul is like a frozen sea
 That silent lies in ice and snow,
 Though the deep waters boom below!
 And yet a clear and silvery well,
 By moonlight glimmering in its cell;
 A river that doth gently sing
 Around the cygnet's folded wing;
 A billow on the summer deep
 That flows, yet scarcely to flow,
 Not calmer than that lady's sleep,
 One blessed hour ago!

So, gently a shepherd lifts
 From a wreath of drifted snow,
 A lamb that vainly a rock
 Up among the mountain clefts,
 Bleats the heedless flock
 Sunwards feeding far below.—
 Even so gently Edith takes
 The sighing dreamer her breast,
 Loving kisses soft and meek
 Breathing o'er bosom, brow, and cheek,
 For their own fair, delightful sakes,

And lays her lovely limbs at rest;
When, stirring like the wondrous flower
That blossoms at the midnight hour,
And only then—the Lady wakes!
From the heavy load set free
Of that fearful phantasy,
Edderline lifts up her head,
And, in the fitful lustre lent
By the lone lamp, gazing round,
As listening for some far-off sound,
Leans it on her lily hand,
In beautiful bewilderment!
Am I in some foreign land?
And who art thou that takest thy stand
Like a minister of grace
By the prisoner's haunted bed?
Walking thus thy nightly round?
Oh! speak—thy voice like a sound
Elsewhere beloved! That pitying face
Reminds me of the dead!

Again she hears her speak—
Doubt, fear, trouble leave her cheek,
And suddenly returning
Remembrances all bright and fair,
Above the darkness of despair,
Like morning lights burning:
Even as a gloomy mountain lake
From its dark sleep at once doth break,
And while afar the mists are driven,
In new-born beauty laughs to heaven!
Rising slowly from her couch,
Like a nun in humblest guise,
With light and careless touch,
O'er the snow above her eyes
Her long dishevelled hair she tricks,
And with low sobs of gratitude
To Him who chased her dreams away,
Down kneels she in the solitude,
And with raised hands and eyes doth pray
The holy crucifix!

« My soul hath been disquieted,
And welter'd with the weltering dead!
Floating all night with
Over high blood-crested waves,
Or driven by a fiendish force
Down into unfathom'd caves:
Blessed God who rescued me
From that wild world of misery!
Oh! it is heaven I wake again,
To know that I have wept in vain!
That life yet that noble breast
Which I in mortal pangs carest,
Hurried along the foaming path,
In face of horror, fear, and wrath!
Whether his ship in roaring motion
Roll tempest-driven o'er the ocean,
Or rocking lie in pleasant sleep,
Anchor'd beneath the palmy steep,
Temper, O God! the and air
To him, my home-bound Mariner;
And gently breathe the midnight dew
O'er him and his gallant crew!

The lamp is dead, but the morning peep
Faintly dawning far away,
Slowly, slowly wins its way
Through the window buried deep
In its gloomy glen of stone—
A little point that shines afar,
Like a dim-discover'd star,
When other lights in heaven are none.
To that little cheerful shine
Turn the eyes of Edderline;
And as a cloud that long hath lain
Black amid the sullen sky,
Suddenly dissolves in rain,
And stricken by the sunlight, shines
With a thousand gorgeous lines,
Blended and braided gloriously—
So fair, so pure, so bright appears
That kneeling Lady's tears,
For the rain is fallen, the gloom is gone,
And her soul hath risen with the sun.

Hark! the martlet twittering by
The crevice, with her twittering brood
Beneath some shadowy wall-flower lie,
In the high air of solitude!
She alone, sky-loving bird,
In that lofty clime is heard;
But loftier far from cliff remote,
Up springs the eagle, like a thought,
And poised in heaven's resplendent zone,
Gazes a thousand fathom down,
While his wild and fitful cry
Blends together and sky.
And a thousand songs, I trow,
From the waken'd world below,
Are ringing through the morning glow.
Music is there on the shore,
Softening sweet the billowy roar;
For bold and fair in every weather,
The sea-mews shrill flock together,
Or wheeling off in lonely play,
Carry their pastimes far away,
To little isles and rocks of rest,
Scatter'd o'er the ocean's breast,
Where these glad creatures build their nest.
Now hymns are heard on every fountain
Where the land-birds trim their wings,
And boldly booming up the mountain,
Where the dewy heath-flower springs,
Upon the freshening gales of
Showers of headlong bees are borne,
Far and wide with harp and horn
The balmy desert rings!

This the pensive Lady knows,
So round her lovely frame she throws
The cloud-like float of her array,
And with a blessing and a prayer
She fixeth in her hair
The jewel that her lover gave,
The night before he cross'd the
To kingdoms far away!
Soft steps winding down the stair,
And now beneath the morning air

Her breast breathes strong and free;
The sun in his prime glorious hour
■ up, and with ■ purple shower
Hath bathed the billowy sea!

Lo! morning's dewy hush divine
Hath calm'd the eyes of Edderline!
Shaded by the glooms that fall
From the old grey castle wall,
Or, from the glooms emerging bright,
Cloud-like walking through the light,
She sends the blessing of her smiles
O'er dancing waves and steadfast isles,
And, creature though she be of earth,
Heaven feels the beauty of her mirth.
How seraph-like the silent greeting,
Streaming from her dark-blue eyes,
At their earliest matin meeting
Upwards ■ the dark-blue skies!
Quickly glancing, gliding slowly,
Child of mirth ■ melancholy,
As her midnight dream again,
Of the hush'd ■ roaring main,
Comes and goes ■ ■ brain.
Now she ■ the ship returning,
Every ■ with ensigns burning
Star-bright o'er the cloud of sails,
As, queen-like, down the green sea-valcs
She stoops, or o'er the mountains green
Re-ascending like a queen!
Glad the heart of hoary ■
In the beauty of her motion!
Now through midnight's deepest noon,
Howling to the wild monsoon,
She ■ God's anger flash around her,
And the glorious vessel founder
To ■ vain signal-gun!
While in the lightning's ghastly glow
The shipless ■ rolls below,
As in the mid-day sun!

Far, far below, in rocky cell
Doth ■ seer-hermit dwell.
In solitude and in despair
He sits, with long, black, rusty hair,
Face dim as death, and ■ ■ eye
Red-flashing with futurity.
A holy madman! with ■ chain
But those forged in his burning brain—
Shuddering, close beside his feet,
To see the frequent winding-sheet—
Spite of the water's din, to hear
Steps trampling grave-wards with a bier—
Or like a sweep of wintry weather,
Wailing at midnight o'er the heather
Cloud-coronachs that wildly rise
When far away a chieftain dies.

Down—downwards to his savage cave,
By steps the goat doth almost fear
To lead her little kids ■ browse
On wild herb that there thinly grows
'Mid spray-showers from the dashing wave,
So dreadful 't is the din ■ hear,
The Lady with a quaking prayer
Descends, ■ if upon the air,

Like ■ with white rise and fall,
Floating o'er a waterfall!
And ■ doth trembling Edith wait
Reluctant ■ the closing gate,
And wipes away her tears;
For the Lady motions her to stay,
Then with a wan smile sinks away,
And, ghost-like, disappears!

■ EVENING ■ FURNESS ABBEY.

An Apparition hung amid the hush
Of the lone vale; whether exhaled from earth
Or dropt from heaven, ■ yet my beating heart,
That quaked ■ the sudden solitude,
Knew not, ■ cared to know—a mist—a cloud—
Material shadow—or a spiritual dream!
Slowly and waveringly it seem'd to change
Into ■ hoary Edifice, o'erhung
By hoary ■ with mouldering boughs ■ ■
Even as the mouldering stones—a ghost-like show!
Uncertain in their tremor where ■ rest,
Like birds disturb'd at night, my startled thoughts
Floated around the dim magnificence
Of air-woven roofs, and arches light as air
Spanning the faded sunset, till the Pile,
Still undergoing, ■ my spirit gazed
Intenselier and intenselier through the gloom,
Strange transformation from the beautiful
To the sublime, breathing alternately
Life-kindling hope and death-foretelling fear,
Majestically settled down at last
Into its ■ religious character,
A House of Prayer and Penitence—dedicate
Hundreds of years ago to God, and Her
Who bore the Son of Man! An Abbey fair
As ■ lifted reverentially
The solemn quiet of its stately roof
Beneath the moon and stars.

And though that Time
Had hush'd the choral anthems, and o'erthrown
The altar, ■ the holy crucifix
Spared, whereon hung outstretch'd in agony
Th' Eternal's vision'd arms, 't ■ dedicate
To prayer and penitence still; ■ said the hush
Of earth and heaven unto the setting sun,
Speaking, methought, to nightly-wandering man,
With a profounder meaning than the burst
Of hymns in morn or evening orisons
Chanted, within Imagination's ear,
By supplicants whose dust hath long been mix'd
With that of the hard stones ■ which they slept,
The cells that heard their penitential prayers,
The cloisters where, between the hours of prayer,
The brethren walk'd in whispering solitude,
Or sate, with bent-down head each in his niche
Fix'd as stone-image, with his rosary
■ pale hands, dropping on each mystic bead
To Mary Mother mild a contrite tear.

Moonless as yet, without ■ single star,
Lay the blue amplitude of space serene,
Which ■ in ■ delight call heaven. No cloud,
Nor thought of cloud, that region all divine

Reposed on ■ pass'd by; its holiness
 Seem'd perfect in its pure simplicity,
 Absorbing the whole being like ■ thought,
 Till sky and soul were ■ ■ ■ that hour
 When Gloaming ■ on hand in hand with Night
 Like dark twin-sisters, and the fairer Day
 Is loath to disappear; when all three meet,
 Gloaming, and Day, and Night, with dew-drops crown'd
 And veil'd, half-veil'd, each with her shadowy hair;
 When unseen roses, known but by their balm,
 Full-blown or budding, from their humble beds
 Breathe incense to those dim divinities,
 Pleased with the transient scent of transient things,
 As heaven still is with earth; when all Three meet
 In the uncertain dimness of the sky,
 Each with a beauty of her ■ combined
 Into harmonious colouring, like a tune
 Sung by three angel voices, up in heaven,
 Unto the rapt ■ of the listening earth.
 It ■ an hour for any hallow'd thought
 Akin ■ grief, the highest mood allow'd
 To mortal creatures, for all happiness
 Worthy that holy name seems steep'd in tears,
 Like flowers in dew, ■ tinged with misty hues
 Like ■ in halo. Feelings that had slept
 For long long years, o'erlaid within the soul
 By brooding passions, ■ again ■ power,
 As sweet ■ when they first their lustre lent
 To life's young morn, that needed in the sky
 No sun ■ light the glorious universe.
 As sweet but for a moment—for they die
 Away into the melancholy breathed
 From a profound conviction conscience-born,
 That they no resting-place on earth have now,
 All phantoms! doom'd ■ glide back to their cells
 And haply there, beyond the reach of day,
 To lie for evermore! In such ■ hour
 Some pensive passage in our Book of Life,
 Restored ■ its original characters,
 Gleams ■ our eyes again, until we wish,
 In love and pity of the yearn'd-for dead,
 So passionate ■ desolate spirit's throes,
 That we had ne'er been born, or even ■
 Were with th' invisible in weal or ■
 To all eternity! How burn our hearts
 Within us! while they strive to grasp again
 First loves, first friendships from the clutch of death
 That will ■ lose its hold; when brethren blest
 Renew'd some sacrament of sighs and tears,
 Religious far beyond the weight of words,
 Voiceless in sanctity! When days divine,
 ■ ■ nights diviner still, bequeathed
 New treasures to augment th' unhoarded ■
 Of golden thoughts, and fancies squander'd free
 As dew-drops by the morn, yet never miss'd
 By th' innocent prodigal, who flung them back
 Into the lap of Nature, showering still
 Her orient pearls for his especial joy!
 As o'er some chosen vale the rainbow hangs,
 Tingeing the heavens with beauty, till they sing,
 A new song to the pathway of the Power
 Beloved by gods and men, the Spring who ■
 To glorify the earth! Of partings then
 We do remember us made long ago,
 When youthful heads to ■ necessity
 First bow'd astonish'd,—of embraces torn

Asunder, felt to be embraces still,
 Divided though they be by winds and waves,
 And isles, and continents, and months, and years,—
 Vain barriers ■ the reaches of ■ souls,
 That in the midst of life's great desert meet
 From far, as on two whirlwinds borne, or wings
 Stronger than Jove's ■ bird's, the plumes of thought,
 Winnowing their way across the wilderness.
 Or to strange glamour, lo! death-beds spread
 Their shroud-like whiteness, and their grave-like calm,
 Again before our eyes, that may not shun
 The mortal vision! There a parent lies,
 Unhappy only that no voice is left
 To ■ benediction ■ our heads,
 Not ■ small word for all that love ■ great
 That gushes out with the last sob of life,
 And leaves us orphans—in ■ agony
 Loading those temples with remorseful love
 Whose grey hairs haply when they waved with life
 We heeded not, even in the hour of prayer.
 Oh! oft ■ nights ■ beautiful comes back,
 All of her ■ accord, like some fair bird,
 That, flying far away over a wood
 Or mountain, seeming to be lost for ever
 Among the clouds, in sunshine reappears,
 At first a dim speck, ■ a shining star,
 Till, folding up at once her lovely wings
 Into composed brightness, down she drops
 Into her nest, by that sweet singer left
 But for ■ hurried hour of homeless joy!
 Oh! oft on nights so beautiful comes back,
 All of her own accord, unchanged her eyes,
 Seraphic sweetness, and the glow unchanged
 Of that refulgent head, which when it rose
 Of old before me through the twilight dew,
 I felt that the whole region of the heavens
 Needed no other star—comes back, God-sent,
 From the dim mountain-range beyond the grave,
 Whose awful summits, sometimes seen in sleep,
 Sublime ■ dreams beyond the poetry
 Of mightiest bards, when chain'd by fleshly bonds
 Within this waking world—comes back from bliss
 My holy Orphan! She had heard a voice
 Calling upon her, one still Sabbath morn,
 When like ■ lily of the field array'd
 For going to the house of God, to lay
 Her Bible down, and come away to heaven!
 Even in ■ hour she died—just ■ the psalm,
 Through which her singing like ■ silver harp
 Was wont to lead the sacred melody,
 Came to her ear, across the banks and braes
 Of yellow broom in which her father's cot
 Nest-like was built; nor ■ mortal eyes
 Saw that sweet bird in living beauty more!

How reverend the old Abbey's ivied walls!
 How pleasant in their sweet solemnity,
 Unto my spirit, long disturb'd by grief,
 Nor less by joy, ■ tranquil ■ the core
 Of that hush'd chancel, as the inmost heart
 Of that night-darkening oak! Many long years,
 Since I last visited, then all alone,
 The Vale of Nightshade. Wandering up and down
 Earth's Deserts and her Edens—in the flush
 Of flowery fields enamell'd by the spring
 Now forming fancy-garlands—in the gloom

Of forests, where ■ hermit had his cave,
 So sullen that o'ershadowing solitude,
 Weaving ■ net of necromantic dreams—
 Now by the shore of ■ great inland loch,
 Or sea-arm tossing white among the hills
 To the black thunder-cloud, sole sitting there
 So motionless the long-wing'd heron away'd
 ■ flight not from the stone of which I seem'd
 A part, incorporated with the dash
 Of howling waves, and savage blasts that shook
 The avalanche from the cliff, descending swift
 Down ■ the glen, as the scared eagle soar'd
 Up into heaven! Now down the broomy burn
 That wimpled on round garden'd villages,
 Angling along, attended by a group
 Of eager children, their short sunny hour
 Of mid-day play devouring; then away,
 Each with his scaly treasure held aloft,
 Shouting out praises of the stranger's skill
 And bounty—lavish of the silver fry.
 Now by ■ moorland stream-fount welling ■
 A sheep-surrounded circle of bright green,
 That would have shamed the emerald, 'neath ■ rock
 Fern-feather'd, and with white-stemm'd birch-tree
 crown'd,

Lying ■ above the hum of man,
 With face up ■ sky, nor wanting food
 For meditation, while one single cloud
 Came journeying from afar, or Beauty breathed
 Upon the braided sky most delicate
 A fleecy whiteness that subdued the blue
 To cloudy character without a cloud!

Thus wandering, wafted like the thistle-down,
 Yet ■ so wholly aimless, not so moved
 By impulse from without, liker ■ bee
 That with the wind goes humming, yet directs
 At his own gladsome will his gauzy wings
 Right onward to the honied sycamore,
 Or silent peal of pendant fox-glove bells,
 Or mountain-bosom from ■ distance ■
 Pitch-black, but ■ winds his shrilly horn,
 Brighter than purple ■ ■ monarch's robe,
 And bathed in richer perfume—wandering thus
 ■ ignorance of the future ■ my life,
 Nor caring, wishing, hoping, fearing aught
 Beyond the pregnant present—each wild day
 A world within itself, my griefs and joys
 All at my ■ creation and command,
 As far as human soul may be let loose
 From impositions of necessity,
 Forgetting oft in self-will'd fancy's flight
 All human ties that would enchain her dreams
 Down ■ a homelier bliss, and loving more
 The dim aerial shadow of this life
 Even than the substance of the life itself,
 Morn found me on the mountain-tops, and Night
 Descended on me in the glens, where but
 Or shielding scarcely hid me from the stars.
 All shadows then of life how beautiful!
 As sometimes when the sunset spell is strong,
 And all the elements seem rarified,
 Mountains and woods and towers delight the soul
 On an inverted world in wonder down
 Deep-gazing, as it hangs in the abyss
 Of the evanish'd lake, far far beyond

The real mountains, where the living flocks
 Are browsing or at rest—the real woods,
 Where ■ the living birds from shade to shade;
 Or in the sunshine sing—the real towers,
 Where chime the clear-toned Sabbath evening-bells
 Unto the real clouds, whose purple light
 On people walking to the house of God
 ■ gracious; for all these are what they seem,
 And but by common things inhabited;
 But those ■ all ideal in that glow
 So ■ in its purity,
 And appertain to a remoter life
 Untouch'd by sin or sorrow, not ■ sound
 Disturbing their beatitude divine,
 Transmitted, through the silence of the eye,
 To that congenial region of the spirit
 Where all reflections from this noisy world
 Hang floating in their beauty, till the breath
 Of some rude passion curl along the calm,
 And all ■ once is gone! Then re-appears
 The daily bosom of ■ mother earth,
 Where weary feet are pacing to and fro;
 And weary hearts ■ wishing they were laid
 In her insensate dust!

Those days are gone;
 And it has pleased high Heaven to crown my life
 With such a load of happiness, that at times
 My very soul is faint with bearing up
 The blessed burden. For that airy world,
 So ■ of coruscations and strange fires
 Electric, ■ that by a golden chain
 Hangs balanced in its planetary peace,
 I love to dwell in now; and in the mists
 And storms that sometimes stain its atmosphere,
 Or shake it till the orb doth ■ to quake
 Even ■ its centre, I behold the hand,
 I hear the voice of my Creator's love.
 And ■ the Genius of the household fire—
 The Christian Lar, who hath our Sabbath hours
 Under his felt protection, whispers low
 His gentle inspiration through my heart
 Which loveth dearlier now a home-born song—
 That I may chant unto my children dear,
 Not undelighted with ■ father's voice,
 To them made music by a father's love—
 Than wildest strain in sylvan solitude
 Piped to the strange-faced rocks, and figures grim
 That frown in forests, when the day is dark
 As night, in spite of the meridian sun.
 What though Imagination's wings be chain'd?
 Form'd ■ the fetters of soft balmy flowers,
 Gather'd by angel-hands in Paradise.
 No need that I should with creative eyes
 Raise up ■ir shadowy creatures, racing fleet
 On the ■ll side, or lying fast asleep
 On mossy couch, beneath the mossy arms
 Of antique oak,—some Shape of beauty rare,
 Orcaid ■ Dryad,—or in grotto cool
 Among the music of the waterfall,
 Naiad ■ pure as the small silver spring
 In which she had her birth, on some May-morn
 Issuing in pearly beauty from the gleam,
 And disappearing like ■ foam-bell there,
 When first she hears the harmless stockdove's voice.
 For rising up throughout my wedded years

That melted each away ■ quietly
 Into the other, that I never thought
 Of wondering at the growth before my eyes
 Of my own human Flowers most beautiful—
 So imperceptible had been the change
 From infancy ■ childhood—lovely both—
 And then to grace ■ meek and maidenly,
 Three Spirits given by God to guard and keep
 For ever in their native innocence,
 Glide o'er my floors like sunbeams, and like larks
 Are oft heard singing ■ their happy selves,
 No eye upon them but the eye of Heaven.
 And now, revisiting these Abbey-walls,
 How changed my state from what it ■ of yore,
 When 'mid an hundred homes ■ home had I
 Whose hearth had power to chain me from the rest!
 No roof, ■ room, ■ bower in the near wood
 In which at once ■ now concentrated
 All the sweet ■ and all the touching sounds,
 All the bright rays of life.

Link'd hand in hand,
 Mute and most spirit-like, from out the gloom
 Of the old Abbey issuing, all their smiles
 Subdued ■ a ■ settled pensiveness
 By the religion of the Ruin, lo!
 The Three came softly gliding on my dream,
 Attended by the moonshine; for the Orb
 Look'd through the oriel window, and the Vale
 Soon overflow'd with light. As they approach'd,
 My heart embraced them in their innocence,
 And sinless pride express'd itself in prayer.
 From ■ they had been with ■ in the glens
 And on the mountains, by the lakes and rivers,
 And through the hush of the primeval woods,
 And such a beauteous day ■ fitly closed
 By such a beauteous night. No word they spake,
 But held their swimming eyes in earnestness
 Fix'd upon mine, as ■ they wish'd to hear
 My voice amid the silence, for the place
 Had grown too awful for their innocent hearts;
 And half in love, and half in fear, they prest
 Close to their Father's side, till ■ a sign
 They sat them down upon a fragment fall'n,
 With all its flowers and mosses, from the arch
 Through which the moon was looking; and I said
 That I would tell ■ them ■ Tale of Tears,
 A Tale of Sorrows suffer'd long ago!

Close to ■ feet ■ antique Tombstone lay,
 Which time, with reverential tenderness,
 Had seem'd to touch, so that the Images,
 There sculptured centuries ago, were yet
 Perfect almost as when they felt the shower
 Of the first agony! All in mail, from head
 To feet, the Figure of ■ Warrior stretch'd
 His height heroic, by his side a sword
 Such as of old, with huge two-handed sway,
 Made lanes in battles, but the giant-hands,
 Palm unto palm, ■ like a saint's in prayer,
 Upon his breast were folded piously,
 And meek his visage ■ child's in sleep.
 Across the stone and at that warrior's feet
 The Figure—so it seem'd—of female young,
 In simple vestments, such as worn of old
 By one of low degree, the child of Hind

Or Forester. The very winds of heaven,
 As if in pity of their mournfulness
 Had spared the lineaments of that gentle face,
 And delicately, in its dove-like calm,
 Her bosom ■ in the moonlight lie;
 No wrinkle on her forehead, and the hair,
 Though stone-wreath'd, seemingly as soft ■ silk
 Beneath a silken ■ that upbound
 The gather'd locks into a simple snood,
 Such as in olden time each maiden ■
 Before her bridal-day. In lowliest guise!
 As if unworthy by the side ■ lie
 Of that great lord, whose lineage high ■ drawn
 From crowned kings—an Image be of Pride,
 And she of most abased Humility,
 As far beneath that mighty ■ in death
 As she had been in life, when palace-halls
 Hung o'er his unhelm'd head, or ■ proud
 Rustled o'er his plumes in battle—She the ■
 Plaiting her rushes by the cottage door,
 Or singing old songs in the sylvan shade
 To her sole self, among the spotted deer.

Oft had I gazed on those two Effigies,
 When to the solitary mountain-gloom
 Sent devious from my pilgrimage, by force
 Of those fine impulses that bear us on
 From awe to awe, till suddenly is found
 Some glorious vision that ■ did not seek,
 Nor knew was ■ the earth; and of the dreams
 That came to me from ■ the ruin'd Pile,
 Legend surviving dimly when the moth
 Hath eat to dust the hoary chronicles,
 And ballad sung with many a various voice
 In different glens, by maidens ■ their wheel
 To wondering children, ■ at hour of noon
 In gay hay-harvest, 'neath the hawthorn shade,
 To Toil by music to his strength restored
 As if by dropping dews—by sweet degrees
 My soul form'd to itself a history
 Of the Dead figured thus—a Tale that grew
 Almost unconsciously and unawares;
 As one who wandering through the rich-stored woods
 In dreamy idlesse, ever and anon,
 Plucks here and there a ground-flower, till, behold!
 Yellow and blue and purple, in his hands
 One gather'd constellation! that illumines
 With sudden beauty ■ the wilderness.
 In days of yore, these pleasant realms—now stretch'd
 In variegated beauty from the dip
 Of the low hills in which the mountains fade
 Away from the Lake-land, into wide bays,
 And far, far off to beacon'd promontories—
 Were forest-grown ■ to the very Sea;
 Nor wanted Walney's storm-beat Isle, now bare,
 Its murmur of old groves, ■ Fouldrey's Pile
 Its stately sycamores that loved the spray
 Of the rock-scaling tide. The horizon hung
 On trees, round all its dark circumference;
 While here and there, ■ Church-Tower lifted up
 Its peaceful battlements, ■ warlike Keep
 Frown'd ■ the cliff, the watchman's sun-tipt spear
 Far glancing o'er the woods. Hundreds of huts
 Were hidden in that sylvan gloom,—some perch'd
 On verdant slopes from the low coppice clear'd;
 Some in deep dingles, ■ as the nest

Could breathe ■ evil, ■ could only ■
 From one who pity had for innocence,
 Ere long she lifted up her face, and gave
 Again its troubled beauty ■ the gaze
 That look'd into her life! That she ■ was fair,—
 That it had pleased God ■ make her fair,
 She knew, ■ well ■ that the summer sky
 Is felt by all hearts ■ he beautiful.
 Else, wherefore paused each passer-by ■ bid
 A blessing on her countenance! Why ■ she
 Alone, among ■ many maidens, call'd
 The Flower of Furness? Yet, if ■ pride
 Did touch her spirit ■ that pleasant name,
 Such pride it ■ ■ one might almost think,
 When gazing on the lily or the rose,
 Breathes a fine impulse through these favourites
 Of sun and air, and universal Nature,
 Till shaking off the dew-drops, they expand
 In their full beauty, o'er some desert place
 Shedding the lustre of their happiness!
 All too divine her loveliness to praise;
 But shower'd from eloquent lips and eloquent eyes
 Came down upon her now such looks—rays—words,
 Blended in union irresistible,
 That ■ ■ could her bosom turn away
 From that descent of sound, and light, and dew,
 Than ■ ■ lily from the gentle face
 Of the flower-loving sun, when o'er her bed,
 Her humble bed in the untrodden wild,
 The soaring lark within the rainbow sings!

Within th' embrace, ■ ■ the very breast
 Of one of England's ■ illustrious Knights,
 By birth illustrious, and by feats of arms
 Done for the Holy Cross in Palestine,
 As innocent entirely ■ ■ dove
 In pity prest by ■ affectionate child
 To its fond bosom,—unacquainted yet
 With sin, ■ sin-born sorrow, however ■
 May be their fatal presence, lieth now—
 And God's own eye is on her, and the eyes
 Of all ■ angels in that perilous hour—
 The daughter of a lowly Forester!
 Too humble to oppose, too blest to fear
 The kiss that thrills her forehead! For ■ name,
 That from the far-off mountains to the sea
 Was like ■ household word in hut and hall,
 Now murmur'd in her ear; and never maid,
 High-born ■ humble, suffer'd scathe or scorn
 From the Le Fleming, in his glorious youth
 Pure ■ a star, whose light is always pure,
 Because its station is aloft, and prayers
 From earth prevent its being stain'd in heaven.
 It pass'd—that meeting—with the morning clouds!
 But oft and oft ■ with the morning clouds
 Renew'd, and by the light of setting ■
 And rising moons, and that soft-burning star
 Which ever, ■ impassion'd spirits dream,
 Looks down ■ lovers like ■ thing that loves.
 And ever ■ they met by day or night,
 That maiden yielded up her tranced life
 To the dear dream, which all the while she knew
 Was but a dream, and strove she to believe
 That it might last for ever, though ■ voice,
 A still small voice within the aching depths
 Where fear and sorrow struggled, oft did say

That ■ such dreams were transient ■ the dew.
 And aye at his departure disappear'd
 All joy from this dark world. The sylvan shades
 Were haunted ■ by miserable thoughts,
 Coming and going ghost like; what they meant
 By their dire threatenings, one so weak as she
 And wretched might not know; but whisperings
 Prophetic of ■ sad calamity,
 Of early death and burial, from the hush
 ■ the old trees would come, and oft did pass
 Close by her ear, upon the bed where sleep
 Now seldom dropp'd oblivion. Now the moon,
 The splendid harvest-moon, that used ■ shine
 Upon her pleasant paths ■ cheerfully,
 Disturb'd her with a ■ all ■ fair
 For weary weeper ■ a sinful earth;
 And something, though ■ ■ not what it was,
 Something whose shadow ■ ■ terrible,
 Oft seem'd to stand between her and the stars.
 Seldom her old songs now the maiden sang!
 They told of lowly and of happy loves,
 Of true hearts, after many a patient year
 That tried their faith by absence, or the wo
 Of rumour'd death, or houseless poverty,
 Wedded at last, and living all their lives
 In merry greenwood, cheerful as the doves
 That coo'd, or flowers that bloom'd, upon their roof.
 She durst not sing such happy songs ■ these,
 And fain would have forgot the melodies
 In which they were embalm'd! Oh! never now
 Had she the heart to chant that ballad old,
 Wherein 't was shown how once a king's own son,
 Disguised as a woodsman, came and woo'd
 A Forest Maiden, and at last prevail'd
 On the poor wretch to be his Paramour;
 Who, in a little month, forsaken, died!
 But ■ till she had broke her parent's hearts.
 ■ But not till she had broke her parent's hearts! ■
 A strange voice mutter'd. When she look'd around,
 She saw that not ■ much as one leaf stirr'd,
 Or insect's wing, in all the solitude!
 And thus there ■ not one familiar word,
 Or ■ familiar thought, that could not bring
 The groans from out her heart, as if it lay,
 Her very soul, outstretch'd upon a rack,
 While ■ dark fiend did smite, till swoonings dim
 O'ershadow'd all her senses, and despair
 Fell ■ her worse than death! And this was — Love!

But in his passion for that starlike Flower,
 Which, waving sweetly in the woodland air,
 Unto his rapt imagination seem'd
 To show what'er ■ fairest, brightest, best,
 In the created things that beauty breathe,
 More touching far, because so suddenly,
 And far removed out of the lofty sphere
 In which he shone, the new Existence ■
 Almost beyond belief, far far beyond,
 Even in the grace he loved, all Images
 Of Lady or Queen in fabling Poesy,
 (And he had listen'd to the amorous lays
 Sung ■ the harp by wandering Troubadour
 In Tent pitch'd by the ■ of Galilee,
 Or by the desert-well o'ershadow'd
 By palm-trees blest by weary pilgrimage),
 In such ■ passion the Le Fleming walk'd

Statelier and statelier, like a very god
 Who reigneth in his undivided sway
 O'er his own world; and prouder far was he
 Of the fair May he woo'd among the woods,
 And of the fragrant lilies in her breast,
 And of those moist celestial violets
 Her undisguising eyes, than heretofore
 ■ e'er had been of smile of high-born Dame,
 Who, from balcony stooping down, let fall
 To him the victor in the tournament
 Her colours sigh'd for by all England's Peers.

From that great Sire, who with the Conqueror
 Came ■ from the warlike Normandy,
 Le Fleming gloried in his lofty line
 Unstain'd, for centuries, by any stream
 Of less illustrious blood! And would he wed
 The daughter of a Forester? blest Flower,
 Although indeed she be! by nature dropt
 Among the ■ weeds that fade ■
 Around his lordly feet! No! she shall be
 His Bonnibelle, his Burde, his Paramour,
 To some enchanted forest-bower among
 The guardian mountains spirited away!
 And there to sing, ■ sigh, and weep, and weave
 Disconsolate fancies in her solitude;
 By vows, which Heaven itself will consecrate,
 Even at the sylvan altar of pure Truth.
 Together link'd for ever, far beyond
 The sanctity of Ritual e'er pronounced
 In Abbey's gloom by soulless culibate!
 «To sing, and sigh, and smile, and weep!» Aye, there
 Despised, loved, pitied, worshipp'd and adored!
 For beauty such as hers might be adored,
 In flower of Bliss, though Sorrow kept the door,
 And Sin, veil'd like a Seraph, strew'd the couch
 Unruffled by Repentance!

Oh! my soul!
 How glimmering are the bounds that oft divide
 Virtue from Vice, and from the Night of Guilt
 The Day-spring of Religion! Conscience shuts
 Her shining eye, lull'd into fatal sleep
 Even by the voice of Love! or, ■ of all
 Imaginable miseries, looketh ■
 And listeneth, heedless of her sacred trust,
 On troubled bliss that leads our souls to death!
 Though God's vicegerent, sovereign of the soul,
 And showing clear credentials from above,
 Yet ■ that Seraph, by allurements won,
 Or by severe temptation terrified,
 The Terrene for the Heavenly (as at night
 A marish vapour ■ a luminary
 Whose dwelling ■ upon the steadfast skies),
 Mistakes ■ ruefully; and, slave of Fate,
 Walks onwards ■ perdition! Witness ye!
 Who on the wings of passion, even like doves
 Borne by their instinct o'er untravell'd seas,
 Safe in the hurricane, till they gently drop
 Into their native nest, vainly believe
 That you, like those glad birds, ■ flying home
 To Heaven, directed by the Polar Star
 Hung ■ to guide us mortal mariners,
 While you are hurrying ■ the sunless clime
 Of God-forsaken Sin and Misery!

«O Father, Mother!»—«Fear not, mine own Flower!
 But they will both be happy, when they see
 Thee happy as the Morn. Thou ■ not weep
 Any ■ tears for them; and yet I love
 That paleness ■ thy cheek, for Nature's ties
 Are holy; but the holiest of them all
 Is that, which spite of Fortune and of Fate,
 And evil stars, in life and death unites
 Two souls whom this bad world and its bad laws,
 In vain would seek to sever! From that world
 Far, far apart, and all its heartlessness,
 We ■ shall live—Oh! let me ■ thine eyes
 Again, and kiss away these idle tears—
 And ■ a whisper ever shall be heard
 From any human voice that is not charged
 With prayers and blessings upon thee and thine!
 Yes! thou, even in their prayers, shalt still be call'd
 The Flower of Furness, when the poor do kneel
 To Him who pities and forgives us all,
 And ■ transgressions, calling on the Saints,
 And Her whom ■ adore, to hold thee ever
 Under their ■ protection, ■ thou walk'st
 Among the woods, dispensing charity
 To widows and to orphans; every boon
 Felt in their sickness, penury, or age,
 To be still more angelical and divine,
 Because of the sweet sound and the sweet light
 Breathed with it from thy bosom and thine eyes
 Day after day more and ■ beautiful,
 If that indeed may be, from being vow'd
 To Love and Pity all life-long, and knowing
 No happiness but that of doing good!
 Yet, never ■ ceasing, till we die,
 To hold within the sanctuary of thy heart
 Thine ■ Le Fleming, though unworthy he,
 But for the life-deep passion that attends
 Thy coming and thy going, ■ thy breast
 To lay his head in heaven! God bless that smile!—
 Aye! ■ will be the sunniest life, my dove,
 That ever glanced or glided o'er the earth!
 Sometimes upon thy palfrey, silver-rein'd,
 Thy true knight by thy side, through alleys green
 Of glimmering forest, Queenlike thou shalt go,
 As in adventurous days of old Romance;
 But peril ■ thee shall be none, no fiend
 Or giant starting up among the woods
 All still and beautiful ■ Faëry Londe.
 Or habited like huntress, ■ with bow
 In thy fair hand, and o'er thy shoulders fair
 A quiver, thou shalt like Diana's self
 Pursue the spotted deer. Yet drop of blood
 In these our innocent pastimes ne'er shall stain
 Arrow of thine; for thou from infancy
 Hast loved the timid race; most sweet ■ thee
 To stand and look upon the hind ■ play
 In shady places with her fauns, and soon
 They all will learn ■ look upon thy face
 With fearless love, ■ shun thy noiseless feet
 Along the moss-sward underneath the boughs
 So mossy of the overarching oaks.
 Oh! I will lead thee through a hundred vales
 Solemn ■ to visit, ■ two selves
 The only human creatures in the gloom
 Flung down like night upon ■ from the cliffs
 Of huge Helvellyn, where the eagles cry;
 Or in the hush, as gentle as thy sleep,

Of lovely Grassmere, where the Church-Tower stands
Above the ashes of my ancestors,
A place always ■ peaceful as ■ dream!
Or floating in our pinnace through the isles
Of wooded Windermere, the River-Lake
Hung for a while between two worlds of stars!
Nor need'st thou fear, my Innocent, with ■
To visit, through the moonshine steering slow,
On Lady-Isle that Holy Oratory;
And on my bosom leaning, there ■ pray
That if indeed there any ■ be,
Frailty, or guilt, ■ sin, in love like ours,
Even for the dear sake of such contrite tears
As now flow from thine eyes, and still must flow,
For fondest kisses cannot reach their ■
Profound—there both of ■ will plead and pray,
My spirit then as humble ■ thine own,
That ■ may be forgiven! But if from Thee
I ■ must walk away in my despair,
And never, never ■ thee any ■
In all this loveless life, this weary world;
■ all my supplications now ■ fall
Into that bosom, idle ■ the shower
Of transitory ■ which ■ will melt
Away in its fair sweetness, how shall I
Bear up against the utter wretchedness
Of such a desolation! Keep my head
From going down ■ a dishonour'd grave!

He ceased; nor in that passion did he know,
Although he dimly fear'd, his wickedness.
For his was not a heart of stone; but fill'd
To overflowing with heroic thoughts,
With tender feelings, and with fancies wild;
A Being he, if ever such there were,
By Nature made to love, and be beloved,
Even as a vernal day. But Pride, the sin
Of seraphs, and of mortal men who stand
Upon the sunny summits of this life,
The native greatness of his character
Had lower'd unawares, and ■ the core
Corrupted, but not wither'd; for they grew
Strong at the heart, and in luxuriance still,
The passions that ■ given him ■ uplift
His soul, and gain for him a name in peace,
Fair, as in ■ it ■ most glorious.
And ■ he would beguile ■ sin and shame,
And ■ and death, and doom beyond the grave—
For in the sacred judgments of ■ souls
Such ■ the lot of ruin'd innocence—
That Virgin, whom his love had found ■ pure
As dew-drop in ■ dream, ■ glad ■ light
Upon the hills of God!

With clasped hands,
And eyes beseechful, yet upbraiding not,
Imploringly the silent Statue pray'd
That he would yet have pity ■ her youth,
Even for her parents' sakes! Then like ■ dove,
That, stricken by some sudden bird of prey,
Falls moaning ■ its nest, down at his feet
She dropt, with one long sigh that seem'd to say,
• My heart is broken! • To the Fairies' Well
He bore the corpse; for in his agony
That word, ■ hideous of all hideous words,
Was heard within the dream of his remorse,

While a more ghastly whiteness overspread
The face of her whom he had murder'd. Lo!
Through the dim opening of her eyes appears
Something that may be life! The eyelids ■
A little, and that glimpse of heavenly blue,
Faint though it be and clouded, may ■ dwell
In orbs that have eclipsed been by death.
See! how the breathing mystery we call Soul
Comes back! Where ■ it even now, when throbb'd
No pulse—no sense took notice—and the heart
Beat ■ ■ flutter'd, nor one single thought
Remain'd within the many-chamber'd brain!
Gazing bewild'rd on some other world,
She all ■ starts up ■ her knees,
And fixes wildly ■ Le Fleming's face
Eyes ■ of manifest insanity,
As if she were a fiend ■ a fiend
Gibbering in wrathful speech. Oh! ■ a ■
Has meaning, or, if any meaning range
Among the alter'd syllabings of ■
Familiar once and sacred, it is such
As well might break the hardest heart to hear,
Sinful, and like a poisonous breath distill'd
Even from the dews of those most innocent lips,
Even from the sweet stream of those innocent veins,
Even from the pure drops of that innocent heart,
Whose worst confessions, before God and man,
A little while ago were scarcely worth
The shedding of a tear.

But Mercy's hand
Hath readjusted now the wondrous springs
On which the reasonable spirit moves,
And hath at ■ her being and her powers
All knowledge of herself and of this world,
Of Heaven and of the God who reigns in Heaven;
Else, in their dread disorder, to the beasts
That range the fields inferior in all ■
And feeling, the most sad and terrible
Of all the sad and terrible things in Nature—
And once again the Flower of Furness shines
In all her beauty brought back from afar,
In innocence returning from the gates
Of Hades. • Yes! I swear by all the stars
Reeling so strangely through the skies—by all
The uncouth glimmering of that moon—by Him
Who died for sinners—and a sinner I
Beyond all other sinners—and I ■
By Father and by Mother, whom my sin
Will ■ send to their graves, to follow Thee,
Where'er thou beckonest, and in love ■ lie
Upon thy breast, though in some dungeon-cell
Our couch may be, among all crawling things
That flesh and blood doth shudder at, and life
Recoils from into madness—I am thine!
Body and soul—am thine! and for thy sake
I sacrifice them both ■ endless death!

Remorse! What art thou but a pang of guilt,
By the destruction of ■ bliss enjoy'd
Alarm'd and troubled, or by vanishing
Of ■ bliss madly long'd for? Virtue hangs
Upon a stay more frail than gossamere
That hangs ■ Thee! Back from the gates of death
By thee ■ sinner ever yet ■ turn'd;
For thou ■ ■ unlike to sweet Contrition
As the swart Ethiop ■ the Afric desert

To Una wandering along Faëry Land!
 As bounds upon the battle-field the soul
 Of warrior ■ the cry of victory
 Round his Van-banner, bounded then the soul
 Of the Le Fleming! Cruel in his bliss,
 And ■ relentless—nor to pity moved
 By that confession, in their darkness felt
 By very fiends to be most pitiful;
 But ■ while her parents' ghosts stood by,
 So said the lost child who beheld them plain,
 His old grey head and her distracted eyes,
 He tied her to her oath, ■ to ■ stake
 Within the roarings of the coming sea;
 And to her fate resign'd, she touch'd his lips
 With ■ kiss cold as tombstone when the night
 Descends in frost upon a cemetery.
 Not till the parting that did then befall,
 Could that lost creature ever know that Love
 Was but ■ name for all life's miseries.
 For she had fix'd another Trysting-Hour
 From which she never ■ to return
 Unto her sinless hed, but disappear
 Away with him from her old parents' eyes,
 And before God Almighty break their hearts.
 The moon had sunk, and over all the stars
 Black clouds came sailing from the sea; and sighs
 And groans most human like went up and down
 The creaking woods, with dreariest intervals
 Of utter silence. At the door she stood,
 And fear'd ■ lift the latch; then blind and deaf
 She totter'd o'er the threshold, and beheld
 Her miserable father on his knees,
 Before what, by the twinkling of the hearth,
 Was seen ■ be a corpse—her mother's corpse,
 Sitting with unclosed eyelids on ■ chair,
 And staring glazedly throughout the gloom
 Straight on her daughter's face! « My wickedness
 Has kill'd my mother!» And no other words
 Did issue from her lips till morning light;
 But in ■ most unbreathing trance she lay,
 Her father sometimes fearing she was dead.
 As if awaking from her usual sleep,
 She at her usual hour arose, and knelt
 By her bedside to say her usual prayers,
 When all on a sudden starting up, she paced
 Like ■ who hath deranged been for years,
 In strange directions up and down the room,
 Eying particular pieces of the walls,
 As if that she ■ reading on a book,
 And by the knowledge of some dismal thing
 Distracted and amazed. Then all at once
 Laying her finger on her lips, « Hush! hush!»
 She said, « hush! hush! my mother sleeps!
 Those cruel sunbeams must not be allow'd
 To strike her face!» Then with wild shrieks she flew
 Into her father's arms, and tore herself
 Next moment from them with distorted features,
 Shouting and yelling, « Fiend—fiend—fiend!»

The sea,

Whose foam has been through all the thunderous night
 With floating shipwreck strewn, begins at morn
 To heave in terrible beauty, and subsiding
 Hour after hour through all the fitful day
 Into a rolling gloom, by sunset, lo!
 The world of waters is as still ■ sleep!

So rag'd—so heaved—so roll'd—and so to calm
 Profound and perfect, that poor maniac's soul
 Return'd. And ■ again among the woods
 The Flower of Furness in her beauty walk'd;
 But pale and silent ■ a ghost, and ■
 ■ awe and pity dared ■ speak to her,
 Or ■ the unearthly stillness of her grief.
 In his bereavement her old father went,
 As he had gone for ■ than forty years,
 To work for their poor livelihood, far off
 On the High-Furness fells. The day goes by,
 On which our soul's beloved dies! The day,
 On which the body of the dead is stretch'd
 By hands that deck'd it when alive; the day
 On which the dead is shrouded; and the day
 Of burial—one and all pass by! The grave
 Grows green ere long; the churchyard seems a place
 Of pleasant rest; and all the cottages,
 That keep for ever sending funerals
 Within its gates, look cheerful every one,
 As if the dwellers therein ■ died,
 And this earth slumber'd in perpetual peace.
 For every sort of suffering there is sleep
 Provided by ■ gracious Providence,
 Save that of sin. We must at first endure
 The simple woe of knowing they are dead,
 A soul-sick woe in which no comfort is,
 And wish we were beside them in the dust!
 That anguish dire cannot sustain itself;
 But settles down into a grief that loves,
 And finds relief in unreprieved tears.
 Then cometh Sorrow like a Sabbath! Heaven
 Sends resignation down, and faith; and last
 Of all, there falls a kind oblivion
 Over the going out of that sweet light
 In which ■ had our being; and the wretch,
 Widow'd and childless, laughs in his old age,
 Laughs and is merry even among the tombs
 Of all his kindred! Say not that the dead
 Are forgotten in their graves! For all
 Beneath the sun and moon is transitory;
 And sacred sorrow like a shadow flies,
 As unsubstantial ■ the happiness
 Whose loss we vainly wept!

And will She keep

That Trysting-Hour? And all for love of him
 Who reigneth o'er her soul, as doth the sun,
 Though hidden, o'er some melancholy sky,
 Forsake her widow'd father's house—the grave
 Of her who died within the very hour
 Her daughter pledged her oath to shame and sin?
 That Trysting-Hour is come. The Wizard's Oak
 With its dark umbrage hides them from the moon
 And stars, but yet ■ little glimmering light
 Is in the glade, and He beholds ■ face,
 White as the face of one who hath been dress'd
 That morning for interment, beautiful,
 With fixed features that shall never more
 ■ touch'd by one faint smile! « My mother's dead:
 And I have been, and fear that I am now,
 Not in my proper mind. But I am come,
 Though weak in body ■ I ■ in soul
 Most truly wicked,—I am come to keep
 My oath, and go with thee to love and death!»

It was an hour for Passion's self to die
 In Pity; and the moonshine sadly fell
 On his caresses tender now and pure
 As those in which a father holds his child,
 When call'd on ■■■ sail to-morrow's morn,
 From his sole orphan, ■■■ some far-off sea.
 A sacred hush subdued his blood, which flow'd
 As cold ■■■ hers who wept herself away
 Within th' embrace she had no cause ■■■ fear,
 Or turn from in her innocence. Her love
 Was felt to be religion towards ■■■
 Who, while the beatings of his heart met hers,
 Knew how ■■■ venerate the sanctity
 Of nature overwhelm'd by vast distress.
 By pity touch'd, and shaken by remorse,
 He promised to allow her virgin life,
 At her beseechings, till another Spring
 To breathe amid her native woods; till then
 To ■■■ ■■■ more upon her solitude.
 « And haply thus, » she said, « he might forget
 Her sinful ■■■ and her sinful love—
 Her sinful self—and better it would be
 For both their sakes, ■■■ next May-day came,
 He ■■■ ■■■ hear that she ■■■ dead and buried ! »

Into a foreign land he went away.
 The winter came, and all the winter's snow
 Again did melt and melt from the green earth;
 And the warm winds of April woke once more
 The sweet perennial flowers on bank and brae,
 Primrose and violet, with embroidery rare
 Decking the ground-moss in each forest glade,
 Around the woodlark's nest. Once more the Spring
 Upon the Flower of Furness look'd from heaven;
 And well might now the very Elements
 Sigh for her sake and weep. For she hath held,
 All through the gloomy days and raving nights
 Of winter, converse with a dreadful Shape,
 Shadowy indeed, and unsubstantial,
 Yet obvious on her path whene'er she went
 Alone into the woods—with lips, hands, eyes,
 All silent, and its glidings silent too;
 But in its sadness always terrible,
 Although it wore her mother's countenance,
 With such dim alteration as the grave
 Breathes o'er the ghost of one in life beloved!
 If ■■■ the Fairies' Well she dared to go,
 'T was there! From out the holy Abbey's gloom
 It issued! Underneath the Wizard's Oak
 It had its seat; and from the solemn sea,
 If ■■■ ■■■ the moonlight waves she walk'd,
 Arose the Apparition! That the grave,
 Or land beyond the grave, sends back the dead,
 From sin to ■■■ in mercy, ■■■ to sin
 To drive in wrath our miserable souls,
 By passion and imagination stirr'd
 From their mysterious depths, hath ever been
 The creed of guilty creatures, terrified
 By their communion with the spiritual world.
 And yet religion saith we stand in need
 Of ■■■ such spectral visitations. Guilt
 The sole creator of all ghosts that haunt
 Her gloom! One dread Idea duly comes,
 As on the dial's face the certain shade,
 Upon our Conscience; and ■■■ moral being,
 Immortal prey of its immortal fears,

Doth shudder ■■■ some immaterial Thing
 In which its apprehensions are embodied
 Of divine wrath and retribution;
 A messenger ■■■ ■■■ us, ■■■ we think,
 From shades that ■■■ beyond the shades of death,
 But rising from the night of our ■■■ souls
 And lost therein, again ■■■ reappear
 When Faith's ■■■ sets, and heaven itself is black
 As hell extending through Eternity!

« Have pity on your daughter! On the child
 Whom you ■■■ tenderly on earth did love!
 Have pity ■■■ me, for ■■■ Saviour's sake! »
 But still the frowning Phantom turn'd ■■■;
 Nor had the name of the dear Son of God
 Power o'er that icy ear, that icy eye,
 Unchangeable ■■■ the Almighty's doom!

May-day had come and gone, and May-day night
 From heaven o'er many ■■■ merry festival
 Had hung her earliest star. The Trysting-Hour
 Fell like a hush upon the woods; and lo!
 True as the sea-tide from some far-off shore,
 The Knight of Rydal, underneath the shade
 Of the Old Wizard's Oak. Nor panted long
 His heart for her sweet footsteps; like a leaf
 Instant she came, as lightly, noiselessly,
 And murmuring in his ear, « Within an hour
 Come to my father's hut; » ere he could kiss
 Her brow or breast, the shade had disappear'd!
 The Knight stood there, till many a brilliant eye
 Look'd through the blue serene; the Trysting-Star
 Was close beside the moon; and soon he stoop'd
 His eagle-plumes below the humble door
 Within whose shade the Flower of Furness slept.
 All full of moonlight was the little room;
 And there, upon her lowly couch did lie,
 Cloth'd in white raiment, free from spot or stain
 As her ■■■ virgin limbs, her virgin soul,
 The daughter of the widow'd Forester,
 Whom in his passion he had sought to lure
 To sin and shame, even while he talk'd of heaven.
 « These ■■■ my bridal robes! » and he beheld
 That she was in her shroud. « Nay, do not fear
 To kiss my lips, though they be white and cold,
 And whiter still, and colder soon will be! »
 Sweet sounds he heard, but in his agony
 He knew ■■■ now the meaning of the words;
 But well he knew the meaning of the sight
 That ■■■ before his eyes, for death was there,
 As surely ■■■ that death is in the grave.
 « Our love was sinful—and my Mother's Ghost
 Was sent by God to save us from our sin.
 Long, long she bore a dreadful countenance,
 For though my spirit shudder'd in remorse,
 It had ■■■ known repentance. But last night,
 When I was praying, blest contrition came,
 And ■■■ that moment, softer, sweeter far
 Than ■■■ voice of earthly thing could be,
 A whisper said, 'My daughter! thy great sin
 Hath been forgiven thee!' I raised up my eyes,
 And close beside my bed, within the reach
 Of my embrace, my Sainted Mother stood,
 One of God's Angels, and let fall a kiss
 Upon my mortal brow, that breathed of heaven.

And now my days are number'd ■ the earth.
 Before that moon shall set, below the Throne
 Must stand the soul of her who speaks ■ thee;
 And I may ■ in death ■ holier blessing
 Leave with thee, if thy heart indeed be changed,
 Than ever yet did sinful woman's love
 Give to her husband on their bridal-day.
 I knew, before I saw that gracious Ghost,
 I had not long to live; and in the woods,
 Oh! even beside the Fairies' Well! I framed
 This shroud, and gather'd for myself these flowers—
 Take one, and keep it for my sake—the rest
 Go with ■ to the grave. Oh! never, never,
 Through all the longest life of happiness
 That heaven may have in store for thee, forget
 Me, the poor penitent! and swear to me,
 Swear ■ this cross, that never ■ thine eyes
 Will fall with sinful thoughts ■ any wretch
 Like me—for I, thou said'st, ■ fair—now look
 Upon my breast—aye, thou mayst kiss it now,
 Unblamed! And I unblamed may take the kiss
 To heaven! See—see—they come—they come!
 My mother's Spirit, and my little sister's
 Who left ■ when a child, and her's who died
 ■ few days after that her Lover's ship
 Was wreck'd on Holy Isle, my earliest friend,
 Out of ■ ■ small family—Holy ones!
 Oh! bear me with you on your wings away!

Farewell, my father—weep not for thy child!
 And thou! for whom I die—Farewell—farewell!

■ look'd, and she was dead!—The Civil Wars
 Ere long did drench all England in her best
 And richest blood; and fighting valiantly
 For the Red Rose of Lancaster he fell,
 Foremost among his conquering Chivalry,
 And then his great heart gloriously got rid
 Of all its mortal sorrows. He had told
 Unto his sister, the fair Lady Blanche,
 The story of his love and his despair;
 A gentle lady, in her pride of place
 Most poor in spirit, and who look'd on life,
 Humble ■ high, ■ Christians used ■ look
 In apostolic days. His obsequies
 Were celebrated—such his own desire—
 In Furness Abbey, and his body laid
 Within its holy cloisters. With ■ fine
 And pious feeling, she herself design'd,
 In her own brain and her own heart, his Tomb!
 And oft, 't is said, she came and sat for hours
 Beside the sculptor, while he chisell'd out
 Into the deep repose of shadow'd death
 These Images! till she through tears beheld
 Her Hero-Brother in his panoply,
 A most majestic Figure! and as meek
 The Flower of Furness lying at his feet!

THE END.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
BARRY CORNWALL.

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Memoir of Bryan Waller Proctor.

THIS writer is better known, both at home and in foreign countries, by the appellation of BARRY CORNWALL, usually prefixed to his works for reasons known only to himself. No plausible excuse has been given for his concealment of his real name. No biography of this poet has yet appeared, and little respecting his early life is known by his friends. Bryan Waller Proctor was born in London, and is of a respectable family in the northern part of England. He received the first rudiments of his education at Ealing, a village near London, and was removed from thence to Harrow Grammar School, where he remained four years, and numbered among his school-fellows Lord Byron, Mr Peel, the minister for the home department, and several individuals who subsequently became noted in the world. Dr Drury was head-master of Harrow, at that time, and his encomiums have been sounded in high terms by more than one of his scholars. This Dr Drury it was who became the patron of the introduction of Kean the actor on the London stage, having seen him acting in Devonshire and conceived a high opinion of his talents.

From the school at Harrow, Proctor was sent to the town of Calne, in Wiltshire, where he was placed with a solicitor to learn his business. The solicitor's name was Atherston, a clever and excellent man. With this master he remained four years, and then proceeded to London.

At the time Proctor resided at Calne, several characters well known to the literary world dwelt in the neighbourhood; among them were Crabbe, Moore, and Bowles. Dr Priestley, the philosopher, once occupied a house opposite to that in which Mr Atherston resided. Coleridge, after Mr Atherston quitted it, dwelt in the house where Proctor had undergone his legal probation. This is not a little curious a coincidence, for it does not appear that any of these celebrated men were natives of the town of Calne, the very aspect of which is a little poetical or literary or philosophic as it can well be.

On leaving Calne and the drudgery of the preparatory part of his profession, the poet became the pupil of a conveyancer in one of the inns of court, it is generally reported of Lincoln's-Inn.

He had also determined to go to the bar, but circumstances intervening to change this resolution, Proctor pursued his original profession of a conveyancer.

The *«Dramatic Scenes»* published under the assumed name of Barry Cornwall, first appeared in 1815, and about the end of the same year he published his *«Sicilian Story.»* In the short interval which elapsed between these publications, Barry Cornwall became a great favourite with the public. The subject of this tale is derived from the inexhaustible Decameron, and it is treated very happily; but there is a sombre tone runs through all, which in this writer is not feigned or assumed, as it has been by others. Ill health is generally understood to be the cause of that species of melancholy which pervades most of his works, or perhaps a constitutional tendency that way. In 1820 appeared his *«Marcian Colonna.»* This poem is not so felicitous in the plot as in the execution. It has excellencies of the highest order; the descriptions of nature are noble, and the passion of love delineated with a rich sense of feeling. *«Mirandola»* was his next published work; it came out in 1821, well sustaining the author's previous reputation.

The models on which Barry Cornwall has founded his poetic style may be found among the older lyric and dramatic poets of England. Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Decker, Marlow, and Massinger, among our writers in the drama, and Milton in the epic walk, he seems to have read with more than common care, and to have studied portions of their works so closely as to have imitated them unconsciously, as may be observed in his printed works. In stature Proctor is below the middle height rather than above. His physiognomy is mild, and displays with that sedateness and melancholy cast which is observable in his poetry, the indications of kindness of heart and an amiable although somewhat of a feeble, rather than masculine, character. He is married recently, and much of his time is necessarily occupied with the affairs of business. It is probably owing to this that his appearance before the public has been so rare of late. A page or two in the *«New Monthly Magazine»*, or an occasional contribution to some of the literary annuals, are

all in which, for several years, his pen is ■ be recognized by the public.

The poetry of Barry Cornwall, ■ has been already intimated, is built entirely upon the dramatists of the sixteenth century, and all he writes is deeply imbued with their spirit. There is little ■ ■ of their energy it is true, but there is much of their fine character, their pathos, their sadness, and their gentle passion. There is ■ propensity in Barry Cornwall to select subjects from among the morbid feelings of ■ nature, or from her erratic wanderings, rather than from her master-pieces in intellect and passion. Of the most perfect humanity he is shy; and ■ prefers to revel, in ■ instance, amid the dreams of ■ insanity which is not the offspring of calamity, but inherent from his heroine's birth, born with her and part of her being. Perhaps such ■ subject is not the happiest for poetry; yet no one can deny, that in «*Marcian Colonna*» ■ much has been made of it, without shocking the feelings ■ the reader ■ violating propriety, ■ it ■ possible ■ make. There ■ passages in the works of Barry Cornwall which will bear comparison with any others of our later poets, when read detached from their immediate connection, their antecedent or subsequent verses. In some of his works the poet falls into scenes of calm, contemplative, philosophical feeling, which afford materials for thinking, as well as yield a fund of high amusement and deep interest. He seems to feel all he writes; and so feeling every thing, he has ■ earnestness which is rarely to be found so sustained any where as in his unruffled and tranquil poetry. His variations are less than those of most contemporary writers: he pursues his ■ unbrokenly along, in gentle chaste beauty.

In his stories ■ plots Barry Cornwall is not so fortunate as in the filling up of ■ details. In «*Marcian Colonna*» the ill-judged madness of the hero is ■ before the eyes of the reader, and though ■ well painted, it strikes him ■ in

bad taste. In the «*Sicilian Story*,» the plot is Boccaccio's: «*Diego de Montilla*» is not new. The filling in of his pictures, therefore, constitutes their merit, and the poet exhibits no falling off there; he is, though ■ imitative rather than an original writer, more especially ■ respects his connection with the older English dramatists, unequalled in his peculiar walk. Charles Lamb is a copyist of them to servility, but Barry Cornwall resuscitates their spirit, and shows nothing of servile imitation—he animates what he writes by their beauties, but he rejects their antique language and conceits; in short, he only borrows their graces and the purity of their thoughts. In «*Mirandola*,» however, where this fondness for the earlier dramatists might be supposed to be more conspicuous from the character of the poetry, he does not ■ ■ exhibit more of his predilection for them than in his preceding works, which have no relation to dramatic composition.

■ has been observed that the variety of the human countenance is ■ great, it is probable ■ two persons ever existed exactly like each other, if placed side by side. The ■ variety ■ to hold good in respect to the variety of style and difference among writers. There are no two ■ much alike that a practised reader can be mistaken, judging from their entire works. Barry Cornwall stands out as distinctly from his contemporaries, and has his features of difference from them as clearly distinguished, as the poetry of Byron is to be distinguished from the prosaic rhymes or hexameters of Southey. His character as a poet is precisely that of the man, and there is no difficulty therefore, with his works before ■ stranger, for him to appreciate justly one by the other. Of all the living poets of England, not one has carried himself more blamelessly, or pursued his course through life's journey with more honour and credit to himself, with less assumption and ■ claim to honest praise than Barry Cornwall.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
BARRY CORNWALL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE outlines of the « Sicilian Story » and of the « Falcon » may be found in the Decameron.

I have attempted two poems in the octave rhyme. It is, with all its apparent ~~weakness~~ (and indeed principally ~~on~~ that account), a difficult style; and it is not without ~~some~~ hesitation that I lay these poems before the public.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

I AM desirous of taking advantage of the opportunity which this edition affords me, to say a few words upon the two poems written in the octave rhyme. It has been objected to them, even by critics who were evidently kindly disposed towards the book, that the humour was not sufficiently obvious. I may be allowed to say in answer to this that the humour was *purposely subdued*; in conformity, as I believed, to the Italian models, where the writers of the octave rhyme appear to have insinuated rather than insisted upon their jests.

Dramatic Scenes.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ONE object that I had in view, when I wrote these « Scenes, » was to try the effect of a more natural style than that which has for a long time prevailed in our dramatic literature.

I have endeavoured to mingle poetical imagery with expressions of natural emotion: but it has been my wish, where the one seemed to jar with the other, that the former should give place to the latter. In this spirit I have ventured to let several passages, little interesting perhaps otherwise than as a representation of human dialogue, remain.

It may be observed, that several parts touching upon description are merely poetical, and such as men, in the general course of life, might never use. Let it be recollected, however, that the persons ~~to~~ whom these passages have been imposed, existed in ages more chivalrous than the present; and when men were apt to indulge in all the extravagances of romance.¹

Two Stanzas, written by a friend, are prefixed to this Book. I would have left them, as I safely might, to ingratiate themselves with the reader, had they not involved a compliment to me. To readers of poetry, it will scarcely be necessary to say that these little offerings ~~are~~ merely friendly.

¹ The second scene in « Werner » forms an exception to my plan of dialogue. It is a mere soliloquy.

One word more. I have touched neither upon politics ~~nor~~ polemics: and if an occasional sentence should ~~be~~ to bear upon either of those subjects, it is contrary to my wish, and I disclaim the inference.

TO ROMANCE.

(By a Friend of the Author.)

BEAUTIFUL Spirit, who dost sit at eve
Within thy tapestried hall of shield and spear,
Gazing where the dying sun-beams leave
The heaven in crimson—on thy cheek a tear,
Like dew upon the red rose, quivering, clear—
From thy pale brow half raised thy nun-like hood—
Thy ruby lip half opened, as to hear
Some floating music of the sky or wood—
Come, sweet Romance! from thine enchanted solitude.

Not for myself I ~~call~~ thee now to stand
Beside the harp: Loved Spirit, spread thy wings
Of veiling splendour over one whose hand
Wakes its first music from the golden strings;—
For he is thy true votary, and clings
To thy fallen altar with a love sublime,
And brings a gift of wild and witching things
From glorious Greece, from the Italian prime,
A coronal of gems from the rich depths of time.

G. C.

THE TWO DREAMS.

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home,
She dreamt to-night she saw——
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent.

Julius Cæsar, act ii. 2.

And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sibyls of the future.

Lord Byron.—The Dream.

This drama is founded on a tale of Boccaccio. Gabriello, a young gentleman of Brescia, is privately married to the daughter of a nobleman there. Andreana (which was her name) excluded him one night from her society. On his return afterwards, she related to him a dream; and he, at the moment of relating another, intending to show her the fallacy of dreams, fell dead.

SCENE.

A Garden.

GABRIELLO, ANDREANA.

GABRIELLO.

Come hither, Andreana; you and I
Have lived in Brescia here as lovers—nay
Husband and wife, full three years now: or more!

ANDREANA.

'T is more.

GABRIELLO.

You're right, sweet: 't is so. In that time
I never failed to see you at the hour
We fix'd for meeting: if 't were fine, 't was well;
■ cold, my love was warm: if stormy, I
Wrapp'd my cloak round and smiled, for you were safe;
And when the piping winds of winter blew
Sharp sleet against ■ and the blinding rain,
And the loud quarrelling elements cast out
Their sheeted fires, 't was something cheerful still
To think of the after-welcome you would give me.
But these are trifles.

ANDREANA.

Not to me: I know

How constant you have been, love: have I not
Confess'd it often?

GABRIELLO.

Often.

ANDREANA.

Well then, why

Remind ■ thus—thus harshly (for you did)
Of what I own so gratefully?

GABRIELLO.

Andreana,

Last night 't is said (the only night when I
Since our sweet marriage, have been barred from you)
The young Count Strozzi visited—your father:
Was 't not so?

ANDREANA.

Yes.

GABRIELLO.

And why was I excluded?

ANDREANA.

I had ■ silly trouble on me then:

You 'll laugh when I shall tell you of it (I hope,
You will laugh;) I have had—a dream; sit closer,
And press your palm 'gainst mine—that's well; but you
Have quite forgot your usual kiss.

GABRIELLO.

There.

ANDREANA.

Oh!

You press my lip too hard.

GABRIELLO.

I'll try again.

ANDREANA.

Pshaw! but laugh at me now, dear. I have had
A horrid dream: methought we lay together
Beside ■ splashing fountain: it was night,
(A sultry night) and over-head the stars
Went rolling 'round and 'round the moonless skies:
The noise they uttered in their rushing course
Was like a serpent's hiss.—Look there, Gabriello,
Orion's centre star moved then.

GABRIELLO.

Away,

You idle girl.

ANDREANA.

Keep your eye fix'd.

GABRIELLO.

Go on.

ANDREANA.

Well,—I was lying then, as I am now,
Within your arms. How sweet Love's pillow is!
I look'd at you and smiled: I spoke, but you
Heaved a deep sigh and trembled. Still the stars
Went 'round and 'round, their circles lessening
At each revolve: At last one reached the point
Right o'er your head, and sank—Another came
And sank in darkness—then another died.
Orb after orb ■ rolling in its round,
As though impell'd within your influence,
And vanish'd like the first. Saturn alone
(Your natal star) blazed sullenly aloof:
At last he stagger'd with a hideous noise,
As though a globe were cracking, and his ring
Shook, and look'd white about him, and a light
Came streaming from his sphere. But why tell this?
He died with the rest, at last: Then I——

GABRIELLO.

Awoke?

ANDREANA.

No, no. Would that I had. Now listen, love:
Attentive too.

GABRIELLO.

I rest upon your words:

You tell a dream so prettily.

ANDREANA.

I thought

That when the last star died, ■ thundering sound
Was heard in the air, like groans and horrid laughs,
And shrieks and syllables in an unknown tongue:
And over ■ vast wings, that might have borne
The lost archangel in his wanderings,
Floated, and ■ they touched me (but you lay
Beside me, so I felt ■ fear). At last
There rose a shadowy thing from out your body,
And stood in silence by you. It was not
Flesh, ■ nor vapour; but it seem'd to be
A dismal compound of the elements,

Huddled by chance together ■ the form
Of man was fixed and fashioned into beauty,
Then, like ■ loathsome and unfinished thing,
Flung aside for ever.

GABRIELLO.

So, what happened then?

ANDREANA.

Why then the thing hung over you. You scream'd
And struggled painfully, but it laugh'd and flapp'd
Its chilling wings, and breathed on you—Then you
Lay still—

GABRIELLO.

Proceed.

ANDREANA.

And then the dark earth yawned,

And there ■ out blue fires and sounds of torture,
Curses and shrieks—then solitary laughs.
The creature seized you in its arms and sprung
(I could not hold you then, dear Gabriello)
With you into the gulf: and then I 'woke.

GABRIELLO.

And is this all?

ANDREANA.

Is 't not enough? alas!

GABRIELLO.

Shame, silly girl, look up and kiss me. So
The ghost you see has never harmed my lip,
And your's grow sweeter daily.

ANDREANA.

Oh! you flatterer:

You do the same to others. You were called
A gallant youth before I knew you.

GABRIELLO.

Aye,

But not since, Andreana. I have lost
My ■ for gallantry now, (a serious thing
Alas, alas!) I have ■ mind ■ grieve
As you did 'bout the dream.

ANDREANA.

Ah! why will you

Bring that back to my memory? Let ■ talk
Of something else.

GABRIELLO.

Why then about my dream;

For I 've dreamt too, and 't was ■ terrible dream,
Yet I ■ here to laugh at it.

ANDREANA.

When did it happen?

GABRIELLO.

Last night.

ANDREANA.

Was 't of yourself?

GABRIELLO.

I 'll tell you soon,

Dearest. I dreamt—

ANDREANA.

Was 't—was 't about the stars?

GABRIELLO.

No, no, you coward, I—

ANDREANA.

Now, ■ I live

Orion's lights are out.

GABRIELLO.

Your eyes grow dim.

Look! there they are, there.

ANDREANA.

Ah! they 're come again.

GABRIELLO.

Well, as you please.—I thought I had a fawn,
White and ■ spotless as the ■ that lies
On inaccessible hills. I thought I loved
This fawn as I love you, sweet.

ANDREANA.

Ah! so much?

GABRIELLO.

Why haply not, but much, that 's certain: So,
To keep the pretty thing secure, I bought
A collar of gold and lock'd it round its neck,
Which fast'ning to ■ by a chain, I roamed
For exercise in the forest. The silly deer
Frolick'd and toss'd its antler'd head about,
And lick'd my hand ■ times, and then 't would ■
On thyme and odorous herbs: at last, fatigued,
I sat upon a hillock that ■
'Neath a wild orange-tree, and plucked ■ flowers
To make a coronet for my horned fool;
And flung a leaf or two at times upon it:
These it would take in its mouth, but liking not
The taste, cast them away, and then would run
In sportive anger toward me. This did waste
Some time. At last—

ANDREANA.

What was the end?

GABRIELLO.

You are

Impatient, sweet. While I ■ busy with
My garland, the chain shook, and there came forth
A sob like sorrow from my pretty fawn.
I look'd—its ■ pricked up, and its eyes
(From which a tremulous light came) seem'd to start
From the head: the slight limbs trembled, and the flanks
Heaved up and down ■ though it had been chased;
The fore legs were stretch'd out, the hinder bent
Beneath its delicate body.

ANDREANA.

Yes; go on.

Then—

GABRIELLO.

A black greyhound bitch then started forth:
Lean 't was, and like a wolf.

ANDREANA.

But black?

GABRIELLO.

Yes, black

As winter nights ■ when the heavy clouds
Do curtain up the stars.

ANDREANA.

I do not like

The colour.

GABRIELLO.

Nor the dog, sweet, ■ you 'll see:

The dog ran towards ■

■■■■■■■■■■

Towards the fawn, you ■■■■

GABRIELLO.

Towards me, my Andreana: that was odd.

■■■■■■■■■■

But all dreams are, you know.

■■■■■■■■■■

They are. I like

To hear you talk thus: ■ half hour ago

And you 'd have conjured something terrible
From this slight dream.

ANDREANA.

True, true,—but for the story.

GABRIELLO.

The dog ran tow'rds me with outstretch'd jaws
From which the white foam trickled; its red tongue
Was curl'd within its mouth, and every tooth
Stood bare and grinning at me. Then I shook.

ANDREANA.

Afraid, my love?

GABRIELLO.

Why somewhat frighten'd, for
I had ■ power to move. Then the beast sprung
Against my heart. By heaven! I felt a pain
As though a dagger struck me, and it seized
My side (my left side here), and gnaw'd its way
In a moment to my heart: the blood gush'd out,
And once methought so freely that the dog
Was blinded with it, but he shook 't away
And came with fiercer appetite. At last,
Now hearken, love.

ANDREANA.

I do, I do.

GABRIELLO.

At last—

ANDREANA.

What then?

GABRIELLO.

[—

ANDREANA.

Ha! speak quickly; then—

GABRIELLO.

I 'woke. [Laughing.

ANDREANA.

Ha-ha-ha-ha: I 'll punish you for this.
And this is really all?

GABRIELLO.

In truth it is:

Is 't not enough—will you have more?

ANDREANA.

No, no.

GABRIELLO.

Now, Andreana, learn how little hath
A dream to do with life, and yet life ■
Itself ■ dream perhaps; with ■ it hath
Been happy, for young Andreana's mine.
Yet, not ■ dream; for that ■ had indeed
Should all our hopes be frail,—evanishing
With the coarse mould that pens the spirit up:
Oh no, the spirit's immortal, sure. How fine
And marvellous the subtle intellect is.
Beauty's creator! it adorns the body
And lights it like a star. It shines for ever,
And like ■ watch-tower to the infidel
Shows there's a land to come.

ANDREANA.

How grave you are.

GABRIELLO.

Something oppresses me: I 'll blow it away.

There—now 't is gone—oh!—

ANDREANA.

What's the matter, love?

GABRIELLO.

O Andreana! Here, here, clasp your ■
About me, love: my life's departing: quick—

Closer—oh! close: press harder, sweet: the blood
■ running from my heart.

ANDREANA.

O Gabriello!

Speak, speak: do not look so. Nay—

GABRIELLO.

My love—ah!—

ANDREANA.

[Dies.

So that's well:

You're easier now; do you feel faint? Alas!

He swoons. I 'll scoop some water from the fountain,

And kiss him into life again. I never

Saw him thus ill before: Gabriello!

Dear Gabriello! Now this is pretence:

I know it.—Ha!—he's dead.

[Falls.

LUDOVICO SFORZA.

I 'll close mine eyes,
And in a melancholy thought I 'll frame
Her figure 'fore me. Now I have it—how strong
Imagination works! how she can frame
Things which are not: methinks she stands afore me.
WENSTEN.—*The White Devil*, act iii.

Evad. Stay, sir, stay:
You are too hot, and I have brought you physis
To temper your high veins.

King. Thou dost not mean this; 't is impossible:
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

Evad. No, I ■ not.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—*The Maid's Tragedy*, act v.

This scene is founded partly ■ a fact in Italian history. Ludovico Sforza was the uncle of the young Duke of Milan, and was present ■ his marriage with Isabella, grand-daughter of the king of Naples. Sforza was much struck with the beauty of Isabella, and it ■ supposed that he caused his nephew, Galeazzo, to be poisoned. The last scene, which occurs after the lapse of a year, is imaginary.

SCENE I.

A Street.

DUKE OF MILAN, LUDOVICO SFORZA.

DUKE.

And this proud lady—was she chaste as fair?

SFORZA.

Pure as the flame that burnt ■ Dian's altar,
And lovely as the morning.—Oh! she stood
Like one of those bright shapes of fabling Greece
(Born of the elements), which, ■ they tell,
Woo'd mortals to their arms. A form more beautiful,
Houri or child of the air, ne'er glanced upon
A poet's dream, nor in Arabian story
Gave promise of that vaunted paradise:
Not they who from the stars look watchfully
Upon the deeds of men, and oft 't is said
Dart like a vapour from their wheeling orbs
In streaming splendour hither, to redress
Or guide, were lovelier. Her voice was sweet
And full of music, and did bear ■ charm
Like numbers floating from the breathed flute,
Caught afar off,—and which the idle winds
Of June, through wantonness, at eve do fling
O'er banks and beds of flowers.

DUKE.
What! have you done, my lord?

SFORZA.
Extravagant boy,
Art not content? Well, I could say for ever.
Her step? 't was light as Dian's when she tripp'd
Amidst her frolic nymphs, laughing, or when
Just risen from the bath she fled in sport
'Round oaks and sparkling fountains,
Chased by the wanton Oreades: Her brow
Pale as Athenian marble, but around it
Grew fillets like the raven's wing; her mouth
(Jove would have kissed 't) did keep as prisoners
Within its perfumed gates white pearls, more rich
Than Cleopatra got from Antony:
Her eyes, and one might look on them at times,
In lustre did outvie that Egyptian queen,
When as the Cydnus' banks in pride she stuck
Rare gems, each as a province, in her hair,
And bade the Roman worship her.

DUKE.
And she
Is dead? [ISABELLA appears at a window.
SFORZA.
Dead, dead. No—what is this?
Fair vision!

DUKE.
Uncle, look upon her,—there.
SFORZA.
What, can the grave give up its habitant?
Or have the sheeted dead a power at will
To visit us, and claim their wonted guise;
And from that eager reveller the worm
Regain their fleshy substance—his fair spoil?
It is herself: and can the mouldering eye
Resume its lustre, and when death has drawn
His filmy veil around it, sweep 't away?

DUKE.
My Lord!
SFORZA.
I've heard, and some believe 't, that when
The soul doth quit its prison here, 't is check'd
At times, and is ordain'd to sink again
And give life, feeling, to some ruder shape;
But that 's its punishment for such dark spirits
As have ill fill'd their part: 'T was not for thee
Struck in thy prime with scarce as acted sin
Upon thee.—Ha!—She 's vanish'd.

[ISABELLA leaves the window.
DUKE.
'T is Isabella.

SFORZA.
No more.
DUKE.
I thought you 'd seen her picture, sir.
SFORZA.
I have, I have; no, no, I wander,—never.
This is the very mockery of the dead.
———And this is your bride, Galeazzo?

DUKE.
Yes.
SFORZA.
She 's very fair. You knew her face before,
But ne'er confess'd it?

DUKE.
I was fearful lest
I should have many rivals.

SFORZA.
'T is enough:

The door opens.

Enter ISABELLA, attended; PIERO as MEDICI, and
others.

DUKE.
My sweetest Isabella! you have rested
After your journey, well? Fatigue seems loth
To harm you; and your eyes are spared, I see,
For many as Milan conquest.

ISABELLA.
There 's but
My duty bids me look to.

DUKE.
And your heart?
ISABELLA.

And—and my heart.

DUKE.
Indeed. [They talk.

DE MEDICI.
My lord, my lord!

SFORZA.
Ha! my De Medici! welcome.

DE MEDICI.
Thanks, dear Sforza;
I thought you 'd not have mark'd me. Is your mood
Always so very contemplative?

SFORZA.
O no!
'T is the fair princess——But my nephew has
Forgot me.

DUKE.
My dear uncle, pardon, pardon.
This is my guardian, dearest Isabel:
My father, I should say: I pray you love him.

SFORZA.
Ludovico Sforza, lady, and your knight;
If you will as so poor as one.

ISABELLA.
Thanks, sir.
DE MEDICI.
He is a dangerous man, my princess, for
I saw him gazing on you——

SFORZA.
How!
DE MEDICI.
As though he 'd found
A star, and was under the influence of
The planets.

SFORZA.
Pr'ythee——but the princess has
Not as the Alps by day-light. Turn your eyes
Here, madam. Look! methinks their snowy crowns
Shine radiantly as they had as the sun.

DUKE.
The very as give welcome to my love,
And every thing seems happy now, but most
The heart of Milan.

ISABELLA.
Oh! take care, my lord;
You 'll spoil me else, I fear.

SFORZA.
This day looks like
The holiday of Nature, madam, and you
The queen of 't.

ISABELLA.

Pray—no more.

DUKE.

No more then. Now—

Now for our marriage: blush not, for by this blue
And bending canopy, there's nought so fair
As thee, my own sweet bride; and none so happy
As ■■■ the Duke of Milan. Come.

SFORZA.

I'll follow. *[Exeunt.]*

—She's gone—and it is night. What! shall I in
My age be follying? and this puny boy
To cheat his tutor.—It may please him now
To reign in Milan: no, no, that's my care.
Oh! what an eye she has: It is not likely
She will live quiet here: Her look forbids it.
She will be Duke: And I—Now had I been
The same Ludovico Sforza who did win
(Some twenty years ago) the prize at Florence,
Perhaps she might have loved me: Out ■■■ 't, I
Grow foolish in my age. My love—that I
Might conquer, or my ambition. Oh! but here
Both spur me on: whither, ■■■ matter—none.
I'm borne upon the wings of fate ■■■ do
Some serious act, or thus it seems, and will
Not quarrel with my destiny. I'll think on 't. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

A Room, with a Banquet.

ISABELLA (sola).

Time lags, and slights his duty. I remember
The days when he would fly. How sweet they were!
Then I rebuked his speed, and now—and now
I drench his wing with tears. How heavily
The minutes pass! Can he avoid me? Oh!
I almost wish—and yet that must not be.
Hark, hark! I hear a step come sounding through
The hall. It is the murderer, Sforza. Now,
Rise up my heart in thy own strength, and do
The act of justice bravely. So.

Enter SFORZA.

SFORZA.

My love!

O my delight, my deity! I am ■■■
To thank you for being gracious. I am late?

ISABELLA.

Oh! no: you ■■■ in time, my lord.

SFORZA.

You look

But sad, my Isabella: let me hope
No ill has happened: nothing, sweet, to sway
Your promise from me?

ISABELLA.

■■■ assured of that.

My soul—I mean that—Ah! you're grave: Well, you
Have cause to chide me, but my spirits have
Been faint to-night at times. I'll do my best
To entertain you as you merit.

SFORZA.

Far

Better, ■■■ hope, my Isabel.

ISABELLA.

Your grace

May challenge any thing: Report has been

So lavish in its favours tow'rd you that
All hearts must fain be yours. Even I, you see,
Although a widow, not divested of
Her sorrows quite, am here i' the midst of tears,
To smile, like April, on you: but you'll grow
To vanity, sir, unless some stop be put
To your amorous conquests. I must do 't.

SFORZA.

You shall,

You shall, my Isabella.

ISABELLA.

Sir, I will.

You shall be wholly mine—till death. I have
As yet been full of miseries: they have swell'd
My heart to bursting. You shall soothe me.

SFORZA.

How?

ISABELLA.

We'll find ■■■ way—■—nay, not so free, my lord;
I must be won with words (though hollow), smiles,
And ■■■ (although you mean them not), kind looks
And excellent flattery. Come, my lord, what say you?
I'm all impatience.

SFORZA.

Oh! what can I say?

Thou art so lovely to me, that my words
Must sound like cheats to many. They of whom
The poets told, men say, were shadows, dreams.
So they will swear of thee.

ISABELLA.

Alas! my lord,

I have ■■■ patronage.

SFORZA.

But I will have

Your ■■■ recorded in the sweetest verse,
And sculptors shall do honour to themselves
And their delicious art by fashioning thee;
And painters shall devise for us a story,
Where thou and I, love, shall be seen reclining,
Thou on my arm—

ISABELLA.

A happy thought.

SFORZA.

And in

The guise of the throned Juno—I as Jove
In his diviner moments, languishing
Beneath thy look.

ISABELLA.

She was a shrew, my lord,
(That queen o' the heavens), and I—

SFORZA.

Then thou shalt be

Like her who in old inimitable tales
Was pictured gathering flowers in Sicily,
And raised to Dis's throne: methinks she ■■■
■ beautiful prophecy of thee; and there
Mountains shall rise and grassy valleys lie
Asleep i' the sun, and blue Sicilian streams
Shall wander, and green woods (their leaves just touched
With light) shall bend 'fore some faint western wind,
And bow to bright Apollo as he comes
Smiling from out the east. What more? Oh! you
■■■ kneel and pluck the flow'rs, and look aside
As hearkening, and—I will be there (a god),
Rushing tow'rd's thee, my sweet Proserpina.

An ugly story.

ISABELLA.
How, sweet?

SFORZA.
You would take —

To—HELL then. Pardon me, my lord; I —
Not well. Come, you must honour me, and taste
Of my poor entertainment.

SFORZA.
Willingly.

ISABELLA.
We'll be alone.

SFORZA.
[*They feast.*]
'Tis better. I have —
No appetite for common viands, yet
I'll drink to thee, my queen.

ISABELLA.
This is
A curious wine, my lord, and like those drops
Sought by philosophers (the life elixir),
Will make you immortal.

SFORZA.
Give it me, my love.
May you ne'er know an hour of sorrow.

ISABELLA.
Ha!
Stay, stay—soft, put it down.

SFORZA.
Why, how is this?

ISABELLA.
Would—would you drink without me?
Shame upon you!
Look at this fruit: a sea-worn captain who
Had sail'd all 'round the world brought it for —
From the Indian islands: and the natives there
Do worship it. This.

SFORZA.
'T has a luscious taste.
My nephew, when he lived, was fond of a fruit
That's not unlike it.

ISABELLA.
Thanks, ye spirits of vengeance!
[*Aside.*]
Now you shall taste the immortal wine, my lord,
And drink a health to Cupid.

SFORZA.
Cupid, then.
He — a cunning god: he dimm'd men's eyes,
'T is prettily said i' the fable. But my eyes
(Yet how I love!) — clear — though I were
A stoic. Ah!

ISABELLA.
Ha! what's the matter, sir?

SFORZA.
The wine is cold.

ISABELLA.
You'll find it warmer, shortly.
— is its nature, as I'm told, to heat
The heart. My lord, I read but yesterday
Of — old man, a Grecian poet, who
Devoted all his life to wine and died
O' the grape: methinks 't — just.

SFORZA.
'T was so. This wine—

ISABELLA.
And stories have been told of — whose lives
Were infamous, and — their end: I —

That the red murderer has been murder'd, and
The traitor struck with treason: He, who let
The orphan perish, came himself to want:
Thus justice and great God have order'd it!
So that the scene of evil has been turn'd
Against the actor in it; black thoughts arisen,
And foil'd the schemes of fierce imaginers,
And—poison given for poison.

SFORZA.
O my heart!

ISABELLA.
— the wine still — cold, sir?

SFORZA.
Oh! I burn.
Some water—I burn with thirst—Oh! what is this?

ISABELLA.
You're pale: I'll call for help. Here!

Servants enter.

ISABELLA.
Bind that man
To his seat.

SFORZA.
Traitor!

ISABELLA.
Now begone.—My lord!
[*Servants exeunt.*]
I'll not deceive you: you have drank a draught
Will send you from this world.

SFORZA.
My heart, my heart!
Traitor! I faint, faint—ah!—

ISABELLA.
I would have done.
My act of justice mildly — you, but
It could not be. I felt that you must die
For my sake, for my boy, and Milan. You
Murder'd my lord husband. Stare not: 't is
A melancholy truth. You have usurp'd
The first place in the dukedom, and swept all
My child's rights to the dust. What say you, sir?
Do you impeach my story? While you've time,
Give answer to me. [He dies.]

You are silent. Then
You are condemn'd for ever. I could grieve
Almost to see you with that marble look.
Alas! that neck which bore the ducal chain,
That head the coronet, both bending once
Tow'rd shouting slaves, are fixed now. His eye
Is motionless. How like those forms he looks,
That sit in stony whiteness over tombs,
Memorials of their cold inhabitants.
Speak! are you grown to stone? What — you say
In your defence, sir? Turn your eyes from me:
Villain: how dare you look at me? You shall
Be amorous no more.—Away: Must I
Rouse you? How idly his — hang! Turn your eyes
Away. I dare not touch him—yet I must.
Ha! he is dead—dead. So, by me: Sweet heaven!
Forgive me, I'm a widow broken-hearted;
A mother too: 't was for my child I did it.
I was not in my nature cruel, but
You bloody man did press so hardly on us;
— would have torn my pretty bird from —:
I had but one—what could I do? There —
No other way: And this is blood for blood.

LYSANDER AND IONE.

Canst thou tell me of a gentle pair?—
Oh! if you have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where.

MILTON.—*Comus*.

— she
Did not disdain to give his love contenting;
Cruel the soul that feeds on souls tormenting;
Nor did she scorn him, though not nobly born,
LOVE IS NOBILITY.

SPENCER.—*Britain's Ida*.

This sketch is altogether imaginary, and is an endeavour to communicate to a pastoral, something of the familiarity of a dialogue.

SCENE.

A Wood.

LYSANDER, IONE.

Now sit.

IONE.

Where?

LYSANDER.

On this broken stump, here; see,
The embroiderer, moss, hath wrought you a golden seat.

IONE.

How! on the moss?

LYSANDER.

Aye: for when nature dresses,
It fills its part well, therefore honour it:
There a kindly feeling in it, though
A spirit of goodness peep'd from out the earth
To shield decay.

IONE.

So—there: now kneel and worship.

LYSANDER.

I will: but first look at your bower; behind
Are hazel boughs: lean on them, sweet, they will
Clasp you like love: and what a canopy is
This scented lime! kings have not such above 'em.
And list! how midst its shivering leaves the wind
Makes amorous noises ('t is Favonius, hark!
Murmuring amongst the blossoms); then below
There is a carpet for your delicate feet,
Wove in Vertumnus's loom.

IONE.

'T is a sweet place.

LYSANDER.

Aye, Iris has been here, beloved; she
Is the Spring's almoner you know, and scatters
Upon the subject world, dyed flow'rs and sweets
With prodigal hand. Is it not strange that some,
Ungrateful, shun her favours? but we've felt them,
And never more than now.

IONE.

How know you that?

LYSANDER.

Oh! well: your eye betrays it. We will meet
To-morrow early, and I'll show you all
The secrets of the forest. Every dell
And shady nook and cave o'ergrown by leaves

We'll visit, and perhaps we may surprise
A wood-nymph sleeping.

IONE.

This to me?

LYSANDER.

Why, yes;

For then I'll show to you what charms I can
Gaze unheeding.

IONE.

No, no.

LYSANDER.

Yes, you will:

And I will be your guard, my beauty; aye,
And as we ramble through the wood I'll teach
How you may shun the briery paths and pass
The thorn untouched, and you shall see me take
The monster thistle by the beard (lest it
Should harm you); and we'll hearken to the song
Of the shrill mounting lark: list! our own bird
The nightingale petitions you: her voice
Was ever resistless: now you'll come!

IONE.

No.

LYSANDER.

Yes.

IONE.

Be not too sure, Lysander. Foolish boy!
To give your heart to me, to me who am
A spirit of the element.

LYSANDER.

You are

A goddess to my gaze, and you shall be
Queen of the elements.

IONE.

Nay but I am

One of old Nereus' daughters, youth, and live
Within the (albeit at times I stray
Amongst your woods and fountains). My green home
Is where the mariner's plummet never sounded,
Beneath the fathomless deep. The dolphins there
Sport not, nor dares the huge leviathan
Lash with its sinewy arms the waters, which
Form temples and towers and pillars and crystal shrines,
And sparry caverns where the sea-maids hide,
And homes for all the ocean deities.
It is a sacred place, and beautiful;
Such you see in dreams, when hope is fresh
And sleep both charms and cherishes.

LYSANDER.

Pretty maid!

This is the gayest tale.

IONE.

Believe it, Lysander.

But come; you have loved me long, have you
Not framed a song for me? Have you not sung
O' nights by sparkling streams, and vow'd my face
Was clear Dian's?

LYSANDER.

Often, often.

IONE.

Indeed!

What did you call me? Ah! shame on you: well,
Call me—Ione.

LYSANDER.

Sweet Ione! Fair

And beautiful Ione! oh but cold

As your blue element when the wintry moon
Hovers above 't; lone—what a name,
And it is yours?

IONE.

Aye, youth, and you must sing
One of your forest songs to it.

LYSANDER.

Then listen:

And lay your white arm 'midst the branches—thus:
(Sweet contrast!) and your head against this trunk,
And clear your marble forehead from those thick
And shadowy tresses. So, your eye bent tow'rs me;
How bright it is! and like the glow-worm's light
Shines most methinks in darkness. Listen now;
But 't is a melancholy song: 't was framed
When once I thought I had lost you.

Now, by Night!

I swear I love thee, delicate lone!
And when I lie upon my pillow, still
My soul is sick with love. My brain
Teems with strange fantasies. Aye, though I sleep,
Thou, like a spirit from the stars,
Standest before me. I have seen thee come
In pale and shadowy beauty,
And, floating between me and the cloudless moon,
Stretch forth thy white arms that, like silver vapours,
Scarce dull'd the planet's brightness.
And thou didst smile, and breathe upon my heart,
As if to heal the scars of sorrow there.
'T was like Arabian sweets, but cold as death.
I loved thee, fair lone!
Not as a lover, nor as parent, friend,
Brother, or child. It was a dreamy feeling,
Sacred to me and strange—unearthly, born
Of some unutterable fancy, that
Like an intense beam o' the meridian sun,
Shot on my brain.
I thought thou wast my better angel, doom'd
To guide me through this solitary life
To some far-off immortal place
Where spirits of good assemble, to keep watch
Till the foundations of the earth shall fail.
I loved thee as became mortality
Glancing at heaven;
And earthly feelings never mingled with
Or marr'd my love celestial.
But thou art gone——
And now I chuse to wander when the winds
Chase the dark clouds away at dead midnight,
For then methinks I see thee.
I love to lie by waterfalls,
And mark the sheeted silver roll away,
Rich as Dorado's paradise;
Or listen to its distant music
When through the piny forest I do take
My solitary way:
And then at times I commune with thee,
And thou, lone! dost thou not (oh! say it),
Bequeath soft messages for me
Unto the dark boughs of the shaking pines?

IONE.

Enough, enough. This is the strangest fancy.
And so you love me? Pshaw!

LYSANDER.

By all the gods!

IONE.

I'll not believe it: what! you—quite a boy?
'T will be a pretty tale.

LYSANDER.

But who shall tell it?

IONE.

Why I, and all who hear us; for we are
Encompass'd by the sylvan deities:
And not a foolish word, youth, hast thou spoke,
But Echo in her hundred caves has caught
The sound, and told it to the wood-nymphs, whence
In shape of whispers from the oaken boughs
Hazels or beeches, that like traitors shake
At every noise, the words are carried —
To the great Pan.

LYSANDER.

And he—well, what of him?

IONE.

Oh! he loves all the nymphs that haunt the woods,
And when he finds they wander from their homes—

LYSANDER.

Fear him not, sweet lone; I am here,
And will protect you ever.

IONE.

Gentle boy.

Thanks, but no more of that: you love me then?

LYSANDER.

Aye, like the stars.

IONE.

• Not a lover.

LYSANDER.

Oh!

I love you like the world—myself: alas!
I know not what, but that I love you.

IONE.

So.

You play your part well: who has taught you this?

LYSANDER.

My heart, my heart.

IONE.

Nay pr'ythee; this

Is folly surely: young Lysander, how—
How shall I credit you? some maids have given
(High born as I am: pale Othone did)
Their hearts to mortals, but the men they graced
Forgot the favours quickly.

LYSANDER.

Shall I swear?

IONE.

If your heart prompt you.

LYSANDER.

Then by thundering Jove,

And all his ministring spirits tend
Obedient round his chair, that fixed stands
On grey Olympus. By——

IONE.

What have you done

To merit love? I am not wont to give
My heart unmerited. Triton's sons have striven
To gain me to their arms, and Faunus oft
Hath woo'd me, youth, ere now.

LYSANDER.

I do believe it.

'T is certain: Oh! they must have done 't, and I

Have left my quiet home o' nights, ■ sing
Your name beside the chafing sea, and hearken
If in the tumult of the waters you
Whispered in answer. ■ have come here at noon,
On dusky evenings, and on darkest nights,
To seek you. I have let my fleeced sheep
Wander unguarded o'er the mountains. I
Have left my father (yet I love him) to
Weep o'er my nightly absence—quitted all
Our village feasts and calm domestic meetings,
To resort here and call on you, Ione.

IONE.

Indeed, my love?

LYSANDER.

Again, again, Ione.

Say it again, for my sake.

IONE.

Then—my love.

LYSANDER.

Oh! my divine Ione, what can I

Do ■ deserve your love?

IONE.

■ constant.

LYSANDER.

Aye.

As bright Apollo ■ the ■ air,
As larks are to the morn, or bats to eve,
Or as the nightingale—when the maiden May
Dies on the breast of June. Oh! fear it not.

IONE.

I will not, dear Lysander. I have mark'd
Your growing qualities many a long, long year,
And think you worthy of a sea maid's love,
And—aye, stand thus, for thus the Trojan stood
Abash'd on Ida, when the heavenly queens
Claim'd the immortal fruit, decreed at last
To beauty. You and I—why how you smile—
Will haunt these woods together: you shall pass
The sultry hours amongst the hills, and tend
Your father's flock; I in my ocean cave
Must linger out the day, but ever at night
I'll ■ here, dear Lysander, and when fate
Shall lift you to the stars, to those dark waves
That stream below the upper billows, I
Will take my journey, till Jove calls me up
To live with you for ever. Now, farewell.

JUAN.

Like a village nurse

Stand I now cursing and considering, when

The truest fool would do—I will be sudden,

And she shall know and feel, love in extremes

Abused, knows ■ degree of hate.

MARRINGER.—Duke of Milan.

I come, Death! I obey thee,

Yet I will ■ die raging: for alas!

My whole life was a frenzy.—

Bury me with Marcella;

And let our epitaph be—

The same.

There is a story somewhat similar to this sketch told in (I believe)

Gil Blas.

SCENE.

The Gardens belonging to a Spanish Castle.

JUAN and a Boy.

JUAN.

The night grows foul: and the thick air doth stir
A beating at my heart, like passion: Hark!
How the winds draw the curtains of the night,
Like ministers to lust. Queen Dian now
Is with her paramour.

BOY.

You spoke?

JUAN.

'T is well,

They'll rock her into slumber: yet she'd fain
Be watchful, for she loves to lie upon
The green hill's top, and kiss one pouting lip.
No more, ■ more: what! are there panders in
The sky, as here? and—how the sultry air
Weights ■ my forehead. Break ■ lemon branch
And give 't me, Lopez: there is ■ freshness in it,
And very grateful perfume. So, how sweet!
I'll bind it round my brows. What time is it now?

BOY.

Near midnight.

JUAN.

Wants it long?

BOY.

No, sir; about

Some quarter of an hour or so.

JUAN.

That's much: I'll hear

A song; 't will drive some blacker thoughts away.

BOY.

What sort of song?

JUAN.

Let it be full of love,

But not ■ jot of kindness: burning passion,
No more—yes, headlong folly—flames that parch
And wither up the heart: fierce jealousy,
And horrid rage, and—aye, then you may tell
How she you loved was false, and that you grew
Mad, and ■ murderer: any thing.

BOY.

But this

Will not become ■ song.

JUAN.

Then say how she

Was beautiful as Sin, and that her eyes
Shone like the morning; that her arms were smooth,
And gracefully turn'd, and that her figure seem'd
Shaped from the mould of Dian's. If you can,
You then may tell how her white bosom rose
And sunk voluptuously to the music of
Her beating, passionate heart.—But, out on this.
I'll have ■ music now; my soul's untuned,
And I've no relish for it, yet I could
Bear well ■ frightful discord, and might laugh
Haply if heaven's bright rolling stars were driven
Spell-struck from out their paths, and rush'd against
Each other grating, till this vile earth shook
At its foundations. Boy, when went my wife hence?

BOY.

Sir!

JUAN.
Where 's your lady, fool?

BOY.

At prayers, I think.

JUAN.

Excellent, excellent! the times are good
(Must be) when strumpets pray. My bosom
Swells like the boiling ocean. How could she
Be false to me? I, who did love her as
My soul—better, alas! Oh! how I gazed
Upon her brow, and thought it fairer than
The face of the starry heavens, and that her eyes
Outmatch'd those floating lights—but what has this
To do with my fierce task? Begone, and send
Your mistress hither.

BOY.

She 's at prayers, sir.

JUAN.

Ha!

Forgot: no matter, there 's time: now leave me,
And place the lamp upon the dial yonder,
And draw the shade around the flame—Go, go.

[Boy goes out.]

Now then I am alone. There 's not a sound
To startle or to cheer me. It is dark
As though the grave imprison'd me. This night
Shall be my colleague in a desperate act;
And the blue visiting lightnings, and the winds,
And muttering thunder shall give help; the one
Light if I wish 't, and one shall blow about
To the four quarters of the skies my deed
Of justice, and the last shall celebrate
With its immortal noises all I do
(My bloody victory over love). A step!
She is then: not alone: ah! not alone—
Now for my hiding-place.

[He retires.]

OLYMPIA and BIANCA enter.

OLYMPIA.

Did I believe in fables, I should think
Some evil hung about me: the black night
Has not allowed one small star to escape,
To light us on our path: who 's there? I thought
A figure pass'd us. Hark!

BIANCA.

I heard nothing.

OLYMPIA.

Nor I: and yet when daemons walk about,
Their steps 't is said are noiseless. I could now
Think half my nursery stories true, and spurn
My better reason from me.

BIANCA.

Let us talk

Of something else, dear lady.

OLYMPIA.

Tremble not.

You have no cause to fear; your life has been
Harmless (I hope so), and the spirits of ill
May never injure goodness. Ha! the worm,
That owes her lustre to the darkness has
Lit her green lamp; and, look! the fountain which
We 've yet but heard now shoots its silver rain
Up visibly. How fresh and sweet it is!
Bianca, get you homewards; I will sit
Beside the margin of the water and
Enjoy the air awhile.

[BIANCA exit.]

What a most delicate air this garden hath!
There 's scarce a flower or odorous shrub that grows
In Spain we have not: there, I scent the rose;
Now the perfuming limes; and as the wind
Sobs, an uncertain sweetness comes from out
The orange-trees. Their fragrance charms me
Almost to sleep.

[Reclines.]

JUAN enters.

JUAN.

She sleeps at last, then: yet I will not kill
The frail thing sleeping. Why did I delay?
I feared (ah! was that guilt?—no, no) to face
The eye of her whom justice bade me smite.
—Oh! what a beautiful piece of sin is there!
They fabled well who said that woman
Man to perdition: hark! the thunder mutters
In anger as it seems; then 't is not fable.
Be silent for a time ye ministers
Of death or darkness (for your voicing doth
Bespeak ye terrible agents): I am
To save ye a worthless task. Now then, my soul!
Rise up, Olympia: she sleeps soundly. Ho!
Stirring at last: rise—Fair Olympia, you
Have much to do to-night. The fates have writ
Your doom upon their brazen book, and I
Stand here to do their bidding.

OLYMPIA.

What is this?

JUAN.

Now hush—but I am quiet: you have sinn'd
Most foully 'gainst your husband: that 's not much;
But you have done a deed at which the skies
Blacken: look up.

OLYMPIA.

Dear Juan?

JUAN.

You have made

Me (I forgive that) base: our noble house,
Till now illustrious, you have stain'd. Hark, hark!
The engines of the heavens are now at work;
The voices that you hear amongst the clouds,
(But understand not) say—'Confess.' I wait
To hear your guilt: speak.

OLYMPIA.

Oh! your mind is fill'd

With terrors. Let us home, dear Juan, now!
We 'll talk to-morrow of it.

JUAN.

Away, away:

Now by the wasting passion that doth stir
Vengeance within me—Olympia! this night
You 'll take your leave o' the earth: the fates have said it,
And who may turn the fates! Yet ere you die
I 'll tell you how I loved you—doated—oh!
Grew guilty for you—guilty I do you hear?

OLYMPIA.

Most perfect, and my mind sinks.

JUAN.

Ere you married

I loved you: that you know: your father shook
A poor petitioner away; and you,
Although you own'd to love, forsook me. Then
I tried my fortune in the wars: you gave
Your hand to old Ramirez.

OLYMPIA.

I was bid.

JUAN.

My uncle's death raised me to wealth, and then
I came home quickly: you were married.

OLYMPIA.

Well!

JUAN.

Well.

Why then despair possess'd me. Madness stamp'd
His iron on my brain, and two years passed
(You still Ramirez' wife) when I became
A man again. The impudent dotard grinn'd
His lavish fondness publicly upon you.
On me—curses on him!

OLYMPIA.

Sir, no more.

JUAN.

Oh! you still love him!

OLYMPIA.

Not so; but his name

A madman shall not mouth.

JUAN.

Now shall you die:

Aye, die—by me who love you. I who have
Rioted upon that bosom will at least
Take care that none beside shall sleep there. I
Was mad—and am: but why do you upbraid me?
Was 't not for you I grew so? Blighting shame
Weigh on your tongue for that!

OLYMPIA.

Don Juan, you

Have sported with a gracious name.

JUAN.

A name!

I slew him, harlot! stabb'd him through and through.
Fool! to believe that common villains struck
Him dead and robb'd him not.

OLYMPIA.

I dream.

JUAN.

'T was I.

Now laugh: yet if thou dost it will be at
My misery likely: I deserve not that.
'T was all for you, for you, and now you have
Call'd back the love I bought ■ such ■ price,
And sold it ■ another.

OLYMPIA.

Sir, 't is false:

You are all false. Oh! how I abhor you now!
Hearken, Don Juan; I have loved you (how
You will remember quickly); 't was an error:
For had I known his blood was spilt by you,
I would have cast you off, ■ now I do,
For ever; aye, for ever.

JUAN.

Speak again.

OLYMPIA.

For ever.

JUAN.

Will—will your paramour come then? Ha! you see
I know it all—all.

OLYMPIA.

Sir!

JUAN.

Do you deny

You love him?

OLYMPIA.

Dearly.

JUAN.

Curses light on him:

And thou, thou—perish. *[Stabs her.]*

OLYMPIA.

Stay, ah! Juan, stay.

It cannot be: you 've done ill.

JUAN.

You—you are

Not hurt much? Speak!

OLYMPIA.

Oh! save yourself, dear Juan.

That youth—

JUAN.

Yes, yes.

OLYMPIA.

He is my brother.

JUAN.

Hell!

OLYMPIA.

The Inquisition are now watching for him.
Save him.

JUAN.

I will.

OLYMPIA.

By—ah—

JUAN.

[Dies.]

By my lost soul.

Look up, look up, Olympia! Juan's here;
Thy husband—murderer, that's the name. My love!
My love, Olympia! I—she's dead.—

How's this?

So, where am I? Olympia—she is false:
Dead? Ah some villain has been busy here.
By heav'n the golden hair I used to twine
About my finger's bloody, and her eye
Has lost its beautiful meaning. Life and love
Were struck and fled together—to the grave.
Oh! I have cut those sweet blue veins asunder,
And filled her breast with blood: there's not ■ touch
Of colour in her lip (so red once), and her hand
Lies nerveless like a common lump of flesh.
What ■ voice she had! 't is silent: could it die
In a single groan?—impossible.

(Voices are heard.)

My Lord!

JUAN.

Hark, hark! they call the murderer; but I'll cheat
Justice for once.

(Voices.)

My lord, my lord!

JUAN.

I'll drag

The body—body! hence. So, now lie there.

[Hides the body.]

And yet I will not fly: why should I? I
Have lost what was my life ■ earth: what was—
A horrid sound. They come—*(Enter Servants.)* Whom
seek ye? She—

Your lady's gone—gone, do you doubt me?—gone.

SERVANT.

My lord! a stranger is arrived, who says
■ is her brother.

JUAN.

Who? She has none—none.

SERVANT.

My lord, he 's at the castle.

JUAN.

Silence. If

He be imperishable, then indeed
He may be kin to her. But she is gone,
On a dark journey—Oh!

SERVANT.

You 've cut your hand,

My lord! and terribly.

JUAN.

I have cut—my heart.

Begone—all but Diego. [Servants go out.

Poor old man,

You were my father's servant; nay his father's:
We prized you, and you served us faithfully;
But now 's your service ended. Old Diego!
Long before sun-rise, I shall be—

DIEGO.

My lord!

JUAN.

Quiet, Diego. No foul passions then,
No turbulent love, nor fierce idolatry,
Nor bitter hate, nor jealousy, shall mar
My solitary rest: I shall be—dead.
Yet heark'n awhile to my last words, and do
My bidding as a friend. I am the last
(T is pity) of a princely house; therefore
Let not my name be slander'd.

DIEGO.

My dear lord!

JUAN.

It is not always thus: once (but that 's now
Many sad years ago), one old man thought
I should do honour to his name: that 's past—
For look! my star is setting. And am I then
The last of a time-honour'd line—a stem
That traced its root into the bed of kings,
And shamed it not? and none remain save me!
Ah! where is now my father's prophecy,
And where my own hopes? wither'd, wither'd.

DIEGO.

Alas!

JUAN.

A few more words, and then—good night.
I smote—I smote—now let the black skies fall
And crush me in a moment. Oh! my queen,
My own incomparable wife!—My love!
Oh! all my life has been an error: So,
I'll shift a troublesome burden from my back,
And lay me down to sleep.

DIEGO.

Let us go home,

My lord.

JUAN.

I will, I will. That potent draught
Which fill'd the frames of men with youth, were
To me a faithless medicine: I have quaff'd
Life from the lips of beauty, and shall I
Who've banquetted like a god be now content
With meagre fare, or trust to mortal drugs,
And run a common idler through the world,
With not a heart to own me?

DIEGO.

Noble sir!

Let me for once forget my service. Rouse
Your nature, my dear lord.

JUAN.

No more, no more.

No lord: a vulgar slave am I, who caught
One brief look from the sun. The guiding light
Is out that glanced on me, and here I stand
Lost, and in terrible darkness near my tomb;
And hovering shadows and fierce shapes that come
On no good errand beckon me. I smote—
The story hangs upon my tongue. Diego!
I smote the noblest woman in the land,
And with my cruel dagger cut a way
To—(I was shrined there too, but knew it not)
Her heart. Aye weep, Diego, thou mayst weep;
But for myself, my eye stands fix'd and burning:
The socket's dry as dust. Your hand, old friend,
For all are equal in the grave; you used
To carry me when a boy; do it once more;
And when I lie stiff on my marble bed
Let no one scoff or curse me. Bless you!—Now
Open your arms, Olympia! [Stabs himself.

LOVE CURED BY KINDNESS.

Arch. 'T is a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not?
Bellario, thou canst sing and play?

Bell. If grief will give me leave.

Arch. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—*Philaster*.

It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me,
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

All's Well that Ends Well.

This sketch is founded partly upon a tale of Boccaccio.

SCENE.

A Banquet Room.

DON PEDRO, King of Sicily elect, and COURTIERs.

DON PEDRO.

Let every cup be filled: we'll have a health
To beauty. For myself, I'll name a queen.
Here—but Salarno drinks not—

FIRST COURTIER.

Yes, my lord,

Look!

DON PEDRO.

True. « The queen of Naples.» Let the health
Go round.

OMNES.

« The queen of Naples.»

FIRST COURTIER.

She indeed

Is lovely: gracious Sir, you have a taste
We may not quarrel with.

DON PEDRO.

I hope not, sir:

Indeed you cannot quarrel with a health

To woman, though she be ■ wholly free
From fault. Sirs! in my land (romantic Spain)
The sweet sex is upheld, yet every face
Is praised to none's discredit. 'T is not fair,
Nor gentle that the charms of one should fix
A censure on the next.

FIRST COURTIER.

By no means.

DON PEDRO.

Then

Let 's not say this lady has ■ mouth
Like Cupid's bow, lest one, with other charms,
Own not ■ mouth ■ sweet. Let no one swear
Black eyes are matchless, 'cause the maid he loves
Has a dark glance perhaps, for her next friend
May look as sweetly from her deep blue lights
As she of different colouring:—but where
Is our young friend Ippolito!—call him, sir.
Meantime, Lord Julio, ■ will drink a health
Of yours. Your beauty, sir?

SECOND COURTIER.

« The fair Lisana.»

OMNES.

« Lisana.»

■ PEDRO.

« Fair Lisana.» Who is she?

SECOND COURTIER.

But a poor maiden; yet the gentles here
Swear she is a Venus, and—I know not what.
An artist's daughter, as I think.

FIRST COURTIER.

She is,

And beautiful indeed. He comes.

IPPOLITO enters.

IPPOLITO.

My lord—

DON PEDRO.

We look'd for you before. Come hither—near:
How is 't that you were absent, sir?

IPPOLITO.

My lord,

I could not come.

DON PEDRO.

How was 't?

IPPOLITO.

Oh! sir, you ■

A friend to beauty, so you will not press
Your question farther.

DON PEDRO.

You are right; fill high.

A health now to the fair Ippolita,
For that shall be her name.

IPPOLITO.

If you will give

A health (would you could do 't!) to the sweet maid
I have just seen, be her name known: it is
Lisana. Sweet Lisana!

DON PEDRO.

We have drunk

To her already.

IPPOLITO.

Be it done again,

For she is matchless, sir, through all your land
Of Sicily, though now she pines away.

She lives, but scarcely above the grave—and loves,
Though her love is half despondency.

DON PEDRO.

Indeed!

And does the gentleman know it?

IPPOLITO.

No: she bore

Her sickness quietly; at last—I 'd fain
Move you to pity, noble sir.

DON PEDRO.

'T is done:

Think ■ her friend already.

IPPOLITO.

Shall I tell you

In verse (for that 's my habit) how she looks!
You shall then know her story.

DON PEDRO.

Have a care,

'T is not the way to the heart; and passion yet
Ne'er dealt in rhymes—or seldom. Well! your song.

IPPOLITO.

Gently upon her pillow now
The love-sick girl is lying;
And but that at times about her brow
A throbbing pulse starts up (as though
The spirit of the heart were flying
From point to point, in eager close
With Death), you haply might not know
She lived; yet in the evening
A soft bloom steals across her cheek
Like the delicate fruit-tree's blossoming,
Or the hue for which we (curious) seek
Within the breast of the young white rose.

Oh! if love save her not she dies—
This pretty languid girl, who lies
Gently as if a lily there
Should spread its white leaves to the air,
To catch once more the summer sun.
She loves and pines and wastes away,
And may—die ere the night be done.
Oh! ■ there in our Sicilia
A heart ■ cold that never stirs
Responsive to the beat of hers?
She loves ■ nobleman—a youth
Royal—(mark that) brave—yet, in sooth,
He may have pass'd her by and never
Seen the soft beauty we admire;
Or, if his look ■ her bent
At feast or jousting tournament,
Haply his lofty glance of fire
Bade the pale girl be dumb for ever.

DON PEDRO.

He ■ not of my mind then.

IPPOLITO.

Sir?

■ PEDRO.

I say,

This youth o' the terrible look—

IPPOLITO.

He is not so, sir.

DON PEDRO.

Who is 't? you say he 's royal. If a smile

Will do the girl's heart good, ■ some kind words,
By my faith she shall not want it.

IPPOLITO.

Shall she not?

I take you at your word: bend forward, sir,
And listen; this great man is—but you'll not
Feel angry?

DON PEDRO.

Pr'ythee speak.

IPPOLITO.

Why then he is

Don Pedro—Prince of Arragon—lately
Made King of Sicily.

■ PEDRO.

Ippolito!

■ all this true? or do you think my heart
Will thank you if the tale be idle?

IPPOLITO.

Sir,

'T is true ■ my fidelity.

DON PEDRO.

Break up

The party now; or rather, Julio, you
Do honour ■ my table; I must hence
For a few hours; and ■ you play the host
As if your prince were present.

SECOND COURTIER.

Sir, I will.

DON PEDRO.

Come then.

IPPOLITO.

Yet—yet a word, my lord. I think
I've heard you say you loved ■ princess of
The house of Austria?

DON PEDRO.

Aye, most heartily.

IPPOLITO.

Then

You will not ruin this pretty girl, my lord?
She is blind ■ (for she loves you), and your heart
Is too—too good to hurt her; haply too
There may be ■ one loves her, dearly as
You love that noble lady.

■ PEDRO.

What ■ this?

IPPOLITO.

My lord, I wish her—happy; yes—no more—
Happy my lord.

■ PEDRO.

Come hither; you have used

Me ill whom you have called your friend, young man:
You have forborne to trust ■ Have you loved
This maiden long?

IPPOLITO.

My lord!

DON PEDRO.

I wait your answer.

IPPOLITO.

DON PEDRO.

Have you loved this fair girl long?

IPPOLITO.

Oh! all.

My life, my lord.

DON PEDRO.

That's a long courtship truly.

But come, show me the way; and as we go
You shall tell me your love story; when ■ 're there
You'll say a lord of the court has come to see
The young Lisana—aye, deputed by
The King, or whatsoever you will. I must
Perforce speak kindly, but, good youth, you shall
Not suffer for this girlish fancy. I
Will be your pleader too.

IPPOLITO.

My lord, my lord!

My whole heart thanks you.

DON PEDRO.

Now let's go.

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber.

LISANA, her MOTHER.

LISANA.

What is this lord's name, mother, who you say
Has ■ to see me? It is odd, and yet
One would not but—but ■ him, for the king
You know (that is more strange) hath sent him hither
To visit me. Do you hear that, dear mother?
To visit your pale girl—The king—

MOTHER.

I know it.

LISANA.

Is it not very gracious?

MOTHER.

Yes, 't is kind.

LISANA.

Aye, very very kind: you do not feel
How good the king is. What have I done—I
Without a merit?

MOTHER.

Pshaw! the king perhaps
Hath heard of your beauty, child.

LISANA.

O mother!

MOTHER.

Aye:

Why not? I'm sure the verses that the men
Have writ may well have reach'd the court.

LISANA.

Away!

MOTHER.

Perhaps Ippolito—

LISANA.

What, what!

MOTHER.

■ said—

LISANA.

I heard it mother—well. Oh! now I see
How the king learnt my folly. I can never
Look this his friend in the face. It ■ not kind—
It ■ friendly of Ippolito: what he,
Who grew up with me like a brother, to
Betray my secret: shame upon him!

MOTHER.

You

Must ■ look cheerful, dear. We'll show the court
■ beauty is not there.

Don Pedro enters.

LISANA.

He comes: hush—Ah! the king.

MOTHER.

Lisana!—Sir,

My poor girl often faints; your lordship will
Not heed it. Lisana!—look up, dear; the king
Hath sent a gentleman from court.

LISANA.

My lord,

My gracious lord! I ~~am~~ too weak to kneel
And thank you as I ought.

DON PEDRO.

How 's this?

LISANA.

Oh! Sir,

Think you I do not know you? yes, and know
Whence comes this noble favour; you have seen
My brother (not my brother, yet he is
As kind) the young Ippolito.

DON PEDRO.

He is now

Without. Good lady, will you ~~come~~ with
Your daughter for ~~a~~ while?

MOTHER.

Surely, my lord.

LISANA.

Ippolito is without: dear mother, go and ask
If his low spirits haunt him still. [Mother exit.]

DON PEDRO.

You must

Be his physician, sweet Lisana, or
I err. Lisana! I have heard (how true
It is I know not) that you—nay, nay, blush not.

LISANA.

My lord! I'm pain'd—confounded.

DON PEDRO.

Silly girl!

LISANA.

That's true, I've no excuse: yet 't was not well
Ippolito should do this.

DON PEDRO.

You have cause

To love him. As to me—

LISANA.

I know it, sir;

I'm very foolish.

DON PEDRO.

I shall smile, Lisana!

LISANA.

Oh! do not jeer me.

DON PEDRO.

Jeer you? How?

LISANA.

I am

But a poor girl, my lord: and yet too bold—
I knew it at the time (that makes my fault
The heavier) all the wide and fearful space
That lies 'tween me and royalty. You were
A prince (long may you live so)—I no more
Than ~~a~~ poor peasant girl of Sicily.
At times I wonder how my heart could lift
Its thoughts ~~so~~ high, but love heeds rank ~~so~~ little!

DON PEDRO.

I thank you for your love.

LISANA.

My lord!

DON PEDRO.

Sweet girl,

My heart is thankful for your kindness; ~~I~~
Must be your knight too, fair Lisana, and
Should any vent'rous champion dare assail
Your colours (which I'll wear)—Let them be white
Like your own maiden purity, and yet
I'll have ~~a~~ blush of the rose too, just to show
Your heart was warm ~~and~~ chaste. [Smiling.]

LISANA.

My gracious prince!

DON PEDRO.

Lisana—

LISANA.

My dear lord (once let me call
My prince by that sweet title), you have done
An act shall make you honoured, nay beloved
—I feel already well. Sir, should you chuse,
As you needs must, ~~a~~ bride from some high house,
To grace your throne and lend a beauty to
Your private life, you may without fear say
A young Sicilian girl still loves you, but
With such a grateful, humble feeling, that
'T will never jar with hers.

DON PEDRO.

If I should marry,

My wife shall learn to cherish you, sweet girl
(Ne'er fear it), and she shall be grateful too
For your unmerited love.

LISANA.

Oh! say not so;

Not—not unmerited, and yet I'll not
Say all I might (that were not delicate)
Of what this land doth echo of its lord;
You hear it from many mouths.

DON PEDRO.

From none ~~so~~ sweet

As thine, Lisana.

LISANA.

Ah! you 'll learn ~~so~~ soon

To flatter: but forgive me—I'm too free.

DON PEDRO.

Go on, go on; I'll check you with a kiss
When you err widely, but it shall be ~~a~~ kiss
Your brother might have given: but we must now
Speak on a better subject. Listen to me:
This melancholy boy, Lisana, who it seems
Pines since his mother's death—He's very kind?

LISANA.

Oh! that he is, and yet at times he starts
Away, and talks but strangely to me, and
Some—somewhat bitterly of late.

DON PEDRO.

That is

One of love's foibles, my good girl. It is
A cunning effort of the mind, when it tries
To dissipate a profound feeling by
Words of ~~so~~ opposite colour: and 't is done
In hopes to make the heart beloved show
Itself unworthy. But I have a task,
Lisana. Listen; Ippolito loves—you.

LISANA.

My lord!

PEDRO.

But while his heart was beating high
He heard you loved another. Then what did he?
He told his prince the story of your love
(Your beautiful, delicate love, dear girl), and thus
Did sacrifice himself.

LISANA.

Alas, alas!

DON

Oh! but he merits something: were I you,
I'd thank him with my heart!

LISANA.

My lord—my heart!

DON PEDRO.

It is the only gift, some that I
Shall force on him hereafter, he can wish.
Mark me, Lisana, this young may die
Unless you love and save him. Speak! you look
In doubt; 't will be a noble act, and I
Shall love ye both, and Speak out, Lisana!
(after a pause).
My lord, it shall be done.

DON PEDRO.

And yet (I'd fain
Not speak of this) sure your heart will feel
No chill when press'd 'gainst his; it should be all
His own, purely and wholly, what I
Shall claim for friendship.

LISANA.

Sir, you teach me well,
And I am grateful for it. The passion that
Sway me tow'rd your highness lives, but yet
Refined so by your gracious kindness, that
'T will be distinct from what Ippolito asks.
I'll love him my husband, sir, and you
As my noble friend.

DON PEDRO.

Enough. Come in!

Ippolito, I say.

IPPOLITO enters.

IPPOLITO.

My lord!

PEDRO.

Come forward.

I will not say a word. Lisana must
Must tell you all you wish.

LISANA.

Come hither then,

My dear Ippolito. Be happy, if
My heart can make you so.

DON PEDRO.

Oh, a sweet girl!

He will be crowned upon your wedding day.

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

Hamlet. I have heard
That guilty sitting in a play
Have, by very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so in soul, that presently
They proclaimed their malefactions.

Hamlet.

Let. He gave him first his breeding;

Then shower'd his beauties on him Hours,
That, open-handed, sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of heaven
Down on the laps of thankful men.

BAY JOHNSON.—New Inn.

A story, distinctly resembling this sketch, is told of one the
Dukes of Guise.

SCENE.

A Room in a Palace.

PRINCE. CESARIO.

CESARIO.

Your highness for me?

PRINCE.

I did down,

My dear Cesario. You look ill.

No, sir.

PRINCE.

You have been feasting lately: come—I know it,
You were at Count Vitelli's, banquetting,
And he keeps such late hours. Have care;
Your health may suffer for it.

CESARIO.

You wish'd to speak

In haste with me, my lord?

PRINCE.

Not so.

CESARIO.

Then I

May visit you to-morrow?

PRINCE.

Let it be

To-day, now you are here. Cesario,
I wish'd ask you of a youth who lives with
The good old judge Colonna. Has he not
A foreign youth about him?

CESARIO.

Yes; his

Is Pedro—no, Diego, born at Madrid:
He is well versed in languages, and
Of a right noble family: of the house
Of—of Medina, I think.

PRINCE.

Indeed!

You know him well then?

CESARIO.

No, sir: I take shame

On the while I say it.

PRINCE.

Should you think

This young honest?

CESARIO.

Honest! aye, or else

much deceives

PRINCE.

Then he'd not betray

Your uncle, as I hear he has done?

Sir!—He—

could not be so base: my uncle

first and excellent friend.

PRINCE.

I thought the world

Was not so bad : now listen, Cesario,
And you shall hear a curious history.
Keep Diego in your mind the while, and think
That he's the hero of it. Last night a
Came mask'd unto a rich lord's house, (here in
Palermo)—Do you hear how Etna mutters?
I fear there 'll be irruptions shortly.

CESARIO.

Yes,
It sends a terrible sound indeed, my lord.

PRINCE.

This man petition'd for his life. He said,
That he had sworn to act a horrid deed,
And came to make disclosure. The great lord
(His was the life in danger) promised full
Forgiveness—but you do not listen.

CESARIO.

Oh!

Pardon me, sir, most carefully.

PRINCE.

He said

A youth on whom the lord had lavish'd wealth,
And kindness and good precept, had forgot
His better tutoring, and lent deaf ears
To those divinest whispers which the soul
Breathes to prevent erring. He resolved
To kill his benefactor : that was bad.

CESARIO.

Oh! he deserved——

PRINCE.

We'll talk of that hereafter.
Well—this bad man, whose mind was spotted with
The foulest sin in the world, ingratitude,
Had to murder this his friend.

CESARIO.

My lord!

PRINCE.

I see it shocks you : yes, for the sake of gold
He would have slain his old and faithful friend;
Have spurn'd the few grey locks that time had left,
And stopp'd the current of his reverend blood,
Which could not flow much longer.

CESARIO.

Are you sure?

PRINCE.

The plan was this : they to bind him, for
To slay him here were dangerous, and transport
His wretched limbs to a lonely place.

CESARIO.

Where—where was this?

PRINCE.

I'll tell you, for I once

Was housed there through a storm. A castle stands
(Almost a ruin now) on the sea-coast,
Where it looks tow'rd Calabria; as 't is said,
A murder once done there, and e'er since
It has been desolate; 't is bleak, and stands
High on a rock, whose base was cavern'd out
By the wild seas ages ago. The winds
Moan and make music through its halls, and there
The mountain-loving eagle builds his home.
But all's a waste: for miles and miles around
There's not a cot.

CESARIO.

Is't near the—eastward foot

Of Etna?

PRINCE.

Yes: oh! then you know the spot.
Now, dear Cesario, couldst thou think a man,
Setting aside all ties, could do a deed
Of blackness there? Why, 't is within the reach
Of Etna, and some thirty years ago
(The last eruption), when the lava rivers
Took their course toward that point, this dwelling
In danger. I myself stood near the place,
And the bright fires stream along, when they
Crumbled the chesnut forests and dark pines,
And branching oaks, to dust. The thunder spoke,
The rebel waves stood up and lashed the rocks,
And pour'd their stormy cries through every cave.
Each element was in motion then: the earth
Stagger'd and spouted fire; the winds—the seas—
And the fierce rains were heard: and here and there
The lightnings flew along their jagged paths,
Like messengers of evil.

CESARIO.

Oh! no more.

PRINCE.

Fancy, Cesario, in this desolate house,
How, with a solitary lamp, perhaps,
Above you, how this aged wretch would look.
All his white hair blood-drench'd, and his eye with
The horrid stare of dead mortality,
And death's own marble smile that changes not:
His hanging head, and useless neck—his old
Affectionate heart that beat so fondly, now
Like a stilled instrument. I could not kill
A dog that loved me: could you?

CESARIO.

No, sir—no.

PRINCE.

Why, you seem frightened.

CESARIO.

'T is a fearful picture.

PRINCE.

Yet might it have been true.

CESARIO.

We'll hope not.

PRINCE.

Hope!——

That hope is past. How will the Spaniard look,
Think you, Cesario, when the question comes
Home to his heart? In truth he could not look
More pale than you do now. Cesario!
The eye of God has been upon him.

CESARIO.

Yes:

I hope——

PRINCE.

Beware.

CESARIO.

My lord!

PRINCE.

Beware, how you

Curse him, for he is loaded heavily.
And fierce wishes plague him, and the world
Stamp its malediction on his head,
And God and man disown him.

CESARIO.

Oh! more.

More, my dearest lord; behold me here,
Here your feet—a wretch indeed, but now
Won quite from crime. Spare me.

PRINCE.

Rise. I forgive
Your wickedness to me: but men like you
(Base, common, bribed stabbers) must not
About the world so freely.

CESARIO.

Oh! that now
You could but see my heart!

PRINCE.

I would not see
Your bosom's black inhabitant. No more:
But listen me again—nay, speak not, sir.
This is a different tale. Cesario!
When first you came to Sicily, you were
A little child: your noble father, worn
By toil and long misfortune, scarce had time
To beg protection for you—he died.
Since then, if in your memory I have fail'd
In kindness tow'rd you, or good counselling,
Reproach me.

CESARIO.

You have been most kind—too kind.

PRINCE.

Once, in a painful illness, when none else
Would tread your infectious chamber (think me that),
I, though your prince—

CESARIO.

In pity!

PRINCE.

Hear me speak.

I gave that healing medicine to your lips,
Which wanting you had died. I tended you,
And was your nurse through many a sultry night,
For you were quite abandon'd. 'T was not well,
I own, to risk my safety, for I was
A crowned prince: yet, oh! 't is not for you
To blame. Well! you recover'd, and could use
Your sword again: you tried it 'gainst my blood
(My nephew then), and I forgave it.

CESARIO.

That

Was in the heat of quarrel.

PRINCE.

I have said

That I forgave it. Then a most mean wish
(You wish'd my wealth) possess'd you. I could never,
I own it, have guess'd at that.

CESARIO.

Oh! 't was not so.

PRINCE.

Well, then, it was not: but Aurelia's charms,
(That cunning Phryne) have had power upon you,
Beyond your gratitude. Oh! shame.

CESARIO.

My lord!

My father! oh! once more believe me. I
Do not deserve you should: but if you can
Once again credit me, may hell's fierce torments—
But oh! I will not, will not pain your love:
Nay more, I will deserve it.—I can die
Now, for my mind has grown within this hour
To firmness: yet, I now could wish to live,
To show you what I

PRINCE.

Cesario!

The world will blame me, but I'll try you still:

You cannot have the heart (for you have one)
Again to hurt me. Once, imperial Cesar
Upon the young deluded Cinna laid
His absolute pardon: 't was a weight that he
Could ne'er shake off. Cesario, thus from
My soul I do forgive you.

CESARIO.

Thanks.

PRINCE.

What, ho!

Cesario, faint not. Why, thou 'rt sillier now
Than when Aurelia kiss'd your lip, and won
Your soul to sin. Come: nay, there's no one knows
Our quarrel. Let me bury it in our breasts,
And talk me none wont.

CESARIO.

A little time,
My lord, and I may thank you. Now, if I
Might dare to ask it, I would fain retire—
And dwell on all your goodness.

PRINCE.

Farewell, then.

CESARIO.

My noble prince, rest soundly: you have gained
Cesario's soul twice over. If a knave
Should say I wrong you now, believe him not.
If I myself should swear I was your foe,
Discredit me. Oh! once more on my knees,
I thank you: dearest father! look upon
Your prodigal son. Thanks—from my heart.

PRINCE.

Farewell,

Farewell, Cesario. Nay, compose yourself.
Now go. Farewell, farewell.

WERNER.

No human ear must be astonished with the story of my endow-
ments and privileges.

For me the laws of Nature are suspended; the eternal wheels of
the universe roll backward: I am destined to be triumphant over
fate and time.

I shall take my distant posterity by the hand: I shall accompany
them in their career: and when they are worn out and exhausted,
I shall shut up the tomb over them, and set forward.

Past times had attached me deeply, irrevocably, to all the mem-
bers of my family. But I felt that I should survive them all. They
would die one by one, and leave me alone.

GODWIN.—*Travels of a Jew.*

SCENE I.

A Room.

WERNER. ELLENA.

ELLENA.

Indeed, I've heard——

WERNER.

Aye, thou hast heard that I
Have held communion with unearthly things,
And brought them to my bidding. If 't is so,
And may it not? perhaps thou—

ELLENA.

I have heard
That men (but 't is a foolish fable) may,
By midnight study, and sharp abstinence,

And self-giv'n torture, and unholy prayer,
And base desertion of the God they serve,
And yielding up themselves a penalty,
Acquire a power to do a world of wrong.
But this is fable.

WERNER.

Be not too sure: for

I knew a man (t was in a distant country,
Who, fame did say, could draw the planets down
By his dark art: and I have heard that he
At times held converse with the winds (speaking
In some strange melody), and had the power
To bid them waft him from remoter shores
Their richest produce. Spirits he had, who brought
Vast pearls, such as the expert divers find
Hard by Ceylon; and gems above all price.

ELLENA.

Indeed!

WERNER.

Aye: there were rubies, blood-red, like
Setting through mist; blue amethysts, too gay,
Or else like weeping maiden's eyes, violets
Wet in the spring: emeralds, green as grass
By splashing fountains: diamonds, like
On winter nights; and gold in showers: all from
The Ormus' mines: and from those Summer Isles
That their heads up i' the Indian Seas,
Rare fruits and perfumes: such as we, who dwell
In orange-bowers, ne'er heard of.

ELLENA.

But you disbelieved the story?

WERNER.

I knew it to be true.

ELLENA.

Oh! but you jest.

WERNER.

'T is true as that I stand,
And breathe, and live. I—I am one of those
Whom mighty Spirits from the mid-air,—beings
Who have no home, save—all the universe;
Who wander on from sphere to sphere, and share
Their subtle properties with man; who bathe
In flood and fire, and revel in the storm,
And fling the shivering lightning round in sport,
Themselves incorporate with the element:
Aye, I to whom these beings bend
In fear, and own obedience, and this hand,
That but clay to thy disordered eye,
Is spirit-fashioned;
And may, if but I will, bind in the winds:
This tongue, that uttereth but a sound,
Can bid the mountain-wave go back, and hush
The sea, like a rash child, to quiet.

ELLENA.

Oh!

If you have done this—but it cannot be.
What! turned a slave? Oh! you could not debase
Your proud spirit so: say, say you have not.

WERNER.

Sweet,

I've told thee true.

ELLENA.

Again: my senses cheat me.

Say it again, again: I'll not believe it.

WERNER.

'T is true, my Ellena: you shall see, and own

How powerful my spell is. I will call
The radiant Lucifer hither, and you shall see
The beautiful Prince of Morning float before you,
■ shape like the feathered Hermes, (crowned with
■ diadem of stars:) and you shall talk
Familiar with that sceptred spirit, and meet
His ■ and melancholy smile: and you
Shall hear his voice like the low winds in Autumn,
And feel his breathing presence, soothing as
The soft air of the valleys—Ah! you're pale!
My Ellena!

ELLENA.

Oh! if you have done this,
(But God forbid,) there is no hope left for you.
Oh! father, father, is it not written that
Whoe'er shall worship these dark powers, shall bear
Upon his brow, and fix upon his race,
A curse eternally:—your hand—I'm faint—

WERNER.

My Ellena! Ellena, awake! Perhaps
I may abjure—Look there! So,—now 't is gone.
He frown'd and beckon'd with his shadowy arm.
I—I must go: too late now. Dry your eyes:
The dead are come amongst us—or the damned.
What, do you glare? Is 't not enough that all
Do fear and fly me: must you too, alas!
Shrink as an adder stung you? Oh! do look
But kindly on me ere I go: perhaps
We shall not meet again; and 't is not thus
(Albeit I'm lost) the father and his child
Should part.

ELLENA.

You do not love me.

WERNER.

Ellena!—

But I go: farewell.

ELLENA.

No, no; not yet.

I will cling to you. Now you are in my arms,
And nought that's evil e'er shall reach you. Thus
(It is ■ fit) within your child's embrace,
Your own poor Ellena that you loved ■ once—
Nay, go not; father, father! stay and hear me.
In Heaven's name—

WERNER.

Oh! be silent, Look!—Again
The figure has burst his dim invisible bonds,
And stands like life before me. He commands,
And I must bow. Away— [Rushes out.

SCENE II.

■ is supposed to ■ after a considerable lapse of time.

WERNER, alone.

This is a dreary world. The Sun has made
A cloudy set, and as he died, his eye
Look'd red and troubled, and did tell of storms
To-morrow. A dark world—Still do I tread
The ground ■ I was wont, and yet, I feel
A wild and buoyant spirit here that seems
To mingle with the circling element,
And ■ upwards, whispering ■ I am
In something different from man. I am:
For I have ■ beyond my course, and left
The world behind, and ■ I stand above

The reach of mortal accident. I wish'd
To be immortal, for my soul was proud
And grasping; want and woe hung ■ my heart,
And I was bruised by foul authority;
And that I ■ beyond my fellows, and
Could read the secrets of the skies, and look
Into the profound which spreads beyond the tomb
Its dim illimitable regions, I

Was spurned and hated; but no more. I am
Immortal now; hundreds of untold years
That now lie sleeping in the gulf of time,
Shall rise and roll before ■ ere I die.

My glance can reach the heart, and my hand rain
Gold-showers, and invisible spirits stand
Always around me: I can walk the waves,
And ride the winged winds, and bid them fly
On my dark errands, and I have the power
To call the dead up from their stony rooms
To do ■ service.—I have a haunt beside
The bright home of the sun, aye, and ■ blind
The red Orion when he eyes the seas,
And strives to scatter from his cloudy arms
Tempest and storm; and so I am—a wretch.
—Oh! I have outlived all—all. Ellena!

She's gone, poor wench: ■ fair and young, 't was pity.
And my old friends (I had ■ few)—they've shook
Their years away, and gone ■ ■ in quiet.
And now I have no sympathies with man.

I'm link'd to nothing in this breathing world.
I am not human: no, a subtler essence
Fills me; nor spirit—no, the clay weighs me down,
And tells a heavy truth.——Poor Ellena!

My only child! How beautiful thou wast!
Once, in my earlier days, the hue o' thy cheek
Was like the fruit-tree blossom, and thine eye
Shone matchless in its watery brightness. Oh!
How like thy mother in her prime wast thou,
Sweet mockery of the dead Vittoria!

—She's gone, and left me; and the place she fill'd
In my heart is empty—empty. She has done
Her travel: but my task is still to roam
On through the world, and find no grave to stop at.
The things I love pass by me, and the tide
Has ■ returning. Like phantasms, or dreams,
Or gay romances that in youth we read,
The show dissolves, and dies. Look! who is there?
How like ■ young divinity he stands,
Dazzling the sight. Thus look'd Apollo in
His youth, and thus (yet never half so fair)
The delicate Ganymede, ■ that sleeping boy
Whom Dian kiss'd o' nights. He's vanish'd.

There's nothing good here: all is false and vile.
'T is ■ base world.—A little breathing time,
And then I'll hie me to the mountains, and
Riot alone. With men no more I'll hold
Communion, but the wolf and ravenous kite
Shall find ■ benefactor. I'll be great:
And ■ some crag I'll build, and hollow it out,
A pyramid of ice, high ■ the top
Of snowy Teneriff; and there I'll sit,
A giant in that lofty wilderness,
Alone: and nothing but the rude north wind
Shall visit me. He, with his blustering cheeks,
Shall whistle through my cave, and sing at times
Low dirges to me, mournfully, ■ though

I had deceased: and he shall scatter round
In sport the virgin snow, and cover me,
So I shall sleep in purity.—Or I
Will lie beneath the shade of columns or tombs
Forgotten, where the ashes of those men
Who fill'd the world with fame, sleep now inurned,
Or on Athenian ground, or storied Troy;
Or marble Thebes, upon whose sands long since
The amorous Memnon in the morning light
Sang ■ the young Aurora—for amongst
Those haunts the spirits of the elder time
Wander invisibly; and we will talk
Beneath the quiet of the midnight sky,
Of things and days departed; till the sound
Shall fall like melancholy music on
My soul.—Or, haplier, far and far away,
Beside some silent lake, encompass'd 'round
By mighty hills, I'll lay ■ down at last,
An idler on that solitary shore,
And upon every cloud and passing thing,
And every wind that stirs, ■ feather'd bird
That dips its plumage in the waters, I
Will through the lazy noon-tide moralize;
And so I'll learn tranquillity.—No, no.
I must have motion, that I may—forget.
Aye, I'll scour as tempests do, the middle air
(But never free 't from blight), and mount and mount,
And feast upon the wonders of the stars,
And that may entirely turn my brain. The moon
Shall be my chariot, and from vaporous clouds,
I'll fashion (giving them life, fire, and motion),
Horses, whose manes shall shake the light away,
As did the fabled steeds of Phaeton.

'T is a brave world. I'll dwell alone—alone,
And ■ shall touch me; none shall look on me,
Or if he doth, be blasted. Aye, I'll dwell
Aloft; no equal: and no—ah, no friend.
That's hard; then not alone—not quite alone.
Let there be something, though ■ dog, which I
May waste a little kindness on. Let there be
A something on this visible globe that may
Have leave to love me; something I may love:
And dogs they say are faithful. Oh! I'll give
Intelligence unto him, and he shall be
My Argus, and my bold confederate,
And we will wander through the world together,
Good friends and honest, and—but he will die,
And leave me, and so on; and I shall see
Friends, generations pass away—away.
Like puppets—shades, they'll tread the common road
To death, and find a home. No home for me:
The very grave rejects me. I must live
Hundreds of years—long years. Oh! I shall pass
(I feel it) my time in solitude; set apart
From all, ■ forbidden.

THE RETURN OF MARK ANTONY.

Eye, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Ant. Would I had never — her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left — a wonderful piece of work : which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

The same.

SCENE.

A Room in the Palace of Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS.

CLEOPATRA.

No tidings yet?

CHARMIAN.

None, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

None!—Shame on thee, jealous queen!

It is because I dared to imitate

Thy carriage, that thou shakest me thus? For I

Have been — tetchy and — proud as thou:

As jealous and imperative; and have had

The Joye of all this world for mine (he whom

Dear Cæsar loved), the great Mark Antony.

IRAS.

Alas!

CLEOPATRA.

Oh! Juno! pity my sad state,

And never more — Venus' altar will

I hang — offering. Isis! thou shalt be

Never remembered.

CHARMIAN.

Hark! I hear a shout.

CLEOPATRA.

Excellent wench! Hie thee, good Charmian,

And know the cause.

CHARMIAN.

No: 't was but fancy.

CLEOPATRA.

Fool!

Thus — deceive me. O ye do conspire

To tear my heart. Away! I'll be alone;

And all my love shall now be solitude;

And I will gaze upon the horned moon

By night, and pay my vows to chastity:

And every petty star that comes and goes

I'll think a sphered Antony, and — bow to 't.

But he is gone: dead, dead, alas! and I

Feel — a tightness 'round my bursting heart

That ne'er was there before.

IRAS.

Take comfort, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

Hark!—No—

IRAS.

My gracious queen!

CLEOPATRA (*not heeding them*).

Now will I bare

My bosom, and the soft and summer winds

Shall play upon 't, and whisper pretty tales:

How, once, there — a king (a Roman king)

Who loved a dark Egyptian; and how he

Did leave his country, and his state—his wife

(That was not well), for her. What — her name?

Why—CLEOPATRA. But he died.

IRAS.

Again?

I heard a noise: Again—and, hark! they shout

Long life — Antony.

CLEOPATRA.

Why then he lives.

My tender Iras! Here, a chain of pearls,

Worth half Numidia: take, and wear 'em, wench:

They — queen's: aye, and her lover's gift.

Now go, and bring me Antony.

IRAS.

He comes.

CLEOPATRA.

Comes he indeed? We will not see him—yet.

[*Sits.*

ANTONY *enters*.

ANTONY.

My dearest love!

CLEOPATRA.

Who's there?—the Roman soldier! Sir, your wife,

The fair Octavia, is not here: Nay, you,

Perhaps, are but a cozener; for we heard

That you had died; aye, 't was in Sicily:

There where of late you married.

ANTONY.

Cleopatra!

CLEOPATRA.

My lord, your look 's familiar: leave it quick:

We — great Isis. Know you that, my—lord;

And kings have bent lowly before our feet,

As to a shrined goddess. Kings, sir! then

Why not a Roman triumvir?

ANTONY.

Peace, my heart!

CLEOPATRA.

I am grown old; had Cæsar lived——

ANTONY.

Away!

You 'll tempt me.

CLEOPATRA.

Likely; that Octavia did.

ANTONY.

Nay, nay.

CLEOPATRA.

Sir, is the charm worn, that you come

For help to Egypt? Ah, poor Egypt! She

Must smile howe'er the world runs. Ha!—But, sir,

We have no leisure now; to-morrow, if

You seek, on state affairs, an audience——

ANTONY.

How!

I'm all amaze.

CÆSARION *enters*.

CLEOPATRA.

Cæsarion! My dear child!

Come hither, boy, and fear not. How!—look up;

'T is but a Roman soldier, sirrah, and you

Are son to Cleopatra.

ANTONY.

To whom beside!

You 'd better tell him all.

CLEOPATRA.

I will: and yet

I will not. No, it is enough he is

The queen of Egypt's son, sir. If he lives

— 'll know in time (I'll whisper it) that he

Sprung from — hero; but his fiery blood

Will tell the secret to his heart, though I

Should fail to do 't.

ANTONY.

Begone!

CLEOPATRA.

Cæsarion, stay!

My lord, you are too free. Oh! frown not: You
Stand in the palace of the Ptolemies,
And I am mistress there. These manners do
Not suit me; are—are they from Italy?

ANTONY.

By all the gods!

CLEOPATRA.

Now go, Cæsarion

[*Cæs. exit.*]

Dear boy; how like his father—Ah!—you will
Not strike me, valiant sir?

ANTONY.

Oh! that you were

A man—a soldier—fifty—with the souls
Of a hundred swart Egyptians. By my sword!

CLEOPATRA.

You'd sheath it.

ANTONY.

Away, away!—Have I for thee,

Forgot Octavia? left my place at home,
Heedless of safety, of ~~myself~~ (ah! shame),
For thee, thou fickle and insidious queen?
Have I not left my seat of thunder, where
Though but a Roman triumvir, kings have not dared
Come, but at humble distance?—Cleopatra!
It is because I have abandoned all
For thee, that thou disdain'st me? Perjured queen!
What wouldst thou? Does not half the mortal world
Kneel in thy chains? and still thou art insatiate:
By Mars! I am betrayed.

CLEOPATRA.

Oh! no, no, no, [*Rising.*]

Oh! Antony, Antony! Come, and ~~my~~ my heart
Press thou thy palm, and feel if the beatings there
Tell of thy soul's sedition. Antony!
And hast thou left Octavia, and—for me?
Oh! my own warrior, now forgive, forgive,
That I did play the churl, and seem to doubt
Thy constant mind: my husband! Antony!

ANTONY.

Ah! wayward queen!

CLEOPATRA.

No more.

ANTONY.

And jealous?

CLEOPATRA.

Nay,

Pity me, for I thought—

ANTONY.

Fool! I am come

At last.

CLEOPATRA.

Thanks to the skiey deities.

Away, good Iris: we will feast to-night,
As though the globe were conquer'd: let there be
Fires, and high votive altars raised throughout
The city: and let Juno's temple blaze
As though her husband's lightnings were impress'd
To do us service. We'll do it royally:
Shall we not, mighty Antony?

[*Laughing.*]

ANTONY.

Nobly, sweet.

Now thou'rt my queen again: and dost become

Joy—Oh! ~~my~~ Dian honours chastity:

Or ~~my~~ Jove's bird, among the mountain storms,
Becomes his throned hill; ~~my~~ bloody Mars
The rage of battle; or—Ha! who comes here?

DOMITIUS enters.

CLEOPATRA.

Welcome to Egypt, sir. Domitius has
Forgot his Egyptian colour; look, my lord.
Take heed, sir, there is one I know who loves
To see the sun upon you.

DOMITIUS.

Thanks, great queen.

CLEOPATRA.

I hate the Italian paleness: ~~my~~ your ladies
As pale ~~my~~ you ~~my~~ now? Tell me, sir: nay—
My lord here likes the sickly white.

ANTONY.

No, no.

CLEOPATRA.

Now, does he not, Domitius?

ANTONY.

Mind her not.

CLEOPATRA.

There was a fair girl that I've heard he loved
At Rome, once—Cytheris: Cytheris, that was she.
Domitius, ~~my~~ she lovely?

ANTONY.

Oh! a beauty.

DOMITIUS.

She was a rare wench! a sweet woman. Jove!
What a foot she had! and her round arm seem'd ~~my~~
'T was shaped from ivory. By Venus, she
~~my~~ not her match in Rome. Her soft blue eyes—

CLEOPATRA.

My lord is fond of black: ~~my~~ you not, love?
Speak out, my lord: there's no ~~my~~ to offend.
Oh! Isis, he forgets: he knows not which.
Domitius, tell him of this creature! this—
With her dull blue eyes, and pretty milk-white face,
On which he doated so.

DOMITIUS.

Nay, she was fair.

CLEOPATRA.

You said so, sir, before—I thank you. But
You were a youth then, were you not, my lord?
Had never been in Egypt, where the skies
Show'r down a summer colour on our cheeks,
And ~~my~~ the eyes with light. Now, ~~my~~ you boast
Of Roman hearts like ours?

DOMITIUS.

No, madam, ~~my~~

They make ~~my~~ run to catch 'em. Here, the ~~my~~
Are kinder: much.

CLEOPATRA.

I knew it.

DOMITIUS.

Aye; they'll give

More than ~~my~~ want at times.

ANTONY.

No more, ~~my~~ more.

~~my~~ has left a love in Italy, my queen,
And rails at sun-burnt Egypt: pity him.
Had he been warm'd by Cleopatra's smile,
And won her love imperial; had he ~~my~~
The last flower of the Ptolemies on his breast,

And fed upon its fragrance, till his soul
Grew almost sick with sweets—as I have, dear,
He 'd tell a different story: but I now
Must give directions 'bout the ambassadors.
I 'll follow you, Domitius. [DOMITIUS exit.]

CLEOPATRA.

Be not long

Absent, my lord. You will not? I will be
Here an hour hence.

ANTONY.

To-night we—

CLEOPATRA.

Oh! we 'll have

A night of wonder. Not a slave shall droop
In Egypt: we 'll spread happiness 'round, and be
As fertile in our bounties as the Nile.
Your gloomy Saturn shall forget to frown
For one brave night, and light his lamp afresh;
And Bacchus shall be crown'd, and all the gods
Of Rome shall mix with Lybian deities.
The sooty Æthiop, in his chains — more,
Shall crush the purple grape, and laugh and drink
A health to Cleopatra: Love and long health to
The mighty Antony: United healths
To Egypt's queen and Roman Antony.

ANTONY.

It shall be as you please.

CLEOPATRA.

And as you please.

ANTONY.

'T will be the same. Fair Venus!

CLEOPATRA.

Oh! forgot:

Haste, Charmian, haste, and bid my women go
And strip the gardens of the hanging rose
(The red rose, gentle Charmian, for it is
The emblem of warm love); and rear every where
In lonely spots, and sweet sequester'd arbours,
By streaming brooks, and lonely lulling fountains,
Altars to Cytherea. And burn there
Lamps of perfumed oil (but few, for love
— holy, and abhors the glaring light):
And — will kneel, and thank the queen of beauty
That Antony is safe.

There is — time

For this, sweet!

CLEOPATRA.

Oh! yes, yes. And I will kneel

Alone, and 'neath the soft and silvery light
Of Hesperus, tell to every whistling bough
What music 's in the name of Antony;
Until each quivering leaf shall stay its noise
To catch the word harmonious. Oh! and then,
When I my vows have paid, I will be crowned;
Not as the Nilus' queen, but on my brow
(Sweet Cytherea, how I love thee!) I
Will have a crown of Love's — flow'rs, so sweet
That Zephyr shall mistake his nymph, and woo
— with his faint and witching numbers; and — I—
And I—will then disdain the fluttering god,
And — me in the arms of Antony. [Embraces him.]

THE BROKEN HEART.

Pistol. Thou hast spoke the right;
— heart is fractur'd and corroborate.

Henry V.

— sketch — founded upon a tale of Boccaccio. The story is this—
Jeronymo was sent from Italy to Paris in order to complete his
studies. — detained there two years, his mother being
fearful lest he should marry a poor and beautiful girl (Sylvestra),
with whom — had been brought up from his infancy. During
— absence his mother contrived — have Sylvestra married. —
returned, and, after wandering about her dwelling, succeeded in
getting into her chamber, conversed with her (her husband being
asleep), and, — last, died on the bed before her.

SCENE I.

A Room.

JERONYMO, his MOTHER.

MOTHER.

Pr'ythee, take comfort, child; why, how you look—
Speak, dear Jeronymo!

JERONYMO.

You have done this?

MOTHER.

'T — for your good.

JERONYMO.

Oh! mother, mother; you
Have broke the fondest heart in Italy.
My good—what 's that? Is 't good that I shall die?
Is 't good that I shall pine, and waste away,
And shrink within my natural compass, and
In melancholy idleness haunt the nest
Where my white dove lies guarded—

MOTHER.

Patience—nay—

JERONYMO.

Until I die, good mother? I shall die
(Mark me, and think my words — prophecy)
Before you, day by day.—My head feels light:
But then my heart 's gone, — it matters not.
Sylvestra, sweet Sylvestra!

MOTHER.

Name her not.

Oh! she 's the cause of all our sorrow—all.
You must not think of her now.

JERONYMO.

No! not now?

MOTHER.

No; for she 's married.

JERONYMO.

Ha, ha, ha! good mother.

Shame! at your time to jest.

MOTHER.

I told you this

Before; she 's married—married.

JERONYMO.

Pshaw! I know it:

Am I not—broken-hearted?

MOTHER.

Oh! sweet heavens.

Jeronymo

JERONYMO.

Well.

MOTHER.

Why do you talk thus?

So strangely, dear, to me? My own boy—think
On me, sweet.

JERONYMO.

Surely; for you thought of me,
Even in absence: therefore I'll be grateful,
And do you a good turn, mother, pray, believe 't:
I'll make you heir of all my father's lands,
Chattels, and gold, and floating argosies,
With not a widow or a child to share 'em with you.
Here's gratitude. I'll swear 't: By noisy Jove,
Red Mars, and bearded Saturn—

MOTHER.

Pr'ythee cease.

JERONYMO.

Oh! you're grown modest since my father died,
And will not court the gods. By Venus then
(You'll like her, for she—cheated all the world),
Or Juno, radiant Juno: she took note
Of great Jove's pranks, when absent; and, you know,
Strangled the innocent passion love, at times,
And marred poor damsels' happiness—as you did:
By—

MOTHER.

Do not talk thus. Oh! if not for me,
For your dear father's sake, Jeronymo,
Spare me.

JERONYMO.

My father? ont, alas! he's dead.

MOTHER.

He temper'd the warm feelings of his heart
(Which else perhaps had led to strife or ruin)
By draughts of that divine philosophy—

JERONYMO.

Aye, that's the drink I love. At Paris, madam,
There we had flasks of it; cork'd as tight as though
It were a conjuror's secret, and I drank,
And drank and drank the livelong day and night,
And chew'd the bitter laurel for my food,
Whose roots are water'd, as the poets tell,
By the immortal wells of Castaly.
I wish'd for ambrosia, but the gods are grown
Economists, and hoard it for the good
And great in after times.

MOTHER.

Alas! alas!

JERONYMO.

Why that looks well.

MOTHER.

What?

JERONYMO.

Oh! to see you weep.

Although your husband died so long ago.

MOTHER.

I do not weep for him.

JERONYMO.

Not weep for him?

Then shame seal up your mouth. Was he not kind
And good? You told me so: and yet you weep not.
Weep you for widowhood? Oh! you may gain
Another husband yet.

MOTHER.

I do not wish it:

I cannot match the last.

JERONYMO.

You cannot, madam.

No, though you gaze when Hesper comes, until
The last star sinks below the western heavens,
You cannot match him. Oh! he was a man:
How few there are such! and how he did joy
To mark his look in my poor sickly face,
And loved and did caress me as I had been
Fair as the god Apollo. But he died:
And how he fear'd (do you remember that?)
Lest I should sink, and leave no name behind me;
No child who might inherit, and transmit
Our noble name — far posterity:
Do you remember this, good mother? I
Am the last scion of a gracious tree,
And you—aye, you have struck me to the root,
And withered all my branches. Now, farewell.
Sylvestra!—Mighty mother, you have broke
Your wand at last.

MOTHER.

Farewell, farewell.

JERONYMO.

Farewell.

Yet stay—Ah! mother, bless you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Sylvestra's Chamber.

JERONYMO, SYLVESTRA.

JERONYMO.

So, all is hush'd at last. Hush! There she lies,
Who should have been my own. Sylvestra!—No:
She sleeps; and from her parted lips there comes
A fragrance, such as April mornings draw
From the awakening flowers. There lies her arm,
Stretch'd out like marble on the quilted lid,
And motionless. What if she lives not?—Oh!
How beautiful she is! How far beyond
Those bright creations, which the fabled Greeks
Placed on their white Olympus. That great queen
Before whose eye Jove's starry armies shrank
To darkness, and the wide and billowy seas
Grew tranquil, was a spotted leper to her;
And never in such pure divinity
Could sway the wanton blood, as she did—Hark!
She murmurs like a cradled child. How soft 't is.
Sylvestra!

SYLVESTRA.

Ha! who's there?

JERONYMO.

'T is I.

SYLVESTRA.

Who is it?

JERONYMO.

Must I then speak, and tell my name to you?
Sylvestra, fair Sylvestra! know me now:
Not now? and is my very voice so changed
By wretchedness, that you—you know me not?
Alas!

SYLVESTRA.

Begone. I'll wake my husband if
You tread a step: begone.

JERONYMO.

Jeronymo!

SYLVESTRA.

Ha! speak.

JERONYMO.

Jeronymo.

SYLVESTRA.

Oh!

JERONYMO.

Hide your eyes:

Aye, hide them, married woman! lest you see
The wreck of him that loved you.

SYLVESTRA.

Not me.

JERONYMO.

Yes.

Loved you like life—like heaven and happiness,
Loved you and kept your name against his heart
(Ill-boding amulet) till death.

SYLVESTRA.

Alas!

JERONYMO.

And now I come to bring your wandering thoughts
Back to their innocent home. Thus, as 't is said,
Do spirits quit their leaden urns, to tempt
Wretches from sin. Some have been seen o' nights
To stand and point their rattling finger at
The red moon — it rose (perhaps to turn
Man's thoughts on high). Some their lean arms have
stretch'd

'Tween murderers and their victims. Some have laugh'd
Ghastly, upon—the bed of wantonness,
And touch'd the limbs with death.

SYLVESTRA.

You will not harm me?

JERONYMO.

Why should I not?—No, no, poor girl! I come not
To mar your delicate limbs with outrage. I

Have loved too well for that. Had you but loved—

SYLVESTRA.

I did—I did.

JERONYMO.

Away—My brain is well

(Though late 't was hot). You loved? away, away!
This to a dying man?

SYLVESTRA.

Oh! you will live

Long, aye, and happily: will wed, perhaps—

JERONYMO.

Nay, pr'ythee cease. Sylvestra! you and I
Were children here ~~some~~ few short springs ago,
And loved like children: I the elder; you
The loveliest girl that ever tied her hair
Across a sunny brow of Italy.

I still remember how your delicate foot
'Tripp'd on the lawn at vintage-time, and how,
When others ask'd you, you would only give
Your hand to me.

SYLVESTRA.

Alas! Jeronymo.

JERONYMO.

Aye, that's the name: you had forgot.

SYLVESTRA.

Oh! no.

Can I forget the many hours we've spent,
When care had scarce begun to trouble us?
How were we wont, on Autumn nights, to stray,
Counting the clouds that pass'd across the moon—

JERONYMO.

Go —

SYLVESTRA.

And figuring many a shape grotesque:

Camels and caravans, and mighty beasts,
Hot prancing steeds, and warriors plumed and helm'd,
All in the blue sky floating.

JERONYMO.

What is this?

SYLVESTRA.

I thought you liked to hear of it.

JERONYMO.

I do.

SYLVESTRA.

Then wherefore look so sadly?

JERONYMO.

Fair Sylvestra,

Can I do aught to comfort you?

SYLVESTRA.

Away,

You do forget yourself.

JERONYMO.

Not so. Can I

Do aught to serve you? Speak! my time is short,
For death has touch'd me.

SYLVESTRA.

Now you're jesting.

JERONYMO.

Girl!

Now, I am—dying. Oh! I feel my blood
Ebb slowly; and before the morning sun
Visits your chamber through those trailing vines,
I shall lie here, here in your chamber, dead.
Dead, dead, dead, dead! Nay, shrink not.

SYLVESTRA.

Pr'ythee go:

You fright me.

JERONYMO.

Yet I'd not do so, Sylvestra:

I will but tell you, you have used me harshly
(That is not much), and die: nay, fear me not.
I would not chill, with this decaying touch,
That bosom where the blue veins wander 'round,
As if enamour'd and loth to leave their homes
Of beauty: nor should this thy white cheek fade
From fear at me, a poor heart-broken wretch.
—Look at me. Why, the winds sing through my bones,
And children jeer me; and the boughs that wave
And whisper loosely in the summer air,
Shake their green leaves in mockery, — to say,
«These are the longer livers.»

SYLVESTRA.

How is this?

JERONYMO.

I've number'd eighteen summers. Much may lie
In that short compass; but my days have been
Not happy. Death was busy with our house
Early, and nipp'd the comforts of my home,
And sickness paled my cheek, and fancies (like
Bright but delusive stars) came wandering by me.
There's one you know of: that—no matter—that
Drew — from out my way (a perilous guide),
And left me sinking. I had gay hopes too,
What needs the mention?—they are vanish'd.

SYLVESTRA.

I—

I thought—(speak softly, for my husband sleeps),
I thought, when you did stay abroad so long,
And — sent nor ask'd of me or mine,
You'd quite forgotten Italy.

JERONYMO.

Speak again.

Was 't so, indeed?

SYLVESTRA.

Indeed, indeed.

JERONYMO.

Then be it.

Yet, what had I done Fortune, that she could
Abandon me ■ entirely? Never mind 't:
Have a good heart, Sylvestra: they who hate
Can kill us, but no more, that 's comfort. Oh!
The journey is but short, and we can reckon
On slumbering sweetly with the freshest earth
Sprinkled about us. There no storms can shake
Our secure tenement; nor need we fear,
Though cruelty be busy with our fortunes,
Or scandal with our names.

SYLVESTRA.

Alas, alas!

JERONYMO.

Sweet! in the land to come we 'll feed on flowers.
Droop not, my beautiful child. Oh! we will love
Then without fear: no mothers there; no gold,
Nor hate, nor paltry perfidy, none, none.
We have been doubly cheated. Who 'll believe
A mother could do this? but let it pass:
Anger suits not the grave. Oh! my own love,
Too late I see thy gentle constancy:
I wrote, and wrote, but never heard; at last,
Quitting that place of pleasure, home I came,
And found you married! Then—

SYLVESTRA.

Alas!

JERONYMO.

Then I

Grew moody; and at times, I fear, my brain
Was fever'd: but I could not die, Sylvestra,
And bid you no farewell.

SYLVESTRA.

Jeronymo!

Break not my heart thus: they—they did deceive me.
They told me that the girls of France were fair,
And you had scorn'd your poor and childish love;
Threaten'd, and vow'd, enjoin'd, and then—I married.

JERONYMO.

Oh!

SYLVESTRA.

What 's the matter?

JERONYMO.

Soft! The night wind sounds

A funeral dirge for me, sweet. Let me lie
Upon thy breast; I will not chill 't, my love.
It is a shrine where Innocence might die:
Nay, let me lie there once; for once, Sylvestra.

SYLVESTRA.

Pity me!

JERONYMO.

So I do.

SYLVESTRA.

Then talk not thus;

Though but a jest, it makes me tremble.

JERONYMO.

Jest?

Look in my eye, and mark how true the tale
I've told you.—On its glassy surface lies
Death, my Sylvestra. It is Nature's last

And beautiful effort to bequeath ■ fire
To that bright ball on which the spirit sate
Through life; and look'd out, in its various moods,
Of gentleness and joy, and love and hope,
And gained this frail flesh credit in the world.
It is the channel of the soul: its glance
Draws and reveals that subtle power, that doth
Redeem us from ■ gross mortality.

SYLVESTRA.

Why, ■ you 're cheerful.

JERONYMO.

Yes; 't is thus I 'd die.

SYLVESTRA.

Now I ■ smile.

JERONYMO.

Do so, and I 'll smile too.

I do; albeit—ah! now my parting words
Lie heavy ■ my tongue; my lips obey not,
And—speech—comes difficult from me. While I can,
Farewell. Sylvestra! where 's your hand?

SYLVESTRA.

Ah! cold.

JERONYMO.

'T is so; but scorn it not, my own poor girl.
They've used us hardly: bless 'em though. Thou wilt
Forgive them? One 's a mother, and may feel,
When that she knows me dead. Some air—more air;
Where are you?—I am blind—my hands are numb'd:
This is a wintry night. So,—cover me. [Dies.]

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

Many of the facts stated or referred ■ in this Sketch, may be found
in Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. On the night
before the Emperor Julian fought his last battle, he had the
dream which I have detailed in the first ■ of this Sketch;
and it is recorded that on the night of his death he addressed his
soldiers, distributed rewards amongst them, and conversed with
the sophists around him, respecting the immortality of the Soul.
The names of Anatolius, Novitta, etc. are taken from history.

SCENE I.

*The Tent of the Emperor Julian. Night—near day-
break.*

JULIAN (alone).

To-morrow?—aye, to-morrow. The bright Sun
Of my life will set in blood. Dark heavy clouds
Are rolling round about me, yet my eye
Can reach into the dim eternity,
And in its bosom is—my grave. Oh! then,
Valour and War, farewell! Soldiers and friends,
Who in the tempest of the battle, once,
With your loves girded me like triple steel,
I must be gone. Morning and Night farewell!
And all the beauty of this visible world;
And thou, fair Air! who music art and perfume,
Colour and light, and in thy silent arms
Now nursest with cold dews the sleeping flower,
And bidd'st the fever'd heart forget its pain,
Shall I behold thee never again?—Never!
A dull, protracting, melancholy word,
That in an alien language, talks despair.
■ Never!—then Hope ■ gone, and Time departed;
And Happiness that flies, and then returns,

Making its presence precious—all are gone.
—Is there no armour of the soul wherein
I may array my thoughts and vanquish Death?
It may not be: my hour is come—is come:
And I must tread upon that shadowy strand
A shadow, a pale solitary thing,
For ages and for ages, and there be
A Spirit fill'd with human thoughts and pains,
Languishing for some remote Elysium.
Great Mars, look down upon me: Am I not
Thy son adopted! oh! my patron Mars,
My father, and my god, I perish here
For want of succour. Fate and Death, at hand,
Wait smiling for the dust of Julian;
And the grave opens, with a sickly smile,
Its hollow home inviting me to rest:
Away—this must not be. Imperial Rome
Leans on my sword.—Who goes?

ANATOLIUS enters.

ANATOLIUS.

My emperor!

You are—

JULIAN.

'T is nothing—nothing: I am well.
Come hither, Anatolius: sit by me.
To-morrow I—pshaw! that's for after thought.
To-morrow ■ must give the Persians battle.
What say you, Sir? Is your heart firm, or have
These Syrian suns withered your spirit up?

ANATOLIUS.

It is the ■ as ever.

JULIAN.

My good soldier.

ANATOLIUS.

Let us but once meet Sapor face to face:
We fly now. Oh! that we should fly from slaves,
Whom we have fought and beat day after day,
'Till we were faint with conquest—

JULIAN.

Forget this.

'T is true, indeed, we take less time for breathing,
Now that we march for Rome, than when we came
Intent to ■ the Persian on his throne:
And in our trumpets now the wailing notes
Sound lingering and prolong'd. Well! 't was not so
When ■ did visit Antioch—no, by Mars,
Nor when we rode through Anatho, or pushed
Our battering engines through the gates of Anbar.
Those were good times—great times.

ANATOLIUS.

Aye, when we shook

Down to the dust their sixteen towers of brick
At Maogamalcha, and did mine our way
Beneath the dark foundation of its walls,
The Persian did not smile: there ■ no time—
And yet (before) do you remember how
They laughed upon us from their ramparts, and
Sung out with lusty lungs triumphant songs
About the glory of Sapor (then he hid
His head in Ctesiphon), and—but you droop,
My noble king!—

JULIAN.

Good Anatolius, you
Have been my friend and fellow soldier long;
From my youth upwards. We have fought together

In Germany and Gaul, and on the banks
Of the black Danube, when its waters lay
'Tween ■ and Hope.

ANATOLIUS.

Like a dark rolling Hell.

Oh! I remember it.

JULIAN.

My spirit never

Quail'd in those times of peril, yet—

ANATOLIUS.

My lord?

JULIAN.

Nor doth it now: but there is on my soul
A solemn foreboding that to-morrow's light—
—To day's—for even now the clouds begin
To break about the east, and dawn is here
Before the stars have left us: Be it so.
My fate co—onward with a hurrying step:
I'll meet it ■ becomes me.—My old friend,
Bear with me, and believe no idle fears
Shake me at this great hour. Thou shalt never
Blush to behold thine old companion die,
Who once fought well beside thee.

ANATOLIUS.

Oh! you hurt me.

By the great Jove you tear my heart away.
Why will you do it?

JULIAN.

My dear soldier, this

Is the last day of Julian. Mourn it not.
Early I die, but in my life I have
Seen many things that age but seldom looks on,
Pleasure and power and peril. I have made
Myself a name, and carried the Roman arms
Nobly amongst the nations. I shall be
Known to far ages as a man who bowed
Before his ancient Gods, and left a path
In which he thought he err'd, for one more bright:
Nor, when posterity shall speak of me,
Will it forget to say that I—(I hope not)
Was Anatolius' friend.

ANATOLIUS.

I cannot stay.

I shall be angry with you—Oh! is it thus
You ■ my ear for battle. I shall not fight
As I was wont: I know it. Farewell now;
We'll talk of this to-morrow.

JULIAN.

Oh! to-day

I ■ say something, Anatolius;
And you must listen, for 't will ease my soul.
Fear not for ■ to-day. You'll see my sword
As busy ■ ever at its bloody work,
And, in the van, my plume. I have a leaf
From the green crown of Victory. You shall see
How soon ■ 'll tame the Persian spirits down.

ANATOLIUS.

Ay, ■ you speak like Julian. Oh! we'll beat
These brown barbarians to their silken tents,
As we ■ wont. Let's talk of better times,
(If we must talk)—of the old Roman times,
When ■ rich veins fed Conquest with their blood,
And fear was stifled in our hearts. Away—
We'll fight as bravely as great Julius did,
And feast to-day with Sapor.

JULIAN.

You shall do it.

And now but listen to me.—I have had
A solemn dream. Methought there did appear
The Genius of my country by my couch:
He held the horn of plenty in his hand.
And, covering it with a veil funereal,
Shrouded his head in darkness: Slowly then
Without a word—one word, he floated out,
And left me in my tent,—alone.

ANATOLIUS.

Go on,

Go on.

JULIAN.

I woke and started from my bed,
But there was nothing,—nought: So, I went forth,
(Then wide awake) to look upon the sky;
For I have studied deeply the high art
Of Divination, and can read the stars—

ANATOLIUS.

You jest.

JULIAN.

No; by my father's spirit. Until now
You never heard — tell of this: but, once—
'T is long ago—at Athens—(ere I dreamt
Of Rome or of the purple), I was wont
To commune with her grey philosophers;
And they did bare the secrets of the grave,
And showed unto mine eyes Cadmean scrolls,
Torn from the tombs of Egypt. I became
An Eleusinian, and partook those rites
Mysterious and sublime, which no man knows
Save only the elect. I have listened to
The famous oracles; and, once a day,
Have heard at Thebes the lonely marble voice
Speak out unto Apollo. I have learned
Magic, and things that since the birth of time,
Have all been hidden from inferior minds,
Which better thrive in darkness than in light.

ANATOLIUS.

And now—

JULIAN.

And now, I can divine my fate.
Last night I saw my tutelary star
('T is Mars) rolling in the blue firmament,
Usurping all one quarter of the sky;
At last he seemed to shake, and left his orb,
Streaming athwart the Heavens. Methought he went
To meet the morn and died. By Serapis!
I saw him vanish in the east.

ANATOLIUS.

Away!

And what of this? 't is nothing.

JULIAN.

I am now

Deserted by my planetary God.

Al!—the sun comes: then I must haste to speak.
—You must remember when Constantius died;
He left a widow.

ANATOLIUS.

And a child.

JULIAN.

'T was —

Eusebia was—even while Constantius' wife,
Gracious to me. In boyhood, when I —
Once in great danger, she did plead my —

(You know how eloquent she was), and saved me;
And ever after, through my checquer'd life,
She stood my friend. Beneath her warming smile
My fortunes flourished, and I grew to power,
Who else perhaps had lived not.

ANATOLIUS.

That was noble.

I did not know what cause you had to love her.

JULIAN.

She loved me; more perhaps than might become
The Emperor's wife (for when I wedded Helena
She was estranged awhile, and saw me not);
But my wife died, and then Constantius fell,
Hated by all. Somewhat indeed of hate
(Unjustly) clings upon his widow still.
When I have perished, Anatolius, thou
Wilt be Eusebia's friend?

ANATOLIUS.

I will, I will.

But you will live.

JULIAN.

But should I die, my soldier,
(I must) do thou be poor Eusebia's friend.
Bid her retire to Athens. She will there
Be safe, and (for I know her,) glad to shun
The imperial splendor. Well! what say you, friend?
Julian to Anatolius speaks his last.

ANATOLIUS.

I swear by all—by these hot shameful tears:
But—but I too may fall.

JULIAN.

Look on this packet.

Dear it about thee, and lest any harm
(The Gods keep harm from thee) hinder thee from
Refriending the poor queen, tell to Nevitta,
Before the battle, this his general's wish.
He will do all, I think (but not as thou)
Eusebia's gloomier fortunes ask. Tell him
To look upon my arm when I am dead,
And he'll see there a scar I got in Gaul.
It saved his life once: bid him think on that,
And be my friend for ever.

SCENE II.

Julian's Tent.—Evening.

JULIAN (on his couch, wounded), PRISCUS, MAXIMUS.

MAXIMUS.

You're easier now?

JULIAN.

Much easier; many thanks.

—And so you think, good Priscus, that the Soul
Doth of necessity quit this feeble clay,
When the poor breath departs,—that 't is not hung
On muscle or nerve, or buried in the blood,
As some will teach. For my part, I believe
That there is good and evil, and for each
Due punishment and reward. Shall we not meet
Our friends hereafter, think you, Maximus?

MAXIMUS.

I hope so, my dear lord.

JULIAN.

What think you, Sir?

PRISCUS.

I must believe it. There is in the world

Nothing to fill up the wide heart of man ;
He languishes for something past the grave ;
He hopes—and Hope was never vainly given.

MAXIMUS.

Hope treads but shadowy ground, at best.

PRISCUS.

It is——

MAXIMUS.

A guess.

JULIAN.

And yet, Priscus is right, I think.

And Hope has in the soul obscure allies—
Remorse, for evil acts; the dread of death;
Anticipative joy (though that, indeed,
Is Hope, more certain); and as Priscus says,
That inward languishment of mind, which dreams
Of some remote and high accomplishment,
And pictures to our fancies perfect sights,
Sounds and delights celestial; and, above all,
That feeling of a liminary power,
Which strikes and circumscribes the soul, and speaks
Dimly, but with a voice potential, of
Wonders beyond the world, ethereal,
Starry, and pure, and sweet, and never-ending.
I cannot think that the great Mind of man,
With its accumulated wisdoms too,
Must perish; why, the words he utters live;
And is the spirit which gives birth to things
Below its own creations?—Who is there?

An Officer enters.

OFFICER.

My Lord, the commander Nevitta asks
An audience.

JULIAN.

Bid him come. I have not seen
Our friend (how is it?) Anatolius here.

NEVITTA enters.

Your hand, my good Nevitta: Well! you see
We beat the Persian bravely to his camp;
You 'll tell 'em yet, at home, how well they ride
In Syria, when we spur their horses on.
Indeed—but where is Anatolius?—Gods!
Come near, Nevitta.

NEVITTA.

■ hath given to me—

JULIAN.

Then he is dead. Great Minos! judge him kindly.
He was the bravest soldier.

NEVITTA.

He is gone

Before us, my dear lord. He had a task,
Which I have sworn to do.

JULIAN.

Friend! many thanks.

I 'll look for thee hereafter, as for one
Who did me noble service. Maximus,
We 've lost——

MAXIMUS.

Who?

JULIAN.

Anatolius—an old friend:

Our fellow soldier; nay, he was to me,
A tutor in the art of war. In youth,
I fought beneath him; after as his fellow;

And last his king. He had great courage, Sirs;
I saw him strike a bounding lion once,
When taller men fled trembling. He fought well
At Anatho, and Anbar, and in Gaul,
And Germany, and Maogamalcha, when
We washed ourselves in blood. Old Sapor now
May sun him boldly on his parched plains.
Yet, pardon, good Nevitta: thou art brave,
As warrior may be—oh! and many others.
Let it be Anatolius' perfect praise
To say he well became his titles,—well;
And died like a Roman soldier.

NEVITTA.

I rejoice

To see you better, noble lord.

JULIAN.

I am.

The pains are gone, Nevitta, and I pass
Pleasantly on: the road leads to the skies,
And mine 's a summer's journey.—Who are they
That wait without? methought I heard a sound
Like murmurs: I would fain depart at least
With my friends' smiles around. Oh! let me have
No wailing voices to disturb my sleep;
No ghosts of injured men to come and shriek
Perdition in my ears, and bar me from
Golden eternity.

NEVITTA.

Your soldiers ask

To see once more their Emperor.

MAXIMUS.

They cannot.

JULIAN.

Bid them come in—I thank you, Maximus,
For your kind care, but it will soothe my heart
To look upon my soldiers once again.
There 's little time to spare, and I would fain
Say a few words at parting.

NEVITTA calls the Soldiers in.

MAXIMUS.

They are here.

JULIAN.

Welcome, my friends. Ah! raise me higher: thanks.
Give ■ a moment for recovery. [*1 pause.*]

Friends,¹

And fellow soldiers, the good season of
My death, is now at hand, and I discharge
(As doth a ready debtor) every claim
Great nature makes; for I have long been taught
By lessons of divine philosophy
How much the soul is better than the clay
That holds it; and that man should more rejoice
Than grieve when separates the nobler part;
And from religion I have learned that death
Early is proof the Gods do love us well.
I have sought ever your happiness: firm peace
Was my first aim, but when my country's voice
Did summon me to arms, I bared my heart
To war and all its dangers, knowing (for
I could divine my fate) that I must die
In battle.—Now unto great Jove I offer
My thanks that he hath saved me from disease,
False friends, and the darts of foul conspirators.

¹ These are nearly the words of Julian.

He gave me a career of glory, and —
An honourable end : thus much I've tried
To say, but my strength fails me, and I feel
Death is at hand. Chuse for yourselves, my friends,
Another emperor now : the one who sheds
His blessing on you, is about to pass
Unto the stars.

SOLDIERS.

Alas! Alas!

JULIAN.

Weep not.

Oh! my good soldiers, weep not. You have been
All that your king has ever wished—till now.
Oh! you unman me: let us say farewell
Before we stain our cheeks with too much tears.
Yet—I've a few bequests. I love ye all
Alike; but there are some (a few) to whom
The chances of the war have made me debtor.
Marcus!

SOLDIER.

My lord.

JULIAN.

Come hither, my good Marcus.

—Now, by the God of battle, I shall weep,
And shame my death at once, if thus you play
The girl before me. Will you then betray
Your emperor, now so many eyes look on?

SOLDIER.

Oh! my dear master.

JULIAN.

Marcus, you have laid

A weight of gratitude upon my soul,
Which it can ne'er shake off: yet be content,
Old Marcus, that I now, in this great hour,
Proclaim thee my good servant.—Look! this chain
Hath hung about me like an amulet,
For many seasons. Wear it near thy heart,
As the last gift of Julian. So, farewell.
Fabricius, you have done your part to-day
(And through the Persian war), like a true soldier:
Live henceforth a centurion. Here is gold
For thee; and never in the after times
Forget to interpose thy shield between
A hot barbarian and thy living king:
So hast thou done to-day. Before ye all
I speak this of Fabricius: love him for it.
Farewell, centurion. Now, come hither, youth;
What is your name?

SOLDIER.

'Tis Julian, my great Lord.

JULIAN.

So then, my name-sake! I am proud of you.
Soldiers and friends, be sure, when I'm gone,
You shelter this young blossom of the war:
Although he looks like Hylas, he can lift
A spear like Mars. To-day I saw him strike
A Persian to the ground, of twice his years;
A giant fellow, who perhaps had else
Trampled me down (for I was bleeding fast),
And saved me so much talking.—Ah!—

PRISCUS.

You're pale.

Come, bid the — farewell. Nay—

JULIAN.

I believe

It must indeed be so. Farewell, my friends

(All friends and noble soldiers), fare ye well.
May the Gods smile on ye, and victory
Sit on your swords for ever. So, farewell.

[SOLDIERS go out.]

—Priscus and Maximus, is it not strange
That I who but last evening (nay, by Mars,
This very morn) was checked for my sad talk,
By Anatolius, in a few short hours
Should, in my turn, stifle the words of grief
In others?

MAXIMUS.

So it is. The mind is full

Of curious changes that perplex itself.
Just like the visible world; and the heart ebbs
Like the great sea, first flows, and then retires:
And — the passions doth the spirit ride,
Through sunshine and in rain, from good — ill,
Then to deep vice, and so on back to virtue;
Till in the grave, that universal calm,
We sleep the sleep eternal.

JULIAN.

You have not

The wish to live hereafter, Maximus;
Or you would feel how poor to the Soul's eye
Are these our earthly joys. If Death were sleep
Why should we dread to sleep, who often court
A noon-day's slumber, and who bless the power
That gently on our eyelids lays his touch,
In times of fever, tumult, grief, or pain?
Oh! is it thus that ye would bid me think,
Now I am going from ye?—Mighty Jove! —
I do beseech thee, and thou, valiant Mars,
My guardian God, look from your burning thrones
Upon the fainting soul of Julian.
Have I not loved and worshipped ye, and turn'd
From other altars to bow down to yours,
And will ye now desert me? I do ask
Now as I die, a word (I ask but one
For all that I have done) to tell the world
My faith was good. I ask ye—shall the grave
Clip us for ever in its chilling arms—
And are the stories of hereafter, fables?
Are there not pleasures and consuming pains,
Endless or limited, for good and ill?
And dreams—enchancements for the eye and ear
Of all who earn the rare Elysium?
And haunted Styx, where disembodied shapes
Wander; and Tartarus, that profounder gloom,
Fill'd up with wretches who were their own slaves?
And Fate, and dark Alecto and her train,
And Death, and Rhadamanthus, mighty judge,
And the most drear dominion of the dead?
O speak!—a word, a glance, a gleam, — show —
The world to come.—They sleep, or answer not.
And yet will they move from their mighty rest,
To hearken to my frail petitioning?
I cannot hope it. Priscus! Maximus!
Farewell; I faint; my tongue is withered up,
It clings against my mouth. Some air—air. Ah!
This is death, Priscus. Oh! how like — child
A soldier sinks before him. Jove! — —

[Dies.]

MAXIMUS.

He faints.

PRISCUS.

He does indeed, for ever: his last breath
Is mingled with the winds.

AMELIA WENTWORTH.

SCENE I.

A Room.

WENTWORTH, AMELIA.

AMELIA.

You have determined then on sending Charles
To India?

WENTWORTH.

Yes.

AMELIA.

Poor boy! he looks so sad and pale,
He'll never live there. 'T is a cruel lot
At best, to leave the land that gave him birth
And sheltered him for many a pleasant year,—
The friends that loved him and the spots we loved,
For such a distant country. He will die.
Remember,—'t is Amelia's prophecy.
Oh! do not be so harsh to the poor youth.
Do not desert your better nature. Nay—
You will not send him, Wentworth?

WENTWORTH.

He will sail

In twenty days.

AMELIA.

How can you be so cruel?

He shall not go.

WENTWORTH.

Madam, you interest
Yourself too much, methinks, for this young man.
His doom is settled; that be sure of.

AMELIA.

Sir!

WENTWORTH.

I say your tenderness, your—folly for
This boy becomes you not.

AMELIA.

Away, away.

WENTWORTH.

Madam, while you are Godfrey Wentworth's wife,
These tender friendships must be laid aside.

Oh! you can smile. By—

AMELIA.

Mr Wentworth, you

(I must believe it) jest—you jest with me.

WENTWORTH.

Go on, go on: you think me quite a fool.
Woman, my eyes are open, wide awake,
To you, and all my infancy. By Heaven!
I will not be a bye-word and a mock
In all the mouths of men, for any—Pshaw!
I still respect your ears, you see; I—

AMELIA.

You

Insult me, Sir.

WENTWORTH.

Forgive me: I indeed
Am somewhat of a prude; you'll scorn me for it.
I still think women modest—in the mass.

AMELIA.

Sir—Mr Wentworth—you have used me ill.
Yourself you have used ill. You have forgot
All—what is due to me—what to your wife.

You have forgot—forgot—can I forget
All that I sacrificed for you?—my youth,
My home, my heart—(you know—you knew it then)
In sad obedience to my father's word?
You promised to that father (how you kept
That promise, I remember) you would save
His age from poverty: he had been bred
In splendour, and he could not bow him down,
Like him who never felt the warmth of fortune.
He gave me up—a victim, and I saw
Myself (ah! how I shudder'd) borne away
By you, the Evil Angel of my life,
To a portentous splendour. I became
A pining bride, a wretch,—a slave to all
Your host of passions; but I swore (may God
Forgive me!) to love you—you, when I loved
Another, and you knew it: Yes, you knew
My heart was given away, and yet you wed me.
Leave me! Sir.

WENTWORTH.

Have you done? Woman, do you think
This mummary is to work me from my purpose—
My settled will. Mistress, I leave you now:
But this remember, that your minion—Oh!
I do not heed your frowning—your boy-love
Will visit India shortly, or, it may be
(You are his guide) a prison here, in England.
Farewell.

AMELIA.

Yet stay—a word more ere we quit.
I do beseech you (though my wrongs are great,
And my proud spirit ill can stoop to this),
You take your malediction from this youth.
He is an innocent—I think he's innocent
Of the least ill toward you. For me, I am
Too innocent to sue; yet let me say,
Since the sad hour I wed you I have been
As faithful to our cold communion,
As though my heart had from the first been yours,
Or you been generous after. Once more, Sir,
I would implore you, for your comfort—for
Your honour, and my name, to spare this boy.
In the calm tone of one who has not erred,
I do require this of you.

WENTWORTH.

You but steel

My heart against him. Woman, is your pleading
Always as warm as now? By earth and heaven!
Had I but wavered in his destiny,
This would have fixed me. Seek your chamber now,
And in your meditations think how well
Your name may sound (my name) held up to scorn.
It may be worth your care. Thus long I've hid
My wrath, and let you wander at your will.
You have grown bold in guilt; be prudent now:
Save a fair name or I must tell the world,
How ill you keep your secrets. [Exit WENTWORTH.

AMELIA.

He is gone.

And I am here—oh! such a weary wretch.
Oh! Father, Father, what a heart had you
To cast me in the wide and bitter world,
With such a friend as this! I would have toiled
From the pale morning till the dusk of night,
And lived as poorly, and smiled cheerfully,
Keeping out from our cottage home.

there one who would have loved you too,
aided with his all wreck of fortune.
You would not hear ;—and,—and I hear
passionate petitioning, and
scalding tears, and fling myself away
Upon a wintry bosom, that held years
Doubling my own. What matters it?—'t is past.
I will be still myself: Who's there?

CHARLES enters.

CHARLES.

'T is I.

You are in tears?

AMELIA.

Away. Draw down the blinds.

The evenings now warmly on us.
Go, pluck me yonder flower.

This rose—mean you?

It fills the with perfume: 't is red,
As—

Aurora's blushes, my own.

I see you a simile.

You gay!

Too gay for earnest talk. Who has been here?

AMELIA.

No one; I will not tell; I've made a vow,
And will not break it, 'till—until I'm pressed.

CHARLES.

Then let me press you.

AMELIA.

Silly boy, away.

Go gather me more flowers,—violets.

CHARLES.

Here, let me place them in your hair.

AMELIA.

No, no.

The violet is for poets: they yours.
O rare! I like to see you bosom them.
Had they been golden, such poets earned,
You might have treasured them.

CHARLES.

They are far more

To me,—for they were yours, Amelia.

AMELIA.

Give the

But where shall it be placed?

AMELIA.

Why, in my hand—my hair. Look! how it blushes,
To see both idle. Give it me.
Where? where do ladies hide their favourite flowers,
But in their bosoms, foolish youth. Away—
'T is I do it. Pshaw! how sad you look,
And how you tremble.

Dear Amelia.

AMELIA.

Call your mother, Charles.

My Guardian—

AMELIA.

Ah! name him to Charles, I have been
Jesting a while; but my dark husband's frown
Comes like a cloud upon You must go

Far, my dear Charles, from the one friend who loves you
To Hindostan.

I know it.

For myself,

I shall think of you often, my dear Charles.
Think of me sometimes. When your trumpet sounds,
You'll recollect the coward you knew once,
Over the seas in England?

CHARLES.

Spare my heart!

AMELIA.

I do think you have a heart: 't is buried.

Amelia, Oh! Amelia, you
Know the poor heart that breaks and burns for you?
Oh! do not take it ill: but now
How fond, and true, and faithful—

AMELIA.

this jest?

You act well, Sir, or—but it be true,
Then what am I?

CHARLES.

Oh! by these burning tears;

By all my haunted days and wakeful nights,
Oh! by yourself I swear, dearest of all,
I love—love you, my Amelia!
Once I will call you so. Do—do not scorn me,
And blight my youth—I do not ask for love;
I dare not. Trample not upon my heart,
My untouched heart, I gave it all to you:
Without a spot of or on it.
My spirit became yours—I worshipped you,
And for your sake in silence. Say but
You hate me not, for this—Speak, speak!

Alas!

CHARLES.

Weep not for me, my gentle love. You said
Your husband threaten'd you. Come, then, me;
I have a shelter and a heart for you,
Where, ever and for ever you shall reign.
Amelia, dear Amelia! Speak a word
Of kindness and consenting to me—Speak!
If but a word, though it be not kindness:
Speak hope, doubt, fear,—but not despair; or say
That some day you may love, or that if
Your cruel husband dies you'll think of me,
Or that you wish happy,—or that perhaps
Your heart—nay speak to me, Amelia.

Is then your love so deep?

CHARLES.

So deep? It is

Twined with my life: it is my life—my food—
The natural element wherein I breathe—
My madness—my heart's madness—it is all.
—Oh! what a picture have I raised upon
My sandy wishes. I have thought at times
That you and I in some far distant country
Might live together, blessing and beloved:
And I have shaped such plans of happiness,
For and all around us (you indeed
Ever the superior spirit there,—

That **you** always).—Fair Amelia,
You listen with a melancholy smile?

AMELIA.

Let me hear all : 't is fit I should hear all.
Alas ! Alas !

CHARLES.

Weep not for me, my love.

I—I **ought** : not worth a single tear :
I will depart—or may I kiss away
Those drops of rain ? Well, well, I will not pain you.
And yet—Oh ! what **paradise** is love :
Secure, requited love. I will not go :
Or **will** go together. There **haunts**
For young and happy spirits : You and I
Will thither fly, and dwell beside **stream**
That **in** music 'neath the Indian suns ;
Ay, **island** still shall be our home,
Where fruits and flowers **born** through all the year,
And Summer, Autumn, Spring, **young**,
Where Winter comes not, and where nought abides
But Nature in her beauty revelling.
You shall be happy, sweet Amelia,
At last, and I—it is too much to think of.
Forgive me while I look upon thee now,
And swear **thee** by Love, and Night, and all
The gliding hours of soft and starry Night,
How much—how absolutely I **thine**.
My pale and gentle beauty—what a heart
Had he to wrong thee, or upbraid thee ! He
Was guilty—nay, nay : look not so.

AMELIA.

I have

Been guilty of a cruel act toward you.
Charles, I indeed **guilty**. When to-day
My husband menaced me, and told **of**
Public and broad disgrace, it met my scorn :
But have I, my poor youth, been **unkind**
To you, as not to see this—love before ?
Charles, I have driven you from your early home :
I see it now : I only—hate **for** it.

CHARLES.

I'll love you, like bright Heaven. The fixed **be** constant. I am all
Your own. Not sin, **sorrow**, nor the grave,
cold hollow grave **chill** my love :
will survive beyond the bounds of death,
The spirit of the shadow which may there
Perhaps do penance for my deeds of ill.

AMELIA.

Stay this wild talk.

CHARLES.

Men have been known to love
Through years of absence, ay, in pain and peril,
And one did cast life and **world** away,
For a loose woman's smile : nay, Love has dwelt,
A **inhabitant**, in a dæmon's breast,
Lonely, amidst bad passions ; burning there,
Like **holy and sepulchral light**,
And almost hallowing its dark tenement.
Why may not I—

AMELIA.

I thought I heard **step**.

How strangely you speak now—again, again.
Leave me ; quick, leave **me**.

'T is your tyrant coming :

Fly rather you.

AMELIA.

If you have pity, go.

CHARLES.

Farewell then : yet, should he repulse you—

AMELIA.

Then

I will—but go : you torture me.

CHARLES.

I am gone.

[Exit.

AMELIA.

Farewell, farewell, poor youth ! so desolate,
That even I can spare a tear for you.
—My husband comes not : I will meet him, then,
Armed in my innocence and wrongs. Alas !
'T is hard to suffer where **ought** to judge,
And pray to those who should petition us.
'T is a brave world, I see. Power and wrong
Go hand in hand, resistless and abhorred,
And patient virtue, and pale modesty,
Like the sad flowers of the too early spring,
Are cropped before they blossom—or trod down,
Or by the fierce winds withered. Is it so ?—
But I have flaunted in the Sun, and cast
My smiles in prodigality away :
And now, and now—no matter. I have done.
Whether I live scorned or beloved—Beloved !
Better be hated, could my pride abate,
And I consent to fly. It may be thus.

SCENE II.

A considerable period of time is supposed to have elapsed between this and the preceding Scene.

A Chamber. Night.

AMELIA, MARIAN.

MARIAN.

Are you awake, dear lady ?

AMELIA.

Wide awake.

There are the stars abroad, I see.—I feel
As though I had been sleeping many a day.
What time o' the night is it ?

MARIAN.

About the stroke

Of midnight.

AMELIA.

Let it come. The skies **calm**
And bright ; and so, at last, my spirit is.
Whether the Heavens have influence on the mind
Through life or only in our days of death,
I know not ; yet, before, ne'er did my soul
Look upwards with such hope of joy, or pine
For that hope's deep completion. Marian !
Let **see** more of Heaven. There—enough.
Are you not well, sweet girl ?

MARIAN.

Oh ! yes : but you
Speak now so strangely : you **wont** to talk
Of plain familiar things, and cheer **now** :
You **my** spirit drooping.

AMELIA.

I have spoke
Nothing but cheerful words, thou idle girl.
Look, look ! above :—the canopy of the sky,

Spotted with stars, shines like a bridal dress :
A queen might envy that so regal blue
Which wraps the world o' nights. Alas, alas!
I do remember in my follying days
What wild and wanton wishes once were mine,
Slaves—radiant gems—and beauty with no peer,
And friends (a ready host)—but I forget,
I shall be dreaming soon, as I dreamt,
When I had hope ■ light me. Have you no song,
My gentle girl, for a sick woman's ear?
There's ■ I've heard you sing. «They said his eye—
No, that's ■ it: the words are hard to hit.
• His eye like the mid-day sun was bright—»

MARIAN.

'T is so.

You've a good memory. Well, listen ■ me.
I ■ not trip, I see.

AMELIA.

I hearken. Now.

SONG.

His eye like the mid-day ■ bright,
Here had a proud but milder light,
Clear and sweet like the cloudless moon :
Alas! and must it fade ■ soon?

His voice was like the breath of war,
But hers was fainter, softer far;
And yet when he of his long love sighed,
She laughed in scorn—he fled, and died.

MARIAN.

There is another verse, of ■ different air,
But indistinct—like the low moaning
Of ■ winds in the evening: Thus it runs :

They said he died upon the wave,
And his bed was the wild and bounding billow:
Her bed shall be ■ dry earth grave :
Prepare it quick, for she wants her pillow.

AMELIA.

How slowly and how silently doth Time
Float ■ his starry journey! Still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.
■ rises with the golden morning, calmly,
And with the ■ at night. Methinks, I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,
Like ■ huge vulture with its prey beneath.
Lo! I ■ here, and Time ■ passing ■ :
To-morrow I shall be ■ breathless thing—
Yet he will still be here; and the blue Hours
Will laugh as gaily ■ the busy world,
As though ■ were alive to welcome them.
There's one will shed some tears. Poor Charles!

CHARLES enters.

CHARLES.

I am here.

Did you not call?

AMELIA.

You ■ in time. My thoughts
Were full of you, dear Charles. Your mother (now
I take that title), in her dying hour

Has privilege to speak unto your youth.
There's ■ thing pains me : and I would be calm.
My husband has been harsh unto me,—yet
—He is my husband; and you'll think of this :
■ any sterner feeling move your heart?
Seek no revenge for me. You will not?—nay,
■ it so hard to grant my last request?
He is my husband : he ■ father, too,
Of the blue-eyed boy you ■ fond of once.
■ you remember how his eye-lids closed
When the first ■ was opening?
'T is now two years ago—more, more : and I—
I ■ am hastening to him. Pretty boy!
He ■ my only child. How fair he looked
In the white garment that encircled him—
'T ■ like ■ marble slumber; and when ■
Laid him beneath the green earth in his bed,
I thought my heart ■ breaking—yet ■ lived :
But I am weary now.

MARIAN.

You must not talk,

Indeed, dear lady : nay—

CHARLES.

Indeed you must not.

AMELIA.

Well then, I will be silent : yet not so.
For ere we journey ever should we take
A sweet leave of our friends, and wish them well,
And tell them to take heed, and bear in mind
Our blessings. So, in your breast, dear Charles,
Wear the remembrance of Amelia.
She ever loved you,—ever : so as might
Become a mother's tender love,—no more.
Charles, I have lived in this too bitter world
Now almost thirty ■ you have been
A child to me for ■ third of that time.
I took you to my bosom, when a boy,
Who scarce had ■ eight springs come forth and
vanish.

You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base crowd
Will feed upon it, if—but you must make
That heart a grave, and in it bury deep
Its young and beautiful feelings.

CHARLES.

I will do

■ that you wish—all; but you cannot die
And leave me.

AMELIA.

You shall ■ how calmly Death
Will come and press his finger, cold and pale,
On my ■ smiling lip : These eyes ■ swore
Were brighter than the stars that fill the sky,
And yet they must grow dim : ■ hour—

CHARLES.

Oh! no.

No, ■ : oh! say not so. I cannot bear
To hear you talk thus. Will you break my heart?

AMELIA.

No: I would caution it against ■ change,
That soon must happen. Calmly let us talk.
When I am dead—

CHARLES.

Alas, Alas!

AMELIA.

This is

Not as I wish : You had ■ braver spirit :

■ it come forth. Why, I have heard you talk
Of ■ and danger—Ah!—

WENTWORTH enters.

MARIAN.

She's pale—speak, speak.

CHARLES.

Oh! my lost mother.—How!—You here?

WENTWORTH.

I am come

To pray her pardon. Let me touch her hand.

Amelia! she faints: Amelia!

[She dies.

Poor faded girl! I ■ too harsh—unjust.

CHARLES.

Look!

MARIAN.

She ■ left ■

CHARLES.

■ is false. Revive!

Mother, revive, revive!

MARIAN.

It is in vain.

CHARLES.

■ it then so?—My soul is sick and faint.

Oh! mother, mother. I—I ■ weep.

Oh! for some blinding ■ ■ my eyes,

So I might ■ on her—And has Death

Indeed, indeed struck her,—so beautiful?

So wronged, and never erring; ■ beloved

By one—who now has nothing left to love.

Oh! thou bright Heaven, if thou art calling now

Thy brighter angels to thy bosom—rest,

For lo! the brightest of thy host is gone—

Departed,—and the earth is dark below.

—And now,—I'll wander far and far away,

Like one that hath ■ country. I shall find

A sullen pleasure in that life, and when

I say 'I have ■ friend in all the world,'

My heart will swell with pride, and make a show

Unto itself of happiness; and in truth

There is, in that same solitude, ■ taste

Of pleasure which the social never know.

—From land to land I'll roam, in all a stranger,

And, ■ the body gains a braver look

By staring in the face of all the winds,

So from the ■ of different things

My soul shall pluck ■ courage, and bear up

Against the past.—And now—for Hindostan.

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

This ■ is written in imitation of, rather than in strict conformity
to, ■ mode originated by the Greek Tragic-writers.

SCENE.

The Vale of Enna.

PROSERPINE, VIRGINS.

PROSERPINE.

Now come and sit around me,

And I'll divide the flowers, and give to each

What most becomes her beauty. What ■ vale

Is this of Enna! Every thing that ■

From the green earth, springs here more graciously;
And the blue day, methinks, smiles lovelier ■
Than it was wont, ■ in Sicily.

My spirit mounts ■ triumphing, and my heart
In which the red blood hides, seems tumulted

By some delicious passion. Look! above,

Above—how nobly through the cloudless sky

The great Apollo goes!—Jove's radiant son—

My father's son: and here, below, the bosom

Of the green earth is almost hid by flowers.

Who could be sad to-day! Come round, and cast

Each ■ her odorous heap from out her lap,

Into ■ pile. Some we'll divide among us,

And, for the rest, we'll fling them to the Hours;

So may Aurora's path become more fair,

And ■ be blest in giving.

Here, this ■

(This one half blown) shall be my Maia's portion,

For that like it her blush is beautiful:

And this deep violet, almost as blue

As Pallas' eye, or thine, Lycemnia,

I'll give to thee; for like thyself it wears

Its sweetness, never obtruding. For this lily,

Where can it hang but at Cyane's breast?

And yet 't will wither on ■ white ■ bed,

■ flowers have sense for envy:—It shall lie

Amongst thy raven tresses, Cytheris,

Like one star on the bosom of the night.

The cowslip, and the yellow primrose,—they

Are gone, my sad Leontia, to their graves;

And April hath wept o'er them, and the voice

Of March hath sung, even before their deaths,

The dirge of those young children of the year.

But here is heart's-case for your woes. And now,

The honey-suckle flowers I give to thee,

And love it for my sake, my own Cyane:

It hangs upon the stem it loves, as thou

Hast clung to me, through every joy and sorrow;

■ flourishes with its guardian's growth, as thou dost;

And if the woodman's axe should droop the tree,

The woodbine too must perish.—Hark! what sound—?

Do ye see aught!

CHORUS.

Behold, behold, Proserpina!

Dark clouds from out the earth arise,

And wing their way towards the skies,

As they would veil the burning blush of day.

And, look! upon a rolling car,

Some fearful being from afar

Comes onward. As he moves along the ground,

A dull and subterranean sound

Companions him; and from his face doth shine,

Proclaiming him divine,

A light that darkens all the vale around.

■ (Cyane).

'T is he, 't is he: he comes to us

From the depths of Tartarus.

For what of evil doth he roam

From his red and gloomy home,

In the centre of the world,

Where the sinful dead are hurled?

Mark him ■ he moves along,

Drawn by horses black and strong,

Such ■ may belong to Night

Ere she takes her morning flight.
Now the chariot stops: the god
On our grassy world hath trod:
Like a Titan steppeth he,
Yet full of his divinity.
On his mighty shoulders lie
Raven locks, and in his eye
A cruel beauty, such a none
Of a may wisely look upon.

PROSERPINE.

He comes, indeed. How like a god he looks—
Terribly lovely! Shall I shun his eye
Which even here looks brightly beautiful?
What a wild leopard glance he has!—I am
Jove's daughter, and shall I then deign to fly?
I will: yet, methinks, I fear to stay.
Come, let us go, Cyane.

PLUTO enters.

PLUTO.

Stay, oh! stay.

Proserpina, Proserpina, I
From my Tartarian kingdom to behold you.
The brother of Jove am I. I come to say
Gently, beside this blue Sicilian stream,
How much I love you, fair Proserpina.
Think me not rude that thus I once I tell
My passion. I disarm of all power;
And in the accents of a man I sue,
Bowing before your beauty. Brightest maid!
Let me—still unassuming—say I have
Roamed through the earth, where many an eye hath
smiled

In love upon me, though it knew not;
But I have passed free from amongst them all,
To gaze on you alone. I might have clasp'd
Lovely and royal maids, and throned queens,
Sea-nymphs, and airy shapes that glide along
Like light the hills, those that make
Mysterious music in the desert woods,
Or lend a voice to fountains or caves,
Or answering hush the river's sweet reproach—
Oh! I've escaped from all, to come and tell
How much I love you, sweet Proserpina.

SEMICHORUS (Cyane).

Come with me, away, away,
Fair and young Proserpina.
You will die unless you flee,
Child of crowned Cybele.
Think of all your Mother's love,
Of every stream and pleasant grove
That you for ever leave,
If the dark king you believe.
Think of his eyes of fire,
Nor his wily heart's desire,
Nor the locks that round his head
Run like wreathed snakes, and fling
A shadow o'er his eyes glancing;
Nor the dangerous whispers hung,
Like honey, roofing o'er his tongue.
But think of thy Mother's glory—
Of her love—of every story
Of the cruel Pluto told,
And which grey tradition old,

With all its weight of grief and crime,
Hath plucked from out the grave of Time.
Once again I bid thee flee,
Daughter of great Cybele.

You are too harsh, Cyane.

PLUTO.

Oh! my love,

Fairer than the white Naiad—Fairer far
Than aught on earth, and fair aught in heaven:
Hear me, Proserpina!

PROSERPINE.

Away, away!

I'll not believe you. What a cunning tongue
He has, Cyane! has he not?—Away.
Can the gods flatter?

By my burning throne!

I love you, sweetest: I will make you queen
Of my great kingdom. One third of the world
Shall you reign over, my Proserpina;
And you shall rank as high as any she,
Save one, within the starry court of Jove.

PROSERPINE.

Will you be true?

PLUTO.

I swear it. By myself:—

Come then, my bride.

PROSERPINE.

Speak thou again, my friend.

Speak, harsh Cyane, in a harsher voice,
And bid me not believe him. Ah! you droop
Your head in silence.

PLUTO.

Come my brightest queen!

Come, beautiful Proserpina, and see
The regions over which your husband reigns;
His palaces, and radiant treasures, which
Mock and outstrip all fable; his great power,
Which the living own, and wandering ghosts obey,
And all the elements.—Oh! you shall sit
On my illuminated throne, and be
A queen indeed; and round your forehead shall run
Circlets of gems, as bright as those which bind
The brows of Juno on heav'n's festal nights,
When all the Gods assemble, and bend down
In homage before Jove.—

Speak out, Cyane!

PLUTO.

But, above all, in my heart shall you reign
Supreme, a goddess and a Queen indeed,
Without a rival. Oh! and you shall share
My subterranean power, and sport upon
The fields Elysian, where, 'midst softest sounds,
And odours springing from immortal flowers,
And mazy rivers, and eternal groves
Of bloom and beauty the good spirits walk:
And you shall take your station in the skies
Nearest the queen of Heaven, and with her hold
Celestial talk, and Jove's tender smile,
As beautiful—

PROSERPINE.

Away, away, away!

Nothing but force shall ever—Oh! away.

I'll not believe—Fool that I am ■ smile!
Come round me, virgins. Am I then betrayed?
O fraudulent king!

PLUTO.

No, by this kiss, and this:
I am your own, my love; and you ■ mine
For ■ and for ever.—Weep Cyane.

CHORUS.

They are gone afar—afar,
Like the shooting of ■ star:
See,—their chariot fades away.
Farewell, lost Proserpina.

(*Cyane is gradually transformed*).
But, ah! what frightful change is here?
Cyane, raise your eyes, and hear!
We call thee—vainly.—On the ground
She sinks, without ■ single sound,
And all her garments float around.
Again, again, she rises,—light;
Her head is like ■ fountain bright,
And her glossy ringlets fall,
With a murmur musical,
O'er her shoulders, like ■ river
That rushes and escapes for ■
—Is the Fair Cyane gone?
And ■ this fountain left alone
For a sad remembrance, where
We may in after-times repair,
With heavy heart, and weeping eye,
To sing songs to her memory?

Oh! then farewell: and now with hearts that ■
Deeply, to Dian's temple will we go:
But ■ on this day we will return,
Constant to mark Cyane's fountain flow:
And haply,—for among ■ who can know
The secrets written on the scrolls of Fate,
A day may come, when we may cease our woe;
And she, redeemed at last from Pluto's hate,
Rise in her beauty old, pure, and regenerate.

THE FALCON.

Frederigo, of the Alborighi family, loved a gentlewoman, and was not requited with like love again. But, by beautiful expenses and over liberal invitations, he wasted all his lands and goods, having nothing left him but a Hawk ■ Paulcon. His unkind mistress happeneth to come to visit him, and he not having any other food for her dinner, made a dainty dish of his Paulcon for her to feed ■. Being conquered by this exceeding kind courtesy, she changed her former hatred towards him, accepting him ■ her husband in marriage, and made him ■ of wealthy possessions.

Boccaccio. (*Old translation.*) Fifth day: novel 9.

SCENE I.

Outside of a cottage. Sunset.

FREDERIGO (*alone*).

Oh! poverty. And have I learnt at last
Thy bitter lesson? Thou forbidding thing,
That hath such sway upon this goodly earth,
Stern foe to comfort, sleep's disquieter,
What have I done that thou shouldst press me thus?

Let me not say how I did bear me in
Prosperity; much of the good we do
Lies in its secret—but away with this,
For here are skiey themes to dwell upon.
—Now do I feel my spirit hath not quite
Sunk with my fortunes.—'T is the set of Sun:
How like ■ hero who hath ■ his course
In glory, doth he die! His parting smile
Hath somewhat holy in it, and doth stir
Regret, but soft and unalloyed to pain,
To see him quietly sink and sink away,
Until on yonder western mountain's top
Lingering he rests at last, and leaves a look
More beautiful than e'er he shed before:
A parting present, felt by all that loved
And flourished in his ■ creative smile.
Nor unattended does he quit the world,
For there's ■ stillness in this golden hour
Observable by all; the birds that trill'd,
And shook their ruffled plumes for joy to see
His coming in the morning, sing no more:
Or if a solitary note be heard,
Or the deep lowing of the distant beast,
'T is but to mark the silence. Like to this,
■ the great city the cathedral clock
Lifting its iron tongue, doth seem to stay
Time for a moment, while it calls aloud
To student's or to sick-man's watchful ear,
• Now goes the midnight. » Then, I love to walk,
And, heark'ning to the Church memorial, deem
That sometimes it may sound a different tale,
And upwards to the stars and mighty moon
Send hollow tidings from this dreaming world,
Proclaiming all below as calm as they.
The sunlight changes, and the tints ■ now
Darkened to purple. Ha! ■ step: who's there?
A Lady—O Giana!

GIANA and her Maid enter.

GIANA.

Yes, Sir: you

Have cause to be surprised.

FREDERIGO.

Not so, dear lady;

Honour'd I own that my poor dwelling should
Receive ■ fair a guest.

GIANA.

You do forget

Past times.

FREDERIGO.

No, Madam, ■; those times still live
Like blossomings of the memory, kept apart
For holier hours, and shelter'd from the gaze
Of rude uncivil strangers; and—and they
Are ■ my only comfort; ■ lest they
Should fade, I use 'em gently, very gently,
And water 'em all with tears.

GIANA.

Your poverty

Has made you gloomy, Signior Frederigo.

FREDERIGO.

Pardon me, Madam: 't was not well, indeed,
To meet a guest like you with sorrow: you
Were born for happiness.

GIANA.

Alas! I fear not.

FREDERIGO.

Oh! yes, yes: and you well become it, well.
May grief ne'er trouble you, heavier hours
Weigh on ■ light ■ heart.

GIANA.

You well reprove ■

Light ■ unfeeling.

FREDERIGO.

Yet I meant not so.

Giana! let ■ perish by your hate
If ■ I reproach you: what ■ I,
Struck by misfortune, and the chilling touch
Of Poverty, an outcast from my fortunes.
Lavish'd and lost by folly—

GIANA.

'T ■ for me.

Oh! no, no: I had many faults whercof
The burthen rests with me: then what ■ I,
That I should dare reproach you? think no more ■ 't:
Know me your truest servant, only that,
And bound to live and die for you.

GIANA.

No more,

But let's enjoy the present.

MAID.

My Lady, Sir,

Is come to feast with you.

GIANA.

'T is even so.

FREDERIGO.

I am too honour'd: Can you then put up
With my (so poor a) welcoming? If the heart
Indeed could lavish entertainment, I
Would feast you like a queen: but, as it is,
You will interpret kindly?

GIANA.

Oh! I come

To grace a bachelor's table; that is never
Stored but with common viands. Now we'll go,
And ■ in your orchard, Signior:
The evening breezes must be pleasant there;
So, for ■ hour, farewell.

FREDERIGO.

Farewell, dear Madam:

I hope you'll find there some—ah! 'ware the step.

GIANA.

'T is but an awkward entrance, Sir, indeed.

You'll find some books in the arbour, on the shelf,
Half hid by wandering honeysuckle: they
Are books of poetry. If I remember,
You loved such stories once, thinking they brought
Man to ■ true and fine humanity,
Though silly folks ■ want to jeer them, ■

GIANA.

You've a good memory, Signior. That must be—
Stay, let ■ count: aye, some six years ago.

FREDERIGO.

About the time.

GIANA.

You ■ thought heir, by many,

Then, to the Count Filippo: you displeased him:

How ■ 't?

FREDERIGO.

Oh! some mere trifle: I forget.

GIANA.

Nay, tell me; for some said you ■ ungrateful.

FREDERIGO.

I could not marry to his wish.

GIANA.

Was it so?

FREDERIGO.

Thus simply: nothing more, believe it.

GIANA.

I knew not this before. Adieu!

[Exit.

FREDERIGO.

She comes to dine—to dine with me, who ■
A beggar. Now, what shall I do to give
My idol entertainment? not a coin:
Not one, by Heav'n, and not a friend ■ lend:
The veriest trifle ■ wretch like ■
And she's descended from her pride too—no;
No, no, she had no pride.—Now if I give
Excusings, she will think I'm poor indeed,
And say misfortune starved the spirit hence
Of an Italian gentleman. No more:
She must be feasted. Ha! no, no, no, no,
Not that way: Any way but that. Bianca!

Enter BIANCA.

This Lady comes to feast.

BIANCA.

On what, Sir? There

Is scarce a morsel: fruits perhaps—

FREDERIGO.

Then I

Must take my gun and stop a meal i' the air.

BIANCA.

Impossible: there is no time. Old Mars, you know,
Frights every bird away.

FREDERIGO.

Ah! villain,

Shall die for 't; bring him hither.

BIANCA.

Sir!

The falcon?

FREDERIGO.

Aye, that murderous kite. How oft
Hath he slain innocent birds: now he shall die.
'T is fit he should, if 't were but in requital:
And he for once shall do me service—Once!
Hath he not done it oft? ■ matter: Now
I'll wring his cruel head, and feast my queen
Worthily.

BIANCA.

He is here, Sir.

FREDERIGO.

Where? vile bird,

There—I'll not look at him.

BIANCA.

Alas! he's dead:

Look, look! ah! how he shivers.

FREDERIGO.

Fool! Begone.

Fool! am not I ■ fool—a selfish slave?

I am, I am. One look: ah! there he lies.

By heav'n, he looks reproachingly; and yet

I loved thee, poor bird, when I slew thee. Hence.

[BIANCA exit.

Mars! my brave bird, and have I killed thee, then,
Who was the truest servant—fed me, loved,

When all the world had left me?—Never more
 Shall thou and I in mimic battle play,
 Nor thou pretend to die (to die, alas!)
 And with thy quaint and frolic tricks delight
 Thy master in his solitude. No more,
 No more, old Mars! (thou wast the god of birds)
 Shalt thou rise fiercely on thy plumed wing,
 And hunt the air for plunder: thou couldst ride,
 None better, ■ the fierce and mountain winds
 When birds of lesser courage droop'd. I've seen
 Thee scare the wandering eagle on his way,
 (For all the wild tribes of these circling woods
 Knew thee and shunn'd thy beak), and through the air
 Float like ■ hovering tempest, fear'd by all.
 Have I not known thee bring the wild ■ down
 For me, thy cruel master: aye, and stop
 The screaming vulture in the middle air,
 And ■ his scarlet plumage—all for me,
 Who kill'd thee—murder'd thee, poor bird; for thou
 Wast worthy of humanity, and I
 Feel with these shaking hands, ■ I had done
 A crime against my ■

SCENE II.

A Room.

FREDERIGO. GIANA.

GIANA.

You think it strange that I should visit you?

FREDERIGO.

No, Madam, no.

GIANA.

You must: ev'n I myself
 (Yet I've a cause) ■ own the visit strange.

FREDERIGO.

I am ■ grateful for it.

GIANA.

Hear me, first.

What think you brought ■ hither? I've a suit
 That presses, and I look ■ you to grant it.

FREDERIGO.

'T is but ■ it, for you may command
 My fullest service. Oh! but you know this:
 You injure when you doubt me.

That I think:

So, to my errand. Gentle Signior, listen.
 I have ■ child: ■ mother ever loved
 A ■ so much: but that you know him, I
 Would say how fair he was, how delicate:
 But oh! I need not tell his sweet ways ■ you:
 You know him, Signior, and your heart would grieve,
 I feel 't, if you should see the poor child die,
 And now he's very ill. ■ you could hear
 How he asks after you, and says he loves you
 Next ■ his mother, Signior—

FREDERIGO.

Stay your ■

Can I do ought ■ soothe your pretty boy?

I love him ■ my ■

GIANA.

Sir?

FREDERIGO.

I forget.

And yet I love him, lady: does that ask
 Forgiveness? Is my love—

GIANA.

Now you mistake me,

I thank you for your love.

Giana! How!

GIANA.

To my poor child: he pines and wastes away,
 There is but one thing in the world he sighs for,
 And that—I cannot ■ it.

FREDERIGO.

Is it mine?

GIANA.

It is, it ■ I shame ■ ask it, but
 What can ■ mother do?

FREDERIGO.

'T is yours, Giana:

Aye, though it be my head.

GIANA.

It is—the falcon.

Ah: pardon me: I see how dear the bird
 ■ to you, and I know how little I
 Have right to ask it. Pardon ■

FREDERIGO.

Alas!

I do, from—^rfrom my soul.

GIANA.

I feel my folly.

You shall not part with your poor faithful friend.
 No ■ of it: I ■ cruel to request it.
 Signior, I will not take it, for the world.
 I will not rob you, sir.

FREDERIGO.

Oh! that you could:

Poor Mars! Your child, madam, will grieve to hear
 His poor old friend is dead.

GIANA.

Impossible.

I saw it as I entered.

FREDERIGO.

It is dead.

Be satisfied, dear madam, that I say it:
 The bird is dead.

GIANA.

Nay, this is not like you.

I do not need ■

FREDERIGO.

Gracious lady.

Relieve me not ■ poor: the bird is dead.
 Nay then, you doubt ■ still, I see. Then listen.
 Madam, you came to visit me—to feast:
 ■ was my barest hour of poverty.
 I had not ■ poor coin ■ purchase food.
 Could I for shame confess this unto you?
 I saw the descending beauty whom I loved
 Honouring my threshold with her step, and deign
 To smile on ■ whom all the world abandoned.
 Once I had been her lover, how sincere
 Let me not say: my name was high and princely:
 My nature had not quite forgot its habits:
 I loved you still: I ■ it—Could I stoop
 And say how low and abject ■ my fortune,
 And send you fasting home? Your servant would
 Have scorn'd ■ Lady, ■ then I ■
 That I would feast you daintily; I did.

My noble Mars, thou ■■■■ a glorious dish
Which Juno might have tasted.

GIANA.

What is this?

FREDERIGO.

We have feasted on that matchless bird, to which
The fabulous Phoenix would have bow'd. Brave bird!
He has redeem'd my credit.

GIANA (after a pause).

You have done

A princely thing, Frederigo. If I e'er
Forget it, may I not know happiness.
Signior, you have a noble delicate mind,
And such as in an hour of pain ■■ peril
Methinks I could repose ■■

FREDERIGO.

Oh! Giana!

GIANA.

I have ■ child who loves you: for his mother,
You've work'd a way into her inmost heart.
Can she requite you?

■■■■■

How! what mean you? Oh!

Giana, ■■■■ Giana, do not raise
My wretched heart so high, ■■ high, lest it
Break on its falling.

GIANA.

But it shall not fall,

If I can prop it, or my hand requite
Your long and often tried fidelity.
I come, Frederigo, not as young girls do,
To blush and prettily affect to doubt
The heart I know to be my own. I feel
That you have loved ■■ well. Forgive me now,
That circumstance, which some day I'll make known,
Kept me aloof ■■ long. My nature is
Not hard, although it might seem thus to you.

FREDERIGO.

What can I say?

GIANA.

Nothing. I read your heart.

FREDERIGO.

It bursts, my love: but 't is with joy, with joy.
Giana! my Giana! ■■ will have
Nothing but halcyon days: Oh! we will live
As happily as the bees that hive their sweets,
And gaily ■■ the ■■■■ fly, but wiser:
I'll be thy servant ever; yet not ■■
Oh! my ■■ love, divinest, best, I'll be
Thy Sun of life, faithful through every season,
And thou shalt be my flower perennial,
My bud of beauty, my imperial rose,
My passion-flower, and I will wear thee on
My heart, and thou shalt never, never fade.
I'll love thee mightily, my queen, and in
The sultry hours I'll sing thee to thy rest
With music sweeter than the wild birds' song:
And I will swear thine eyes ■■ like the stars
(They are, they are, but softer), and thy shape
Fine as the vaunted nymphs' who, poets feign'd,
Dwelt long ago in woods of Arcady.
My gentle deity! I'll ■■■■ thee with
The whitest lilies, and then bow ■■ down,
Love's ■■ idolater, and worship thee.
And thou wilt then be mine? My love, my love!
How fondly will ■■ pass ■■ lives together;

And wander, heart-link'd, through the busy world
Like birds in ■■■■ story.

GIANA.

Oh! you rave.

FREDERIGO.

I'll be ■ miser of thee; watch thee ever;
At morn, at noon, at eve, and all the night.
We will have clocks that with their silver chime
Shall ■■■■ out the moments: and I'll mark
The time, and keep Love's pleasant calendar.
To-day I'll note a smile: to-morrow how
Your bright eyes spoke—how saucily, and then
Record a kiss pluck'd from your currant lip,
And say how long 't was taking: then thy voice,
As rich as stringed harp swept by the winds
In Autumn, gentle as the touch that falls
On serenader's moonlit instrument—
Nothing shall ■■ unheeded. Thou shalt ■■
My household goddess—nay smile not, nor ■■■■
Backwards thy clustering curls, incredulous:
I ■■■■ it shall be so: it shall, my love.

GIANA.

Why, now thou 'rt mad indeed: mad.

FREDERIGO.

Oh! not so.

There was a statuary once, who loved
And worshipped the white marble that he shaped:
Till, as the story goes, the Cyprus' queen,
Or some such fine kind-hearted deity,
Touch'd the pale stone with life, and it became
At last Pygmalion's bride: but thee—on whom
Nature had lavish'd all her wealth before,
Now love has touch'd with beauty: doubly fit
For human worship thou, thou—let me pause,
My breath is gone.

GIANA.

With talking.

FREDERIGO.

With delight.

But I may worship thee in silence, still.

GIANA.

The evening 's dark. Now I must go; farewell
Until to-morrow.

FREDERIGO.

Oh! not yet, not yet.

Behold! the moon is up, the bright-eyed moon,
And seems to shed her soft delicious light
On lovers re-united. Why, she smiles!
And bids you tarry: will you disobey
The Lady of the Sky? beware.

GIANA.

Farewell.

Nay, nay, I ■■■■ go.

FREDERIGO.

We will ■■ together.

GIANA.

It ■■■■ ■■ to-night: my ■■■■ wait
My coming ■■ the fisher's cottage.

Yet

A few ■■■■ words, and then I'll part with thee,
For ■■ long night: to-morrow bid me ■■■■
(Thou hast already with thine eyes) ■■■■ bring
My load of love, and lay it ■■ thy feet.
—Oh! ever while those floating orbs look bright
Shalt thou ■■ me be ■■ guiding light.

Once, the Chaldean from his topmost tower
 Did watch the stars, and then assert their power
 Throughout the world: so, dear Giana, I
 Will vindicate my ■■■ idolatry.
 And in the beauty and the spell that lies
 In the dark ■■■ of thy love-lit eyes;
 ■■■ the clear veins that wind thy neck beside,
 Till in the white depths of thy breast they hide.
 And in thy polish'd forehead, and thy hair
 Heap'd in thick tresses ■■■ thy shoulders fair;
 In thy calm dignity; thy modest sense;
 In thy most soft and winning eloquence;
 In woman's gentleness and love (now bent
 On me, ■■■ poor) shall lie my argument.

TARTARUS.

Di, quibus imperium ■■■ animarum, Umbraeque silentes,
 Et Chaos, ■■■ Phlegethon, loca ■■■ tenebris late,
 ■■■ mihi fas audita loqui; sit, numine vestro,
 Pandere ■■■ alta terra ■■■ caligine ■■■

*The first region of Tartarus is ■■■ In the distance
 are ■■■ four rivers; and nearer, just visible through
 the gloom, ■■■ the monsters asleep. A SPIRIT of
 Death is watching.*

SPIRIT.

He lingers. Is the Sybil's spell so weak?
 Or doth the haunted darkness breed great fears,
 Which shake his manhood?—Hark! our Furies howl,
 Lock'd in Avernus, deep, lest their snaked hair
 Should hiss strange terror; and grim Charon lies
 Palsied by charms, and dumb; and there the wild
 Flame-breathing Hydra, and the brood of Dreams
 (All chained ■■■ pillars of Tartarean black)
 Lie still,—save some, let loose to point the path
 Which skirts Cocytus' shore, and give the stranger
 Welcome from Proserpine,—our Queen. Hark!—No:
 'Tis but the lazy Styx, whose muttering waves
 (Sadder than silence) ■■■ the populous strand
 Talk till the ghosts are moved. Again!—Away,
 ■■■ is ■■■ vexed flood of Acheron,
 Scattering its broken billows, till the din
 Touches ■■■ arched Hell; ■■■ moans, beside
 ■■■ rising, discourse tales of sin,
 And human pain, and hope which will not die.
 Ho! who art thou?—the Moor?

GUIOMAR enters.

GUIOMAR.

The Sybil's friend.

SPIRIT.

The Moor?

GUIOMAR.

The Spaniard, Spirit; though descended
 From the Miramolin, half,—the rest through veins
 Which blush'd ■■■ mix with Mauritanian fire.—
 Look! I have here ■■■ rare and glittering branch,
 Plucked from ■■■ Indian mine, where once it grew,
 Dowried with precious fruits,—the emerald green,
 And the flushed amethyst, white pearls; and rubies
 Red as the dragon's blood, who watched (for Jove)
 The fruit all gold in gardens far away.
 Hesperian centinel!—

SPIRIT.

You ■■■ to see—

GUIOMAR.

I come to visit

Your kingdom, Spirit, where the ghosts abound;—
 To look upon your pale society.
 Already have I o'ermatched the Sybil's art,
 By darker spells that spotted the clear moon;
 And ■■■ I come to syllable my power
 Here,—in your black domain. That hag—She caught
 Her incantations from the dreaming winds,
 Babbler of common tales: but I have words
 The wealth of ■■■ Arabian wizard's brain,
 Accents drawn from the thunder,—from eclipse;
 Interpretations of the rebel hills,
 When Earth was in her anarchy; from blasts
 That blow hot death: From waves that kiss the clouds;
 From clouds that spit their spite ■■■ on grey hairs;
 From the dumb ice; from rains and hurricane:—
 Thus ■■■ I armed, dull Spirit; and beside
 With poisonous unguents, which no man uncharmed
 Can touch and die not; and with drops, like gall,
 Wrung from the adder when its hate was highest;
 Parricide tears; and rich Egyptian dust
 (Stol'n from a pyramid)—which once ■■■ flesh
 And bore on 'ts swarthy brow a jagged crown.—
 What more?—

SPIRIT.

I claim the word.

GUIOMAR (muttering ■■■ word).

Ha! hearest thou?—

SPIRIT.

I obey.

GUIOMAR.

Come, then: We'll look

Upon your monstrous boasts and giant lies,
 And shadows made immortal by great pain,—
 Death and the howling Titans, and proud kings
 Who shook their heads at Heav'n, and beasts that cover
 Acres of Hell,—insolent prodigies,
 Whose fables cheat us into fear.

SPIRIT.

Behold!—

(The shadow of Typhon is seen).

What see'st thou?—

GUIOMAR.

I ■■■ the shadow of ■■■ dusky snake,
 Curling its leagues of scale, and writhing hither,—
 Away!—'t is dragon-headed, with bright eyes
 Fiercer than fire.

SPIRIT.

This was the famous son
 Of Terra, who once scared the Gods from Heaven,
 And planted terror on Olympian heights.
 Begone!

GUIOMAR.

'T is gone; and from the oozing earth
 A ■■■ upwards.

(The shadows of Tantalus and his children rise.)

SPIRIT.

Ay,—this ■■■ the Lydian;
 (Pluto's dear offspring too)—the ■■■ who ■■■
 At the God's golden tables, and drank life;

But stole the ambrosian cheer and nectarous wine:
And so he fell from Heaven.

GUIOMAR.

Hush those hoarse voices. Hark!

SPIRIT.

They will be heard.

CHORUS (*Furies*).

Arise! O waters, rise!
While ■ sing, and mock his eyes,
Touch his chin, and tempt his lips,
Quick!—and vanish ■ he sips.
Let the fruit before his eyes
Wither ■ the shadow flies
At a touch, until he scream
Maddened at the hungry dream.

GUIOMAR.

Why, this is mockery base enough for earth.
No more, ■ more. Methinks his pallid cheeks,
Lean and drawn inwards, move my pain. Away!
See, from his children how he turns his eyes,
Struck by the hissing scorn. Alas, great tears!

SPIRIT.

Pass; and ■ onwards thou,—Son of the Winds!
Who married the Atlantéan Merope,—
Who brake immortal oaths,—who tried to chain
Death in thy palace——

(*The Shade of Sisyphus is seen.*)

GUIOMAR.

Ah! See where he toils.

Hark! how his sinews crack: and what ■ load
Of stone he struggles with—he strains—Away!
Look! where it thunders down.

SPIRIT.

'T is Sisyphus.

GUIOMAR.

Let the sad shadow go.

SPIRIT.

'T is gone.

(*It passes, and the Torment of Ixion appears.*)

GUIOMAR.

Who's he,

That turns for ever ■ yon angry wheel?
There——?

SPIRIT.

The Thessalian;—he who his friend decoyed
And burnt to dust; and when great Jove took pity
Upon his pain (for he ■ scorn'd by men)
And raised him to blue heaven, and gave him to drink
Olympian wine, grew mad.

GUIOMAR.

How mad?

SPIRIT.

He looked

Lust ■ the airy Juno,—the sky queen,
And on her white breast fed his fiery eyes
Till sense forsook him. In mad ravishment
■ clasped her——

GUIOMAR.

O a brave villain! Clasp her? what?

SPIRIT.

Her shape—a cloud it was, ■ more; and yet
Fairer than Iris when June rains are gone:
And thence ■ born the Centaur.

GUIOMAR.

'T is enough.

And more, but for her name, (beautiful name!)
Agave!

SPIRIT.

Rise!—Arise, daughter of Cadmus!
Nurse of the son of Semele! (*She appears.*)

GUIOMAR.

■ this

Agave?—Oh! where is her cruel eye?
Where is the flushing cheek,—the rage,—the lips
Stained black by Bacchanalian revelry?—
Delicat'st thing! has story done thee wrong,
Flower of Hermione, and lied away
Thy whiteness! Oh! no purple drops are here:
Nothing, ■ beauty which might shame the skies,
And lustrous looks softer than starlight.—Hush!
She fades—she fades: ■ phantom then!—She's gone.
Where is she gone,—oh! where?

CHORUS.

Into the air—into the air;
Where the stricken shadows fly
Who must never face the sky.
To her endless tasks of woe
Sad Agave hies
Downwards, ■ the plummet flies
Through the watery worlds below.

GUIOMAR.

Bid the scene alter. These pale sights oppress me.

SPIRIT.

What comes?

GUIOMAR.

Oh! perilous crowds:—By scores, and scores,—
Hundreds,—and thousands,—on each other's heels
Treading like madmen or swart idiots,
Shrieking and bellowing; some, ■ with their hands
Clasped on their hearts, ■ with fixed eyes, and teeth
Clenched like a vice.—Ha! look!

SPIRIT.

The mad Cassandra:—

And he who follows, clad in shining arms,
Was madder: he could drink, and fight, and conquer,
Beyond his fellows:—He,—who ■ his beard,
Was yet most wise; and he who, following close,
Snarls like a hound and spits upon the wind,
Was a proud fool,—no sage.

GUIOMAR.

Diogenes!

A beggar in his drink ■ better. Ha!
Onwards ■ ■ blind man with hoary hairs,
By a fair child attended.

■ ■ ■

Antigone.

GUIOMAR.

Matchless Antigone!
Even in Hell thy fame is beautiful.
Why is she here?

SPIRIT.

She feels no pain; but lives
Near to her father, here, who else would pine
Though in Elysium.

GUIOMAR.

'T is a gracious doom.
Minos hath judged thee well. ■ who is this?

(The shadow of Cæsar comes.)

Methinks I ■ ■ bald and laurel'd crown,
And fierce sad eyes beneath it.

SPIRIT.

This ■ he
Worshipped the dark Bellona. When he trod
Past the red river with ambitious step,
Rome, his great country, fell.

GUIOMAR.

Ha!—Few like he
Honour'd the purple, and with sword and pen
Writ their so proud ■ ■ A sadness lies
In his sunk eye, white lips, and temples pale:
■ it remorse?

SPIRIT.

Despair.

GUIOMAR.

He never knew
The coward pain on earth; but your foul air
Engenders the bad passions,—craft and fear.

SPIRIT.

■ is but what he was. Your earth hath bounds
Wide enough for all passions. Like great Hell,
Mounting Ambition has dethroned your Gods,
(Your Gods of dust) and laid ■ ■ prostrate,—thus.
Pass to thy home.

(The shadow fades.)

Thou musest, Guiomar—
Thy thoughts are away,—on earth.

GUIOMAR.

Give ■ to see
Adramalech,—my father's slave, who taught me
First how to grasp a lance; and my brown cheek
(Then scorched by fifteen summers) smoothed in praise
Whenever I struck the ring. ■ was a fellow
Fit to unlearn the Gods. Throat-deep in sin,
He led ■ with him, through the frantic dance
And the red revel. As the Trojan once
Waked Palinurus from his dream of death,
And bade him tell why he, a pilot sage,
Tumbled amongst the billows, so will I
Ungrave the swarthy Moor.

SPIRIT.

Arise, arise!

(A shadow rises.)

GUIOMAR.

Ay,—this is he: Yet his rich colour's gone.
And he'd a speaking eye,—but these ■ dumb.
Sorrow has touch'd him, here, perhaps despair.
Speak! how is 't with thee now, Adramalech?
Was there provided no Elysian home
For thee, old master,—none?

ADRAMELECH.

None, Guiomar.

GUIOMAR.

What hast thou done for this?

ADRAMELECH.

Oh! spare me, spare me.

GUIOMAR.

Speak! what hast done? Hast made insolent love
To the black queen?—no matter; thou 'rt forgiv'n.

ADRAMELECH.

Oh! ask me not. I slew—

GUIOMAR.

Be dumb. A horror
Numbs ■ :—'T is but a guess,—but such ■ guess!
Adramalech!—slavish Adramalech,
Whom my great father spared from stripes and chains!

ADRAMELECH.

My kin had ransomed me, but that he chose
To bury my life—

GUIOMAR.

Thou liest, base bloody slave:
He saved thee, cherished thee.

ADRAMELECH.

He gave me gold,
But kept back freedom: Then I swore to cast
Vengeance upon him;—Thee, his son, I train'd
To devilish arts, and turned thy blood to sin;
Thy thoughts to wishes which good men abhor;
Thy love ■ lust; thy hopes to unbelief;
And him—I murder'd.

SPIRIT.

Go.

(The shadow fades.)

GUIOMAR.

Begone! Fine spirit,
Lend me thy fire—thy fire. Where is my sword?
Gone! then may the sharp pangs—

SPIRIT.

His doom is writ;
Burnt on the iron books, ■ firm as fate.

GUIOMAR.

O murderous villain!—

SPIRIT.

Look! I change the scene.
Awake, hold Guiomar. Lo! we have sights
Shall shame thy Spanish boasts. Look up!

GUIOMAR.

I ■ ■ look.—What is 't?—
I ■ a city which some moaning flood
Clasps in its fretful arms: and now—words, like
The accents of a drowning swimmer's tongue,
Gurgle into mine ear, and stifled shrieks
Seem born amidst the billows, and then die.

SPIRIT.

List! In this pool (upon whose unsunn'd waves
The city of Death is built, a haunted isle),
The spirits of the damned are, doomed to waste
An age. Its troubled waters, which ■ wind
Ever did fawn on, are stirr'd up by groans,
And struggling wretches whom the torment stings.
Look! The white foam thou see'st—is theirs.

GUIOMAR.

Alas!

SPIRIT.

Pity not, thou whose art darkens the moon.
Did not the crafty Sybil teach thy soul
Courage ■ well as truth?

GUIOMAR.

I tremble not:

■ on my human ■ some sounds will fall,
Which sting me into pity. 'T is the curse
Of my compassion that it meets with scorn.
Swear thou some monstrous oath and bid it die!—
Methinks my soul, which now was bound about
By dauntless strength, shrinks in this evil air.
Look! how the blasted flowers and curling shrubs

Droop their black heads; ■■■ blood-red poppies weep,
And horrid drops stand like Maremma dew
Upon the sweating boughs, and from huge roots
(Crook'd like ■ vulture's claw), the poison ■■■
I tread on ashes—Faithless, faithless Hell!
Give forth your fragrance! Bid your winds blow out!
Rain balm ■ me, and in my faint ears pour
Sidonian music, and the moonlit songs
Of Syria,—till I sleep. If gums be here,
Fume the dull ether with their sweets, and let
Rise incense,—though to Heaven.

O Granada!

Where ■■■ your mountains now, where are your green
Forests and dawning slopes, on which the day
Kisses his pearly food and odorous dew?
O Granada, my country! in whose ■■■
Sleeps the rich blessing that ■■■ filled my life
With love (such love!)—upon what frightful shore
Am I forsaken!—

SPIRIT.

Droop not, Guiomar.

Still hast thou much ■ see in these dark realms.—
Thou hast adopted ■ and our pale race.
We're brothers; think ■ that. For the base earth—
Forget it.

GUIOMAR.

Ha!—I ■ a man who flies,
And ■ who like ■ Fury follows him.

SPIRIT.

That is a Dream.

GUIOMAR.

No more!

SPIRIT.

What would'st thou more?
Spirit ■ spirit is as flesh to flesh.
His torment is ■ great as theirs whose backs
Are cut by the knotted scourge; and he thou see'st,
Who by yon flame-like vapour wastes for days,
Suffers as martyrs do, when blood-fed crowds
Choke up the streets of Seville. There, look there!
Shadows ■ touch'd by pity. They but dream
Of that fierce acting which now mocks thine eyes,
And yet they weep. The tears of Spain are hoarded:
But these—ha, ha, ha!—

GUIOMAR.

Stop thy hollow laugh:

It rings like ■ death-peal through me.—Why rejoice
That the dull Spaniards feed thy God with blood?

SPIRIT.

They feed the fools who sway them, priests and kings.

Rail not, infernal! Though the lazy blood
Of the gross prelate and the filthy monk
Stagnate, unless 't is moved by shrieks and tears,
The time shall come—I see ■ glorious time,
When the weak nursing, who hath fed on groans
From his red cradle up, no more shall stanch
His drivelling folly with the mourner's hair;
Nor the fine patriot's spirit be trod to dust.
Ha! look!—what scarlet shame steals along,—there?

SPIRIT.

It is the Cardinal——

GUIOMAR.

Ho, ho! Justice has caught
A saint at last. But where are all your kings?

SPIRIT.

They sleep,—and dream,
Bound down to fiery beds by golden chains.
We pay due honour here.

GUIOMAR.

Hast thou no king?

SPIRIT.

Ay,—if thou daarest behold.

GUIOMAR.

I dare.

SPIRIT.

Then fly—

Shadows and spirits; and ye towers, cloud-built,
Shake into air! Open your haunted gates
Palace of the great Death! Torments and Pains,
Who rack the body, and make mad the mind,
Appear, appear! And thou, by whose great will
I am, Prince of the grave! whom shape ■ space
Never encompass'd, but through Earth and air
And the orb'd stars dost reign, and here in Hell,
Appear!—

Now, Spaniard, brace thy heart, and gaze!

GUIOMAR.

I seem to look on
A shapeless cloud;—yet something mocks my sight
Behind. And now, methinks, uprise two thrones,
And from the back of one out-flames ■ star;
O'er that a phosphor glory hangs,—a crown,
All studded like Orion's blazing belt;
'T is Lucifer's—I know 't:—the other's hid,
Clouded,—yet, midst the gloom, a brutish shape
(Like a shrunk mummy) sits. Is he your king?

SPIRIT.

Be patient: thou shalt ■ Meanwhile, look here.

GUIOMAR.

Ha! On each side,—in ranks, like courtiers drawn,
Before ■ war-propp'd monarch, stand fierce Shapes.

SPIRIT.

Mark me: Yon figure with the adder's tongue
And tiger-headed, is the Pain whose touch
Rages like fire: That thin shape, pale ■ stone,
Is Palsy: that—Despair, with cold blank eyes;
And he who shakes is Ague, hand in hand
With the flush'd Fever and blue Pestilence;
And there, swoll'n like a ball, the Dropsy lies.
That—that is Madness.

GUIOMAR.

Which?

SPIRIT.

That beast, whose brain

■ stung by hornets, till he mocks the moon
(Far off) with howling. Hark! dost thou not hear
How the wolf laughs?

GUIOMAR.

A shuddering sound. No more.

SPIRIT.

How! Dost thou tremble ere thy time be come? Guiomar!

GUIOMAR.

My Lord!

SPIRIT.

Ha, ha! thy lord is here.

GUIOMAR.

I do not hear your Furies. Bid them howl.
Methinks their voices, though ■ fierce of late,
Would soothe me.

SPIRIT.

Dost thou fear?—The ground thou tread'st
 ■ holy. In the presence of great Death
 None come, save these (his court), and I who hunt
 Myriads before him;—for his food is flesh.

GUIOMAR.

Let's go. Stand thou aside, insolent slave!
 I'll force my path.

SPIRIT.

By me?—Look well upon me.

GUIOMAR.

Thou—thou art changing: Ha!
 Thy bulk is swelling to a giant's size,—
 And thy face blackens.—Ah! thou 'rt Death?

SPIRIT.

I am his minister. Once,—when I drank
 Numidian air, I was a prince, anointed,
 Crown'd, worshipped like a Fear. Thousands of slaves
 Bent at my foot-stool, and I built up towers,
 And razed great hills, and cut deep lakes that chain'd
 Sea unto sea. I founded pyramids,
 Which shook, when thunder spake, their pointed heads
 At Heaven, and through the cloudy midnight read
 Black secrets, and did act alarming spells,
 Ay, tempted the bright ■ (they waned) and dragg'd
 A planet from its path, which rush'd aside
 Flashing and flaming, ruining orbs and worlds,—
 I did it;—but the pale Sickness bow'd my soul,
 And I, who was adored and call'd a God,
 Felt myself fading:—then I pray'd to Death
 To linger,—and he linger'd: while I swore
 To yield ■ him my immortality,
 If that I ■ immortal,—and he smiled;
 And he agreed,—and lo! I am his slave.

GUIOMAR.

A potent slave: alas!—Now let ■ go.
 Ha!—look! The shadows fly—the Pains—they fade.
 They are not real!

SPIRIT.

Nothing is real, save Death.

GUIOMAR.

And thou—?

SPIRIT.

I am the frenzy of thy brain,
 A mockery:—See!

Thou fadest—Stay!—*Diabolus!*

Thou cheater—Ha! what storms ■ these let loose?
 What raging! Hush!—I hear sounds like ■ whirlwind
 Sweeping along; and oaths that drown the thunder;
 And the gloom trembles where the lightning looks;
 And the parch'd ground doth quiver ■ I tread.
 Spirit!—He's gone: and all are gone—save ONE
 Curtain'd behind yon cloud.—False Spirit!—Ha!
 Look at his fiery track! How he bestrides
 The hurricane, and through the thick air darts
 Back his bright scorn! Hush!—Hark!—the Horror
 laughs.

A VOICE is heard.

Guiomar!

GUIOMAR.

Ha! who whispers!

VOICE.

Guiomar!—

■ ready! Thou hast earned immortal life
 And I, thy Lord, expect thee.

GUIOMAR.

Heav'n!

VOICE.

Prepare!—

Thy home is made: Thy labours ■ appointed:
 Thy ■ is writ amongst my pomp of slaves.
 Behold! ■ bid thee welcome Death, thy king!

(The figure of DEATH is seen.)

GUIOMAR.

Ha! Ghastly Phantasm!—Turn thy pallid leer
 Away: it sickens me. Methinks I stand
 ■ in the leopard's eye:—What arrowy light
 He shoots out—Ha! Begone, thou blasting dream!
 Touch me not—come not—Ah! my limbs are lock'd.

(The arrow strikes him ■ the figure fades).

Oh!—'T is ■ wintry bolt,—colder than frost:
 But rankling,—rankling. Oh!—Who laughs above?—
 I hear thee, spiteful Spirit: and I come.
 Down to the lower graves, o'er-scaled by crime,
 I go, to make thee mirth,—leaving for aye
 This strange and melancholy wilderness.—
 From the rich Spain I came (a bright blue air)
 To look upon these heaths and sunless shores,
 With ■ companion:—but a wizard's step
 Must stop not, till it treads the lowest depths.
 Oh! how I dreamed that I might spread my name
 (Once—once!) amongst a wide posterity;
 And build up a renown, like lasting brass;
 And be hereafter told of, ■ ■ ■
 Who sold his birthright (pleasure) for great fame—
 And ■ I die,—wither'd: yet will I die
 Bravely,—for so I lived.

Infernal Halls!

Ye everlasting halls of Grief and Shame!
 Where ■ your crowds, your shapes, your wild array
 Of demons, and Tartarian chivalry?
 Where are your Gods,—crown'd Sin and the gaunt Death,
 To herald me?—I claim all sovereign pomp.
 For to your cloud-black kingdoms never came
 A mightier than to-day.—Ha! look!—I see
 A flame of horsemen rush against the wind;
 And bony crowds pass by with clattering feet;
 Hydras and giants, and wide-gaping snakes;
 And hissing dogs, and vultures that drop blood;
 And the wild women with their crawling hair,—
 Avaunt!—and look! the enormous Briareus
 Comes, and foul Typhon drags his scaly train
 Here,—here!—Away!—Dash down your burning rain!
 Stifle me,—slay me,—quick!— (he falls.)

—O Lucifer!

Prince of the morning, to thy radiant arms
 Take me, for now I die. To thee—(who wast
 Banished from all the Heavens to tread dark Hell)
 Star of ■ stormy world! alone I yield.
 ■ there be pity left 'midst thy despair,
 Pity ■ I have erred—and—dared—like thee.
 Ambition ■ my God;—and it ■ thine.
 Pity me—fallen—fallen.

[Dies.]

Mirandola;

A TRAGEDY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE fact of a father having married the lady betrothed to his son, occurred in the time of Philip the II of Spain, and of D'Este, one of the Dukes of Ferrara. This fact I have borrowed, as well as the circumstance of the father condemning his son to death. In other respects, the Tragedy is, as far as I know, original. The character of the sensitive Mirandola, more particularly, is unborrowed.

I must not let this opportunity pass of saying that I owe much to Mr Macready, the tragedian, whose kind and valuable suggestions induced me to concentrate the incidents in the latter part of the play more than I had originally intended to do.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN, Duke of Mirandola.

GUIDO, his Son.

HYPOLITO, Son of Isabella.

CASTI, } Friends of Guido.
JULIO, }

GERALDI, a Monk.

CURIO.

MARCO, an Innkeeper.

PESSANO, ANDREA, PIERO, Nobles, Servants, etc.

ISIDORA, Duchess of Mirandola.

ISABELLA, Sister of the Duke.

BEATRICE, Wife of Marco.

SCENE—At and near Mirandola, in Italy.

MIRANDOLA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Outer-yard of an Inn on the Road to Mirandola.

BEATRICE enters from the Inn.

BEATRICE.

I thought I heard the trampling of horses. Marco!—There are so few travellers who pass this road, that really I must make the most of all who come. Hark! that was certainly a horse's step.—Marco!—There, again: somebody is certainly coming. (She listens).

MARCO enters.

MARCO.

By Saint Peter, this will be a good day to go to sleep in. There'll be nothing awake all day but the sun, and my wife. Why, Beatrice, what's the matter? Are you bent

double before your time? She looks like Fine-ear, in the Fairy tale, who listens to hear the grass grow. Beatrice!

BEATRICE.

Hark! don't you hear?

Hear? no: and yet—Ha! I do hear something. Some travellers, I suppose: yes, they are now almost close to us. They stop. Ah! there they are at the end of the orchard.—Go in, go in and prepare breakfast for them. There never yet was a traveller who had not a good appetite. (BEATRICE goes in). A good clever girl that, though she talks more than she need at times; but, what!—there's no one perfect. Now if these gallants should be coming to the merry-making at Court, which was held yesterday, in honor of the Duke's marriage that happened some time ago, why they'll be a day too late, that's all.—So, who is this?

ANDREA enters.

ANDREA.

Are you the landlord of this house?

MARCO.

I am.

ANDREA.

The Duke's son, Lord Guido, is here on his way home from Naples. Get some refreshment ready, and be quick.

MARCO.

The Duke's son?

ANDREA.

Yes.—Why what's the matter? The Duke's son, I said.

MARCO.

What, he who died?

ANDREA.

Died!—Nonsense! how could he be here if he died? he was only wounded.

MARCO.

Not dead? that's odd. Is he coming to the Court feast?

ANDREA.

We've heard of no feast. What is it for? Is any body married, or dead?

MARCO.

Hush! your master's here.—Beatrice!

GUIDO, CASTI, and JULIO enter.

JULIO.

Ah! Signior Casti, you were gallant ever, At home and in the field.—Here, fellow; show Our servants where the horses may be housed.

BEATRICE enters.

MARCO.

I will, my lord.

CASTI.

Take care of mine,—a grey.

GUIDO.

This is the prettiest girl that I have seen Since I left Naples.

BEATRICE.

Oh! my lord.

CASTI.

You have forgot poor Bayard.

GUIDO.

No indeed. Good fellow,

Go with this man, and he will show you where
A berry-brown horse is panting, wet and white
With foam.—Carlo's gone onwards!

SERVANT.

Yes, my lord.

GUIDO.

That horse—he is a friend of mine (the best
That ever bore a knight through blood and death);
Take excellent care of him as you expect
Requital. [MARCO and SERVANT exeunt.

Thanks, good Casti, many thanks:
Old Bayard should thank you if he could.

JULIO.

Now, hostess, as hungry travellers: go
And strip your larder of its best: we come
With desperate thoughts against it.

GUIDO.

Pretty hostess!

Are you so pleased with this pleasant place?

Yes, my lord, yes.

CASTI.

You make her blush.

JULIO.

No more.—Good hostess, hie thou in and quickly make
The best of preparation: we shall be
With thee anon. [BEATRICE exit.

GUIDO.

We shall come to thee soon.

JULIO.

Why, my dear lord, this peasant may take
Your fancy.

GUIDO.

Oh! I like a pretty face

At court or in a cottage.

CASTI.

And in camp?

GUIDO.

No; there one's thoughts are taught to swerve
From their more natural bent.—I hate the camp;
I hate its noise and its parade,—it's blank
And empty forms, and stately courtesy.
Where between blows and blows, a smile and a stab,
There's scarce a moment. Soldiers always live
In idleness or peril: both are bad.

CASTI.

I fear that you are right, indeed.

JULIO.

How! right!

GUIDO.

I am—

Give me an intellectual nobler life;
Not fighting like the herded elephants, which,
Beckon'd by a fierce slave, go forth to war,
And trample in the dust their fellow brute.
But let me live amongst high thoughts and smiles
As beautiful as love; with grasping hands,
And a heart that flutters with diviner life
Whene'er my step is heard.

JULIO.

Why, what is this?

CASTI.

A picture of a happier lot, dear friend,
Than you and I have known.

JULIO.

Had I not seen

You both fight bravely,—better than myself,
I should have doubted you.—What I rail at war—
Bright-eyed Bellona?—Oh! for shame, for shame!
I must forswear your company, my lord.
For me, I like all folks who follow war,
Down to the very sutler: I am even
Friend to the commissary.

GUIDO.

Ay, when you are

in debt.

CASTI.

With empty pockets.

GUIDO.

Or—or when

he feasts his friends.

CASTI.

Or falls in love, and wishes

To give a trifle to some girl.

GUIDO.

Indeed, he is too much addicted—while I speak,
I grieve to talk thus of him—

JULIO.

Moral Lord!

Oh! this is well. Go on; and, Signior, you
Who smile but once a week (then not for joy),—
You smile now; yet, you must remember ('t is
Scarce a year since), at Baïse, a pale girl,
Who lived so much in private!

CASTI.

Spare her: nay,

She was unfortunate.

JULIO.

And you?

GUIDO.

Was kind.

I know the story: touch not on it now.
It is a melancholy tale, fit only
For the fire-side and winter: a dull day,
When the clouds leave a shadow on your brow,
I'll tell it to you.

CASTI.

Be content; I am

Her friend,—a father, but no more: believe't.

JULIO.

Must I! Well, be it so—but this hostess stays
A long time ere she comes to us, methinks.

I am double't is no fault of mine.

I may as well go in,—and—

GUIDO.

But be civil.

JULIO.

Civil? I'll be as loving.

CASTI.

Ay, and brief

¹ The reader is requested to observe that the passages between inverted commas thus — — — omitted on the representation of the Tragedy.

■ your discourse.

GUIDO.

I shall keep watch o'er you.

JULIO.

And th' hostess!

GUIDO.

Ay; ■ both wolf and lamb.

[JULIO exit into the inn.

CASTI.

I ■ saw you in ■ gay ■ mood :

Have you heard news?

GUIDO.

No;—no.

CASTI.

I fear I've marred

Your gaiety.

GUIDO.

Ah! no: 't ■ but a trick

To cheat away sad folly.—I have heard
Nothing: my courier never, ■ you know,
Returned: my letters ■ unanswered:—From
My father (yet he was kind once) I might have borne
This fearful silence; but from her—Oh! her
Whom like ■ star I worshipp'd—Pshaw! my eyes
Are like ■ girl's to-day. I've no doubt
But all is well.

CASTI.

I hope so.

GUIDO.

Ay; I hope.

Why should I fear?—you do not fear! you know

Nothing, good Casti, of my love?

CASTI.

Nothing: be calm.

GUIDO.

I know ■ how it is;

• But a foreboding presses ■ my heart
At times, until I sicken.—I have heard,
And from ■ learned, that before the touch
(The common, coarser touch) of good or ill,—
That oftentimes a subtler ■ informs
Some spirits of the approach of ' things to be.'
Fate ■ before its time; like Hope ■ Fear
Reverting ■ the soul, with surer aim.

CASTI.

What more?—

GUIDO.

Oh! I've ■ deep dull ■ of pain to ■

Clinging upon my heart.

CASTI.

■ lovers talk;

And feel, perhaps. • Suspense ■ them is as
A hideous ghost, changing its shape for ever.
Thus, in wild evenings, children's fears, you know,
Shape devils out of shadows.—Oh! be gay.
Morning will ■ be here, and she you sigh for
Will smile these dreams away,

GUIDO.

May it be so!

Let's talk ■ of this ■ present.—Where
■ Julio?

CASTI.

Likeliest by the cottage fire,
Helping the pretty hostess.

GUIDO.

• Let ■ go.

You think, then, she—

CASTI.

Oh! I think

Not of her; ■ that she is fair and true.

Stifle these fears: why, in some three hours hence
You 'll see her.

GUIDO.

So I shall, indeed.

CASTI.

Let's drink

Her health in purest water.

GUIDO.

No: in wine.

CASTI.

In wine, then, be it. High Falernian?

GUIDO.

Ay,

In nectar. Why, methinks, these dreams ■ mine
Are almost banished.

CASTI.

With yourself remains

The power to do 't. Be lord of your ■ mind.
The dread of evil is the worst of ill;
• A tyrant, yet ■ rebel, dragging down
The clear-eyed judgment from its spiritual throne,
And leagued with all the base and blacker thoughts
To overwhelm the soul. » But come, our friend
Waits, and—the pretty hostess.

GUIDO.

There: my hand

■ firm as 't is in battle.

CASTI.

So it is.

Now then: nay, go you first. I'll follow. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Garden of the Duke's Palace.

ISIDORA, ISABELLA, HYPOLITO.

ISABELLA.

Cheer thee, dear sister: nay—these mournful looks
Shame all our smiles.

HYPOLITO.

Dear aunt!

ISABELLA.

Were I the Duke,

I should be jealous of your grief.

ISIDORA.

Madam!

ISABELLA.

Indeed.—A jealous thing is happiness,—
And delicate too, for round it all ■ be
Warm like itself and pleasant, else it flies,
Like summer birds from winter.

ISIDORA.

Yesterday,—

Its ceremony and toil have ■ me down.

Forgive me for it: I ■ scarcely used

As yet to your court splendors.—I shall be

A Duchess shortly, such as you could wish.

I was not born, you know, ■ princely pomp,

And it sits ill ■ Hypolito!

Why are you sad, dear boy! I thought I was
The only mocker here.

ISABELLA.

'Wake, dreaming child!

Your aunt, the Duchess, speaks ■ you.

HYPOLITO.

Dear lady.

[Takes ISIDORA's hand.

ISABELLA.

A pretty gallant : so,—in time he'll break
A promise smoothly.

ISIDORA.

I hope not ; yet there

None of his faithless sex who cannot feign.

ISABELLA.

Except my brother ?

ISIDORA.

Ay : except the Duke.

But come, Hypolito ! I never hear
Now how your falcon flies, nor of the barb
Your uncle gave you.—How is this ? it
A true Arabian, is it not ?

HYPOLITO.

Indeed

I scarcely know. I have not rid of late.

ISABELLA.

He keeps his chamber, like a languid girl,
And reads romance.—' Indeed, I scarcely know—'
Why that was lip'd forth like a girl.—For shame !
What do you know then, sirrah ?

HYPOLITO.

Oh ! I know

By heart, by heart, those gentle stories which
My Aunt (before she was my Aunt) gave to me,
And told me with a smile, such I never
Saw on her face again,—' These lines were strung
By frenzied Tasso whom a princess scorned,
And these flew forth from Ariosto's quill,
And these sad Petrarch, who lamented long
Laura his love, once writ ; and some there were
Inscribed by great Boccaccio's golden pen,
Mirthful and mournful, fit for every heart.'

ISABELLA.

A pretty list : and is this all you read ?

Oh ! I must look to you.—The father comes ;
In haste, it

GERALDI enters.

Well, father ?

GERALDI.

■ fair blessing of the day
Rest ■ you all.—Madam, my duty bends
Before you.

ISIDORA.

I am thankful, father, for

Your blessing.

ISABELLA.

Thanks, Gheraldi ; but you

In haste, Sir : how ■ this ? Have any news
Reached our ■ quiet place ?

HYPOLITO.

I do ■ like the book you gave me, father.

ISABELLA.

Silence !—You do ■ answer, father. How !

ISIDORA.

Come here, Hypolito, come.

[ISIDORA and HYPOLITO talk apart.

ISABELLA.

In your look

I read a—something that I would not read.
The Duchess hears us not ; you need ■ drop

Your eyes thus cautiously. Speak freely to me ;
What is 't ?

GERALDI.

Be patient, Madam : you will need
Great ■ of patience. Guido—

ISABELLA.

■ ! speak lower.—Hypolito !

HYPOLITO.

Talk kindly to ■

ISABELLA.

Well ;

Kiss me, and ■ begone : the father has
Some words for me. Perhaps, dear sister, you—

ISIDORA.

I was about to leave you.

ISABELLA.

Do not think

I wish that : but some business, such ■ you
Would think but tedious, calls ■ hence.

ISIDORA.

Farewell !

[ISIDORA and HYPOLITO exeunt.

ISABELLA.

Father, if I can read your mind (and now
I ought to read it), you have news will call
My spirit into action :—Is it so ?
Well ! I can act. How I can think, you know.
How I will give my cunning force, and weave
The subtle threads of many a project 'round
My victim's brain, thou—thou shalt see.

GERALDI.

I have

Not told my news.

ISABELLA.

I see it ere you speak.

■ is of Guido : he has then discovered ?

GERALDI.

Not so.

ISABELLA.

Then all is well.

GERALDI.

Why, still not so.

■ has ■ yet discovered—

ISABELLA.

Father, speak.

Am I ■ guess and guess and still mistake,
While you, with all the tidings ■ your tongue,
Keep all from me ? What you know, boldly speak.

GERALDI.

Lord Guido, then, is well : that is ■ news ;
For when we last heard of him, he lay sick
Upon his bed at Naples.

ISABELLA.

Yes,—go on.

GERALDI.

He knows not of his father's marriage yet ;
But being impatient at the silence which
His Isidora, and his father kept,
■ left the South (forgetting smaller ills)
And ■ straight to Mirandola !

ISABELLA.

Indeed ?

He ■ be stopped.

GERALDI.

■ should have been, had I
Known of his coming ; but he is here already.

ISABELLA.
What! ■■■ arrived?

GERALDI.
In two hours hence he ■■■ ■■■

Before his father.

ISABELLA.
Has the Duke yet learned
His coming.

GERALDI.
No: I've kept the secret; but
It ■■■ be known, and quickly.

ISABELLA.
And those letters—
Those letters of the Duke; they never reached
Guido at Naples—of this you ■■■ sure!

GERALDI.
Never; ■■■ those he wrote unto the Duke,
Except that ■■■ first telling that he lived;
(Dead Gaspero ■■■ ■■■ honest knave to us—)
I hold them safe: for in them lies my life.

ISABELLA.
Why then go bravely to the Duke;
And tell him Guido comes: tell him, ■■■ once,
That all the bright ■■■ Isidora shed,
Dropped for ■■■ ■■■

GERALDI.
Ha! but I cautioned her
(Because the Duke ■■■ jealous) when she heard
That he still lived and loved her, to conceal
The name of Guido.—How shall this be answered?

ISABELLA.
Who ■■■ betray? Why did she marry him?

GERALDI.
Nay,—'t was her mother's want—

ISABELLA.
Well, well: ■■■ go
Unto the Duke (I know his humour well)
And tell this. Of his marriage you can say—

GERALDI.
What?

ISABELLA.
You can hint that haply Guido may
Clothe him in ignorance,—perhaps pretend
He wrote to say he lived, and ■■■ forth: ha?
Tell him of Guido's friendship for those men—
Those men who did rebel: and you can show
How good ■■■ casuist you are, father, when
A doubt springs up; and you can pour a balm
(You have both sting and honey, like the bee)
If there be need, and—pshaw! I school my master.

GERALDI.
You flatter, gracious lady: you are still
A keen diplomatist: you surely cannot
Need my poor service.

ISABELLA.
What is this?—Gheraldi!

What ■■■ it you ask?

GERALDI.
Nothing: no, though you said—

ISABELLA.
I say ■■■ still: my interest at Rome
Is great as ever. You shall have, be sure,
The Cardinal's hat, when old Galotti dies.

GERALDI.
Have I your word for this?

ISABELLA.
Sir, be content;
I give my honourable word.

GERALDI.
Enough.

ISABELLA.
And ■■■ farewell. ■■■ careful, Sir;
Ay, and successful, and the conclave shall
Have its most subtle spirit ■■■ boast of yet. [Exit.

GERALDI.
Dear lady, fare you well.—Now for the Duke.
■■■ is ■■■ shifting ■■■ the April wind:
And how to break this news I know not. Guido
By this has got my letter, and knows that
■■■ love is here; no more. And now—and now,
Shall I go on? Pshaw! rather shall I doubt?
Do I not ■■■ those earthly gods mine own,
Power, wealth, high reputation? (holy cheat!)
Like dazzling sun-beams ■■■ my stricken eye
They blind, yet lead me onwards. I shall be
A Cardinal: Aye, Pope perhaps. What more
Need I to teach ■■■ wisdom? Now for the Duke. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The Duke's private chamber.

Duke and Isidora discovered—the Duke writing.

Curio waiting.

DUKE.

Here; send this packet, my good Curio,
Unto our brother Mantua: this dispatch
Unto Modena. You have nothing else
To speak of?

CURIO.

Nothing, gracious Sir.

DUKE.

Farewell.

Yet stay, if—no, 't was nothing: fare you well.

[Curio exit.

Forgive ■■■ that I thus neglect you, love.
—Why, my dear Isidora, yesterday
■■■ worn you to ■■■ shadow.

ISIDORA.

Oh! not so.

DUKE.

In faith it has.—Dear girl, I know you hate
These empty pageantries. Jove! so do I.
I'd rather be in battle, and weighed down
By steel and iron than by these idle gauds.
But we ■■■ play ■■■ part, my sweet one, in
This silly world. Could I order things here,
■■■ of the moon I'd waste in ■■■ the ■■■
I'd give to Cupid.

So: not all ■■■ love then?

Why, no—yet I ■■■ wrong; for Oh! with you
Who could desert the chamber for the camp?
Not I. I would be with you ever—ever.

ISIDORA.

That were too long.

DUKE.

Too long, my Isidora?

ISIDORA.

Ay: 'Ever' is a long time, my dear lord:
Love has ■ such eternity.

DUKE.

Indeed!

ISIDORA.

Indeed, 't is so. Life even has its end;
And love cannot be longer ■ than life.

DUKE.

It is: ■ else 't is nothing.—Did I think
That in the narrow limit of this world
Sweet love were bound— Did I fear that beyond
These earthly barriers (which our winged thoughts
Still strive to over-fly, and still in vain),
Love ■ resident, I would—but you—
You ■ a traitor to the rose-crown'd God.
I'll kiss you in revenge.

ISIDORA.

You should ■ punish
One who is ignorant only.

■ ■ ■

Punish! How!

Will that be punishment? I said that I
Would kiss you, love.

■ ■ ■

I know it—in revenge.

■ ■ ■

True; in revenge. Revenge is bitter sweet:
And in its rich completion lies ■ well
Gall ■ oblivious balm: ■ paradox
Of passion is revenge. 'Tween you and me,
Fair Isidora, let it never live.

ISIDORA.

I hope not, Sir.

DUKE.

It shall not. Mark! I speak
More boldly here than you. I know my heart:
And yours too can I read.

ISIDORA.

What! read my heart?

DUKE.

I spoke in jest: you tremble: I ■ calm
(You see 't) ■ conscious love—or fate—or death.

ISIDORA.

I'm often thus: pray take ■ heed of it.
You trembled too, I thought.

■ DUKE.

Feel that I do not.

{Put ■ his hand.

ISIDORA.

I did not note your hand, but through your voice
There ran ■ tremulous chord which made me—think.

DUKE.

Of what?

ISIDORA.

That you were angry: nothing more.

DUKE.

Oh! then you far mistake me. I ■ not
A leaf blown to and fro by every breath:
I am as steadfast as the oak;—ay, more,
As little to be shook or turned aside
From my vowed purpose ■ the based rock,
Which when the blasts of thundering winter tear
The pines away from their strong rifted holds,
Looks calmly ■ though 't were sunshine still,—and
smiles.

ISIDORA.

I am glad you are ■ calm.

DUKE.

Why are you glad—why glad,
My Isidora? You ■ ne'er have cause
To dread my anger?

ISIDORA.

Oh! I hope not.

DUKE.

You

Could never dread me, Isidora?

ISIDORA.

Never.

For never could I do you wrong, my lord.

DUKE.

My ■ sweet love! Oh! my dear peerless wife!
By the blue sky and all its crowding stars
I love you better—Oh! far better than
Woman was ever loved. There's not an hour
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee:
There's not ■ wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the ■
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale
Of thee, my love, to thy Mirandola.
Speak, dearest Isidora, can you love
As I do? Can—but no, no; I shall grow
Foolish if thus I talk. You must be gone,
You ■ be gone, fair Isidora, else
The business of the Dukedom ■ will cease.
I speak the truth, by Dian. Even now
Gheraldi waits without (or should) to see me.
In faith, you must go: one kiss, and so, away.

ISIDORA.

Farewell, my lord.

DUKE.

We'll ride together, dearest,
Some few hours hence.

ISIDORA.

Just as you please; farewell!

[Exit.

DUKE.

Farewell! With what a waving air she goes
Along the corridor. How like a fawn;
Yet statelier.—Hark! ■ sound however soft
(Nor gentlest echo) telleth when she treads;
But every motion of her shape doth ■
Hallowed by silence. Thus did Hebe grow
Amidst the Gods, a paragon: and thus—
Away! I'm grown the very fool of love.

CURIO enters.

CURIO.

The father—

DUKE.

Bid him come.

[CURIO exit.

I never saw

My beauty look ■ well: ■ the summer light
Becomes her, though she shames it, being so fair.
Methinks I've cast full twenty years aside,
And ■ again ■ boy. Every breath
Of air that trembles through the window bears
Unusual odour.

GHERALDI enters.

Welcome, father, welcome:

■ you have any good to ask, be quick,

For I am bountiful to-day. The tide
Of my free humour cannot last—nor ought,
Else should I soon be beggar'd. What 's i' the air?—
Some subtle spirit ■■■ through all my veins.
Hope seems ■ ride this morning on the wind,
And joy outshines the sun. Why, what is this?

GERALDI.

My gracious lord!

DUKE.

Speak out. Your tone is cold
As the ringing sound a footstep strikes from out
The frosted earth. I am like spring, rejoicing.
Father, I hate these mournful moods: I hate 'em.
Be joyful, Sir, or look so.

GERALDI.

My dear lord,
I have some news, which, while this spirit lasts,
I almost fear to tell. 'T will strike cold on
Your mind, my lord; but—but it must be told.
Your son, my lord.—

DUKE.

How! well; go on.

GERALDI.

Lord Guido will ■ here, my lord, within
An hour.

Again, Sir,—speak again.

GERALDI.

Your son,

Lord Guido will be here within this hour.

DUKE.

I'm glad to hear it.
He uses little ceremony: well!
How learned you this?

GERALDI.

His courier has arrived,
Who left him scarce two hours ago: he then
Was coming hither straight.

DUKE.

Has he ■ written?

GERALDI.

He has not; but—(and this indeed ■ strange),
His servant says—though this must be surmise—
That his young master still is ignorant of
Your highness' marriage.

DUKE.

That 's impossible!

I wrote ■ him twice—more.

GERALDI.

Yes, Sir; but—

■ what?

Speak!

GERALDI.

Did your highness ever hear the name
O' the friend the Duchess mourned so?

DUKE.

Never: she

Wished not to tell it; so, although my mind
Dislikes such secrets, I have never asked.

GERALDI.

Lord Guido then ■ confided his—
Attachment to you?

DUKE.

His—his? Never.

GERALDI.

Never?

DUKE.

Never. I feel ■ faintness o'er me. Never.
■ he—did he—

GERALDI.

Another time, my lord,
Let's speak of this. As to your son's return—

DUKE.

Monk! I must have your ■

Well: I have heard

My lord, that he—

DUKE.

I listen: go on.

GERALDI.

That ■

Once loved the Duchess.

How! great Heaven! am I

Awake?

GERALDI.

I would not have disclosed this tale
To your Highness, but—

DUKE.

Be silent. Can it be
That he (I know not what I say) has been
Deceived?

GERALDI.

Your Highness wrote to him before
Your marriage?—No.

DUKE.

No; not before 't: we thought
That he ■ dead; yet when the news (glad news
I thought it), came that still he lived, I ■
Direct to Naples.

GERALDI.

True! by Gaspero.

DUKE.

But wherefore,—nay, how was't you dared conceal
From me that he had loved her? Speak to that.

GERALDI.

I thought it a boyish fancy, soon to change.
Yet that he loved her once (madly) I can
Avouch.

He is not apt to change.

GERALDI.

Why that—

When first I knew he had not written home,
Struck ■ my mind. I ■ it.
■ (aside).

—Upon mine

It falls ■ cold ■ winter. You should not
Have kept it from me. 'T was a fault.

GERALDI.

Nay, Sir,—

O Heaven! had I but known for whom those ■
Were shed;—but still she weeps: Ah! wherefore still?
■ is alive.

GERALDI.

My lord!

DUKE.

Perhaps he ■

Here ■ reproach, or make a show of grief :
Perhaps—Did you ■ speak ?

GERALDI.

Yes, Sir ; your son——

DUKE.

Did I not watch him through his headstrong youth ;
This fault forgiving and forgetting that—
His friendship with that false Vitelli, whom
I hate as I hate shame—his strange request
For those three rebels (that ■ never cleared),
Marni, Saletto, Rossi ? you know this.

GERALDI.

■ I might but advise——

■

■ dumb, Sir. ■

Can be my own good counsel. Did I not
Write, and so kindly too ? ■ Did—did he come
Quite straight from Naples ?

GERALDI.

Yes, my lord ; I hear

He only staid at Count Vitelli's house ;
And there not long.

At Count Vitelli's ? He

Can never pass that traitor's den. What spell
Doth drag him there ?

GERALDI.

None that I know of, Sir,

But, ■ May I ■ advise ? If aught be wrong
Touching Vitelli's friendship with your ■
(Though I hope nothing is wrong), or—or if
He loves the Lady Isidora still,———

DUKE.

Death ! thou false monk !—Sir, if your tongue but utter
A word of that—What ! love her ? love !

GERALDI.

■ meant———

DUKE.

You said he loved.

GERALDI.

Did I ? pray pardon ■

This ■ has ruffled me, my lord. I beg
That you 'll forget. My mouth is filled to-day
With ■

DUKE.

Yet should ■ indeed love her ?

■

If then, my lord, your son should but pretend
To love, and urge you to injustice———

DUKE.

Ha !

That's well—well thought of. Oh ! there's many a knave
About ■ (that I feel) too ready still
To second old Vitelli's bloody hand.
Can he be foe to me ? I will not think it.
Yet I 'll be calm, and wary.

■

Some ■ comes.

CARLO enters.

CARLO.

Your Highness !

DUKE.

Speak !

CARLO.

Lord Guido will be here

Almost———

DUKE.

Go to him, good Gheraldi. Leave us.

[CARLO exit.]

Receive him, father, and before he ■
To me, inform him (mark if honestly
■ take the news), that I am married.—When
You have told this, say that I wish his presence :
Yet, first ■ him ; so I may learn how far
■ soul is bent to cunning.

GERALDI.

I am gone.

DUKE.

Take good note, Sir.

GERALDI.

I will.

DUKE.

Be ■ you do !

[Exeunt separately.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Court-yard before the Palace.

GERALDI.

GERALDI.

He must not see the Duchess yet. These scenes
Of tears and quarrel but ill suit a court ;
And the Duke loves decorum.—Now have I
Been confidant to father, and to son,—
To her (by virtue of my calling)—her,
And the proud Isabella. Had I not
A cowl, I fear a blush at times might tell
A story. Guido knows his love is here ;
(Thus much I 've written to him), but that she
■ Duchess here, he knows not : so,—he comes.

GUIDO (without).

Ha ! ha !—well, as you please : I shall expect you.

GUIDO enters, and is passing over in haste.

GERALDI.

My lord ! lord Guido !

GUIDO.

Ha ! Gheraldi, you ?

Where's Isidora ? Is my father well ?

GERALDI.

Your father bids——

GUIDO.

I 'll ■ him presently :

But where's my love ?

GERALDI.

He has commanded me——

GUIDO.

Not now, not now.

Where is she ?

GERALDI.

First, hear the Duke's message ; nay.

GUIDO.

Now by my soul, I shall be angry with you.
Say ■ your lord some ten,—five minutes hence,
I 'll seek him in his study. You oppress me.
What do you ■ that thus you shake your head
■ silence—or ■ 't sorrow ?—Ha ! she's dead ?

GERALDI.

Not so, my lord.

GUIDO.

Why, all is well then ;—yet
(What do you mean?) you to mock my joy,
And lay a leaden hand upon the wings
Of all my hopes.—Oh! Isidora, where,
Where are you loitering when Guido's here?
By the bright god of love, I'll punish you,
Idler, and press your rich red lips until
The colour flies.

GERALDI.

My lord! nay, do not frown.
I have a story of deep interest, Sir.
It is my duty (my sad duty now),
To break unto your ear tidings.

GUIDO.

Quick!

GERALDI.

Your father, my dear lord, is married.

GUIDO.

So!—

GERALDI.

Reasons of state—

Keep 'em, good Monk, I have no stomach
For any food but love.

GERALDI.

Strong reasons did induce my lord ('t was when
You were reported dead) seek a bride.
He left the common course that monarchs use,
And chose from out the land he govern'd, one
Who might have shamed the world.

GUIDO.

That well,

At least.

GERALDI.

I she was so fair, my lord.

GUIDO.

I mark you. Well?

GERALDI.

My lord your father (urged
By some state policy, and fearful lest
Your death should snap the link your friendship formed
'Tween him, and Count Navarro,)—

GUIDO.

Chose his daughter?

GERALDI.

Not; not—not thus.

GUIDO.

How then? Speak! my heart
Bursting? What is 't I fear? My very soul
Is sick, and full of some dismay, though
Fate were upon me. If—I dare not ask:
I dare not, though a word would end it all.
Gheraldi! no, no, no: silence awhile:
I will not hear thee now. Oh! heaven and earth!
If it were so—it cannot be: it shall not.
Yet if it were— Oh! Isidora, you,
What you—She is constant as the
That never vary, and more chaste than they.
Forgive, forgive me that I slander thee
Even in dreams. Gheraldi, now I'll listen,
And you shall tell your tale. I was a fool
Just now. Forgive me, father:—now.

GERALDI.

I said your father did desire a bride

From out his realm. Navarro's daughter then
Was woo'd: now she is married; but he had
Two nieces.

GUIDO.

Ay, I see 't. My father saw
The lady Julia: yes, I see how 't was;
 so, was it not?

GERALDI.

He saw her there.

GUIDO.

Ay, ay: she was a pretty girl when last
I was at home: and so he married her?

He saw them both, Sir, with a favouring eye.
The lady Isidora then in tears—

GUIDO.

True; they might not become her: yet she's fair.
When joy is in her eye 't like the light
Of Heaven: blue, deep and ethereal blue.
I would not wish a wife beautiful;
And, were she but a Saint, I'd worship her.
Sad Isidora! Did thine eyes indeed
Shower diamond drops for me? My gentle love!
But Guido (thine) is come at last to kiss
The tears away for ever. Happiness
Looks out to find thee; shall it look in vain?

GERALDI.

May I proceed, my lord?

GUIDO.

I had forgot.

Where were we?

GERALDI.

I telling that Your father
Saw Count Navarro's nieces, and prefer'd
The elder.

GUIDO.

You—you said he married Julia.

GERALDI.

No, my lord: no.

GUIDO.

Whom then? it cannot be.

GERALDI.

My lord! I—

GUIDO.

Monk! speak out: Curse on my trembling.
One word—a single word. Now:—though your breath
Carry damnation (as I think it does)
To every hope of mine, be quick, quick.—Now.
Stun with sorrow, lest I feel too much,
And slay thee. What's her name—my father's bride?

'T is Isidora.

GUIDO.

Thou has done 't.

GERALDI.

My lord!

Look up, my lord! So—there: you're very pale.
Nay, for your father's sake.

GUIDO.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

GERALDI.

Lord Guido! I—Gheraldi—speak to you.
Oh! well: I see you know now. Not
Nay, look cheerfully.—You're better now?

GUIDO.

Thou—thou knew'st all my love. Thou busy priest—

GERALDI.

My lord.

GUIDO.

Thou pander to my father's wish
(He is no father, I disown him). Thou—
Thou busy meddling Monk.

My lord, my lord,

This is not well!

GUIDO.

Away! my mother? Oh! my mother was
As pure as purity. I will not talk
Of her who is—yet oh! what pity 't is
That one so fair should now be full of blots,
And that a face which love had breathed upon
Should now be scarred all over. Once, I thought
That in her eyes (how beautiful they were!)
Her soul shone out.

If you will let me speak—

GUIDO.

But she is grown a harlot in my sight.
What! married to my father, my father!
What! smile upon the son, and wed the sire,
Because—there's some strange cause. What blinding
spell
Is there now hung between me and the Moon;
That dims the sights of women? There's a cause:
I dare not guess: I will not.

GERALDI.

May I speak!

GUIDO.

Father Gheraldi, you have done your errand.
Tell the Duke of Mirandola, his Son
Is now in case.—Say that the news at first
Was somewhat stirring: but that he—ay, he
Forgives—forgets; no, never, never can
That I forget that all his life was blighted.
Say what you will, Sir.

GERALDI.

But your father, now,

Expects you.

GUIDO.

I'm as gallant, Sir; as tell him.
I'll pay my duty to the Duchess first;
Unto my—mother, since it must be so:
And when we have discuss'd these words, why then
I'll meet him. No more words, Sir.—Now, farewell!
[Exeunt at different sides.]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Palace.

Enter ISABELLA, meeting CASTI and JULIO.

ISABELLA.

Welcome unto Mirandola.

CASTI.

Many thanks.

ISABELLA.

Ah! Signior Julio! give you welcome, Sir.

JULIO.

I thank you, Madam, thank you heartily.
A little leisure is welcome even to me.

ISABELLA.

You have lost your spirits in the wars?

JULIO.

No, Madam, much the same; I'm still, at least,
Your servant ever.

ISABELLA.

Oh! Sir, as shall try

Your gallantry to-day: the Duke hath ordered
A feast in honour of his son.—Count Casti,
You've met my brother?

CASTI.

Madam?

ISABELLA.

You are wrapt

In study, Sir: some fosse, or counterscarp,
Or siege, or ambushade then filled your brain.

CASTI.

No, Madam, none.

ISABELLA.

Brief answer.—Have you seen

My brother yet?

CASTI.

I have not.

ISABELLA.

He will be

Rejoiced to see you. Ah!—yes, it is he.

JULIO.

Faith, 't is the Duke: he looks more young than ever.

CASTI.

Now, to my mind, his eye is filled with care.

DUKE enters.

DUKE.

Ha! gentlemen, and friends, I'm glad to see
Such faces at Mirandola.

CASTI.

My lord,

We are your son's companions.

DUKE.

So I hear:

Therefore, ye are more welcome, Signior [To JULIO]. I
Have heard of your good acts. Your sword is dulled
With carnage, I am told. Fair faces here
Have smiled, and gentle hearts have wished you well.

JULIO.

My lord!

DUKE.

Indeed I hear 't is so.

ISABELLA.

'T is true.

DUKE.

Signior, your deeds have filled the mouth of fame,
And you too have admirers; more true
Than I.

[Takes CASTI's hand.]

CASTI.

My lord, you do me honour.

DUKE.

Sir,

I do myself much honour thus to take
A good man by the hand. You are not all
Soldier, and yet enough: I do not love
All courtier; I myself, you know, was once
Something (not much) o' the soldier.

JULIO.

Oh!—

CASTI.

My lord,

You have fought bravely; that the world well knows.

JULIO.

Your foes especially, my lord.

DUKE.

Oh! —

I drew the sword for pastime: you for right.

Shall I — see my son?

ISABELLA.

He will be here

Speedily.

JULIO.

I am right, I — him talk

Just — with the confessor, old Gheraldi.

I'll bid him come to you.

DUKE.

Not so: stay, Sir.

I'll wait for my son's leisure. He is tired,
Perhaps, and his too sensitive nature asks
Some quiet — he sees me.—You have been
With him throughout the war, Sir, have you not?

CASTI.

I have, my lord.

DUKE.

I mean, attached to the same

Battalion?

CASTI.

'T — —

Was he sad, or gay?

CASTI.

He has a natural gaiety that sits
Pleasantly on him, when no ill's at hand:
But he — depressed, and latterly——

DUKE.

Well? latterly—you stop.

[ISABELLA draws JULIO aside.

CASTI.

Of late,

He has been ill (wounded, you know), and grief—
Some secret sorrow wearing down his heart,
Has paled his cheek, and thinned it: and at times,
I've seen him fretted much beyond his custom.

DUKE.

Indeed! then — it be
The sun (there is no — beside),—the —
Hath burnt these humours on him, and perhaps
Quickened the wholesome current of his blood,
Till it outruns its channels: — then, you know,
Come fevers, and in the abused brain
Distraction; so, before the sight diseased
Shadows will stalk, and ghosts of unreal ills,
Filling the bloated fancy — it bursts:
These things I know.—But Guido——?

CASTI.

Oh! he will

Grow fresh again, — that his father's —
Are open.

JULIO.

And his love's.

DUKE.

True, Signior,—as you say.

I see Gheraldi——True; my — open.

Excuse me, Signior Casti; I shall —

— you again. Once — I bid you welcome.

You will not fail my banquet.

—

We — much

Honoured, my lord.

JULIO.

My lord, we——

ISABELLA.

Come, Signior, you'll go with us;

I have some things to say.

DUKE.

Why doth the Friar loiter? Sirs, farewell!

JULIO.

We take our leave, my lord.

[Exit ISABELLA, JULIO, and CASTI.

DUKE.

— motions and retires.—Well, for the present
I — shake hands with patience, and be still.
• The day is lowering. What — beaming —
— was (ay, so — mine); and now the clouds
Hang round about like — fierce accident
Which comes upon — we think — reach
Safely our home.—Now,—should this boy have been
Cheated—it cannot be; — Gaspero,
When he returned — die, gave fair —
Of the delivery of my letters.—When
I see him I will look into his soul:
And yet, whenever I see him
(True son of dead Bianca), her pale smile
And scornful eye shoot through my very heart.
I would that I could think he meant me fair;
Why should I think him guilty—is he —
My son? Ah! did I mean his Mother fair?
And yet my will has made him now my heir?
Passing my Sister's son.—Can he still love her?
Ha! the Monk passes. So, now for the — [Exit.

SCENE III.

An Apartment of the Duchess.

ISIDORA enters.

ISIDORA.

— comes, he comes; and I must see him, too.
Oh! that I must.—Not yet.—I must, I must.
Hark! no, it is not he: It is my heart.
Will it not burst? My throat is full and choking.
God! look upon me now, and save me!—Save!
He'll come and curse me—and it will be good;
For I have stolen his heart away, and flung
Mine — to ruin.—Ruin! Oh! that I
Could tell him all about my cruel lot,
And how I was betrayed, and lost for ever.
That Monk advised me—Oh! no more of that.
Ha! — one comes.

Guido enters.

GUIDO (after a pause).

Madam, I — — pay

My duty to you.

Welcome; you — welcome.

GUIDO.

I come — see how well her — —

Becomes the Duchess of Mirandola.

ISIDORA.

You have been well, I hope?

Since when?

ISIDORA.

You and I parted.

Since you—

GUIDO.

That 's a long time, now.
I have forgot: how is 't that you remember?

ISIDORA.

I—I—Oh! pity —

GUIDO.

Weep, lady, weep.

Tears (yet they 're bitter) purify the soul,
But your's ■ fair?—I know they ■ the heart.
Mother!

ISIDORA.

Oh! Guido,—cruel, cruel, cruel!

GUIDO (*aside*).

By Heaven, my courage begins to fail; and I
Grow womanish. Now let ■ wring her heart,
As she wrung mine.—Ah! there she weeps away
Almost ■ dissolution. How she hends,
Like one who sickens with ■ or love;
And she, perhaps, has been betrayed.—Alas!
Poor Isidora!

ISIDORA.

Ah!—you spoke?—you spoke?

GUIDO.

'T ■ nothing.

ISIDORA.

Nothing? It ■ all to me.

'T ■ happiness—no, that ■ gone: 't ■ Hope:
'T ■ pardon. Oh! my lord (Guido no more),
What have I done that you can ■ me thus?
I would not for the world, for all the world,
Put you to such great sorrow.

GUIDO.

Shall I tell you?

ISIDORA.

Yes.

GUIDO.

Listen to me, then. When you were young—
You ■ young still, and fair; the more 's the pity:
But in the time I speak of, you were just
Bursting from childhood—with a face ■ fair
As though you had look'd in Paradise, and caught
Its early beauty: then, your smile was soft,
As Innocence before it learns to love.
And yet ■ woman's passion dwelt within
Your heart, ■ Love.—But I am wrong?

ISIDORA.

Oh! no. I loved—

GUIDO.

Indeed?

ISIDORA.

Indeed, indeed.

GUIDO.

Well!—There was one who loved you too. He said
That every hope he had rested on you.
He worshipped you, ■ Idols are adored
In countries ■ the sun. ■ gave his heart
So absolutely up, that had he thought
Then, that you would desert him, he 'd have slain
Himself before you. You were his home, his heaven,
His wealth, his light, his mind, and life substantial.
But then he went away to the fierce wars
(His honour was pledged for it), and he left
You with an oath upon your soul behind.
'T ■ said he died—

ISIDORA.

One said he saw you fall.

GUIDO.

'T ■ said he died, and that she grieved awhile,
In virgin widowhood for him. At last,
A Duke—a reigning Duke, with wintry hair,
And subtle spirit, and—without a heart,
Came wooing to her, and so—you do not heed me—
And ■ she dried her tears, and (though the youth
Wrote that he lived), she laugh'd, and left the son,
To marry with the father.

ISIDORA.

And you wrote

To me?

GUIDO.

To you, and him.

ISIDORA.

I feared 't was ■

• Now Heaven help me; for I'm wound about
By their strong toils, and there is no escaping:
Oh! I am worn, and broken down by grief.
I dare not hope that you 'll believe me, yet
That letter, Guido—Oh, I never knew it!
I had no letter—saw no letter.

GUIDO.

What!

I wrote to you from Naples: from my bed
Where I lay languishing, by Gaspero,
My father's servant. Why, I wrote—(has there
Been cozening here!)—unto my father: he
Will not deny 't. Where is that slave?

ISIDORA.

Gaspero! He is dead.

GUIDO.

He ■ my father's servant. Could he be
Unfaithful? No.

ISIDORA.

Your father prized him much.

Oh! it is too clear: we are both undone.

GUIDO.

■ may be;—nay, it is. But, ere I sink,
I will be righted some way, or revenged.
What! does he think to cheat me now, and wear
His prize abroad ■ boldly—before me?
I 'll have revenge.

ISIDORA.

He is your father, Guido.

Nay—

GUIDO.

I disown him. He has lost his son.
Some parents shut their children from their homes
(Young boys and gentle girls), but I abjure
My father in his age: let him go down
Into his grave alone.

ISIDORA.

Do not incense him.

GUIDO.

Whom?

ISIDORA.

The Duke.

GUIDO.

You're right.

Call him no more my father. No; I 'll talk
As ■ man with his equal; or, perhaps,
I may wear something of superior scorn,
And drop a word or two of charity;
But that will be for thy sake, my poor girl!
Nay, dry your tears: and let us part awhile.

ISIDORA.
Farewell.

GUIDO.
Oh! not farewell yet. I but go
To see the Duke. When shall we meet again?

ISIDORA.
We must not; yet—

GUIDO.
We will, we will, once

ISIDORA.
Hark!—hush! your father comes.

GUIDO.
Why, that is well.
We will (I'm glad of 't) say we good morrow,
Without more ceremony.

ISIDORA.
No; not now,
Not now, I cannot bear it.—Nay, for me.

GUIDO.
That is a charm I cannot disobey.

ISIDORA.
Quick, quick, he comes!

GUIDO.
We'll meet again. Remember!
[ISID. exit.]

CURIO enters.
Well, Sir?

CURIO.
My lord, his highness waits for you.

GUIDO.
Where is he?

CURIO.
In his private chamber, Sir.

GUIDO.
Tell him, I come. [CURIO exit.]
Now, thou false Fortune, am I still thy fool?
Shall I him, and, like a cheated child,
Believe each word he utters?—He was kind
Once, amidst all his pride, me: but now
He has (has he not?)—robbed me—stolen away
The gem I love beyond the whole vast world,
And with a selfish vanity, here, before
My very eyes, he wears it my shame—
His shame, and my deep sorrow. Now, my heart,
I have known thee firm in danger, droop not now!
[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The DUKE pacing up and down his room—at last he stops.

DUKE.
Hark! he stays long—but Isidora is
Prudent, I think,—I hope. His blood is quick,
But I will not doubt. Why should he loiter at
Vitelli's house,—that traitor's?—He stays long,
—A month ago and I was happy! No;
Not happy, yet encircled by deep joy,
Which though 't was all around, I could not touch.
But it was thus with Happiness:
It is the gay to-morrow of the mind
That never comes.—Hark! no! 't was but a door
That shut. And is my soul in such dismay,

That every petty whisper of the wind
Can me? Once—but that is passed, and now
Each sound is laden and each shadow filled
With fears: like exhalations in the dusk
They rise before me, wheresoe'er I tread.
Who's there?

CURIO enters.

CURIO.

Lord Guido

without, my lord.

DUKE.

Bid him come in. [CURIO exit.]

There is a strange confusion in my mind:
Perhaps my son, like a fair morning light,
May dispel all. He is here:—how pale he looks!

Guido enters.

I am come, my lord.

I,—I rejoice to see you. I am proud
To know my son has won a good name.
Your honours will shame mine. Well, well, so be it.
On you has fallen now the task to lift
The fair and great name of Mirandola.
You have been absent long: too long.

GUIDO.

My lord!

DUKE.

I am your father, Guido.

GUIDO.

Oh! much more:

You are the Prince.

DUKE.

But still your father: nay—

GUIDO.

My lord, there are some things which, little used,
Soon rust: such is respect. The name of Prince
Brings to the memory of many
What they might else forget.

DUKE.

There is no cause

For this between us.

GUIDO.

Pardon me: for once

Give me my humour.

DUKE.

As you please,—for once.

Come let us sit. What cause have you for this?

GUIDO.

Cause! but—but let it pass.

DUKE.

Dear Guido.

GUIDO.

Sir!

I do not understand—

GUIDO.

And yet it is

As plain as day—as the full risen day.

Let me sit: with all my heart.

DUKE (sits).

I am

Distressed, my son, hear—

GUIDO.

Ha? have you heard?

DUKE.

I hear the words you speak.

But understand not.

Was it no so, my lord? You hear—

DUKE.

I hear,

And see, and feel that now my only son,
And the first subject of my Dukedom, dares
To spurn his Prince,—his father; putting off
The garb of love, and—

GUIDO.

Right: it is a cloak,
Under whose folds, fathers well as sons,
Do things to shame the stars.

DUKE.

Guido, by Heaven!—

But this—this is not well, my son, no more of it.

I sent for you by the Confessor—

GUIDO.

Ay,

That you may in my ear unload your mind
Of some dark secret; what is 't? Speak, my Lord.
If you have done aught that may leave a blot
On the bright annals of my house, confess,
And I will be as true as deceit.
If you have been a tyrant, and enslaved
The bodies and the minds of noble men,
Why, let me know it: or, if you have been
As poisonous as the serpent, or have mined,
Mole-like, your way beneath your neighbour's house,
And shook down all his happiness, confess it:
Or if, like the wilderness creature, you have prey'd
Even upon your young, I bid you still
To tell me and take comfort.

I have been

Silent, my son—

GUIDO.

Not so, not so; and yet you were in truth:

When slander came abroad, and I was absent,
You kept a politic silence; thus I've heard:
And, when I fell, you wept and kissed away
The bright tears from Isidora's cheek.
But I rose up again:—I saw my lord,
Up from my bed of battle, and while the blood
Harden'd upon my wounds, I traced, with weak
And shaking fingers, a poor scrawl, reminding
Her of my love: you start? my love, I said;
And you—you kept it from her. Speak! was 't so?
There's no need to betray you: should you blush,
I'll hush your virtue, like a murder, up.

DUKE.

Guido, you go too far: no more of this.

GUIDO.

No more!

DUKE.

You'll anger me—I tell you this
For the last time. My blood is hot as yours.

GUIDO.

Much hotter. Noble lord, if I may speak—

DUKE.

You may not, Sir. Death! shall I stand and suffer
These insolent taunts from you, my son, my slave,
My—

GUIDO.

Slave!

DUKE.

Ay, Sir, whate'er may suit my humour.

GUIDO.

Your highness's humour changes, that I know.

DUKE.

Sir, though it shift as often as the wind,
'T is for you to mark it. 'T is my humour,
My spleen, my will.

CURIO enters.

CURIO.

Did my lord call?

DUKE.

Begone.

■ then another word—I said, begone.

[CURIO exit.]

But no, no, no: no more of this: no more.

GUIDO.

Then, you deny—?

DUKE.

Ah! Guido, this will bring

Bitter repentance, in some after day;
Till then be silent—still.

GUIDO.

Oh! I will be

As silent as the grave you've dug for me.
I'll be as wary as the fox, and subtle,
But like the adder, when I'm questioned, deaf.
And should you fall (Princes may fall, my lord,
As the red leaves in autumn,—nay, in spring);
If your tyranny, or others' hate,
Rebels at home, of cozening friends abroad,
Or open foes, should cast you down at last,—
Fear not: I will be there—close at your heart;
Just like the canker when the tree decays.

DUKE.

When you have ended—

GUIDO.

I have said,—have done.

DUKE.

You have; and had I not
Some of that kindly blood, which you deny,
You must have spoken less. Guido, you
Have done me shameful wrong; but I have been
Patient,—as patient as my nature might:
I have borne words; such words as never prince
Yet bore before from subject, or from son.

GUIDO.

Perhaps—

DUKE.

Speak out.

GUIDO.

Perhaps, I have been warm;

But, no,—no.

DUKE.

As you please. Your humour turns

Quickly as mine, it seems; but it shall be
My humour to forget. If, after this,
In your distemper'd judgment—but no more.
—Your mother—

GUIDO.

Ah! indeed no more, no more.

DUKE.

The Duchess of Mirandola expects
To see you. Come, I will go with you,—now.

GUIDO.
I—I have ~~him~~ her.

DUKE.
So: 't was well.

GUIDO.
I bade
Gheraldi tell you that I had gone thither.

DUKE.
'T is true; he told ~~me~~ (I remember now)
That you had gone ~~to~~ pay your duty there.
She ~~was~~ rejoiced ~~to~~ you?

GUIDO.
No; not much.

DUKE.
How? ~~she~~ rejoiced? it ~~was~~ not well to meet
My son, and not rejoice; but you ~~must~~ pardon.
She has been ill, and the full summer ~~was~~
Sways ~~the~~ will women's fancies.

GUIDO.
You are gay.

DUKE.
Why not? I have my wife here, and my son:
The one is beautiful, the other brave.
I have no ~~one~~ that clings to me: no fear
That enemies ~~are~~ friends can do ~~me~~ harm.
There's not a traitor in the realm could live
Now undetected.

GUIDO.
Traitors! there are none.

DUKE.
Oh! be not sure. When first the snake puts on
His summer-skin, he looks not loathsome: 't is
When he's contract and wrinkled, we begin
To fear ~~we~~ hate him.—But these things are not
Fit for a day like this. We should be gay.

GUIDO.
I'll do my best.

DUKE.
Who ~~will~~ ask more? Come then;
We'll speak ~~of~~ more of the serpent; yet it was
The circling emblem of eternity,
And in its terrible folds this world and all
Its host of strange and proud inhabitants,
With proud ~~one~~ at the head, ~~was~~ compass'd ~~by~~
If 't ~~was~~ now, it would be well, methinks,
If the lithe thing would draw its sinuous shape
Closer and closer, till—but I forget
The festival.

GUIDO.
You do in truth, my lord:
That ~~was~~ a curious fancy.

DUKE.
Heed it not:
I speculate at times, as well ~~as~~ you.
But you must alter. You must be gay,
In dress ~~and~~ looks. Now let us part. We'll ~~be~~
Presently, in the feasting-room.

GUIDO.
I will
Be with you presently, redressed. [Exit.]

Farewell.
Redress'd!—Now, what ~~a~~ querulous boy is this,
Cheating his spleen with words. Insolent words!—
Yet he's my son,—poor, poor Bianca's ~~son~~
Shall I not curb my fretful nature, when

I think of him?—Ah! yes—I'll strive to think
Not ill of him.—He bears an honest show.
Were this a time for questioning, I'd ask
Touching those letters, and Vitelli's plots—
'T is not;—perhaps to-morrow. If he should
Have been abused.—How much his pallid smile
Shone like Bianca's! Oh! I'll love him yet;
And he shall love me too: and yet—and yet—
Ah! thus my fiery and suspicious nature
Preys ~~on~~ on itself.—I will be calm. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Chamber in the Palace.

ISIDORA and ISABELLA enter.

ISABELLA.
Dear sister, had your face little ~~more~~ mirth,
How much you'd grace the feast!

ISIDORA.
Must I then wear
A mask, my lady?

ISABELLA.
No: ~~we~~ need of that.
But what has troubled you?

ISIDORA.
O, nothing, nothing.

ISABELLA.
Nay, ~~you~~ you deal not fairly with my love.

ISIDORA.
Well, he—Lord Guido has been with me.

ISABELLA.
Yes.

ISIDORA.
He's full of grief: that's all. I did not weep
For that.

ISABELLA.
He must not show this sorrow at the feast
To-day: The Duke is quick, and apt to doubt.
~~Let~~ him be cautious there.

ISIDORA.
We will not meet
Again, though we had purposed. Guido has
Told all: ~~his~~ word unto his old regard
~~He~~ gave, and so we parted.

ISABELLA.
This I know.

ISIDORA.
You know?

ISABELLA.
Ay, my sweet sister: I have seen,—
Had you but seen him, too, and heard him sigh,
It would have moved you. When he said he had
Not ~~been~~ token ~~to~~ remember you,
I promised—

ISIDORA.
What?

ISABELLA.
~~I~~ not alarmed, dear sister,
But I believe, I promised one: Indeed,
Some message you should send, for if a word
(An idle word) escape by chance to-day—
The Duke is jealous.

ISIDORA.
Ah! whom can I trust?

ISABELLA.

True;—all about the Duke ■■■ cunning; stay—
I'll be your messenger: but you must give
The token for him: else he'll not believe.
What bauble shall it be, sister? Ha! this,—
This will be excellent.

ISIDORA.

Not that. If you
Must have ■■■ pledge, take this: that ruby ring
Was the Duke's gift, and 't is ■ favourite.

ISABELLA.

Shame!

He will not recognize so poor ■ thing
As this for your's. Give me your hand; in faith
It is a white one. Now, were I a man,
I'd kiss it, sister, thus. [Takes the Ring.

ISIDORA.

Nay, nay; return
That ring ■■■ I pray you—do return it.

ISABELLA.

What shall I say ■ him?

ISIDORA.

Give ■ the ring —
The ring.

ISABELLA.

I'll ■ then ■ my thoughts; and I
May strengthen your entreaties with my own.
Should he look sad ■ you, or smile, the Duke
Would madden with strange fears, believe 't.

ISIDORA.

Indeed!

I did ■ know that he—Hark! hark! who comes?

ISABELLA.

Perhaps the Duke.

ISIDORA.

Ha! then I'll leave you—nay, I must. [Exit.

ISABELLA.

Farewell. I hate her not, though her pale face
Reproaches me. Poor victim! she is in
My toils,—but 't is to make my child a prince.
That base-born, he has been prefer'd to mine,
I and my rights were trampled down—ha! now for
My message.

GUIDO enters.

GUIDO.

Must I then put ■ a look,
And say I am content ■ all that is,—
To all that has been? Well, 't is for her sake;
And what would I not do for her, though she—
She has abandon'd me. Poor girl, poor girl!
It is too late ■ grieve.

ISABELLA.

What study 's this?

Dear Guido, are you plotting?

GUIDO.

How! I am

As innocent—

ISABELLA.

Against the Duchess and the Duke? nay, nay, I know
All, Sir; your meetings, and her tears. Beware
The Duke.

GUIDO.

My heart 's ■ innocent—

ISABELLA.

I know it, but the Duke

Is jealous;—that's the word: and you must not
Awaken him. See; do you know this ring?
'T is Isidora's.

GUIDO.

Ha!

ISABELLA.

She sent it to you.

I told her of your grief—(Nay, do not chide),
And got this—it will serve, though love is over,
To bind your friendship fast.

GUIDO.

She sends me that?

ISABELLA.

She sends you this, and bids you smile to-night.

GUIDO.

■ do 't: but 't ■ not needful.

ISABELLA.

You will do

This for—

GUIDO.

For friendship, Madam, and ■ more.

ISABELLA.

Take care o' the ring.
Hush! here comes one who need not know it. Well!—
Well, father?

GERALDI enters.

GERALDI.

Madam, is the Duchess here?

ISABELLA.

She's gone.

GERALDI.

The Duke is waiting, and the feast
Prepared. My lord, your friends ■ there already.

GUIDO.

I shall be with them, Sir.

ISABELLA.

Come hither, father. [They talk.

GUIDO.

A feast—for what? And yet 't is always thus.
Why do I quarrel with 't? When a man dies
They feast and shout—and when ■ child is born:
And when a father thrusts his last pale girl
Into the arms of age, (ah, death!) they feast,
Revel, and dance, and laugh, and mock the night
(The modest ear of night) with riot!—Oh!
Why should I quarrel with it? I am ■
The puppet of the day—but I forget:
Now for his highness' feast—I will remember. [To ISAB.
Exit.

ISABELLA.

I'll follow you.

GERALDI.

'T was ■ bright ■ that guided you to-day.

ISABELLA.

But should we not—Ha! let ■ think.

GERALDI.

I have

Been with the Duke; he thought himself at ease,
But with a word I started him: he tried
To laugh away his doubts, and I agreed
That they were nought; and then supposed a case—

ISABELLA.

Ha! that was well.

GERALDI.

But he sprung up

Sternly, and bade **■** go: and swore he **■**
Content: and then re-echoed my own words.
On this I essay'd again, but all his spirit
Burst forth, and I **■** order'd straight to quit him.

ISABELLA.

He says he 's satisfied?

GERALDI.

Madam, his tongue
Proclaims it; but his hand and troubled eye
Give fierce denial,—there 's that in his heart,
Which some day **■** uproot it. But for the ring?
[*Music without.*

ISABELLA.

Come this way, and we 'll talk: the feast is ready.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Banqueting Room.—Nobles and Ladies assembled.

JULIO and CASTI entering.

JULIO.

This is a gallant show.

CASTI.

Indeed a fair one:

And yet, 't is but a show.

JULIO.

How do you mean?

CASTI.

Oh! nothing: merely what I say, no more.

JULIO.

In faith, you puzzle me: ha! what a face!
Look, my dear Casti. Do you see that girl
Whose hair is bound with pearls? her cheek is like——
Pshaw!—like—like——

CASTI.

Like a young rose opening slowly,

■ by the breath of May.

JULIO.

I love a rose.

CASTI.

« Sir, she **■** fashioned by the self-same hand,
And with more prodigal beauty than the rose;
Look at her, she will bear a closer glance.
'T is old Cornelia's child, Camiola—
You ' love a rose? ' Kiss her, she 'll taste a sweet.

ISABELLA enters.

JULIO.

I dare not.

CASTI.

Right: I am her cousin, Sir;
■ I will make you known.» Lord Guido comes.

Guido enters.

GUIDO.

My father?

CASTI.

Is not come yet. Let me touch
Your hand.

GUIDO.

Excellent Casti!—« Julio, look! My **■**
Has smiled for you this minute.

JULIO.

I am gone.

GUIDO.

Am I the hero of this fête, dear Casti?

CASTI.

You are, and you must honour it.

GUIDO.

I will:

It is the last.—Hark! hark! I hear a sound:
Oh! *she* is coming.

CASTI.

I hear nothing—nothing.

Come, be a man.

GUIDO.

A wretch.—Now, then, you hear?

CASTI.

Ay, **■** you 're quick of ear.

GUIDO.

Ha! ha! a man who 's flayed alive will feel
The merest touch: 't is thus with me: my **■**
Hath drunk in burning tidings; scalding words
Have been thrust **■** my brain.» [Music is heard.

CASTI.

Your father comes.

JULIO.

Madam, the Duke is coming. Gentlemen,
■ Highness—

Duke and Isidora enter.

DUKE.

Sit; Oh! sit.—No **■** of this:
Authority puts off her state to-day,
And for once, we are equal.—Where 's my son?
Gentlemen! Friends! I give you all a welcome.
Where is my son?

GUIDO.

My lord!

DUKE.

Here is **■** old
Acquaintance, Isidora. Give my son
Welcome. **■** smiles upon us? [Aside.

ISIDORA.

Welcome, my lord!

GUIDO.

Madam, I thank you.

DUKE.

Ha! Count Casti! you
Are known unto my wife; is it not so.

CASTI.

Slightly I have been honoured.

ISIDORA.

Welcome, Sir,
Unto Mirandola. The Duke and I
Are glad to see so kind a countenance here.

Oh! bravely. I shall teach you soon to know
The customs of a court: but, rest you now.—
My friends! I pray ye, sit, and taste your welcome.
But how is this? There should be music here,
To greet my **■** after his battles.—Bid
The trumpet speak, and the fine thrilling harp
Chime in his ear, till every nerve is touched;
And let the flutes (like gentler voices) lend
Their pleasant tones, and the rich viols make,
With all their strings, harmonious noise to-night.
Strike forth musicians, while the feast proceeds.

Chorus.

Welcome, welcome from afar;
This is thy **■** festal day.
Welcome from the toil of war,
Son of great Mirandola.

JULIO.

That ■■■ a pleasant strain.

LADY.

Most pleasant, Sir.

DUKE.

Stir not. [DUKE and ISIDORA rise.] O! fair
Camiola, take heed.—You do not wear
The ring I gave you, dearest. How was this?

ISIDORA.

The ring?

DUKE.

Aye, love: the ring I chose
From out ■ hundred, ruby cased in gold,
Shaped like a cross; I kissed it on your hand,
And swore upon that cross to love you ever.
Where is it?—But no matter; when ■ feast
Again, remember it—my favourite ring.

ISIDORA.

I will, my lord.

DUKE.

Now sit.—Give me ■ bowl
Of wine!—There is a troubled spirit still
Hanging about my heart. Some wine—enough.
I'll drown it quickly.—What ■ sparkling crown
(Beaded too royally) floats on the top
Of this clear liquid now, and tempts my taste.
Guido, my son, health and fair life be yours;
Your father speaks it with ■ earnest voice.

GUIDO.

But, for the heart—

CASTI.

Nay, now I disagree.

Methinks his heart is in it.

GUIDO.

Excellent friend,
You always teach ■ well.—Father, I thank you.

DUKE.

There is a cordial something in that word.
Father!—'t ■ thus he spoke, for the first time
Since his return, I think: 'Father!—How lovely
My young bride looks. Beautiful, beautiful love!
How fair—how utterly without ■ peer
She is!—Apostate that I was! to doubt:
And yet I did not: no, no, no: I did not.
Is that Hypolito?

HYPOLITO.

Yes, my dear lord.

Oh! reveller!—

Sister, I have not noticed you; forgive 't.
My heart was full of trouble and deep joy;
Strange company, you 'll say, for one so wise
As I am thought to be: but ■ it is.

ISABELLA.

What ■ the matter with my sister?

DUKE.

When?

ISABELLA.

Just ■: she seemed to shrink.

DUKE.

From me? from me?

Oh! you mistake. More wine: fill high!
Gentlemen, ■ brave welcome to my son!
Guido, may discord never, never ■
Between us.—Bring a goblet hither, Sirs,
And let him taste his welcome. Let the health

Pass round, and ■ ■ slight it. My dear son,
Give me your hand.—At Mantua once this—Ah!—

[He ■ the ring

JULIO.

Look!—What 's the matter with the Duke?

GUIDO.

My lord!

HYPOLITO.

Look at my uncle, mother!

ISABELLA.

Sir, ■ still!

LORD.

Come forward—How?

ISIDORA.

My lord!—Ha!

GUIDO.

Father, speak.

What ■ this?

DUKE.

Nothing. I ■ quiet—calm.
The heavens are o'er us, and it may be—nothing.
■ may be—Ha! begone!—Now, now, for ever
I cast aside goodness and faith and love,
No ■ to be put on—masks as they are,
To hide the base and villanous tricks of men.
Break up the feast! All leave us!—O bright Heaven!
Laugh you ■ scorn upon me! See it shines
Right through the windows, and the nodding pines
Shake their black heads and mock me.—Shall I ■
To kill? [The guests go out

GUIDO.

Father!

DUKE.

That is—

GUIDO.

My lord!

DUKE.

A lie,

Monstrous and foul, not to be said or thought.

ISIDORA.

My gracious lord!

DUKE.

False painted thing, begone!

ISABELLA.

Nay—

DUKE.

Sister, will you drive ■ mad—outrageous?
I am abused—abused, I tell you. Ha!
Now do you start?

ISABELLA.

Retire, sweet Isidora:

And you, dear Guido, bid Gheraldi ■

GUIDO.

Poor Isidora!—What a fate is thine?

[GUIDO and ISIDORA exeunt

DUKE.

Just when I had forgiven—almost forgot
■ his most insolent taunts, all, and her cold
Unwilling smiles that made—that make me mad.
■ could have loved her—like ■ fiery star,
I could have bent before her from my path,
And worshipp'd her as something holy.—Now,
Oh, now!—

ISABELLA.

Dear brother!

DUKE.

Still I the

you put aside respect? No matter.
I'll keep my way alone, and burn away—
Evil or good I care not, so I spread
Tremendous desolation on my road:—
I'll be remembered as huge meteors are,
From the dismay they scatter.

GERALDI enters.

GERALDI.

Gracious Sir!—

DUKE.

I wish to be alone.

O earth and heaven! so fair, so lovely, yet
To be a—wretch. Now for all future time
I'll hate all things which seem they were true,
For then they're false, I know. What I am
I care not.—Father, draw yon curtain down;
Those sycophant branches with their bending leaves
Mock they mock my misery—my pain.
O how my heart aches!

ISABELLA.

Brother, be composed.

DUKE.

I cannot.—Will you pour upon my brain
Oblivion, or sweet balm over my heart?
No; then you jeer me when you bid still
Be calm.—Would I were dull as Lethe is!
Or dead—dead: that were better; yet not so,
For I will live to be a terror still.

GERALDI.

My lord!—

DUKE.

And yet,—were it not better, now,
To leave the world at once, and pass my age
In cell or forest?—this has been.

GERALDI.

My lord!

Perhaps the lady Isidora—

DUKE.

Slave!

That word destroys me—tears me,—heart and soul.
Cannot I dream, or sleep, but thou must be
(My black familiar) at my elbow? Monk!
I hate your fawning—(Sister, stay your speech),
I hate your sly insinuating smiles,
Your tongue that mocks your eyes, and tells a tale
As foul as night. I will trust that tongue;
No, your eye, for both may be—are false.
Audacious slave!

ISABELLA.

Dear brother, I must speak.

I've heard of men who in a moment have
Done deeds of blood; but I—I will not thus
Redden my memory. Leave us, Monk—Begone!

[GERALDI exit.]

ISABELLA.

Dear brother, you—

And you go.

Go, Isabella:—Nay, it be
Leave me think.

ISABELLA.

Farewell!

[Exit.]

DUKE.

To think—of what?

Of and all its horrors; for this earth,
seems, may have a hell full of pains
And burning torture ever hid
the dark bowels of the rolling world.
Places there are, 't is said, where ill-starred souls
Pine amongst flames. My flames are in the heart,
And in the head—the brain, and every nerve,
And every trembling muscle of my frame.
O this hot ague! and my parching tongue
Clings close and closer still, and through my eyes
Run blood and fire, and—Ah!—O false, false, false!
Hush! some one comes. What! shall the Prince bejeered?
I'll fly into some corner dark as night. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Ante-room of the Duke's Apartments.

CURIO waiting.

ISABELLA (entering.)

Where is the Duke?

CURIO.

Now in his chamber, Madam:

But he has given orders that no
Shall have admittance.

ISABELLA.

I must go to him.

CURIO.

Madam, you know how violent is the Duke:
bade keep the door.

ISABELLA.

Go in, go in, Sir,

And tell him that I wish to see him straight:

The matter's urgent. Go, Sir.

[CURIO exit.]

(without).

Where is Lord Guido?

ISABELLA.

How!

CASTI enters with a letter.

Well, Sir?—

CASTI.

Where he,—Guido?

ISABELLA.

Where?

CASTI.

I must

See him directly. Can you not tell me where?

Perhaps—

Yes, yes.

ISABELLA.

And yet he will not walk

To-night, though 't is his hour:—but he may be
In the confessor's chamber. Do you know 't?

CASTI.

I'll find it, Madam.

Yet it were well,

If you should try the terrace first.

CASTI.

I'll do 't.

[Exit.

ISABELLA.

That well thought: have time at least.

GUIDO enters.

GUIDO.

May I in?

ISABELLA.

Come in: I cannot gain

Admittance.

GUIDO.

I my father, Madam,
Let what will follow it.

ISABELLA.

Do you know yet

What caused my brother's frenzy at the feast?
'T was strange!

GUIDO.

Strange! It madness.

Half of the ill we hoard within our hearts
Are ill because hoard them. A fair tale
Will put down scandal, and the
Wants but open story. I will him,
By Heaven!

ISABELLA.

patient!

GUIDO.

Shall my heart wrung

At every turn, and I know not the cause?
I a fool indeed—Well, Sir, the Duke?

CURIO re-enters.

CURIO.

Madam, I dare not enter.

ISABELLA.

Fool!—than I

Will go myself.

ISABELLA.

No, no; I'll him first. Trust for once.
A woman's words—

GUIDO.

Then linger not.

ISABELLA.

How 's this? I've heard no noise.

ISABELLA.

Madam, nor I.

For the last hour.

ISABELLA.

Great Heaven! what can it mean?

ISABELLA.

he not spoken?

CURIO.

No.

ISABELLA.

Nor moved?

CURIO.

has not.

I will in, let what will happen.

ISABELLA.

Stay!

CURIO.

I'll venture, since it so, my lord.
may I beg you withdraw.—This way.

GUIDO.

be.—Poor father!

CURIO.

This way, Madam:

And I entreat your silence.

ISABELLA.

Come: this way.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Duke's Chamber.

The Duke is sitting alone.

(entering.)

He sleeps: Hush!—no, wide awake.

My lord! the lady Isabella is here.

My lord!—He does not me. My lord!

Ha! Madam, Madam, enter—Look!

ISABELLA enters.

ISABELLA.

What 's this?

Leave us. [Exit CURIO.] Dear brother, will you be the talk
Of your own servants? Give me your hand: how cold!
Speak!—why are you alone?

DUKE.

Alone—alone.

ISABELLA.

Nay, this

idle.

DUKE.

Who—Ah! sister, is it you?

'T is a cold day—dull December.

ISABELLA.

'T is

Indeed a wretched day.

DUKE.

Indeed? Ah! now

I recollect.—Oh! mercy! mercy!—Hear
Heaven and earth and air, if I—if I—
But no, I will not curse them: through the world
A will follow them, like the black plague
Tracking their footsteps ever,—day and night—
Morning and eve,—summer and winter,—ever,
I would not be a wretch followed for
The wide supremacy of all the air.
I'd not be such a wretch—O Heaven! O Heaven!
Am I not worse than they are?

ISABELLA.

Worse,—how worse?

DUKE.

Oh, more—more desolate.

ISABELLA.

Guido.

DUKE.

more.

ISABELLA.

asks you.

DUKE.

We will meet hereafter:

In the world, never. In the grave perhaps—
In the dark chamber of the dead
We'll visit, where upon his shadowy steed
(Pale as a corpse) the speechless phantom rides,
Our king and enemy: there, friends and foes
without passions, and the sickly light

That glimmers through the populous homes of death
Will be enough ■ find ■ We shall know
Each other there, perhaps.

His ■ indeed

A grievous fault; but he may mend. He's shrewd,
And he may clear himself. Shall he ■ in?

DUKE.

No: and when I talk thus—thus calmly, you
Know well I mean my words.

ISABELLA.

Nay——

DUKE.

Nay; I am

As firm as marble: fixed ■ fate: no ■
• Now, what's the day's amusement? Is't to hunt,
Or fish, ■ sail, ■ fly the falcon?—what?
Or shall we drop upon ■ knees and pray?

ISABELLA.

■ says he ■ be heard.

■ must? Must!—Then

■ him come in.

ISABELLA.

You jest.

Not I, by justice!—So—[sits] that's well. I seem
To sit in judgment. Were the world before me—
The sinner, and the saint,—the prodigal,
And he who hoards his gold, and they who give
Not even a thought in charity,—base slaves,
Stabbers and thieves, and parricides, I'd hold
The balance firmly. Isabella, go.
Sirs, bid my ■ approach.

ISABELLA.

I fear—well, well. [Exit.]

DUKE.

There ■ a Roman who condemned his son
• To death. I'll pass a gentler sentence, though
I am myself the victim. It is strange;
But I do feel within ■ a calm glow,
As though the words I ■ about to say
Dore on their sound conviction. Can it be
That I have erred? Away, away:—if ever
I rise to hope I shall grow wild again.
Despair is better. • Hark! he comes; my blood
■ half in tumult,—yet I will be calm.

Guido enters.

GUIDO.

Father!

Lord Guido, I am told you wish
An audience; is it so?

GUIDO.

It is.

DUKE.

Speak ■

If you have suffered wrong and pray relief,
Why, you should have it.—If you have done wrong,
The church is open, and the gate of Heaven
Wide for a ■ repentant.

GUIDO.

Oh! my lord,

I beg you to cast off this garb.

DUKE.

It is

The garb of justice; treat it with honour, Sir,
As you may hope ■ thrive. Well!

GUIDO.

Why is this?

DUKE.

Why! have you aught to ask? if so, speak on.

GUIDO.

My lord, I know not how it is, but you
Who (if I must speak truth) have wrong'd ■ much,
Assume the injured ■ What have I done?—
You will not answer?—no?

DUKE.

Go on, ■

I like your boldness,—not your spirit. Well!

What have I done, my lord?

DUKE.

What done!—but speak.

GUIDO.

You think ■ traitor, ■ I hear; but surely
I were a sorry knave, to plot against
The state which will be mine.

DUKE.

Be not ■

Proceed.

GUIDO.

That's as you will, my lord:—but away with this.
My lord! my lord! I ask you, can I be
The same in soul ■ when ■ fought at Mantua—
Together,—side by side? I hate to name it:
But, did I not—I ask you, did I not
Once do you service?

DUKE.

Yes: I own to that.

You speak it doubtfully: you saved my life.
Pray, be not sparing. I can bear it all.

GUIDO.

Have I deserved this, Sir? Great Heaven!

DUKE.

Silence!

You have affronted Heaven; and the sad day
(Now dying) leaves a blush upon the face
Of the great sky, faint as your honour.—You
Have practised against Heaven,—against me.

GUIDO.

I have not, by my hopes: nay, hear me swear—
If I have done—done what? I know not what.
But if I ever gave you ■ to hate me,—
If I have wronged you by myself, or e'er
Conspired with others,—plotted, writ, or thought,—
Nay, if I ■ heard of foes to you
And lent them help, ■ countenance—strike ■ down!
I call ■ you, bright Heaven! I call on all
Your terrible thunders and blue darting fires
Quickly to come upon ■ my words
Are false, strike me to nothing!

DUKE.

Well, Sir, I

Have heard.

GUIDO.

And doubt ■ still?

DUKE.

Doubt!

If you have said? you have: why then good-even.
Now we may go and pray.

GUIDO.

Once more.—That ring—
(The Duchess' ring) ■■■ given me ■ a pledge
Of ■ pure friendship.

DUKE.

Ha!

GUIDO.

Oh! my lord, do not doubt me.—Once more, Sir,
I ask you ■ remember what I was,
And ■■■ believe.—My lord?—Nay,—not ■ word?
Not one?—Then is my purpose strong. My lord,
I see that 't is in vain to hope to stay
In quiet at Mirandola. Each hour
Would bring ■ host of troubles and of fears
On me,—or both, perhaps: and I 've enough.
Therefore, unless your highness orders that
I ■■■ remain, I purpose speedily
(To-night, indeed) to travel.

DUKE.

Travel!—where?

Where do you think to travel?

GUIDO.

I know ■■ where: somewhere about the world.
What ■■■■ it where I am?

DUKE.

This is sudden.

Your resolution 's sudden,—but 't is wise.
You have my full consent,—my wish: what more?

GUIDO.

Will you not say farewell?

DUKE (rising.)

Shall you stop first

At Naples?

GUIDO.

First ■ Rome.

DUKE.

Perhaps you may hear further from me there.

GUIDO.

Yet say farewell..

DUKE.

Farewell.

GUIDO.

Oh, Father, I
Am going far—for ■■■ This cold hand,
Which ■■■ I stretch abroad towards you,—now,
You 'll ■■■ touch again.

■■■

Farewell!—Mountains and seas

Must rise and roll between us: then, perhaps,
We may be friends again. I loved you once—
Once for your mother's sake; ay, for your own.
I had brave hopes, but you have blighted them;—
But I may write to Rome.

GUIDO.

I hope you will.

DUKE.

If what I think is wrong: no matter, you
Shall hear from me at Rome.

GUIDO.

At Rome, then.

DUKE.

My power, or my purse be wanting—ever,
(Death! I shall play the fool!)—if ever I

If

Can ■■■ you, let me know, and 't shall be done.
This from my old affection will I do.
Some ■■■ has used ■ ill—some one has struck
And tortured me. Let me look on you.—You
■■■ always a brave look;—ay, from ■ boy.

GUIDO.

I ■■■ my innocence there, and in my heart.

Well, well; ■ more; you 'll ■ the Duchess ■
You leave us.

GUIDO.

No, my lord.

DUKE.

You 'll see her? Nay—

GUIDO.

'T is better not. I leave Mirandola
To-night.

But first—

GUIDO.

Pray, spare me.

DUKE.

Then—why then

Fare you well, Guido; for it must come to that
At last.—Farewell! yet, wheresoe'er you go,
Still do not quite forget Mirandola.
You have had happy hours and pleasant thoughts,
And I—I have had some: in infancy
I—(though I ■■ a prince) would not confide
My ■■ to hirelings. I have stood and watched
You sleeping, (then I dared not ■■ you, for
My father lived), while poor Bianca wept.
Oh! I have watch'd you with ■ cotter's care,
Through many and many a night:—'t is so; and now
Mountains and stormy seas will come between
Our hearts. While you are wandering, I shall be
Shut in my palace,—prisoned up,—a slave:
What else ■■ princes ever? but I 'll write
To Rome.

GUIDO.

I shall expect it.

DUKE.

Confide in me.

I thought I had a word or two to say,
But they are gone;—the common things, perhaps,
Men say at parting: likely nothing more.
You may return: if not, why let us part
Like friends at least: hate is a galling load
To bear in absence; so—farewell. Oh! Guido!

[Embraces him.]

And now no more. Farewell!

GUIDO.

Once, more, farewell,

Farewell!

[Exit.]

DUKE.

Farewell! The kindest breath of Heaven
Rest on your head and hallow it.—My son!
My only son! and is he gone for ever?
How I have loved him let these tremulous hands
Proclaim, and these my weeping woman's eyes,
■■■ often stain'd with tears.—Farewell, once more,
Son of my youth! And now I 'll take one look
At the blue sky, and taste the scents which hang
Around the flowers.—Methinks I feel again
My ■■■ princely, and still running clear
The high blood of Mirandola.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Apartment of the Confessor.

GERALDI discovered *a Table, with Papers; and a Chest open, and from which he goes.*

GERALDI.

Now, haughty lady, indeed thy nets
Are closing round thy victims: but thou art
Thyself within my mesh.—I want thy help,
To thrust me in the conclave; until then
I'll keep thy *papers* safely,—and thy letters.
Ha! this—*[Reads.]* «To Guido de Mirandola,
Naples.»—That Gaspero had an honest look;
And yet he was a knave. This—«To the Father
Gheraldi.» Signed «Thy true friend Isabella.»
This is my bill on fortune—«thy true friend.»
And here Guido's letters to the Duke;
I would not lose them for a mitre. But
There is another—Ha! *[Goes to the chest.]*

CASTI enters suddenly.

CASTI.

Is Lord Guido here?

GERALDI.

Signior!—Lord Guido?

CASTI.

Ay, Sir, Lord Guido.—I must *see* him quickly.
Why, what's the matter, Monk?

GUIDO. *(within).*

In this room, say you?

CASTI.

Ha! that is his voice?

GUIDO enters.

My dear Guido! I want
Some private words—I want to have some speech
With the lord Guido, Sir.

GERALDI.

With the lord Guido?

CASTI.

Death!

Do you not hear? We wish to talk in private.

GUIDO.

You'll *bring* us in your room awhile, Gheraldi?

GERALDI.

My lord, my papers.

CASTI.

Never mind them, Monk.

How! do you think *we* wish to learn how well
You turn a cunning verse? leave 'em and go.

CASTI.

My lord, I must—

GUIDO.

How!—I have spoken, Sir,

[Waves him off.]

Some minutes hence you may return.

GERALDI.

But first—

[Seizes the papers.]

CASTI.

Begone!

[As GERALDI goes, he thrusts the papers into his robe: CASTI falls.]

CASTI hurries him out.

CASTI.

Now,
I have a message.

GUIDO.

You must say it quickly;

For I am going.

CASTI.

Going—where?

GUIDO.

I leave

Mirandola this hour.

CASTI.

For what? for what?

GUIDO.

My friend, the Duke and I must part. Nay, spare me:
It is determined on. I go to-night.

CASTI.

To-night you must not; for the Duchess asks,—
Implores *a* meeting with you.—In my hand
I hold her letter: look! 't *is* written with
A trembling heart.

Poor Isidora!

Thy young heart trembled when it wrote *a* *letter*
[Reads.] Ha! Casti—stay, stay: how! to-night? to-night?
a cannot be: I've said—

CASTI.

And I have sworn,

Upon the Duchess' hand, that you shall see her.
You must—Oh! no excusing.

GUIDO.

My dear friend,

There are some trials which the mind (though made
Ev'n hard by sorrow) cannot go through well:
Such one is this.

CASTI.

She wept,—do you not hear?

She wept and bade me, *a* I loved her honour,
Her life,—to bring you to her.

GUIDO.

How can I

See her? I go this hour.

CASTI.

You can, you can:

Cannot you leave your horses at the inn
(The first you arrive at) near the mountains? then
You can return alone, wrapt in your cloak.
Who'll know of this? 't is easy. Why, the night
Itself will shroud you well.

GUIDO.

But should the Duke—

CASTI.

Do I not tell you, that perhaps her life—
Her very life's *a* stake?

GUIDO.

Well!—

CASTI.

Well—you must do 't.

GUIDO.

We *must* be secret; yes,

We must be very secret,—but I'll do 't.

There is a fate in this. *a* I seem to go

Calmly, yet with a melancholy step,

Onwards and onwards.—Is there *a* tale

Of some man (an Arabian as I think),

Who sailed upon the wide sea many days,

Tossing about, the sport of winds and waters,

Until he saw an isle, towards which his ship

Turned suddenly?—there is: and he *was* drawn,

As by a magnet on, slowly, until
The vessel neared the isle: and then, it flew
Quick as a shooting star, and dash'd itself
To pieces. Methinks I see this man.—But be it.
I'll go to Isidora.

ANDREA and CARLO enter.

CASTI.

Well!

ANDREA.

My lord,
Your horses wait.

CASTI.

Now?

In the court, my lord.

GUIDO.

Farewell, then: I shall see you more.

You

Will not deceive me!

GUIDO.

I will not, my friend.

I'll see you after I have seen her: now,
Farewell.

CASTI.

Farewell then.—I will stay
Here; lest our parting (colder than should be
'Tween friends) give rise to doubts.

GUIDO.

Right.—Fare thee well!

[Exit GUIDO, ANDREA and CARLO.]

CASTI.

Poor Guido!—I have done my task; although
I hate these secret meetings. What I do
I wish the Duke to see; yet, I have been
A messenger to him:—Well, perhaps.—So,

[Takes up the papers.]

What have we?—the monk's homilies, or—Ha!
What!—to Lord Guido, signed by—by the Duke?
Death! it all strikes upon me. This is not

[Opens the packet.]

A time for doubting. What is this? Ah! Heaven!

GERALDI enters.

GERALDI.

I have dropped some—Ha! Signior!
My lord, this is not well. My lord, I say!

CASTI.

Begone, thou villain!—This (reads) from Guido to
The Duke?

GERALDI.

Give me my letters, Sir.

CASTI.

Another!—How!

Oh! mercy! thou'rt betray'd, poor friend, betray'd.
Thou avarice-bitten slave!

GERALDI.

Give—give me but

Those letters, Sir, and you shall have—

CASTI.

Insolent slave!

GERALDI.

Not for myself, not for myself, my lord;
But for the lady Isabella.

CASTI.

Ha!

GERALDI.

She'll thank you—she'll reward you: you shall have—
I know what.

CASTI.

By Heaven, her writings here
To you—to you, you mean and loathsome worm!
Ha! signed a your true friend—Isabella.

[He reads, holding the letters away from GERALDI.]

GERALDI.

Sir—

[Clings to CASTI.]

My lord! my lord!

CASTI.

'T is here, 't is here! Begone! I see it now—
I see it all.—Oh, Guido! poor lost friend!
But it is here—thy proof! and thy proof too,
Thou double slave!—Begone!

GERALDI.

I'll give you all!—

I have a mighty hoard—of gold—of gems—

CASTI.

Unloose me, villain!—This shall to the Duke!

GERALDI.

My lord, my life is in it.

CASTI.

Guido's life:

His honour! but they shall be saved. Begone!

GERALDI.

I cannot—will not.

CASTI.

Slave! Ha! villain, down!

GERALDI.

My lord, I'll be for ever—I will kneel—

CASTI.

Hence!—Now we triumph.

GERALDI.

Go not!

CASTI.

To the Duke:

Ay, to the Duke in triumph: 'thou shalt be—
Begone!—Ha! villain!—Nay, then thus I dash
You down for ever.—Hence!—Now then, my friend,
Now victory is ours. Honour—thy father's love,
Saved, and thy princely made clear for ever.
Now for the Duke.—Away!

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Apartment of the Duchess.

DUKE, ISIDORA.

DUKE.

Sweet, talk no more of this. Sorrow has past
Over us like a storm:—my heart is stilled;
And, though lonely than I thought to live,
We'll make the best of life. Poor policy,
Is to shun the few bright hours that come,
'Cause more are absent from us. Let us be
Happy, love, if not gay. Come; sit beside me.
Why do you stand, dear Isidora?

ISIDORA.

I—

(*Aside.*) The hour is past: he ~~is~~ he waiting. Now
Excuse ~~me~~

Presently. Come sit by me;
And let ~~me~~ tell you ~~me~~ more how I love you,
How utterly and self-abandon'd I
Gave my whole soul ~~to~~ you. Oh! pardon, then
(Pardon for this devotion's sake), that I
Ever pronounced ~~a~~ word that look'd like anger,
Fear, ~~or~~ ~~a~~ false mistrust. I gave up all:
Could I ask less than all? Why, what is 't moves you?
~~me~~ (*aside*).
How shall I pass?—I will return.

DUKE.
How 's this? have you lost aught?

ISIDORA.
Yes, my lord, yes. I—I shall not be long
Ere I return.

Well, go then, if it must
~~be~~ so: but take heed, dearest; do not walk
Abroad so late again. I would not have
Evil to ~~do~~ you for—for the wide world.
Quickly return.

ISIDORA.
I will, my lord, I will. [*Exit ISIDORA.*]

The calm I feel upon me is more like
A leaden grief than joy,—and yet 't is joy:
Not the high buoyant spirit which lit up
Mine eye this morning: 't is a sullen light,
But it has full possession. Every nerve
~~is~~ laden with a strange and lulling charm,
~~as~~ though I had drunk of poppies, yet alive
To the least touch. A sound would startle me.
Hark!—no.—What could my Isidora mean?
~~me~~ trembled, yet she is not wont to tremble for
A trifling loss. 'T ~~is~~ odd.—Again! Who 's there?
ISABELLA (*without*).

Brother!

DUKE.
Come in, come in.

ISABELLA enters.

Why, what is this?
Are you not well?

ISABELLA.
Not quite. Dear brother, where—
Where is the Duchess?

Gone. She will return
Quickly: till then, remain.

ISABELLA.
Did she go out
Lately?

DUKE.
But now unto her chamber.

ISABELLA.
Then
~~it~~ could ~~be~~ be; and yet—no, 't could not be.

DUKE.
What could not be?

ISABELLA.
Dear Brother!

DUKE.
What is this?

Speak, Isabella.—By the gods, you seem
Born to perplex ~~me~~ Speak out.

ISABELLA.

It is nothing.

Nothing?

ISABELLA.
Perhaps 't is nothing.

DUKE.

I shall be
Vexed beyond all my reason. * I thank the stars
I am not of that humour which delights
In fretting this and that man,—thus and thus,
With question and no answer,—flat denial,
And then 'perhaps,' and 'it may not be so;'
I hate it all. By Jupiter, if I
Had now a secret (good or ill no matter)
Which it became a friend ~~to~~ know—

ISABELLA.

What then?

DUKE.
I'd speak it boldly.

ISABELLA.
Then—why then—I cannot.
DUKE.

Gods! give ~~me~~ patience.—Isabella, if
You cannot speak, leave me (I am not used
To talk thus, but you fret me). Secret! what?
What secret can it be? Ha!—no, no, no.
You asked me of the Duchess?

ISABELLA.

Did she ~~go~~
Unto her chamber?

DUKE.

Yes.

ISABELLA.

You're sure of that?

DUKE.
Sure? yes; where else? sure! ~~me~~!

ISABELLA.

Then I am wrong.

DUKE.
Darkness and death! speak out—what is it?

ISABELLA.

Be calm.

DUKE.
As the loud thunder:—Well; I'm calm.

ISABELLA.

I thought I saw
Beneath the moonlight—

Yes; ~~me~~ on, go on.

ISABELLA.
I would not tell you, but I ~~must~~ live
And see you wrong'd.

DUKE.

Go on.

ISABELLA.

I thought I saw
Guido, and—

Hell!—but no, it cannot be.

ISABELLA.

And yet, my servant, Pesaro—

Drag him in.

ISABELLA.

I'll bring him ■ you.

[Exit.

DUKE.

Haste! make haste.—Oh, shame!

My son!—If it be ■?—If it be—Why then
Come forth, thou power of Darkness! Come abroad,
And shroud the world! No;—rather let there be
Earthquake, and tumbling towns, and fiery rain,
Vapours, and spotted fever,—thick disease—

ISABELLA re-enters.

Ah! sister—Well; where is he?

ISABELLA.

Come in!

PESARO enters.

Now,—

ISABELLA.

Be calm. Speak, Pesaro.

PESARO.

My lord!—If I—

DUKE.

Plagues blister you! Villain, speak on.

Whom have you seen? ■ what?

PESARO.

Lord Guido.

DUKE.

That

■ false: he has left the city.

PESARO.

Yes, my lord:

But he returned. I saw him near the barrier,
(Wrapped in his cloak) not half ■ hour ago:
And now—

DUKE.

I dream.

ISABELLA.

Well, well; you saw—?

PESARO.

Just ■

I saw him in the garden.

ISABELLA.

And alone?

I think I saw the Duchess.

ISABELLA.

Now leave us.

Brother!

[Exit PESARO.

DUKE.

Look down, look down!

ISABELLA.

I should have thought

Less of this strange return, had I not seen him
(Yet why should that have struck me?) smile upon
That ring.

DUKE.

Ha!

ISABELLA.

When he parted with you—yes:

And then—how can I bear to name it? Yet,
Your court all smile and talk of this—their past
Love, and their—meeting in her chamber.

DUKE.

Such—such revenge. Where is my dagger—where?
I cannot find 't; 't is better. I will have
Vengeance in open day.

ISABELLA (interposing).

Nay,—

DUKE.

Death and shame!

Away, away!

[Rushes out.

ISABELLA.

He's gone.—I almost tremble.

And yet I will not. I, who never yet
Knew what it ■ to fear,—shall I shrink now?
He's gone, and they—no, no; he will not find
My victims soon.—My son shall be a prince.
A prince!—a noble sound.—I tremble still.
Who's there?—What noise is that?

CASTI comes in suddenly with papers, followed by
GERALDI.

CASTI.

Where is the Duke?

GERALDI.

Thank God! he is not here.

ISABELLA.

What ■ this tumult, Sir?

CASTI.

Oh! lady you—

Are you there? Shame! where is the Duke?

[Enters an apartment.

GERALDI.

He has

Discovered all.—What shall be done?

ISABELLA.

Hush! I

Must think.—Meantime call you the guard.
Quick, quick! Ha! I must stop this choleric sir.

[GERALDI exit.

CASTI. (returning).

He is not there; Madam! Nay, I must pass.

ISABELLA.

Ha!—ha! what is this outrage? Guards!

CASTI.

By Heaven!

[Attempts to pass her.

ISABELLA.

Within there—Guards, I say!

GERALDI, PESARO and Soldiers enter.

Count Casti has

Forgot himself, and me. You will take ■
The Count does not escape. Confine him, Sir,
Until my brother is at leisure. I
■ answer this: he has done outrage here.

CASTI.

I have ■ news, good Lucio,—news to tell
The Duke; ■ give ■ way.

[Thrusts the papers in his bosom.

ISABELLA.

Sir, take him hence.

CASTI.

Madam—

ISABELLA.

Away! [Exit soldiers, etc. with CASTI.

GERALDI.

ISABELLA.

Now,

Let us go hence : no talk.—There is a thing
That now will soon be done ; and then our
(My cares) are over. If I die, my son
Reigns in Mirandola. And yet, take care
The Count is safe.—I have a task elsewhere.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

A Garden.—Clouded Moonlight.

GUIDO, ISIDORA.

ISIDORA.

When I wrote to you I knew not
That ye were reconciled. Oh ! had I known
That you had left Mirandola, for the world
I 'd not have put you in this peril : but
That ring—it seemed to me honour and life.

GUIDO.

Not life.

ISIDORA.

Oh ! yes, to him : his violent spirit would
Soon have destroyed me. Even now, should he learn
Of this meeting—Oh ! I fear, I fear—
Nay, give it to me.

GUIDO.

My pretty ring ! must you then have it ?

ISIDORA.

Yes.

And 't is not well indeed, my lord, that you
Should my favours now. Some busy tongues
May talk.

GUIDO.

Oh ! Isidora, is it come
To this ? Must innocence so scant her looks,
Or modesty be dumb, lest the base crowd
Abuse her ? Oh ! fair Heaven, they 're bitter times
And doubtful when a breath of air may blow
Our names away. But take it. (*Gives the ring.*) See—
I part with my last good, but 't is to thee.
When I am gone—Shame on this blinding tear !
One drop, and yet how bitter !

ISIDORA.

'Talk not thus :

You may return.

GUIDO.

Oh ! never shall that be.

There is a period in the days of men,
Beyond which they thrive. I have mine :
Now, all is darkness and decay.

ISIDORA.

Alas !

GUIDO.

Oh ! weep not, weep not, Isidora. You
Had a braver spirit.

ISIDORA.

I will try

To say farewell calmly.

GUIDO.

Sweet blessings rest

Upon your head for ever !—I shall go
Afar ; yet do not thou forget me. We
Have known each other long. Fortune has been
Our foe. Our very youth is gone before
Its time, and we must part.—Oh ! Isidora,

Think of me sometimes : amidst crowds and revels
You 'll be a queen : pomp and admiring eyes
Will follow you, and delicate music, like
Incense from Heav'n, will haunt around your rooms.
Yet, in the midst of all do not forget
The mountain song we used to sing together :
'T is long ago ; but 't was a pleasant strain.
I love it still ; better methinks than ever.

ISIDORA.

I not talk thus. I cannot bear it.

GUIDO.

Nay,

Weep not. Poor Isidora !

ISIDORA.

Poor, indeed.

GUIDO.

Give me your hand, once more.

ISIDORA.

Oh ! Guido ! Guido !

GUIDO.

We must part, dear friend.

And I must say—what must at last be said :
'T is only this :—I cannot, by the light
Of Heaven, I cannot say it. What ! Farewell
To thee, whom I have loved—Oh ! loved beyond
All words, all parallel, by day and night,
In health, in sickness, amidst toils and dangers—
By heaven, I cannot do 't.

ISIDORA.

Hush ! what is that ?

GUIDO.

O Night !

ISIDORA.

Hush !—no, 't was nothing. Now—

GUIDO.

Farewell !

Must it be so, indeed ?

ISIDORA.

It must.

GUIDO.

Why then

Farewell ; and yet—there is a boon at parting
Which mere acquaintance to each other give :
Shall it be less with us ? Oh ! we have loved
Dearly and long.

ISIDORA.

That 's past.

DUKE rushes in, and stops suddenly.

DUKE.

I 've sought 'em—Ha !

GUIDO.

Nay, Isidora !—

DUKE.

Ha ! ha ! ha !—Oh ! Devils.

Winter, and blight, and famine strike ye down :
And fires, broad as the deluge, rain, till they
Scorch all the land up,—all.

GUIDO.

Shun not my last

Request ; it is my last.—« Though dark fortune puts
Her arm between us, every gentle proof
Of what has been, we need not cast aside.
Oh ! weep not. Let me take one kiss away
In memory of thee—one : it will be
The saddest, yet the sweetest,—and the last.

ISIDORA.
No, Guido.

GUIDO.
Then farewell : shrink not.

ISIDORA.
I faint. Your father—
[Sinks against GUIDO.]

GUIDO.
Tremble not. Where is he?

DUKE rushes forward.
DUKE.
Here!—
Here, serpents!—Now the everlasting curse
Cling to ye both, and wither. May ye both
Wander about—

GUIDO.
I—

DUKE.
Wretch!—wander about
The world,—the wide world, hopeless, vile, abhorred.
But no; for you—(will my head burst?) for you,
Delicate Sin, begone—yet stay : if e'er
You shall repent—repent of what? ha, ha!
Who 's the accuser? none; who will believe
That I 'm abused, abused? who 'll swear? none, none.
Ha, ha!—O Death and Night!

GUIDO.
Will you not hear?

DUKE.
Ay, when you die I 'll listen,—I 'll rejoice.
Will you have trial? never : there are crimes
Which the law touches not; but I 'll have blood
Red as the Arab gulf : not your's, but you—
You with the curse of Cain—worse, worse—with all
The blight of parricide upon you—Son!
(No son of mine!)—Ah!—how my tongue is parched—
Dry as a withered scroll.—I will have avenge
Vengeance—such mighty vengeance.

GUIDO.
Once more—nay—

DUKE.
Parricide!

GUIDO.
'T is in vain.

Alas! Alas!

DUKE.
What! do you weep and cheat me of all tears?
But I 'll have justice.

GUIDO.
Yet hear!

DUKE.
Not a word :
No, not a word. I listen'd once, and died.
Ho, ho! the world 's abroad : lights! torches! so—
Come on, come on.

GUIDO.
Spare her. For me—

DUKE.
For you

There is ■ something yet. Come in, I say.
My soul is white.—How my head throbs! Stir not.
Where am I?

CURIO, PIERO, Guards and Attendants, enter.
CURIO.
Stay! What tumult is there here?
Your highness?

DUKE.
Where? The Duke is dead—is dead.
He died, Sir, when his wife and ■ forsook him :
But I am here to represent his state,
And it shall find full justice. Where 's the throne?
Vanish'd, alas!—no matter. I will sit
Beneath the stars (sits).—Roll back those curtains, which
Hide the pale visage of the moon. And now,
I call upon th' assembled lights of Heaven;
And on the immortality of Truth,
Upon white Chastity, and crown'd Revenge,
To attest what here I do. Traitors! draw near.
What have ye—(Mark! the huge and ponderous sky
Hangs right above your heads)—to say? Speak forth!

GUIDO.
Father!

DUKE.
I 'll not admit that voice; 't is perjured. Hark!
Did it not thunder then? no : all ■ still—
Calm as despair.

ISIDORA.
* My lord!

DUKE.
Hush! Music.—Hush!
[Isid. comes forward.]

Ah! is it you?

ISIDORA.
Spare him, O spare him!

DUKE.
Never.

PIERO.
If—

DUKE.
If a word is spoken, but a word,—

GUIDO.
Nay, hear me.

That ring, that ring—

DUKE.
Ha! do you taunt me, villain?

Blights wither you!

ISIDORA.
Alas!

DUKE.
Come hither, slave!
You, sirrah! what 's your name? ■ matter. Take
Yon man into the palace-court, and there—
Come nearer—near. [Whispers officer.]

Remember!

ISIDORA.
(Shrieks.) Ha!—What's that?

Oh! mercy, mercy. Spare him—spare us both.
My lord!—O husband!

GUIDO.
Sweet, implore no more.
My fate is come. I 'll meet it as a man.
Of thee I dare not think : but thou—

DUKE.
Speak on.
You shall have licence,—once—but once. Speak on.

GUIDO.

Thou hast abused
Thy ■■■ of father, husband, prince.

ISIDORA.

No, ■■■

GUIDO.

Thou hast, to glut a base and bitter hate,
Destroy'd thine only son. Angels now look
Upon us, and before their homes I swear
That I am innocent. Remember this.
For her who stands palely beside you there
(A star amidst this darkness), she is pure
As Heaven. I speak this with a dying tongue.
I loved her—

DUKE.

Ha! shall this be said? Away,
Away, I say! ■■■ I swear— [Rises.

GUIDO.

One word,—

ISIDORA.

One word.

GUIDO.

Poor Isidora!

ISIDORA.

One—

GUIDO.

One word's enough. My lord, when I depart,
To where—no matter, mark me. I shall tread
With the same step,—the ■■■ bold, faithful step,
Which bore me on, 'midst fire and carnage, when
I saved your life at Mantua.—Now, lead on.

[GUIDO exit with officers.

DUKE.

[Sinks down.] He's gone.

ISIDORA.

A moment stop. My lord! my lord!
Spare him. I'll kneel to you, and wet the dust
With tears. Oh! husband, my dear husband! speak!
I, Isidora—Isidora, whom
You loved so once, am here—here on my knees,
Before the world—in the broad light. My lord!
Give him but time,—a word—(do you hear that?)
A word will clear him. Will you not listen? Oh!—
Cruel, oh! cruel! Merry, yet;—oh, God!

[ISIDORA falls before him.

PIERO (after a pause).

Shall we not help the Duchess?

CURIO.

Stay, stay: he

Begins to ■■■

PIERO.

He looks like marble with those fix'd eyes.

CURIO.

Ha! those are heavy tears.

OFFICER.

Hark!

DUKE.

Mercy!—

No more of that. I am a desolate man:
Much injured; almost mad. I want—I'll have
Vengeance—tremendous vengeance. Ha! pale thing;
I will not tread upon her. Tears? what, tears?
Take her away. [ISIDORA is taken out.

My heart is cold as lead.

I should have had a cloak to cover me—
A tomb, a tomb, to keep the wind out. Ha!

I love this lonely pomp. My lamps are hung
■ round a mighty dome; and music, like
The noises bursting from Æolian caves,
Come round ■ like a charm. Oh! I have been
Betray'd; ay, and revenged.—All silent? How!
Come, talk, Sirs, talk. [ISABELLA enters.

OFFICER.

Will not your highness go?

DUKE.

Go? where? where? Ah! the light comes. I have been
Long wandering. Misery! oh, misery!
But justice shall be done; and vengeance. [Leans back.

GERALDI and PESARO enter.

ISABELLA.

Ha!

GERALDI.

Madam, he has escaped.

ISABELLA.

Be still, Sir. Who?

PESARO.

Count Casti.

ISABELLA.

Ha! go seek him, and confine him:
Do this, and you shall thrive. This ■ unlucky.

GERALDI.

'T is death.

ISABELLA.

Not quite ■ bad. Guido is gone
To rest.

GERALDI.

How the Duke sits!

ISABELLA.

We'll lead him in. My lord!

DUKE.

Ah! Sister. Well; justice is done.

CASTI (without).

The Duke!

DUKE.

What voice is that?

[CASTI enters quickly.

CASTI.

The Duke—where is the Duke?

DUKE.

Here,—on his seat of judgement.

CASTI.

Seize the Monk.

My lord, pray pardon me, but—O my heart!

Madam, you must not go.

ISABELLA.

Slave! dare you think

To daunt the sister of Mirandola?

DUKE.

What's this?

CASTI.

You are abused.

DUKE.

I know it. Wretch!

Will you bring back my terrors? Silence him.

CASTI.

You and your ■ are both abused,—betray'd.

You and your innocent wife. Look on the Monk.

Your son's as fair as Heaven. Mark the Monk,

I say. Here, my lord, here are letters,—scrawls

Fashion'd in hell, too black for such a place.

Here are the letters which you sent to Naples.

Look! these your son writ; these—your sister sent.
I took them from the Monk: he bribed, and pray'd,
Nay, wept and tore my cloak to get them, but
I have them here,—read, read!

DUKE.

Letters? my son!—

CASTI.

He met the Duchess here by my entreaty:
Against his wish he met her: nay—

DUKE.

Ah, sister! (*reads.*)

CASTI.

Read, Sir!

ISABELLA.

Slave! my —

Reigns in Mirandola. I am content.

CASTI.

Lead out the lady.

[*ISABELLA is taken out.*]

DUKE.

Now, where is she?—gone!

'T is better. Ah! thou cowed villain,—thou
Whom I have loved and trusted. I forget:
Where am I? I am wandering yet.

CASTI.

My lord!

Where — your son?

—

My son? Ah! death and haste.

Fly, fly and save him. Bring him hither. Drag
That villain to a dungeon. O, my heart!
Fly some one! fly again, and bring my son.
Oh! mercy, mercy!

CASTI.

Where is he—his son?

OFFICER.

Led out to death.

CASTI.

Ha! where?

OFFICER.

In the western court.

[*CASTI rushes out.*]

DUKE.

My son! where is my son? Is no one gone

To stop my orders? Go—some more. I'll sit
Here, while the Heavens are trembling.

(*A distant report of Musketry is heard.*)Ha! [*Sinks down.*](*After a short pause, CASTI re-enters.*)

CASTI.

My lord!

DUKE.

Ha! my good messenger, a word, — word;
But one: I'll give my Dukedom to you,—all.
Tell me he lives. Swear it. 'T is my command.

CASTI.

Alas! it — too late. We can but pray.

DUKE.

Rain down your blights upon us!

CASTI.

Sir, be calm.

DUKE.

Sulphur and blistering fire. I want to die.
Unloose me here, here: I am too tight.—Some one
Has tied my heart up; no, no; here, Sir, here.
All round my heart, and round my brain,—quick,
quick—

I'm burning.—Hush! a drug—a—

CASTI.

Hold him up.

DUKE.

Some dull—some potent drink. I'll give—I'll give
The world away for peace. Oh! round my heart,
And—Ah! unloose this cord about my throat.
Has no one mercy here? I am the Duke.—
The Duke. Ha! I am—nothing.

CASTI.

Raise his head.

Now, my dear lord,—

DUKE.

O my poor son, my son!

Young victims—both so young,—so innocent.
But they are gone. I feel as I could sleep—
Sleep—hush! for ever. My poor son!—

[*Dies.*]

A Sicilian Story.

DEDICATORY SONNET.

TO ———.

It may be that the rhymes I bring to thee
(An idle offering, Beauty) are my last:
Therefore, albeit thine eye may — cast
Its light on them, 't is fit thine image be
Allied unto my song; for silently
Thou mayst connect the present with the past.
'T is fit, for Saturn now is hurrying fast,
And thou mayst soon be nothing, e'en to —
Be this the record then of pleasant hours
Departed, when beside the river shaded
I walk'd with thee, gazing my heart away,
And, from the sweetest of your garden flowers,
Stole only those which on your bosom faded.
—O, why has happiness — short — day!

A SICILIAN STORY.

Nunc scio quid sit amor.

I.

THERE is a spirit within us, which arrays
The thing we doat upon with colourings
Richer than roses—brighter than the beams
Of the clear — at morning, when he flings
His showers of light upon the peach, or plays
With the green leaves of June, and strives to dart
Into — great forest's heart,
And — the sylvan from voluptuous dreams.
There is a spirit that comes upon us when
Boyhood is gone,—before we rank as men,
Before the heart is canker'd, and before
We lose or cast away that innocent feeling

That gives life all its freshness. Never
 May I feel this, and yet the times have been
 I have seen love in burning beauty stealing
 O'er a young cheek and the bright veins through,
 And light up, like a heaven, eyes of such blue
 As in the summer skies was never seen.
 I was an idler then, and life was green,
 And so I loved and languish'd, and became
 A worshipper of the boy-god's fickle flame,
 And did abase myself before him: he
 Laugh'd outright my fierce credulity.

II.

And yet, at times, the recollection's sweet,
 And the same thought that pleased me haunts me still,
 Chief at the hour when day and evening meet,
 And twilight, shadowy magician! calls
 Shapes unsubstantial from his cloudy halls,
 And ranks them out before us till they
 The mind with things forgotten. Valley and hill,
 The air, the dashing ocean, the small rill,
 The waving wood and the evanishing sky,
 Tow'rd this subduing of the soul, ally
 Their pow'rs, and stand forth a resistless band.
 Then the elements league against us, and
 The heart rebel against the mind's command,
 Why, we must sink before these sickly dreams
 Until the morning comes, and sterner themes
 Do fit us through this stormy world to sail.
 Farewell to love,—and yet, 't is woven in my tale.

III.

A story (still believed through Sicily)
 Is told of one young girl who chose to die
 For love. Sweet ladies, listen and believe,
 If that ye can believe a strange a story,
 That woman ever could so deeply grieve,
 Save she who from Leucadia's promontory
 Flung herself headlong for the Lesbian boy
 (Ungrateful he work her such annoy);
 But time hath, in sad requital, given
 A branch of laurel to her, and some bard
 Swears that a heathen god or goddess gave
 Her swan-like wings wherewith to fly to heaven:
 And now, at times, when gloomy tempests
 Along the Adriatic, in the wave
 She dips her plumes, and the watery shore
 Sings as the love-crazed Sappho sung of yore.

IV.

One night a masque held within the walls
 Of a Sicilian palace: the gayest flowers
 Cast life and beauty o'er the marble halls,
 And, in remoter spots, fresh waterfalls
 That streamed half-hidden by sweet lemon bowers
 A low and silver-voiced music made:
 And there the frail perfuming woodbine stray'd,
 Winding its slight arms 'round the cypress bough,
 And in female trust seemed there to grow,
 Like woman's love 'midst sorrow flourishing:
 And every odorous plant and brighter thing
 Born of the sunny skies and weeping rain,
 That from the bosom of the spring
 Starts into life and beauty once again,
 Blossom'd; and there in walks of evergreen,
 Gay cavaliers, and dames high-born and fair,

Wearing that rich and melancholy smile
 That can so well beguile
 The human heart from its recess, were seen:
 And lovers, full of love a studious care,
 Wasting their rhymes upon the soft night air,
 And spirits that never till the morning sleep.
 And, far away, the mountain Etna flung
 Eternally its pyramid of flame
 High the Heav'ns, while from its heart there came
 Hollow and subterranean noises deep,
 And all around the constellations hung
 Their starry lamps, lighting the midnight sky,
 As do honour to that revelry.

V.

Yet was there one in that gay shifting crowd
 Sick at the soul with sorrow; her quick eye
 Ran restless through the throng, and then she bowed
 Her head upon her breast, and one check'd sigh
 Breathed sweet reproach 'gainst her Italian boy,
 The dark-eyed Guido whom she loved well;
 (O how he loved Sicilian Isabel!)
 Why came he not that night to share the joy
 That sate on every face, and from her heart
 Bid fear and all, aye, all but hope, depart—
 For hope is present happiness: Shapes and things
 That wear a beauty like the imperial star
 Of Jove, or sunset clouds or floating dews,
 And like an arch of promise shine afar,
 When near cast off their skiey colourings,
 And all their rainbow-like and radiant hues
 Are shadowy mockeries and deceptive fire.
 But, Hope! the brightest of the passionate choir
 That through the wide world range,
 And touch with passing fingers that most strange
 And various instrument, the human heart,—
 Ah! why didst thou so soon from Isabel depart?

VI.

Dark Guido came not all that night, while she
 (His young and secret bride) sate watching there,
 Pale as the marble columns. She search'd around
 And 'round, and sicken'd at the revelry;
 But if she heard a quick or lighter bound
 Half 'rose and gazed, and o'er her tearful sight
 Drew her white hand to see his raven hair
 Come down in masses like the starless night,
 And 'neath each shortened mask she strove the while
 To catch his sweet inimitable smile,
 Opening such lips as the boy Hylas wore
 (He whom the wild and wanton nymphs of yore
 Stole from Alcmena's son). But one and then
 Another passed, and bowed, and passed again.
 She looked on all in vain: at last
 A figure came, and, whispering in her ear,
 Asked in a hoarse, and quick, and bitter tone,
 Why there she sate alone,
 The mistress of the feast, while all passed by
 Unwelcomed even by her wandering eye?
 It was her brother's voice—Leon!—no
 Could not be that he would jeer her
 Breathed a name; 't Guido: tremblingly
 She sate and shrank from his inquiring eye,
 But hid the mighty secret of her soul.
 Again—ah! then she heard her terrible doom
 Sound like a prophecy, and to her room
 Like a pale solitary shade she stole.

VII.

And now to tell of him whose tongue had gain'd
 The heart of Isabel. 'T **■** said, he came
 (And he **■** of **■** line of fame)
 From Milan, where his father perish'd.
■ **■** the last of all his race, and fled
 To haughty Genoa where the Dorias reign'd :
 A mighty city once, though now she sleeps
 Amidst her amphitheatre of hills,
 Or sits in silence by her dashing deeps,
 And not a page in living story fills.
 He had that look which poets love **■** paint,
 And artists fashion, in their happier mood,
 And budding girls when first their dreamings faint
 Show them such forms as maids may love. He stood
 Fine **■** those shapely Spirits heaven-descended,
 Hermes or young Apollo, or whom she
 The moon-lit Dian on the Latmian hill,
 When all the woods, and all the winds were still,
 Kiss'd with the kiss of immortality.
 And in his eye where love and pride contended,
 His dark, deep-seated eye, there was **■** spell
 Which they who love and have been loved can tell.
 And she—but what of her, his chosen bride,
 His own, on whom he gazed in secret pride,
 And loved almost **■** much for happiness?
 Enough **■** say that she **■** born to bless,
 She was surpassing fair: her gentle voice
 Came like the fabled music that beguiles
 The sailor on the waters, and her smiles
 Shone like the light of heaven, and said "Rejoice."

VIII.

That **■** they sat upon the sea-beach green ;
 For in that land the sward springs fresh and free
 Close to the ocean, and no tides are seen
 To break the glassy quiet of the sea :
 And Guido, with his arm 'round Isabel,
 Unclass'd the tresses of her chestnut hair,
 Which in her white and heaving bosom fell
 Like things enamour'd, and then with jealous air
 Bade the soft amorous winds not wanton there :
 And then his dark eyes sparkled, and he wound
 The fillets like **■** coronet around
 Her brow, and bade her rise, and rise **■** queen.
 And oh ! 't **■** sweet to see her delicate hand
 Press'd 'gainst his parted lips, **■** though to check
 In mimic anger all those whispers bland
 He knew so well to use, and **■** his neck
 Her round arm hung, while half as in command
 And half entreaty did her swimming eye
 Speak of forbearance, till from her pouting lip
 He snatch'd the honey-dews that lovers sip,
 And then, in crimsoning beauty, playfully
 She frown'd, and wore that self-betraying air
 Which women loved and flatter'd love to wear.

IX.

Oft would he, **■** on that **■** spot they lay
 Beneath the last light of a summer's day,
 Tell (and would watch the while her steadfast eye)
 How on the lone Pacific he had been,
 When the Sea Lion on his watery way
 Went rolling through the billows green,
 And shook that ocean's dead tranquillity :
 And he would tell her of past times, and where

■ rambled in his boyhood far away,
 And spoke of other worlds and wonders fair
 And mighty and magnificent, for he
■ seen the bright sun worshipp'd like **■** god
 Upon that land where first Columbus trod ;
 And travelled by the deep Saint Lawrence' tide,
 And by Niagara's cataracts of foam,
 And **■** the wild deer **■**
 Amongst interminable forests, where
 The serpent and the savage have their lair
 Together. Nature there in wildest guise
 Stands undebased and nearer to the skies ;
 And 'midst her giant trees and waters wide
 The bones of things forgotten, buried deep,
 Give glimpses of **■** elder world, espied
 By us but in that fine and dreamy sleep,
 When Fancy, ever the mother of deep truth,
 Breathes her dim oracles on the soul of youth.

X.

Her sleep that night **■** fearful,—O, that night!
■ it indeed was sleep: for in her sight
 A form (a dim and waving shadow) stood,
 And pointed far up the great Etna's side,
 Where, from **■** black ravine, **■** dreary wood
 Peeps out and frowns upon the storms below,
 And bounds and braves the wilderness of snow.
 It gazed awhile upon the lonely bride
 With melancholy air and glassy eye,
 And spoke—"Awake, and search yon dell, for I,
 Though risen above my old mortality,
 Have left my mangled and unburied limbs
 A prey for wolves hard by the waters there,
 And **■** lock of my black and curled hair,
 That one I vowed to thee, my beauty, swims
 Like **■** weed upon the mountain river ;
 And those dark eyes you used to love **■** well
 (They loved you dearly, my own Isabel)
 Are shut, and now have lost their light for ever.
 Go then into yon far ravine, and save
 Your husband's heart for some more quiet grave¹
 Than what the stream and withering winds may lend,
 And 'neath the basil-tree we planted, give
 The fond heart burial, so that tree shall live
 And shed a solace on thy after days ;
 And thou—but oh ! I ask thee not to tend
 The plant on which thy Guido loved to gaze,
 For with a spirit's power I see thy heart."
 He said no more, but with the dawning day
 Shrunk, as the shadows of the clouds depart
 Before the conquering sun-beams, silently.
 Then sprung she from the pillow where she lay,
 To the wild sense of doubtful misery :
 And when she woke she did obey the dream,
 And journey'd onwards to the mountain stream,
 Tow'rd which the phantom pointed, and she drew
 The thorns aside which there luxuriant grew,
 And with **■** beating heart descended, where
 The waters wash'd, it said, its floating hair.

XI.

■ **■** a spot like those romancers paint,
 Or painted when of dusky knights they told

¹ I have ventured to substitute heart for the head of the lover. The latter appeared to **■** to be **■** ghastly object to preserve.

Wandering about in forests old,
 When the last purple colour ■ waxing faint
 And day was dying in the west:—the trees
 (Dark pine and chestnut, and the dwarfed oak
 And cedar) shook their branches till the shade
 Look'd like ■ living spirit, and ■ it played
 Seem'd holding dim communion with the breeze.
 Below, a tumbling river roll'd along
 (Its course by lava rocks and branches broke)
 Singing for aye its fierce and noisy song;
 And there on shatter'd trunks the lichens grew
 And covered, with their golden garments, —Death:
 And when the tempest of November blew
 The Winter trumpet, till its failing breath
 Went moaning into silence, every green
 And loose leaf of the piny boughs did tell
 Some trembling story of that mountain dell.

XII.

That spirit is never idle that doth 'waken'
 The soul to sights and contemplations deep,
 Even when from out the desert's seeming sleep
 A sob is heaved that but the leaves are shaken;
 But when ■ its frozen ■ there comes
 A rushing wind, that chills the heart and bears
 Tidings of ruin from those icy domes,
 The cast and fashion of ■ thousand years,
 It is not for low meanings that the soul
 Of Nature, starting from her idlesse long,
 Doth walk abroad with Death, and sweep among
 The valleys where the avalanches roll.
 'T is not to speak of ■ Doubt ■ that her great voice,
 Which in the plains doth bid the heart rejoice,
 Comes sounding like an oracle. Amidst men
 There are ■ useless marvels: Ah! why then
 Cast on the wonder-working nature shame,
 Or deem that, like a noisy braggart, she
 (In all things else how great and freed from blame)
 Once in ■ age should shout ■ A mystery! ■

XIII.

But, to my story. Down the slippery sod
 With trembling limbs, and heart that scarcely beat,
 And catching at the brambles, ■ her feet
 Sunk in the crumbling earth, the poor girl trod;
 And there she saw—Oh! till that moment none
 Could tell (not she) how much of hope the sun
 And cheerful morning, with its noises, brought,
 And how she from each glance ■ courage caught;
 For light and life had scattered half her fright,
 And she could almost smile ■ the past night;
 So, with ■ buoyant feeling, mixed with fear
 Lest she might scorn heav'n's missioned minister,
 She took her weary way and searched the dell,
 And there she saw him—dead. Poor desolate child
 Of sixteen summers, had the waters wild
 No pity on the boy you loved ■ well!
 There stiff and cold the dark-eyed Guido lay,
 His pale face upwards to the careless day,
 That smiled ■ it ■ wont; and he was found
 ■ young limbs mangled on the rocky ground,

■ This paragraph is obscure; it ■ written to repel an assertion
 (made ■ a poem to which I cannot recast) that the fall of an
 avalanche spoke ■ Doubt and Death. ■ The reader can, ■ he pleases,
 ■ it over altogether.

And, 'midst the weltering weeds and shallows cold,
 His black hair floated ■ the phantom told,
 And like the very dream his glassy eye
 Spoke of gone mortality.

XIV.

She stared and laugh'd aloud like one whose brain
 ■ shock'd o' the sudden: then she looked again:
 And then she wept. At last—but wherefore ask
 How—tremblingly, she did her bloody task?
 She took the heart and washed it in the wave,
 And bore it home and placed it 'midst wild flowers,
 Such ■ he loved to scent in happier hours,
 And 'neath the basil-tree she scoop'd a grave,
 And therein placed the heart, to common earth
 Doom'd, like ■ thing that owned not human birth.

XV.

And the tree grew and grew, and brighter green
 Shot from its boughs than she before had seen,
 And softly with its leaves the west winds played:
 And she did water it with her tears, and talk
 As to ■ living spirit, and in the shade
 Would place it gently when the ■ did walk
 High in his hot meridian, and she prest
 The boughs (which fell like balm) upon her breast.
 She never pluck'd a leaf nor let a weed
 Within a shadow of its branches feed,
 But nursed it as a mother guards her child,
 And kept it shelter'd from the ■ winter wild:
 And so it grew beyond its fellows, and
 Tow'rd in unnatural beauty, waving there
 And whispering to the moon and midnight air,
 And stood a thing unequalled in the land.

XVI.

But never more along her favourite vale,
 Or by the village paths or hurrying river,
 Or on the beach, when clouds are seen to sail
 Across the setting sun, while waters quiver
 And breezes rise to bid the day farewell—
 No more in any bower she once loved well,
 Whose sound or silence to the ■ could tell
 Aught of the passionate past, the pale girl trod:
 Yet Love himself, like an invisible god,
 Haunted each spot, and with his ■ rich breath
 Fill'd the wide air with music sweet and soft,
 Such as might calm ■ conquer Death (if Death
 Could e'er be conquered,) and from aloft
 Sad airs, like those she heard in infancy,
 Fell on her soul and filled her eyes with tears;
 And recollections ■ of happier years
 Thronging from all the cells of memory.
 All her heart's follies she remember'd then;
 How coy and rash—how scornful she had been,
 And then how tender, and how coy again,
 And ever shifting of the burning scene
 That sorrow stamps upon the helpless brain.

XVII.

Leoni—(for this tale had ne'er been told
 By her who knew alone her brother's guilt.)
 Leoni, timorous lest the blood he spilt
 Should rise in vengeance from its secret hold,
 And come abroad and claim ■ sepulchre;
 Or, haplier, fancying that the lie he swore
 ■ That Guido sailed and would return no more ■

Was disbelieved and not forgot by her ;
 Or that she had discover'd where he lay
 Before his limbs had wither'd quite away,
 Or—but whate'er it was that moved him then,
 He dug and found the heart, unperish'd ;
 For she, to keep it unlike the common dead,
 Had wound it round with many a waxen line,
 And bathed it with a curious medicine :
 He found it where, like a dark spell, it lay,
 And cursed and cast it to the waves away.

XVIII.

That day the green tree wither'd, and she knew
 The solace of her mind was stol'n and gone :
 And then she felt that she was quite alone
 In the wide world ; so to the distant woods
 And caverned haunts, and where the mountain floods
 Thunder into the silent air, she flew.
 She flew away, and left the world behind,
 And all that ■■■ doth worship, in her flight ;
 All that around the beating heart is twined ;
 Yet, as she looked farewell ■ human kind,
 One quivering drop ■■ and dimm'd her sight,
 The last that frenzy gave to poor distress.
 And then into the dreary wilderness
 She ■■■ alone, a crazed, heart-broken thing :
 And in the solitude she found a cave
 Half hidden by the wild-brier blossoming,
 Whereby a black and solitary pine,
 Struck by the fiery thunder, stood, and gave
 Of pow'r and death a token and a sign :
 And there he lived for months : She did not heed
 The seasons ■ their change, and she would feed
 On roots and berries, as the creatures fed
 Which had in woods been born and nourished.

XIX.

Once, and once only was she seen, and then
 The chamois hunter started from his chace,
 And stopped to look a moment on her face,
 And could not turn him to his sports again.
 Thin Famine sate upon her hollow cheek,
 And settled Madness in her glazed eye
 Told of a young heart wrong'd and nigh to break,
 And, as the spent winds waver ere they die,
 She to herself a few wild words did speak,
 And sung a strange and broken melody ;
 And ever as she sung she strew'd the ground
 With yellow leaves that perish'd ere their time,
 And well their fluttering fall did ■■■ to chime
 With the low music of her song :—the sound
 Came like a dirge filling the air around,
 And this (or like) the melancholy rhyme.

1.

There is a spirit stands by me :
 It comes by night, it comes by day,
 And when the glittering lightnings play,
 Its look is pale and sad to see.
 'T is he—to whom my brother gave
 A red unconsecrated grave.

2.

I hear him when the breezes moan,
 And, when the rattling thunders talk,
 I hear him muttering by me walk,
 And tell me I am « quite alone.»
 It is the dæmon of the dead,
 For all that's good hath upwards fled.

3.

■ is a dæmon which the wave
 Hath cast abroad to ■■■ my soul ;
 Yet wherefore did the waters roll
 So idly o'er his hasty grave ?
 Was the sad prayer I uttered then
 Unheard,—or is it due again ?

4.

■ 't not enough that I am here,
 Brainstruck and cold and famished,
 A mean remove above the dead,—
 But must my soul be wild with fear
 As sorrow, now that hope is gone,
 And I ■■ lost and left alone ?

5.

They told me, when my days were young,
 That I was fair and born to reign,
 That hands and hearts were my domain,
 And witchery dwelt upon my tongue :
 And now—but what is this to me,
 Struck on the rock of memory ?

6.

And yet at times I dream—aye yet,
 Of vanish'd scenes and golden hours,
 And music heard in orange bowers
 (For madness cannot quite forget),
 And love, breathed once to me alone,
 In sighs, and many a melting tone.

7.

Then curious thoughts, and floating things
 Saved from the deluge of the brain,
 Pass with perplexity and pain ;
 Then darkness, deaths, and murderings,—
 And then unto my den I lie,
 And vainly, vainly pray to die.

XX.

At last she wandered home. She came by night.
 The pale moon shot a sad and troubled light
 Amidst the mighty clouds that moved along.
 The moaning winds of Autumn sang their song,
 And shook the red leaves from the forest trees ;
 And subterranean voices spoke. The seas
 Did rise and fall, and then that fearful swell
 Came silently which seamen know ■ well ;
 And all was like an Omen. Isabel
 Passed to the room where, in old times, she lay,
 And there they found her at the break of day ;
 Her look was smiling, but she never spoke
 Or motioned, even to say—her heart ■■ broke :
 Yet, in the quiet of her shining eye
 Lay death, and something ■■ are wont to deem
 (When we discourse of ■■ such mournful theme)
 Beyond the look of mere mortality.

XXI.

She died—yet scarcely can we call it Death
 When Heaven so softly draws the parting breath ;
 She was translated to a finer sphere,
 For what could match or make her happy here ?
 She died, and with her gentle death there came
 Sorrow and ruin, and Leoni fell
 A victim to that unconsuming flame,
 That burns and revels on the heart of ■■ ;
 Remorse.—This is the tale of Isabel,
 And of her love the young Italian.

Diego de Montilla; A SPANISH TALE.

I.

THE octave rhyme (Ital. *ottava rima*)
Is a delightful measure, made of ease
Turn'd up with epigram, and, though it seem
Verse that a ■■■ may scribble when he please,
■ somewhat difficult: indeed, I deem a
Stanza like Spenser's will be found ■ tease
Less, or heroic couplet; there, the pen
May touch and polish, and touch up again.

II.

But, for the octave measure—it should slip
Like running water o'er ■ pebbled bed,
Making sweet music (here I own I dip
In Shakespeare for a simile), and be fed
Freely, and then the poet ■ ■ nip
The line, nor square the sentence, nor be led
By old, approved, poetic canons; no,
But give his words the slip, and let 'em go.

III.

I mean ■ give in this ■ pleasant rhyme
Some short account of Don Diego de
Montilla, quite a hero in his time,
Who conquer'd captain Cupid, as you 'll see:
My tale is sad in part, in part sublime,
With here and there ■ smack of pleasantry:
As ■ the moral,—why—'t is under cover,
■ leave it for the reader ■ discover.

IV.

Arms and—■ but I forget. Love and the ■
I sing, that 's Virgil's method of beginning,
Alter'd ■ ■ just ■ suit my plan.
I ■ the thing, and ■ there 's not much sinning:
■ writers steal a good thing when they can,
And when 't is safely got 't is worth the winning.
The worst of 't is we ■ and then detect 'em,
Before they ever dream that ■ suspect 'em.

V.

Love and the ■ ■ sing—and yet 't would be
As well methinks, nay perhaps it may be better,
Particularly for a young bard like me,
Not to stick quite so closely ■ the letter;
One's verse as well ■ fancy should be free,
The last indeed hates every sort of fetter:
So, ■ each ■ may call what maid he chuses
By way of Muse, I 'll e'en call all the Muses.

VI.

Hearken! ye gentle sisters (eight or nine),
Who haunted in old time Parnassus' hill,
■ that ■ worshipp'd ■ be yet divine,
And ye there meet your mighty master still,
And still for poet heads the laurel twine,
And dip your pitchers in the famous rill,
I 'll trouble ye for ■ leaf ■ two; though first I
'll just try the jug, for 'faith, I 'm somewhat thirsty.

VII.

And now, great lyrist, fain would I behold
Thee in thy glory—Lord and Life of day!
Sun-bright Apollo! with thy locks of gold,
As thou ■ went to tread heav'n's starry way,
Not marbled and reduced to human mould,
As thou didst stand, one of a rich array
(Yet even there distinct and first of all),
In the ■ palace of the conquer'd Gaul.

VIII.

But, if thy radiant forehead be too bright
For ■ to look upon with earthly eye,
Ah! send ■ little nymph of air ■ light,
Whom love has touch'd and taken to the sky,
And bid her, till the inspiration quits
O'erwhelms, show'r kisses on my lip, and sigh
Such songs (and I will list to her for hours)
As ■ were sung in amaranthine bowers.

IX.

And I will lie pillow'd upon her breast,
And drink the music of her words, and dream
(When sleep shall bring at last ■ pleasant rest)
Haply of many a high immortal theme;
And, in the lightning of her beauty blest,
My soul may catch perhaps one thrilling beam
From her dark eyes—but, ah! your glorious day,
Ye nymphs and deities, now hath passed away.

X.

Oh! ye delicious fables, where the wave
And woods were peopled and the air with things
So lovely—why, ah! why has science grave,
Scatter'd afar your sweet imaginings?
Why sear'd the delicate flow'rs that genius gave,
And dash'd the diamond drops from fancy's wings?
Alas! the spirit languishes, and lies
At mercy of life's dull realities.

XI.

No more by well or bubbling fountain clear
The Naiad dries her ■ in the sun,
Nor longer may we in the branches hear
The Dryad talk, ■ the Oread run
Along the mountains, nor the Nereid steer
Her way amongst the waves when day is done.
Shadow ■ shape remains—But I ■ prating
While th' reader and Diego, both, ■ waiting.

XII.

Diego ■ a knight, but more enlighten'd
Than knights were then, or are, in his countree,
Young—brave—(at least, he 'd never yet been frighten'd),
Well-bred, and gentle, ■ a knight should be:
He play'd on the guitar, could read and write, and
■ seen some parts of Spain, and (once) the ■
That ■ of ■ hopes to meet again,
And the ■ amorous gentleman in Spain.

XIII.

There ■■■ a languor in his Spanish eye
That almost touched ■■■ softness; had he been
Instead of man ■ woman, by the bye,
His languish had done honour to a queen!
For there was in it that regality
Of look, which says the owner must have been
Something in former days, whatever now:
And his hair curl'd (or was curl'd) o'er his brow.

XIV.

The Don Diego (mind this, Don Dicygo:
Pronounce it rightly), fell in love. He ■■■
The daughter of a widow from Tobago,
Whose husband fell with honour: i. ■ War
Ate up the lord of this ■■■ old virago,
Who straight return'd to Spain, and went to law
With the ■■■ heir, but wisely first bespoke
The ■■■ counsel, for that's half the joke.

XV.

The lady ■■■ her cause; then suitors ■■■
To woo her and her daughters: she had two:
Aurelia ■■■ the older, and her name,
Grace, wit, and ■■ forth, through the country flew
Quicker than scandal: young Aurora's fame—
She had no fame, poor girl, and yet she grew
And brighten'd into beauty, ■ a flower
Shakes off the rain that dims its earlier hour.

XVI.

Aurelia had some wit, and, ■ I've said,
Grace, and Diego loved her like his life;
Offer'd to give her half his board and bed,
In short he woo'd the damsel for ■ wife.
But she turned ■ the right about her head,
And gave ■■■ tokens of (not love but) strife;
And bade him wait, be silent, and forget
Such nonsense: ■ heard this, and—loved her yet.

XVII.

He loved: O how he loved! His heart ■■■ full
Of that immortal passion, which alone
Holds through the wide world its eternal rule
Supreme, and with its deep seducing tone
Winneth the wise, the young, the beautiful,
The brave, and all, to bow before its throne;
The sun and soul of life, ■■ end, the gain;,
The rich requital for an ■■ of pain.

XVIII.

Beneath the power of that passion he
Shrank like ■ leaf of summer, which the ■■■
Has scorchi'd ere yet in green maturity—
He was a desperate gamester who ne'er won
A single stake, but ■■■ the chances flee,
And still kept throwing on till—all was done:
A ■■■ on which the worm had rioted
[All this was what his friends and others said].

XIX.

And yet, but one short year ago, his cheek
Dimpled and shone, and o'er it health had flung
A colour, like the Autumn evening's streak,
Which flushing through the darker olive, clung
Like a rich blush upon him. In ■ freak
Men will, I'm told, or when their pride is stung,
Call up that deepening crimson in girls' features:
Some people ■■■ it makes 'em different creatures.

XX.

For me, I always have ■■ awkward feeling
When that vermilion tide ■■■ flooding o'er
The brows and breast, instead of gently stealing
On, and then fading till 't is ■■■ more;
The first proceeds too from unhandsome dealing,
And sudden leaves a paleness, if no more,
Perhaps ■ frown. The last is born of pleasure,
Or springs from praise, and ■■■ and goes ■■ leisure.

XXI.

His mistress—Shall I paint Aurelia's frown?
Her proud and regal look, her quick black eye,
Through whose dark fringes such a beam shot down
On men (yet touch'd at times with witchery)
As when Jove's planet, distant and alone,
Flashes from out the sultry summer sky
And bids each lesser star give up its place.
—This ■■■ exactly Miss Aurelia's case.

XXII.

Her younger sister—she ■■■ meek and pale,
And scarcely noticed when Aurelia near;
None e'en had thought it worth their while to rail
On her, and in her young unpractised ear
Those soft bewitching tones that seldom fail
To win had ne'er been utter'd. She did steer
Her gentle course along life's dangerous sea
For sixteen pleasant summers quietly.

XXIII.

Her shape was delicate: her motion free
As his, that «charter'd libertine» the air,
Or Dian's, when upon the mountains she
Follow'd the fawn: her bosom full and fair;
It seem'd as Love himself might thither flee
For shelter when his brow was parch'd with care:
And her white arm, like marble turn'd by grace,
Was of good length, and in its proper place.

XXIV.

Her hair was black as night; her eyes were blue;
Her mouth was small, and from its opening stream'd
Notes like the silver voice of young Carew,
Of whose sweet music I have often dream'd,
And then (as youths like ■■■ went to do)
Fancying that every other damsel scream'd,
Started to hear Miss C. again. I sit
In general (to be ■■■ her) in the pit.

XXV.

Let lovers who have croaking Delias swear
Their tones are «just in tune» or «just the thing:»
Let lying poets puff, in couplets fair,
Pan's reedy pipe—Apollo's golden string—
How Memnon sung, and made the Thebans stare
When he saw Titan's daughter scattering
Flowers—'t is all stuff, reader: what say you?
Give me (but p'rhaps I'm partial) Miss Carew.

XXVI.

Oh! witching ■ the nightingale first heard
Beneath Arabian heavens, wooing the rose,
■ she, ■■ thrush new-mated, ■ the bird
That calls the morning ■ the last ■■ goes
Down in the west, and out of sight is heard
Awhile, then ■■■ in silence to repose
Somewhere beyond the clouds, in the full glory
Of the new-risen Sun.—Now to my story:

XXVII.

The Don ■■■ at his Lady's court,
For every day at twelve she held ■ levee,
Where song, joke, music, and all sorts of sport
Went 'round, so that the hours were seldom heavy;
Aurelia talk'd (and talking ■ her forte),
Or quizzed her female friends, and then the bevy
Of coxcomb's vow'd such wit ■ never heard:
For this one gave his honour, ■ his word.

XXVIII.

Things went ■ pretty smoothly till the Don
Declared his love; but, when he sought to marry,
He found she would not give up all for one:
What! Counts and Cavaliers and all, and carry
Herself demurely—'t ■ not to be done:
She said she loved him not, and bade him tarry
(As I have told): on which he did begin
To grow and ■ grew tolerably thin.

XXIX.

He gazed and watch'd, and watch'd and gazed upon her,
And look'd, like Suckling's lover, thin and pale;
But how should looking thin have ever ■ her,
When looking well (as he says) did n't prevail?
It did not ■ with ■ Spanish Donna,
Nor can it ■ in poem, play, ■ tale;
In fact there 's not much interesting in 't,
Unless it be in hot-press and good print.

XXX.

Yet, gentles, would I not be thought to jeer
The Love that flourishes when young hearts are given,
And pledged in hope and fullest faith sincere,
Nor would I jest when such fond hearts are riven.
I only mean that love ('t is pretty clear)
When 't rises without hope is merely leaven,
And that boys suffering 'neath the lash of Cupid,
Are sometimes even more than sad; they 're stupid.

XXXI.

At last, Aurora ■ him: she had seen
Him oft, when scarcely turning from her book
She bow'd, and then as he had never been,
Resumed her study. Now, his alter'd look
She mark'd, and troubled eye once so serene,
And trembling limbs which Love's wild fever shook:
—His faint and melancholy smile that shone
■ seldom, but so beautiful, ■ gone.

XXXII.

She look'd and look'd again: She could not turn,
And yet she tried, her eyes or thoughts away;
And ■ it ■ from pity, strove ■ learn
The ■ of all his ill, and did essay
(While passion in her heart began to burn)
To soothe his sadness, and ■ make him gay,
Would smile and talk of Love, or livelier matter:
A simpleton! as if 't would make him fatter.

XXXIII.

But sorrow never lasts; he must have died,
Had he not some way sought and found relief,
For, howsoe'er ■ try the fact to hide,
Love is but meagre diet sauced with grief;
'T is feasting too much like the Barmecide,
Who thought ■ pass off his invisible beef,
Kid, nuts, ■ cetera, ■ his guest, and ■
Got his ■ box'd for lying, as we know.

XXXIV.

Diego, when he found all hope ■ gone,
Determined like a prudent ■ to fly;
At first he tore his hair (it ■ his own)
But, then, his mother—she began to cry,
And asked him, would he leave her all alone
(She who had watch'd and loved him long) ■ die,
And her grey hairs ■ the grave with ■ bring?
He said « he could ■ think of such ■ thing.»

XXXV.

■ said, « Dear Mother, on my honour (not
In its ■ meaning) from Madrid I 'll go,
And if I think more of her I 'll be shot.»
Yet, as he spoke, ■ settled look of ■
Declared she never could be quite forgot
Whom in his young heart he had worshipp'd so;
And the mute eloquence of his sickly smile
Told all his thoughts, for grief doth ■ beguile.

XXXVI.

The knave (it is his study) and the fool
(For he has glimpses) and the madman may
Deceive; they do by accident or rule,
And keep their look of cunning from the day;
But grief is lesson'd in an honest school,
And o'er the face spreads out, in sad array,
Its pallid colours or its hectic flush;
■ ought to put the others to the blush.

XXXVII.

Well—one day, when king Phœbus in the East
Had lifted his round head from off his pillow,
And frighten'd from their slumbers ■ and beast,
And turn'd to clear quicksilver every billow,
The Don Diego, from Love's toil released,
With ducats primed and head yecrown'd with willow,
Stepp'd in his heavy coach with heavier sigh,
Pull'd up the blinds and bade the drivers « fly.»

XXXVIII.

They travell'd (our sad hero and his mother,)
From great Madrid, through Old and New Castile,
Stopp'd at one town and rattled through another,
Ate fish and fowl and flesh (excepting veal):
Meanwhile he took it in his head he'd smother
Cupid; he tried, and soon began to feel
That as the boy grew quiet, he grew merry
(He smother'd him with Port and sometimes Sherry).

XXXIX.

Then 'round his mother he would twine his arms
Gently, and kiss and call her his Aurelia,
And gaze and sigh « inimitable charms!»
And then « what ruby lips!» until 't ■ really a
Joke, for although it fill'd her with alarms
To ■ him ■ and take his glass thus freely, ■
Bystander must have laugh'd ■ see a woman
Of fifty kiss'd: in Spain 't is quite uncommon.

XL.

Well, this went on: he found that wine was better
Than thought, while thought ■ cankering through
his breast,
And so he talk'd of other things, and let her
Sweet name sometimes (« Divine Aurelia») rest:
To finish, he ■ down and wrote a letter,
In which he said that—« all ■ for the best—
That love might grow to folly—that his mother
■ but ■ child, and might not have another.»

XLI.

That filial duty was a noble thing :
 That he must live though 'gainst his inclination,
 For though he ■■■ resolved, he said, to fling
 Himself into the ■■■ oblation
 To Cupid, yet, ■■■ love had lost its sting,
 He 'd take a dip merely for recreation :
 And then he added he should go to Cadiz,
 To see the place, and how he liked the ladies.»

XLII.

The letter ended with—I quite forget
 The actual words, but with some short apology
 About his lungs, he said he owed a debt
 To nature, and—pshaw! though I 've been to college I
 Am in the Doctors' language stupid yet,
 And often blunder in my phraseology ;
 No matter, he was sick he did declare,
 And wanted change of ■■■ and country air.

XLIII.

And then he rambled through his native land,
 And by her rivers wide and silver rills,
 Running through cork and beechen forests, and
 Breathed the brave air of those immortal hills,
 Which like an altar ■■■ stand
 Of patriot spirits, whose achievement ■■■
 Story and song : for, once, the Spanish ■■■
 Was noble, and identified with fame.

XLIV.

Now—but I 'm quite a shallow politician,
 And ■■■ 've enough of politics in prose,
 And ■■■ to men of talent and condition
 I leave the task to plead the Spanish woes :
 What I should say would be mere repetition,
 And bring the theme no ■■■ to its close,
 So I 'll e'en leave the wrongs of Spain to time ;
 Besides, the thing's too serious for this rhyme.

XLV.

Diego pass'd Cordova, gay Sevilla
 (Seville), and saw some mighty pleasant sights,
 Saw the Fandango and the Sequidilla
 And ■■■ Bolero danced on ■■■ nights,
 And got at last to Cadiz, which is still a
 Right noble city, as Lord Byron writes.
 N.B. The dances I have named ■■■ national,
 And, like all others, tolerably irrational.

XLVI.

Yet, I remember some half pleasant days
 When I did love a common country dance,
 Ere peace and fashion had conspired to raise
 Quadrilles ■■■ note in England ■■■ in France :
 I came in then for some small share of praise,
 But now, I dread (I ■■■ 't) ■■■ woman's glance :
 These vile Quadrilles do ■■■ perplex one's feet
 With windings,—like the labyrinth of Crete.

XLVII.

Four girls stand up, and beside each a beau
 Of figure, stiffen'd upwards from the hip,
 (Loose ■■■ his morals downwards) points his toe,
 Prepared through many ■■■ puzzling ■■■ slip,
 ■■■ Poule.—■ Moulinet.—■ Balances.—■ Dos ■■■ dos.—
 (Wherein the pretty damsels ■■■ dip,
 And rise and fall, just like ■■■ unquiet ocean,)
 And other moods of which ■■■ have no notion.

XLVIII.

■ stay'd some time at Cadiz ; though he hated,
 ■ vow'd, the shocking gallantries which there
 Some—any men may have, till they ■■■ sated ;
 Yet look'd he sometimes at the sweeping hair
 (Until in truth his choler had abated)
 That bound the foreheads of the Spanish fair,
 And sunn'd him often 'neath ■■■ warm full eye,
 And wish'd—but this ■■■ seldom, by the bye.

XLIX.

■ wish'd at times to meet Aurelia's look
 Divine, and her right royal figure, graced
 With beauty intellectual (like a book
 Well bound and written in the finest taste,
 Whose noble meaning ■■■ one e'er mistook),
 Her white arm, and her undulating waist,
 Her foot like Atalanta's, when she ■■■
 And lost the race (a woman should) to ■■■

L.

But in his lonely ■■■ he would dream
 Of young Aurora, and would tremble lest
 Aught should befall the girl, and then a gleam
 Of the sad truth would come and break his rest,
 And from his pillow he would rise and scream :
 This was a sort of night-mare, at the best,
 For he at Cadiz had forgot his diet,
 And raked and drank instead of being quiet.

LI.

He thought of her so young, and oh! ■■■ pale,
 And like a lily which the storms have bent
 Unto the dust: then would he swear and rail
 That 't was impossible and never meant
 That girls should die for love: ■■■ idle tale,
 And by ■■■ moody imp of slumber sent
 To tease him, for the Rosicrucian creed
 Is understood in Spain by all—who read.

LII.

Whate'er it was—presentiment (which is
 A sort of silent prophecy, some say,
 In lottery luck, and love, and death, and bliss)
 Or not, he could not drive the thought away ;
 Then—'t ■■■ a passing fancy—were she his,
 How gently would he soothe her dying day—
 He swore she should not die—(when folks ■■■ amorous
 They're frequently absurd ■■■ well as clamorous.)

LIII.

When ■■■ his Spanish head had got this notion,
 It stuck upon his brain just like birdlime,
 And cured him without either pill ■■■ potion,
 Bleeding or balm, in ■■■ (or little) time ;
 Then would he wander ■■■ that deep blue ocean,
 Dreaming of her, and string some idle rhyme,
 And every stanza (none are known to fame)
 ■■■ finish somehow with Aurora's name.

LIV.

And often to ■■■ grotto did he hie
 Which in a lone and distant forest stood,
 Just like ■■■ wood-nymph's haunt ; and he would lie
 Beneath the cover of its arch so rude,
 For there when the August sun had mounted high,
 And all was silent but the stock-dove's brood,
 The whispering zephyr sometimes 'rose unseen,
 And kiss'd the leaves and boughs of tender green.

LV.

And every shrub that fond wind flatter'd east
 Back ■ perfuming sigh, and rustling roll'd
 Its virgin branches till they moved ■ last
 The neighbouring tree, and the great forest old
 Did homage ■ the zephyr as he past:
 And gently ■ and fro the fruits of gold
 Sway'd in the air, and scarcely with ■ sound
 The beeches shook their dark ■ ■ the ground.

LVI.

Before the entrance of that grotto flow'd
 A quiet streamlet, cool and ■ dull,
 Wherein the many-colour'd pebbles glow'd,
 And sparkled through its waters beautiful,
 And thereon the shy wild-fowl often rode,
 And on its grassy margin you might cull
 Flowers and healing plants: ■ hermit spot,
 And, once seen, never ■ be quite forgot.

LVII.

Our lover, Don Diego de Montilla,
 In moody humour pass'd his time at Cadiz;
 Drove out ■ Arcos, or perhaps Sevilla,
 Saint Lucar—Trafalgar (which I'm afraid is
 Not ■ in fashion)—danced the Sequidilla,
 Sometimes with castanets, ■ please the ladies,
 Ate, drank, and sail'd upon the dark blue waters,
 Where mothers begg'd he 'd take (for health)—their
 daughters.

LVIII.

They used to say, « My poor Theresa's grown
 Lately quite pale and grave, poor dear; and she
 Has lost all appetite—» and then they 'd moan
 And wipe their eyes, where ■ were sure to be,
 And leave their daughters with the Don, alone,
 To be cured by sea-air—and gallantry.
 The Don ■ satisfied, and never gazed
 Or talk'd of love: the girls ■ quite amazed.

LIX.

They look'd and sigh'd, as girls ■ look and sigh
 When they want husbands, ■ when gossips tell
 That they shall have ■ husband six feet high
 (Though five feet nine ■ ■ might do ■ well),
 With curly hair, Greek nose, and sweet black eye,
 And other things on which I cannot dwell:
 'T ■ useless: he was puzzling o'er some rhyme,
 Or thinking of Aurora all the time.

LX.

Ah, poor Aurora!—she ■ gone where never
 Hate, passion, envy, grief ■ touch her more:
 And with her love, ■ that famed river
 That lashes with its ■ the haunted shore
 (Class'd with those radiant spirits who did ■
 Act nobly here, until—the play ■ o'er),
 She wanders in her long probation, till
 Death shall decay, and Sin and Time be still.

LXI.

She faded like the soft and summer light
 That mingles gently with the darkness, and
 Seems woo'd not conquer'd by the coming night,
 Meeting his dim embrace but not command,
 Until it sinks and vanishes, and the sight
 On mockeries of the past alone is strained.
 Thus Jove, drawn out in all Correggio's charms,
 Wraps the ■ ■ in his shadowy ■

LXII.

Alas! she was ■ young—but Death has no
 Compassion ■ the young more than the old,
 She wore ■ patient look, but free from ■
 Unto the last ('t is thus the story's told),
 She never look'd reproachful—peevish, though
 Her lady sister would not seldom scold,
 Because the girl had fancied her old lover;
 For ■ could any other cause discover.

LXIII.

O, melancholy Love! amidst thy fears,
 Thy darkness, thy despair, there ■ a vein
 Of pleasure, like ■ smile 'midst many tears,—
 The pride of ■ that will ■ complain—
 The exultation that in after years
 The loved ■ will discover—and in vain,
 How much the heart silently in ■ ■
 ■ suffer till it broke, yet nothing tell.

LXIV.

Else—Wherefore else doth lovely ■ keep
 Lock'd in her heart of hearts, from every gaze
 Hidden, her struggling passion—wherefore weep
 In grief that never while it flows allays
 Those tumults in the bosom buried deep,
 And robs her bright eyes of their natural rays.
 Creation's sweetest riddle!—yet, remain
 Just as thou art—man's only worthy gain.

LXV.

And thou, poor Spanish maid, ah! what hadst thou
 Done ■ the archer blind, that he should dart
 His cruel shafts till thou wast forced to bow
 In bitter anguish, aye, endure the smart
 The ■ because thou worest a smiling brow
 While the dark arrow canker'd at thy heart?
 Yet jeer her not: if 't were a folly, she
 Hath paid (how firmly paid) Love's penalty.

LXVI.

Oft would she sit and look upon the sky,
 When rich clouds in the golden sun-set lay
 Basking, and loved to hear the soft winds sigh
 That come like music at the close of day
 Trembling amongst the orange blossoms, and die
 As 't were from very sweetness. She ■ gay,
 Meekly and calmly gay, and then her gaze
 Was brighter than belongs to dying days.

LXVII.

And ■ her young thin cheek a vivid flush,
 A clear transparent colour sate awhile:
 'T was like, ■ bard would say, the morning's blush,
 And 'round her mouth there play'd a gentle smile,
 Which though at first it might your terrors hush,
 ■ could not, though it strove, at last beguile;
 And her hand shook, and then rose the blue vein
 Branching about in all ■ windings plain.

LXVIII.

The girl was dying. Youth and beauty—all
 ■ love or women boast of ■ decaying;
 And ■ by one life's finest powers did fall
 Before the touch of death, who seem'd delaying,
 As though he'd not the heart ■ ■ call
 The maiden ■ his home. At last, arraying
 Himself in softest guise, he ■ she sigh'd,
 And, smiling as though her lover whisper'd, died.

LXIX.

Diego—though it seem as he could change
 From love to love ■ pleasure—he it said
 Unto his honour, he did never range
 Again : I should have written that he fled
 To her (some people thought this wondrous strange)
 At the first ■ of danger—She was dead.
 One silly woman said her heart ■ broke.—
 ■ look'd and listen'd, but he ■ spoke.

LXX.

He saw her where she lay in silent state,
 Cold and as white ■ marble : and her eye,
 Whereon such bright and beaming beauty sate,
 Was—after the fashion of mortality,
 Closed up for ever ; e'en the smiles which late
 None could withstand, ■ gone ; and there did lie
 (For he had drawn aside the shrouding veil)
 By her ■ helpless hand, ■ and pale.

LXXI.

Diego stood beside the coffin lid
 And gazed awhile upon her : then he bent
 And kiss'd her, and did—'t was grief's folly, bid
 Her wait awhile for him, for that he ■
 To follow quickly ; then ■ face he hid,
 And 'gainst ■ margin of the coffin leant
 In mute and idle anguish : not ■ breath
 Or sound ■ heard. He ■ alone, with Death.

LXXII.

At last they drew him like a child, away ;
 And spoke in soothing sorrow of the dead,
 Placing her sweet acts out in kind array,
 And mourn'd that ■ ■ gracious should have fled
 As 't ■ before her time ; though she would say,
 Poor girl (and often to that talk she led),
 That ■ die early ■ a happy lot,
 And, cheering, said she should be ■ forgot.

LXXIII.

She left one letter for her love : they gave
 The feeble scrawl into his hand, and told
 How when she found that medicine could not ■
 And love had come too late, she grew ■ bold,
 And bade, when she was quiet in her grave
 (I think the phrase was ■ when her hand ■ cold.)
 That they should give ■ letter ■ the Lord.
 Diego, her first love ; or some such word.

LXXIV.

None heard the sad contents ; he read it through
 And through, and wept and ponder'd ■ each page.
 At last, a gentle melancholy grew,
 And touch'd, like ■ ■ its second stage,
 His eye with languor, and contrived to strew
 His hair with silver ere his middle age ;
 But for the fiery passion which alone
 ■ stamped his youth with folly,—it ■ gone.

LXXV.

Some years he lived : he lived in solitude,
 And scarcely quitted his ancestral home,
 Though many a friend and many ■ lady woo'd
 Of birth and beauty, yet he would not roam
 Beyond the neighbouring hamlet's church-yard rude ;
 And there the stranger still, on ■ low tomb,
 May read ■ Aurora ; ■ whether the ■ he drew
 From mere conceit of grief ■ not, none knew.

LXXVI.

P'rhaps 't was ■ mere memorial of the past :
 Such Love and Sorrow fashion, and deceive
 Themselves with words, until they grow ■ last
 Content with mocks alone, and cease to grieve :
 Such madness in its wiser mood will cast,
 Making its fond credulity believe
 Things unsubstantial. 'T was—no matter what—
 Something to hallow that lone burial spot.

LXXVII.

He grew familiar with the bird ; the brute
 Knew well its benefactor, and he 'd feed
 And make acquaintance with the fishes mute,
 And, like the Thracian Shepherd, as ■ read,
 Drew, with the music of his stringed lute,
 Behind him winged things, and many ■ tread
 And tramp of animal : and in his hall
 He ■ a Lord indeed, beloved by all.

LXXVIII.

In a high solitary turret where
 None were admitted would he muse, when first
 The young day broke, perhaps because he there
 Had in his earliest infancy been nursed,
 Or that he felt more pure the morning air,
 Or loved to see the great Apollo burst
 From out his cloudy bondage, and the night
 Hurry away before the conquering light.

LXXIX.

But oftener to ■ gentle lake that lay
 Cradled within a forest's bosom, he
 Would, shunning kind reproaches, steal away,
 And, when the inland breeze was fresh and free,
 There would he loiter all the livelong day,
 Tossing upon the waters listlessly.
 The swallow dash'd beside him, and the deer
 Drank by his boat and eyed him without fear.

LXXX.

It was a soothing place ■ the summer hours
 Pass'd there in quiet beauty ; and at night
 The ■ ran searching thro' the woodbine bowers,
 And shook o'er all the leaves her kisses bright,
 O'er lemon blossoms, and faint myrtle flowers,
 And there the west wind often took his flight
 When heaven's clear eye was closing, while above
 Pale Hesper 'rose, the evening light of love.

LXXXI.

How sweet it is to ■ that courier star
 (Which like the spirit of the twilight shines)
 Come stealing up the broad blue heaven afar,
 Silvering the dark tops of the distant pines,
 Until his mistress in her brighter ■
 Enters the sky, and then his light declines :
 But sweetest when in lonely spots ■ see
 The gentle, watchful, ■ deity.

LXXXII.

■ ■ more lovely than the Hours : his look
 Sheds calm refreshing light, and eyes that burn
 With glancing at the sun's ■ radiant book,
 Unto his softer page with pleasure turn :
 'T is like the murmur of ■ shaded brook,
 Or the soft welling of a Naiad's urn,
 After the sounding of the vast sea-waves.
 'T is after jealous fears the faith that ■

LXXXIII.

Then bashful boys stammer their faint fond vows;
 Then like a whisper music ■■■ float
 Around us: then from out the thicket boughs
 Cometh the nightingale's ■ tender note,
 And then the young girl listens, and allows
 (Moved by the witching of the sweet bird's throat)
 To passion its first kiss:—but of these things
 ■ thought not in his moody wanderings.

LXXXIV.

'T ■ solitude he loved where'er he strayed,
 No danger daunted and ■ pastime drew,
 And ever on that fair heart-broken maid
 (Aurora) who unto the angels flew
 Away ■ early, with grief unallayed
 ■ thought, and in the sky's eternal blue
 Would look for shapes, till ■ times before him she
 Rose like a beautiful reality.

LXXXV.

—But he hath passed away, and there remains
 Scarcely the shadow of his name: the sun,
 The soft breeze, and the fierce autumnal rains
 Fall ■ alike upon him: he hath done
 With life and cast away its heavy chains,
 And in his place another spirit may run
 Its ■ (thus live, love, languish, and thus die,)
 Through every maze of dim mortality.

LXXXVI.

One day he ■ not at his usual hour,
 (He had long been declining), and his old
 Kind mother sought him in his lonely tower,
 And there she found him lying, pale and cold:
 Her son ■ dead, and love had lost his power;
 And then she felt that all her days ■ told.
 She laid him in his grave, and when ■ died
 A stranger buried her by Diego's side.

Gyges.

Lydian measures.
 DRYDEN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Story of Gyges, if I may so designate the slight thread of narrative that ■ through these stanzas, comes from Herodotus. It is Englished in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, and is there prefaced by the following moral.

• That husband, which is beautiful with a comely and honest wife, whose rare excellencie doth surpass others, ■ wel in lineaments, proportion, and feature of bodie, ■ in inward qualities of minde; if he cannot retaine in the secrecie and silence of his breast, that excellinge gifts and benefite, is worthy to be inaugurated with a laurel ■ of folie.—Vol. I. Nov. 6.

I have imposed the ■ of *Lais* upon the queen of Candaules, who is without a ■ in the Story.

There is another account (in Plato, I believe), of this same Gyges and his famous ring, which rendered him invisible, and by ■ of which he gained ■ to the Lydian Queen. This however would have been at variance with the moral, and was excluded.

GYGES.

I.

I've often thought that if I had ■ leisure
 I'd try my hand upon that pleasant rhyme,
 The old *ottava rima* (quite ■ treasure
 To poets who can make their triplets chime
 Smoothly): 't is equally adapt ■ pleasure,
 To war, wit, love, ■ grief, ■ mock-sublime:
 And yet—when pretty ■ 's in the case,
 The lines go tripping with ■ better grace.

II.

I've but small wit, and therefore will ■ venture
 On wit; and fighting—'t is a noisy game;
 From this too I'm bound down by my indenture
 (At least I swear I am, and that's the same):
 Then grief—I scarcely ever think she meant her
 Madonna face—no 't would not do: of fame
 Or pleasure I know little to rehearse,
 But Love is shaped and fit for every verse.

III.

Love! oh! he breathes and rambles 'round the world
 An idol and idolater: he flies
 Touching with passing beauty, ringlets curl'd,
 Ripe lips, and bosoms white, and starry eyes,
 And wheresoe'er his colours ■ unfurl'd
 Full many a young and panting spirit hies.
 His ranks ■ raw, for all are volunteers:
 Some fired with hope, and plenty plagued with fears.

IV.

■ is the sweetest, yet the fiercest passion,
 That ever soothed ■ scarred the human heart,
 Worshipped and jeered by all in every nation,
 And hugged and bidden, while he 's hugged, depart.
 Yet, to say truth, if I should have occasion
 Again to know him, I should beg his dart
 Might be ■ little blunted; nay, before,
 'T ■ tipp'd with gall—it should be sugar'd o'er.

V.

And I would have this dart held by a hand
 That would pour balm upon the wound it gave:
 Like that *white wonder* of a foreign land,
 Whose mistress in the silver moonlight gave
 Tokens of early love, and did command
 One heart's devotion—but I'm getting grave:
 That damsel's sweetheart sadden'd, to be brief,
 And washed down ('t was with poison) all his grief.

VI.

I'd have her eyes dark ■ the summer night,
 When Dian sleeps, and fair the planets roll
 Along their golden journeys: 't is ■ sight
 That comes like—like—I mean that, ■ the whole,
 It touches and, as 't were, transports ■ quite,
 And makes ■ feel that one must have ■ soul;
 And then our wits go wandering from their ways,
 Wild, and « wool-gathering, » as the proverb says.

VII.

So much for eyes, and now for smiles. A smile
 I hold ■ be like balm (the sting's the tongue):
 ■ soothes the cankers of the heart awhile,
 And is a sort of silent music flung
 (Or sun-beam) o'er the lips, and can beguile
 The very d—l; pshaw! he ■■ ■■ ■■
 To woman's lips: I blush and blush again.
 'T ■■ all mistake: he ■ puts up ■ with the men.

VIII.

I ■■ ■■ ■■ fault in women yet:
 Their bodies and their minds ■■ full of grace;
 Sometimes indeed their tongue—but I forget,
 And 'faith that ■■ ■■ very pretty race,
 And ■■ ■■ bewilder one like wine, ■■ debt,
 Or whist, when in an ancient partner's face
 We read supreme contempt, and hear her groan,
 And feel that all the blunders are our own.

IX.

This is vexatious I must own, and ■
 Are many things if but the mind were given
 To make the most of trifles; but I go
 Gently and jogging on (I hope) to heaven,
 Sometimes in mirth, but oft'ner touch'd with woe
 (For I have somewhat of the mortal leaven),
 And string ■■ rainy days ■■ idle rhyme,
 And kill the present to feed future time.

X.

Now to my tale, which I would fain indite
 (Though many ■ living bard can scribble better)
 Without deploying to the left and right,
 To see how others touch this style and metre;
 I'll ■■ keep Lord Byron out of sight.
 By the bye, Lord B. and I ■■ school'd together
 At Harrow, where, ■■ here, he has a name:
 I—■ I'm ■■ ■■ on the list of fame.

XI.

But I am quite impatient. O, my muse!
 If muse I have, hie thee ■■ the sea,
 And where in plenteous drops the famous « dew »
 Of Castalie fall, beg ■■ few for me;
 A laurel branch too: ■■ they'll not refuse,
 (The sisters)—if they do, then strip the tree,
 And ■■ will cultivate the laurel here,
 And advertise for claimants far and ■■

XII.

Bards have ■ pleasant method, I must say,
 Of mixing up their songs in this lax age.
 Now, sweet and sharp and luscious dash'd with gay
 (Like Christmas puddings, laurell'd), ■■ the rage;
 Some stuff huge pamphlets in the duckling way,
 (With « thoughts ») and now and then leave ■■ ■■ the
 sage; ■
 Some mark their tales (like pork) with lines and crosses;
 Some hide things over-done with piquant ■■

XIII.

Some hash the orts of others, and re-hash:
 Some rub the edge off jokes—to make 'em fair;
 Some ■■ up characters (that's rather rash,
 And more than serious people well ■■ bear):
 ■■ short, there's many ■ way to make a dash:
 Now, ■■ you write incog.—that has an air
 (Yet men may, as I have, for this good reason:)
 Then, Love's ■ thing that's never out of ■■

XIV.

Love is a pure and evanescent thing,
 And, when its delicate plumes are soil'd, it dies.
 There is ■ story of ■ Lydian king,
 Candaules, who it seems thought otherwise:
 A loose, uxorious monarch, passioning
 For what he had already. Husbands wise!
 Attend the moral of my curious story,
 For I intend to lay it ■■ before ye.

XV.

Candaules king of Lydia had a wife,
 Beautiful Lais: she ■■ such ■■ I
 (Had she not ta'en her silly husband's life,
 Which shows ■ certain taste for cruelty)
 Could love;—but no! ■■ might have had ■■ strife,
 And she was rather cold and somewhat « high, »
 And I detest that stalking, marble grace,
 Which makes ■■ think the heart has left its place.

XVI.

Now King Candaules was an amorous sot,
 A mere, loose, vulgar simpleton d'ye see;
 Bad to be sure, yet of so hard a lot
 Not quite deserving, surely: and that she
 All old ties should ■■ quickly have forgot
 Seems odd. We talk of « woman's constancy
 And love »—yet Lais' lord was but ■ fool,
 And she's but the exception, not the rule.

XVII.

She had the stature of a queen: her eyes
 Were bright and large, but all too proud to rove,
 And black, which I have heard some people prize;
 Lightly along the ground she deign'd to move,
 Gazed at and woo'd by every wind that flies,
 And her deep bosom seem'd the throne of love:
 And yet she was, for my poor taste, too grand,
 And likely for « obey » to read « command. »

XVIII.

Give ■■ less faultless woman, ■■ she might
 ■■ all my own, trusted ■■ home and far,
 With whom the world might be forgotten quite,
 The country's scandal, and the city's jar,
 And in whose deep blue eyes Love's tenderest light
 Should rise in beauty, like ■■ vesper star,
 On my return at evening, aye, and shine
 On hearts I prized. By Jove! 't would be divine.

XIX.

Oh! ■■ would turn some pleasant page together,
 And 'plaud the wit, the tale, the poet's tropes,
 Or, wandering in the early ■■ weather,
 Talk of the past mischance and future hopes,
 Or ride ■■ times (and that would ■■ shoe-leather),
 For nought ■■ well with ■■ ■■ ■■ humours copes
 As riding; i. e. taken by degrees;
 ■■ ■■ the blood, and ■■ all doctor's fees.

XX.

Candaules' court ■■■ much like courts in general
 In times of peace, that is, 't was pretty gay :
 To my taste better much than when the ■■■ are all
 Busy in horrid fighting far away,
 With scarce a sound but drums beating the « générale; »
 Yes—now and then, when the wild trumpets bray,
 And their rich voice goes riding on the wind
 Like mounted war, but leaves no track behind.

XXI.

There was a Lydian boy who « pleased at court ; »
 A youngster such as girls would smile to see,
 Excellent in each brave and gentle sport,
 War and the chase, the song, the dance, was he;
 But scribbling tender verses was his forte,
 And Gyges ■■■ quite famed for modesty,
 And when the king would praise his queen, the youth
 Yawn'd, in a way provoking ; 't was in truth.

XXII.

And yet he was not altogether cold
 (This I conclude, the story does not tell);
 I mean, he ■■■ not sheepish, nor too bold,
 Nor did he swear, nor languish like a belle :
 Pshaw! had I had my wits I might have told
 This in five words; he pleased the women well.
 They said indeed at times, « a little bolder; »
 But this they knew would change, when he grew older.

XXIII.

There was a mark on Lais' swan-like breast
 (A purple flower with its leaf of green),
 Like that the Italian saw when on the rest
 ■■■ stole of the unconscious Imogene,
 And bore away the dark fallacious test
 Of what was not, although it might have been,
 And much perplex'd Leonatus Posthumus;
 In truth he might have puzzled one of us.

XXIV.

The king told Gyges of the purple flower
 (It chanced to be the flower the boy liked most);
 It has a scent as though Love, for its dower,
 Had on it all his odorous arrows tost;
 For though the Rose has more perfuming power,
 The Violet (haply 'cause 't is almost lost,
 And takes up so much trouble to discover)
 Stands first with most: but always with a lover.

XXV.

He blush'd and listen'd—panted like a fawn
 That 's just escaped the fraudulent hunter's range,
 And his eyes sparkled like approaching morn,
 And on his cheek he felt the colour change
 Until he trembled—and the blush was gone :
 His brain was stagger'd with a notion strange :
 He sighed to see, though but for once, the flower;
 The monarch laugh'd, but 't was a dangerous hour.

XXVI.

In the first rushing of that burning tide
 Hath many ■■ glorious spirit been swept away;
 Heroes, bards, kings have been brain-struck and died
 When the first burst of love, in full array
 Hath shown the world at once its pomp and pride
 Of beauty, starting into sudden day;
 Hence men restored ■■ sight by surgic toil
 Should learn ■■ court the shade, at least awhile.

XXVII.

Next day he (Gyges) led the talk. He said
 He thought it « curious » nature ever should
 Imprint an useless mark—that he was bred
 To think what seem'd most sportive in her mood,
 Was for a purpose: then he hung his head,
 And o'er his fine face flush'd the eloquent blood.
 And the king's broad and boastful stare he shunn'd :
 He look'd like a man in debt, who had been dunn'd.

XXVIII.

Candaules (shame upon the silly king!)
 Vowed that the curious boy this mark should see.
 He saw—(In faith 't would be a pretty thing
 If even kings could take this liberty)—
 He saw her in her beauty, fluttering
 From pleasure as she glanced her smiling eye
 On the broad mirror which displayed a breast
 Unlaced, where Jove himself might sigh to rest.

XXIX.

The boy came (guided by the king) to where,
 In the most deep and silent hour of night,
 Stood Lais: quite unloosed, her golden hair
 Went streaming all about like lines of light,
 And, through the lattice-leaves gusts of soft air
 Sigh'd like perfume, and touched her shoulders white,
 And o'er her tresses and her bosom play'd,
 Seeming to love each place o'er which they stray'd.

XXX.

Then sank she on her couch and drew aside
 The silken curtains and let in the moon,
 Which trembling ran around the chamber wide,
 Kissing and flooding the rich flowers which Juno
 Had fann'd to life, and which in summer pride
 'Rose like a queen's companions. Lais soon,
 Touch'd by the scene, look'd as she had forgot
 The world: the boy stood rooted to the spot.

XXXI.

He stood, with beating pulse, and widen'd eyes,
 Like one struck dumb by some magician's charm,
 Listening to the low music of her sighs,
 And gazing on her white and rounded arm;
 At last the lady motion'd as to rise,
 When it occur'd to him there might be harm
 Unless he left (and quickly left) the place:
 He moved, and then she met him, face to face.

XXXII.

It was the lady's turn to wonder now.
 She wonder'd, but her wonder soon subsided,
 And scorn and anger flash'd across her brow;
 At length, she grew more calm, and (perhaps guided
 By pity for his youth) she ask'd him how—
 How a young gentleman like him, who prided
 Himself upon his modesty, could call
 At such an hour:—he blush'd and told her all.

XXXIII.

She ■■■ she would have vengeance for the wrong,
 Double and deadly vengeance—and she had.
 His majesty soon after took that long
 Journey whence none but ghosts, or things as bad,
 Return: 't was said his wine grew mighty strong,
 And that 't was handed by this curious lad,
 (Gyges) whom Lais fancied from that day,
 And made Lord of herself and Lydia.

XXXIV.

That king! he was the last of all his race—
 A race of kings and heroes; and he lay
 Helpless and dead: his smile gave power and place
 Honour and wealth and joy, but yesterday.
 But poison had swept the smile from off his face,
 And his cold limbs went floating far away,
 Stript of the tomb wherein he should have slept:
 He lived unhonour'd, and he died unwept.

XXXV.

It is a chilling thing to see, as I
 Have seen, a man go down into the grave,
 Without a tear, or e'en an alter'd eye:
 Oh! sadder far than when fond rave,
 Or children weep or aged parents sigh
 O'er whom art and love doth strive to save
 In vain; man's heart is soothed by every tone
 Of pity, saying he's not quite alone.

XXXVI.

I saw a pauper once, when I young,
 Borne to his shallow grave: the bearers trod
 Smiling where the death-bell heavily rung,
 And his bones laid beneath the sod:
 On the rough boards the earth gaily flung:
 Methought the prayer which gave him to his God
 Was coldly said:—then all, passing away,
 Left the scarce-coffin'd wretch to quick decay.

XXXVII.

an autumn evening, and the rain
 ceased awhile, but the loud winds did shriek
 And call'd the deluging tempest back again,
 The flag-staff the church-yard tow'r did creak,
 And through the black clouds ran lightning vein,
 And then the flapping raven came to seek
 home: its flight was heavy, and its wing
 Seem'd weary with a long day's wandering.

XXXVIII.

How the frail pair lived on I know not: I
 Have but subdued Candaules my strain.
 It enough for me that he should die,
 And having kill'd the king, why—that's the main:
 So, for the moral of the story, try
 (Turning to the beginning once again),
 To trace it in the quaint and antique text;
 You'll find the meaning not at all perplex'd.

XXXIX.

Reader, this trifle's ended: I have told
 The tale and shown the moral in a way:
 Yet doth my page another truth unfold,
 Namely, that women of the present day
 Are not so bad, nor half, as those of old.
 Then, cast not thou the lesson quite away,
 That—as they're better than they were before,
 Why, men should love 'em (wisely) more and more.

Marcian Colonna.

IN THREE PARTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE story of « Marcian Colonna » is fictitious; but the catastrophe was suggested by a paper which appeared in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, entitled, « An Extract from Gosschen's Diary. » My original intention was to paint the fluctuations of a fatalist's mind,—touched with insanity,—alternately raised by kindness and depressed by neglect severity,—ameliorated by the contemplation of external nature, and generally influenced by the which operate on healthful temperaments. This intention has been in some measure departed from, and the story gradually took the form in which it stands. The incidents were invented: yet, it may be as well to state that when the tale was near its completion, I read, in Forsythe's Travels, the account of a Princess Pignatelli, whose misfortunes closely resemble those of the heroine of Marcian Colonna.

MARCIAN COLONNA.

PART I.

Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
 Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,
 And the mind's canker, in its savage mood.

Lament of Tasso.

I.

For ever and for ever shalt thou be
 Unto the lover and the poet dear,

Thou land of sunlit skies and fountains clear,
 Of temples, and grey columns, and waving woods,
 And mountains, from whose rifts the bursting floods
 Rush in bright tumult to the Adrian sea:
 O thou romantic land of Italy!
 Mother of painting and sweet sounds!—though now
 The laurels are all torn from off thy brow—
 Yet, though the shape of Freedom now no
 May walk in beauty on thy piny shore,
 Shall I, upon whose soul thy poets' lays,
 And all thy songs and hundred stories, fell
 Like dim Arabian charms, break the soft spell
 That bound me to thee in mine earlier days?
 Never, divinest Italy,—thou shalt be
 For aye the watchword of the heart to me.

II.

Famous thou art, and shalt be through all time:
 Not that because thine iron children hurled
 Like arrows o'er the conquest-stricken world,
 Their tyrannies,—but that, in a later day,
 Great spirits, and gentle too, triumphing came;
 And, as the mighty day-star makes its way
 From darkness into light, they toward their fame
 Went, gathering splendour till they grew sublime.

Yet first of all thy sons were they who wove
 Thy silken language into tales of love,
 And fairest far the gentle forms that shine
 In thy own poets' faery songs divine.
 Oh! long as lips shall smile or pitying tears
 Rain from the eyes of beauty,—long as fears
 Or doubts or hopes shall sear or soothe the heart,

Or flatteries softly fall on woman's ears,
Or witching words he spoke at twilight hours,
Or tender songs he sung in orange bowers,—
Long as the stars, like ladies' looks, by night
Shall shine,—more constant and almost ■ bright,—
So long, though hidden in a foreign shroud,
Shall Dante's mighty spirit speak aloud :
So long the lamp of fame ■ Petrarch's urn
Shall, like the light of learning, duly burn ;
And he be loved—he with his hundred tales,
As varying as the shadowy cloud that sails
Upon the bosom of the April sky,
And musical ■ when the waters run
Lapsing through sylvan haunts deliciously.
Nor may that gay ■ who hath told
Of knight and damsel and enchantments old,
So well, he e'er forgot ; ■ he who sung
Of Salem's holy city lost and won,
The scer-like Tasso, who enamour'd hung
On Leonora's beauty, and became
Her martyr,—blasted by a mingled flame.

The masters of the world have vanished, and
Thy gods have left ■ lost their old command ;
The painter and the poet ■ have fled,
And slaves usurp the seat of Cæsar dead :
Prison and painted palace hast thou still,
But filled with creatures whom mere terrors kill ;
Afraid of life and death, they live and die
Eternally, and slay their own weak powers,
And hate the past, and dread the future time,
And while they steal from pleasure droop ■ crime,
Plucking the leaves from all the rosy hours :
Alas, alas ! beautiful Italy !
—Yet he who late hath risen like a star
Among us, (now by the Venice waves afar
He loiters with his song), hath writ of thee,
And shared his laurell'd immortality
With thy decaying fortunes. Murmur not.
For me, with my best skill will I rehearse
My story, for it speaks of thine and thee :
It is a sad and legendary verse,
And thus it runs : — — —

III.

There is a lofty spot
Visible amongst the mountains Appenine,
Where once a hermit dwelt, not yet forgot
He or his famous miracles divine ;
And there the convent of Laverna stands
In solitude, built up by saintly hands,
And deem'd ■ wonder in the elder time.
Chasms of the early world are yawning there,
And rocks ■ seen, craggy, and vast, and bare,
And many a dizzy precipice sublime,
And caverns dark ■ Death, where the wild air
Rushes from all the quarters of the sky :
Above, in all his old regality,
The monarch eagle sits upon his throne,
Or floats upon the desert winds, alone.
There, belted 'round and 'round by forests drear,
Black pine, and giant beech, and oaks that rear
Their brown diminished heads like shrubs between,
And guarded by ■ river that is ■
Flashing and wandering through the dell below,
Laverna stands. — — It is ■ place of woe,
And 'midst its cold dim aisles and cells of gloom,

The pale Franciscan meditates his doom ;—
An exile from his kind, save some sad few
(Like him imprison'd and devoted), who,
Deserting their high natures for the creed
A bigot fashioned in his weaker dreams,
Left love and life (yet love is life, indeed),
And all the wonders of the world,—its gleams
Of joy, of sunshine, fair ■ those which spring
From the great poet's high imagining,
Sounds, and gay sights, and woman's words which bless
And carry on their echoes happiness,—
Left all that man inherits, and fell down
To worship in the dust, a demon's crown :
For there ■ phantom of a fearful size,
Shaped out of shadow and cloud, and nursed in pain,
And born of doubt and sorrow, and of the brain
The ever evil spirit mocks man's eyes ;
And they who worship it ■ cold and wan,
Timid and proud, envying while they despise
The wealth and wishes of their fellow ■

IV.

Amongst the squalid crowd that lingered there,
Mocking with empty forms and hopeless prayer
Their bounteous God, was one of princely race,—
The young Colonna, in his form and face
Honouring the mighty stem from which he sprung.
Born amidst Roman ruins, he had hung
O'er every tale of sad antiquity,
And ■ its fallen honours, once so high,
Had mused like one who hoped. His soul had gone
Into the depth of ages, and had brought
From thence strange things and tidings, such as ■
Or few e'er dream of now ; and then he thought
That somewhat of the spirit old might be
Still living in the land—perhaps might haunt
The temples still ; and often silently
He wander'd through the night, and loved to hear
The winds come wailing by the tombs, and see
The thistle stagger and the ivy sere
Shake in the blast—she who triumphantly
Hangs her black tresses, like a rustling pall,
O'er grave and arch alike, and preys on all.

He was the youngest of his house, and from
His very boyhood ■ severer gloom
Than such as marks the child, gathered and grew
Around him, like ■ overshadowing veil ;
And yet at times—(often) when ■ sad tale
Was told, from out that seeming darkness flow
Flashes of mind and passion, and his eye
Burned with the lightning of his brain, and then,
■ spoke ■ proudly ; yet, by many ■
(Who some ancestral taint had ■ forgot),
Marcian was shunned from very infancy,
And mark'd and charter'd for the madman's lot.

V.

At home he met neglect, and fear abroad,
And ■ life grew, early, ■ heavy load.
Studious he was, and on the poet's page
Had pored beyond the feeling of his age,
And war, and high exploit, and knightly worth,
And fiery love, and dark and starry themes
Fed, with distemper'd food, the aching dreams
That haunted all his hours, and gave birth
To thirst of enterprise and wishes vain,

Which died as they arose,—in pride and pain.

For he was doom'd by a father's will to wear
The sullen cowl, and was forbid to share
The splendour of an elder brother's fate :
And therefore ■■■ distrust and bitter hate ;
And envy, like the serpent's twining coil,
Ran 'round his heart, and fixed its station there ;
And through his veins did lurking fevers boil,
Until they burst in madness ;—then his mind
Became, at last, as is that languid wind
That floats across the calm blue sea, and falls
And rises o'er the Coliseum's walls,
And he like that great ruin.—In this hour
Of misery, when the soul had lost its power,
When memory slept, and that blank idiot air,
More hideous than death—to which despair
Is nothing, nor remorse—came smiling o'er
His features, they (his cautious parents) bore
The youth unto Laverna. By the shore
Of the blue dashing Mediterranean seas
They travell'd ; and at times when the swift breeze
Came playing 'round his brows, a sadness crept
Silently o'er his eye, and then he sighed
Like ■■■ who thought, and when the soft wind died
■■■ listened ■■■ gentle fall, and wept.
They noted not the change, but bore him on
Unto his convent prison, and their gold
Stamped with the weight of truth the tale they told ;
And there they left him to his fate,—alone.

VI.

They left him to his prison, and then returned ;
And festal sounds were heard, and songs were sung,
And all around the walls were garlands hung
As usual, and gay censers brightly burned
In the Colonna palace. He was miss'd
By none, and when his mother fondly kiss'd
Her eldest born, and bade him ■■■ that day
Devote him to the dove-eyed Julia,
The proud Vitelli's child, Rome's paragon,
She thought no longer of her cloistered son.

On that same night of mirth Vitelli came
With his fair child, sole heiress of his name,—
She came amidst the lovely and the proud,
Peerless ; and when she moved, the gallant crowd
Divided, as the obsequious vapours light
Divide to let the queen-moon pass by night :
Then looks of love were seen, and many a sigh
Was wasted ■■■ the air, and some aloud
Talk'd of the pangs they felt and swore to die :
She, like the solitary rose that springs
In the first warmth of summer days, and flings
A perfume the more sweet because alone—
Just bursting into beauty, with ■■■ zone
Half girl's half woman's, smiled and then forgot
Those gentle things to which she answered not.
But when Colonna's heir bespoke her hand,
And led her to the dance, she question'd why
His brother joined not in that revelry :
Careless he turn'd aside and did command
Loudly the many instruments to sound,
And well did that young couple tread the ground :
Each step ■■■ lost in each accordant note,
Which through the palace seemed that night to float
As merrily, ■■■ though the Satyr-god

With his inspiring reed (the mighty Pan),
Had left his old Arcadian woods, and trod
Piping upon the shores Italian.

Again she asked in vain : yet, as he turned
(The brother) from her, a fierce colour burned
Upon his cheek, and fading left it pale
As death, and half proclaimed the guilty tale.
—She dwelt upon that night till pity grew
Into ■■■ wilder passion : the sweet dew
That linger'd in her eye ■■■ for pity's sake, ■
Was—(like an exhalation in the sun)
Dried and absorbed by love. Oh ! love can take
What shape he pleases, and when once begun
His fiery inroad in the soul, how vain
The after-knowledge which his presence gives !
We weep or rave, but still he lives, and lives
Master and lord, 'midst pride and tears and pain.

VII.

Now may we seek Colonna. When he found
Himself a prisoner in his cell, and bound,
And ■■■ the eyeless skull and glass of sand
And ghastly crucifix before him, he
'Rose with a sudden shriek and burst the band
That tied him to his pallet, and stood free :
Not thus alone he stood, for the wild shock
Darted upon his brain and did unlock
The gates of memory, and from his soul
Gradual he felt the clouds of madness roll,
And with his mind's redemption every base
And darker passion fled—shrunk 'fore its light,
As at the glance of morning shrinks the night.
Not suddenly,—but slow, from day to day,
The shadow from his spirit passed away,
And sometimes would return at intervals,
As blight upon the opening blossom falls.
—And then he pondered in his prison place,
On many ■■■ awful theme ne'er conn'd before ;
Of darkness and decay, and of that shore
Upon whose shadowy strand pale spirits walk,
'T is said, for many ages ; and would talk
Right eloquent with every monk who there
Boasted of penitence, and felt despair,
In whose dull eye hope shone not, and whose breath
Was one unvaried tale of Death and Death.

VIII.

But in his gentler moments he would gaze,
With something of the love of earlier days,
On the far prospects, and on summer morns
Would wander to a high and distant peak,
Against whose rocky bosom the clouds break
In showers upon the forests. It adorns
The landscape, and from out a pine-wood high,
Springs like a craggy giant to the sky.
Here, ■■■ this summit of the hills, he loved
To lie and look upon the world below ;
And almost did he wish at times to know
How in that busy world man could be moved
To live for ever—what delights were there
To equal the fresh sward and odorous air,
The valleys and green slopes, and the sweet call
Of bird to bird, what time the shadows fall
Toward the west :—yet something there must be
■■■ felt, and that he now desired to see.

As once he pondered there, ■ the far world,
And on himself, like ■ lone creature hurled
From all its pleasures—its temptations, all,
Over his heart there fell, like ■ dark pall,
The memory of the past: he thought and thought,
Till in his brain ■ busier spirit wrought,
And Nature then unlock'd with her sweet smile
The icy barrier of his heart, and he
Returned unto his first humanity.
He felt a void, and much he grieved the while,
Within his heart, as though he wish'd to share
A joy he knew not with another mind;
Wild were his thoughts, but every wish refined,
And pure ■ waters of the mountain-spring:
Was it the birth of Love?—did he unbind
(Like the far scent of wild flowers blossoming)
His perfumed pinions in that rocky lair,
To save a heart so young from perishing there?—

IX.

Some memory had he of Vitelli's child,
But gathered where he ■ remembered not;
Perhaps, like a faint dream ■ vision wild
(Which, once beheld, may never be forgot),
She floated in his fancy; and when pain
And fevers hot ■ thronging round his brain,
Her shape and voice fell like a balm upon
His sad and dark imagination.
A gentle minister she was, when he
Saw forms, 't was said, which often silently
Passed by his midnight couch, and felt at times
Strange horror for imaginary crimes
(Committed, or to be), and in his walk
Of Fate and Death, and phantom things would talk.
Shrieks scared him from his sleep, and figures came
On his alarm'd sight, and through the glades,
When evening fill'd the woods with trembling shades,
Follow'd his footsteps, and a star-like flame
Floated before his eyes palely by day,
And glared by night and would not pass away.
—At last his brother died. Giovanni fell
A victim in a cause he loved too well;
And the Colonna prince, without his heir,
Bethought him of the distant convent, where
A child had been imprison'd, that he might gain
Riches for one he better loved:—How vain,
And idle now! Dead was the favour'd son,
And sad the father,—but the crime was done.

X.

Then Marcian sought his home. A ghastly gloom
Hung over the pillars and the wrecks of Rome,
And scarcely, as the clouds were swiftly driven
In masses shrouding the blue face of Heaven,
Was seen, by tremulous glimpses, the pale moon,
Who looked abroad in fear and vanished soon.
The winds were loud amongst the ruins, where
The wild weeds shook abroad their ragged hair,
And sounds were heard, like sobs from some lone man,
And murmuring 'tween his banks the Tyber ran.
In the Colonna palace there were tears
Flowing from aged eyes that seldom wept;
Their son was gone—the hope of many years
Cold in his marble home for ever slept.
—The father met his child: with tremulous grasp
He press'd his hand, and he return'd the clasp,

And spoke assuring words—■ that he was come
To soothe his grief and cheer his desolate home, ■—
And then he bade him quite forget the past.
Thus hand in hand they sat awhile; at last
A deep deep sob came bursting from the gloom
That hid the far part of the palace room,
And, after, all was silent as the grave.
Colonna rose, and by the lamp that gave
A feeble light, saw, like a shape of stone,
His mother couching in the dusk, alone:
Her hand was clench'd, and her eye wander'd wild
Like ■ who lost and sought (in vain) a child;
And ■ and then ■ smile, but not a tear,
Told that she fancied still her darling near;
And then she shook her head, cross'd her arms
Over her breast, and turned her from the light,
And seem'd as though she mutter'd inward charms,
To scare some doubtful phantom from her sight.
He spoke to her in vain: her heart ■ fill'd
With grief, and every passion else ■ still'd,
Was buried,—lost. Just ■ the mighty ■
Which, gathering, flood the valleys in the days
Of Autumn, or as rivers when snow decays
Sweep all things in their course, 'till nought remains
Distinguishable,—earth, and roots, and grass,
And stones, and casual things, a mingled mass,
Driven onwards by the waters and o'erborne,
'Till but the stream is seen: so they who mourn
Deeply, and they, 't is said, who love the best,
In one mild mastering passion lose the rest.

XI.

At last the woes that wrapp'd the mother round,
Broke and dissolved, and a serene day
Shone on her life; but never more the sound
Of noisy mirth or festal music gay
Was heard within Colonna's walls,—and yet
A calm and pleasant circle often met,
And the despised neglected Marcian now
Wore the descended honours on his brow.
Unlike he was in boyhood,—yet so grave
They doubted sometimes if he quite forgave
The past; and then there play'd a moody smile
About his mouth, and he at times would speak
Of one with heavenly bloom upon her cheek,
Whose vision did his convent hours beguile;
A phantom shape, and which in sleep still came
And fann'd the colour of his cheek to flame.
Sometimes has he been known to gaze afar
Watching the coming of the evening star,
And as it progress'd toward the middle sky,
Like the still twilight's lonely deity,
Would fancy that a spirit resided there,
A gentle spirit and young, with golden hair,
And eyes as blue as the blue dome above,
And a voice as tender as the sound of love.

XII.

Some months thus pass'd among the wrecks of Rome,
And seldom thought he of the fearful doom
On which he used to ponder: still he felt
That he alone amidst the many dwelt,
Lonely; but why he cared not, ■ forgot
The jibings cast upon his early lot.
—One morning as he lay half listlessly
Within the shadow of a column, where
His forehead met such gusts of cooling air

As the bright summer knows in Italy,
A gorgeous cavalcade went thundering by,
Dusty and worn with travel: ■ it pass'd
Some said the great Count had return'd, at last,
From his long absence upon foreign lands;
'T ■ told that many countries he had seen,
(He and his lady daughter) and had been
A long time journeying on the Syrian sands,
And visited holy spots, and places where
The Christian roused the Pagan from his lair,
And taught him charity and creeds divine,
By spilling his bright blood in Palestine.

XIII.

Vitelli and his child return'd at last,
After some years of wandering. Julia
Had been betrothed and widow'd: she had pass'd
From bondage into liberty, and they
Who knew the bitter husband she had wed,
Rejoiced to learn that he indeed was dead.
She had been sacrificed ■ youth, to one
She never loved; but he she loved was gone,
And ■ it matter'd not: 't is true ■ ■ ■
Stain'd her pale cheek at times in after years,
And much unkindness from the ■ on whom
She had bestow'd her beauty, drew ■ gloom
Around her face, and curtain'd up in shade
The eyes that once like sunny spirits play'd.
But he was dead:—Sailing along the sea,
His pleasure barque was gliding pleasantly,
When sudden winds arose, and mighty waves
Were put in motion, and deep yawning graves
Opened on every side with hideous roar:
He scream'd and struggled, and was seen no more.
This was the tale.—Orsini's titles fell
Upon a student youth, scarce known before,
Who took the princely name and wore it well.

XIV.

And Julia saw the youth she loved again:
But he was now the great Colonna's heir,
And she whom he had left so young and fair,
A few short years ago, was grown, with pain
Of thoughts unutter'd (a heart-eating care),
Pale as a statue. When he met her first
He gazed and gasp'd ■ though his heart would burst.
Her figure ■ before him like a dream
Reveal'd at morning, and ■ sunny gleam
Broke in upon his soul and lit his eye
With something of ■ tender prophecy.
And was she then the shape he oft had seen,
By day and night,—she who had such strange power
Over the terrors of his wildest hour?
And was it not ■ phantom that had been
Wandering about him? Oh with what deep fear
He listen'd now, to mark if he could hear
The voice that lull'd him, but she never spoke;
For in her heart her ■ young love awoke
From its long slumber, and chain'd down her tongue,
And she sat mute before him: he, the while,
Stood feasting on her melancholy smile,
Till o'er his eyes a dizzy vapour hung;
And he rush'd forth into the freshening air,
Which kiss'd and play'd about his temples bare,
And he grew calm. Not unobserved he fled,
For she who mourn'd him once as lost and dead,

Saw with a glance, ■ none but women see,
His secret passion, and home silently
She went rejoicing, till Vitelli asked
« Wherefore her spirit fell, »—and then she task'd
Her fancy for excuse wherewith to hide
Her thoughts, and turn his curious gaze aside.

XV.

That fateful day pass'd by; and then there came
Another and another, and the flame
Of love burnt brightly in Colonna's breast,
But while it fill'd it robbed his soul of rest;
At home, abroad, at morning, and at noon
In the hot sultry hours, and when the moon
Shone in the cool fresh sky, and shaped those dim
And shadowy figures once so dear to him,—
Where'er he wander'd she would come upon
His mind, a phantom-like companion;
Yet, with that idle dread with which the heart
Stifles its pleasures, he would ever depart
And loiter long amongst the streets of Rome,
When she, he feared, might visit at his home.
A strange and sad perverseness; he did fear
To part with that pale hope which shone at last
Glimmering upon his fortunes. Many ■ year
Burthen'd with evil o'er his head had pass'd,
And stamp'd upon his brow the marks of care,
And so he seem'd as old before his time:
And many would pretend that in his air
There was a gloom that had its birth in crime.
—'T is thus the wretched are trod down. Despair
Doth strike as deep a furrow in the brain
As mischief or remorse; and doubt will pain
And sear the heart like sin accomplish'd.
But slander ever hath hung upon the head
Of silent sorrow, and corroding shame
Preys on his heart, and its defenceless ■
Is blotted by the bad, until it flies
From the base world a willing sacrifice.

PART II.

Love surely hath been breathing here,
Syllable Leaves.

We will leave them to themselves,
To the moon and the stars, these happy elves,
To the murmuring wave and the zephyr's wing,
That dreams of gentlest joyance bring,
To bathe their slumbering eyes.

Ile of Palma.

I.

On power of love so fearful and so fair—
Life of our life on earth, yet kin to care—
Oh! thou day-dreaming Spirit, who dost look
Upon the future, as the charmed book
Of Fate were open'd to thine eyes alone—
Thou who dost cull, from moments stolen and gone
Into eternity, memorial things
To deck the days to come—thy revellings
Were glorious and beyond all others: Thou
Didst banquet upon beauty once; and now
The ambrosial feast is ended!—Let it be.
Enough to say, « It was, »—Oh! upon me

From thy o'ershadowing wings etherial
Shake odorous airs, ■ may my senses all
Be spell-bound to thy service, beautiful power,
And on the breath of every coming hour
Send me faint tidings of the things that were,
And aid me as I try gently to tell
The story of that young Italian pair,
Who loved so lucklessly, yet ah! so well.

II.

How long Colonna in his gloomier mood
Remained, it matters not: I will not brood
On evil themes; but, leaving grief and crime,
At once, I pass unto a blither time.
—One night—one summer night—he wandered far
Into the Roman suburbs; Many a star
Shone out above upon the silent hours,
Save when, awakening the sweet infant flowers,
The breezes travell'd from the west, and then
A small cloud came abroad and fled again.
The red rose was in blossom, and the fair
And bending lily to the wanton air
Bared her white breast, and the voluptuous lime
Cast out his perfumes, and the wilding thyme
Mingled his mountain sweets, transplanted low
'Midst all the flowers that in those regions blow.
—He wandered on: At last, his spirit subdued
By the deep influence of that hour, partook
E'en of its nature, and he felt imbued
With a more gentle love, and he did look
At times amongst the stars, as ■ ■ book
Where he might read his destiny. How bright
Heaven's many constellations shone that night!
And from the distant river a gentle tune,
Such as is uttered in the months of June,
By brooks, whose scanty streams have languished long
For rain, was heard;—a tender, lapsing song,
Sent up in homage ■ the quiet moon.

III.

He mused, till from a garden, near whose wall
He leant, a melancholy voice was heard
Singing alone, like some poor widow bird
That casts unto the woods her desert call.
It ■ the voice—the very voice that rung
Long in his brain that now so sweetly sung.
He passed the garden-bounds and lightly trod,
Checking his breath, along the grassy sod
(By buds and blooms half-hidden, which the breeze
Had ravished from the clustering orange-trees),
Until he reached a low pavillion, where
He saw a lady pale, with radiant hair
Over her forehead, and in garments white;
A harp was by her, and her fingers light
Carelessly o'er the golden strings were flung;
Then, shaking back her locks, with upward eye,
And lips that dumbly moved, she seemed to try
To catch ■ old disused melody—
■ sad Italian air it was, which I
Remember in my boyhood to have heard,
And still—(though here and there perhaps a word
Be now forgot), I recollect the song,
Which might to any lovelorn tale belong.

SONG.

Whither, ah! whither is my lost love straying—
Upon what pleasant land beyond the sea?
Ah! ye winds, now playing

Like airy spirits round my temples free,
Fly and tell him this from me:

Tell him, sweet winds, that in my woman's bosom
My young love still retains its perfect power,
Or, like the summer blossom,
That changes still from bud to the full-blown flower,
Grows with every passing hour.

Say (and say gently) that, since we two parted,
How little joy—much sorrow I have known:
Only not broken-hearted
Because I ■ upon bright ■ gone,
And dream and think of him alone.

IV.

The lady ended, and Colonna knelt
Before her with outstretched arms: ■ ■
That she, whom in the mountains far away
His heart had loved ■ much, at last was his.
—Is there, oh! is there in a world like this—
(He spoke)—such joy for me? Oh! Julia,
Art thou indeed no phantom, which my brain
Has conjured out of grief and desperate pain—
And shall I then from day to day behold
Thee again, and still again? Oh! speak to me,
Julia—and gently, for I have grown old
In sorrow ere my time: I kneel to thee.
—Thus with a passionate voice the lover broke
Upon her solitude, and while he spoke
In such a tone as might a maiden move,
Her fear gave place to pride, and pride to love.
Quick ■ fond women's sights, and clear their powers,
They live in moments years, an age in hours;
Through every movement of the heart they run
In a brief period with a courser's speed,
And mark, decide, reject; but if indeed
They smile on us—oh! as the eternal sun
Forms and illuminates all to which this earth
(Impregnate by his glance) hath given birth,
Even so the smile of woman stamps our fates,
And consecrates the love it first creates.

V.

At first she listened with averted eye,
And then, half turning towards him, tenderly
She mark'd the deep sad truth of every tone,
Which told that he was hers, and all her own;
And saw the hectic flush upon his cheek,
(That silent language which the passions speak
So eloquently well) and ■ she smiled
Upon him. With a pulse rapid and wild
And eyes lit up with love, and all his woes
Abandon'd or forgot, he lightly rose,
And placed himself beside her. — Julia!
My own, my own, for you are mine,* he said;
Then on her shoulder droop'd his feverish head,
And for a moment he seemed dying away:
But he recover'd quick. — Oh! Marcian,
I fear—she softly sigh'd:—Again, again,
Speak, my divinest love, again, and shower
The music of your words which have such power,
Such absolute power upon my fainting soul—
Oh! I've been wandering toward that fearful goal,
Where Life and Death, Trouble and Silence meet,
(The Grave) with weak, perhaps with erring feet,

A long, long time without thee—but no more;
 For can I think upon that shadowy shore,
 Whilst thou art here standing beside me, sweet!—
 She spoke; "Dear Marcian, I—How soft she speaks,
 He uttered: "Nay—" (and as the daylight breaks,
 Over the hills at morning, was her smile)
 "Nay you must listen silently, awhile."

"Dear Marcian, you and I for many years
 Have suffered: I have bought relief with tears;
 But, my poor friend, I fear a misery
 Beyond the reach of tears has weighed on thee.
 What 't is I know not, but (now calmly mark
 My words) 't was said that—that thy mind was dark,
 And the red fountains of thy blood (as Heaven
 Is stained with the dying lights of Even)
 Were tainted—that thy mind did wander far,
 At times, a dangerous and erratic star,
 Which like a pestilence sweeps the lower sky,
 Dreaded by every orb and planet nigh.
 This hath my father heard. Oh! Marcian,
 He is a worldly and a cruel man,
 And made me once a victim; but again
 It shall not be. I have had too much of pain,
 Too much for such short hours as life affords,
 And I would fain from out the golden hoards
 Of joy, pluck some fair ornament, at last,
 To gild my life with—but my life hath past."

Her head sank on her bosom: gently he
 Kissed off the big bright tears of misery.
 Alas! that ever such glittering drops should flow
 (Bright though born of Happiness), from woe!
 He soothed her for a time, and she grew calm,
 For lovers' language is the surest balm
 To hearts that sorrow much: that night they parted
 With kisses and with tears, but both light-hearted,
 And many a vow was made and promise spoke,
 And well believed by both and never broke:
 They parted, but from that time often met
 In that same garden when the sun had set,
 And for awhile Colonna's mind forgot,
 In the fair present hour, his future lot.

VI.

To those o'er whom pale Destiny with his sting
 Hangs, a glance, a word, a sound will bring
 The bitter future with its terrors, all
 Black and o'erwhelming. Like Colonna's star,
 Though hidden for a while or banish'd far,
 The time will come,—at prayer or festival,
 Slumber or morning sport or mid-day task;
 The soul can never fly itself, nor mask
 The face of Fate with smiles.—
 How oft by some strange ill of body or mind
 Man's fine and piercing sense is stricken blind?
 No matter then how slight the shadows be,
 The veil is thick to him who cannot see
 Solid and unsubstantial, false and true,
 Are Fear and Fate; but to that wretched few,
 Who call the dim phantasmas from their graves,
 And bow before their own creations, slaves,
 They are immortal—holy—fix'd—supreme.
 No more of this.—Now pass I to my theme.

VII.

The hours pass'd gently,—even happily
 Awhile; though sometimes o'er Colonna's brow

There shone a meaning strange, as though his doom
 Flash'd like a light across his memory,
 And left behind a momentary gloom;
 This would he smile away; and then forget,
 And then again, sighing, remember: yet,
 Over pale Julia's face that shadow cast
 A shadow like itself, and when it passed
 Its sad reflection vanish'd. Lovers' eyes
 Bright mirrors are where Love may look and see
 Its gladness, grief, beauty, deformity,
 Pictured in all their answering colours plain,
 So long as the true life and Soul remain;
 For when the substance shrinks the shadow flies.

Thus lived Colonna, till to common eyes
 He seem'd redeem'd and rescued from despair;
 And often would he catch the joyous air
 Of the idle, and the past would seem,
 To him and others, like a terrible dream
 Dissolved: 't was then a clearer spirit grew
 In his black eye, and over the deep blue
 Of Julia's a soft happier radiance hung,
 Like the dark beauty from the starlight flung
 Upon the world, which tells Heaven's breast is clear
 Within, and that abroad no cloud is near.

VIII.

Once—only once—(t was in a lonely hour)—
 He felt the presence of his evil power
 Weighing upon him, and he left his home
 In silence, amidst fresher scenes to roam.
 —'T was said that he did wander far and wide
 O'er desert heaths, and on the Latian plains
 Bared his hot forehead to the falling rains,
 Which there bring death; and with a heart allied
 To gentle pleasures still, on the green hill's side
 Would stretch his length upon the evening grass,
 Shedding sweet tears to see the great sun pass
 Away like a dream of boyhood. Darkness then
 Grew his familiar, and in caverns deep
 (By the strange voice of Silence lull'd asleep)
 He oft would hide himself within its arms;
 Or gaze upon the eyes of Heaven, when
 She stands illustrious with her midnight charms
 Reveal'd—all unobscured by moon or sun,
 Gay-tinted cloud, or airy rainbow won
 From light and showers; and when storms were high
 He listen'd to the wind-God riding by
 The mountain places, and there took his stand,
 Harkening his voice of triumph or command,
 Or heard him through the piny forests rave,
 Ere he went murmuring to his prison cave.

IX.

And then unto the rocks of Tivoli
 He went: alas! for gone Antiquity—
 Its holy and mysterious temple, where
 The Sybil spread abroad her hoary hair,
 And spoke her divine oracles. Her home
 Is crumbling into dust, and sheeted foam
 Now sparkles where her whiten'd tresses hung;
 And where her voice, like Heaven's, was freely flung
 Unto the echoes, now fierce torrents flow,
 Filling with noise and spray the dell below.
 Not useless are ye yet, ye rocks and woods
 Of Tivoli, although long since have vanish'd

From your lost land ■ gorgeous palaces,
And though the spirit of the place be banish'd
The earth for ever—yet your silver floods
Remain (immortal music), and the breeze
Brings health and freshness ■ your waving ■

X.

For weeks amongst the woods did Marcian ■
And wilds: At last, ■ his widow'd love
He came again, while yet the fever stain'd
His cheek and darkness ■ his brow remain'd.
She ■ the hectic colour burning bright
Clouded by looks of sorrow, and ■ night—
It was a night of sultry ■ weather,
And they were sitting in the garden where,
Guided by fate, and drawn like doves together,
They ■ had met, and meeting mock'd at care,
And he first sank upon her bosom fair:
Her white and delicate fingers now by his
Were held and not withdrawn, and with ■ kiss
He thank'd her, yet with idle question tried
To cheat away the grief she could not hide.
He felt that he ■ planted in her heart
The ■ grief; ■ could he then depart
And leave the lady of his love in tears—
Weigh'd down (and for his sake) by silent fears?
He could not: Oh he felt the pleading look
Of her who loved him so, nor could he brook
■ ■ be thought a frantic. 'Thou shalt know,
Dearest,' he said, 'my hidden story now;
Forgive me that before I told thee not:
I thought—I wish'd ■ think the thing forgot.'
—He ponder'd then, as to regain a thought;
At length, with a firm tongue (but mingling still
Much fancy with the fact, ■ madmen will),
He told his tale—his dream:—

XI.

From my sad youth

I ■ was beloved,—never. Truth
Fell mildew'd from my lips, and in my eye
Gloom'd, it was said, the red insanity.
I ■ not mad—nor am; but I became
Wither'd by malice, and ■ clouded flame
Rose from my heart, and made my eyesight dim
And my brain turn, and palsied every limb,
And the world stood in stupor for ■ time.
Yet from my fiery ■ I ■ of crime,
Of parent's—brother's hate, ■ of ■ lost
For ■ of kindness.—Then?—ay; then there ■
The rushing of innumerable wings
By me, and sweets, such as the ■ flings,
Fell on my fainting senses, and I crept
Into ■ night-dark place, and long I slept;
I slept until ■ rude uneasy motion
Stirr'd me: what pass'd I know ■ then, and yet
Methought the air blew freshly, and the ocean
Danced with ■ bright blue waters: I forget
Where ■ this happen'd; but ■ my brain
Seem'd struggling with itself, awhile in vain.
There ■ a load ■ it, ■ hopeless ■
Upon the mind—a dreary heavy load,
And now and then, ■ seem'd ■ shapes did goad
My soul ■ recollection,—or despair.

XII.

«Clearer and clearer now from day to day
The figures floated on my sight, but when
I moved they vanish'd. Then, a grim array,
Like spectres from the graves of buried men,
Came by in silence: each upon his face
Wore a wild look, ■ though some sad disgrace
Had stamp'd his life (or thus I thought) with sorrow:
They vanish'd too; but ever on the ■
They came again, with greater sadness, till
I spoke; then one ■ them gave answer—shrill
As blasts that whistle through the dungeon's grate
On bleak December nights, when in her ■
Comes the white Winter.—'Look!'—(I thus translate
The sounds it utter'd)—'Look,' the phantom said,
'Upon thine ancestry departed—dead.
Each ■ thou ■ hath left ■ gaping tomb
Empty, and comes ■ thee of thy doom;
And each, whilst living, bore within his brain
A settled madness: start not—so dost thou:
Thou art our own, and on thy moody brow
There is the invisible word ne'er writ in vain.
Look on ■ all: we died ■ thou shalt die,
The victims of our hearts' insanity;
From sire to son the boiling rivers ran
Through every vein and 't was alike with all:
■ touch'd the child and trampled down the man;
And every eye that, with its dead dull ball,
Seems as it stared upon thee now, was bright
As thine is, with the true transmitted light.
Madness and pain of heart shall break thy rest,
And she shall perish whom thou lovest the best.
Once thou hast been a mockery unto man,
But thus, at least, it shall not be again.
Behold! where yon red rolling star doth shine
From out the darkness: that fierce star is thine,
Thy Destiny, thy Spirit, and its power
Shall guard and rule thee to thy latest hour;
And never shall it quit thy side, but be
Invisible to all and dim to thee,
Save when the fever of the soul shall rise,
And then that light shall flash before thine eyes,
And thou shalt then remember that thy fate
Is—murder.'—Thus upon the silence broke
The spectre's hollow words; but while it spoke,
Its pale lip ■ moved, nor did its eye
Betray intelligence. With sweeping state,
Over the ground the train then glided by,
And vanish'd,—vanish'd. Then methought I 'woke.

XIII.

«■ was ■ dream, for often since that hour
The star has flash'd, and I have felt its power,
(T ■ in my moodier moments) and my soul
Seem'd languishing for blood, and there did roll
Rivers of blood beside me, and my hands,
As though I did obey my Fate's commands,
Were smear'd and sanguine, and my throbbing brow
Grew hot and blister'd with the fire within,
And my heart wither'd with a secret sin.
And my whole heart was tempested: ■
Larger methought with passion—even now
I feel it swell within me, and ■ flood
Of fiery wishes such as ■ ne'er knew
Seem'd to ■ Sometimes I have stood

Looking at heaven—for Hope, with these sad eyes,
In vain—for I was born a sacrifice:
What hope ■■■ there for me, ■ murderer!
What lovely? nothing—yes, I err, I err.

« Yes, mix'd with these wild visionings, a form
Descended, fragile ■ a ■■■ cloud,
And with her gentle voice she still'd the storm:
I never ■ her face, and yet I bowed
Down to the dust, as savage men, they say,
Adore the sun in countries far away.
I felt the music of her words like balm
Raining upon my soul, and I grew calm.
As the great forest lion that lay down
At Una's feet, without ■ single moan,
Vanquish'd by love; or ■ the herds that hung
Their heads in silence when the Thracian sung.
—I never ■ her,—never, but her voice
Was the whole world to me. It said 'Rejoice!
For I am come ■ love thee, youth, at last,
To recompense thy pains and ■■■ past.
No longer now, amongst the mountains high,
Shalt thou ■ thy single destiny
Mourn: I am come ■ share it. I, whom ■
Have worshipp'd like ■ shrine, have left the hall
Of my proud parents, and without ■ sigh,
Am ■■■ to ■■■ by ■■■ and by floods,
And be ■ dweller with thee in the woods.

« —Here let me pause, for now I must not say
How she, my gentle spirit, fades away;
And now, and now—Alas! and must I die,
The martyr of a crime I cannot shun?
What have I—what have my dead fathers done,
That thus from age ■ age a misery
■ scared and stamped upon us?—Shall it be
For ever thus? It shall not. I will ■
My race ■ fearless ■ the summer sun,
When clouds ■■■ not, and like his course above
Shall mine be here below, all light and love.»

XIV.

■ ended, and with kisses ■■■ and soft
She recompensed his words, and bade him dwell
No ■■■ upon the past, but look aloft
And pray ■ Heaven; and yet she bade him tell
Again the story of that lady young,
Who o'er him in such dream-like beauty hung.
« You ■ her, Marcian—no?—» My love, my love,
My own,» he said; « 't ■■■ thou, my forest dove,
Who soothed me in the wilderness, and crept
Into my heart, and o'er my folly wept,
From dusky evening to the streaming morn,
Showers of sparkling tears. Oh! how forlorn
Was I without thee. Should I lose thee now—»
« Away, away,» she said, and ■ his brow
Pressed her vermillion lips, and drew his hair
Aside and ■■■ again his forehead fair.
« Come, thou shalt lie upon—ay, on my breast,
And I will sing thee into golden rest.»

XV.

Thus talked they, follying, ■ lovers will;
A pleasant pastime—and, when worldly pain
Comes heavily ■ us, it is pleasant still
To read of this in song: it brings again
The hours of youth before man's jaded eye,
Spreading a charm about him, silently.

—Oh! never shall thy name, sweet Poesy,
■ flung away, ■ trampled by the crowd
As a thing of little worth, while I aloud
May—(with ■ feeble voice indeed) proclaim
The sanctity, the beauty of thy name.
Thy grateful servant am I, for thy power
■ solaced me through many ■ wretched hour;
■ sickness—ay, when frame and spirit sank,
I turned me to thy crystal cup and drank
Intoxicating draughts. Faithfullest friend,
Most faithful—perhaps best: when ■■■ nigh
Unto thy green recesses did I send
My thoughts, and freshest rills of poesy
Came streaming all around from fountains old;
And ■ I drank and drank, and haply told
How thankful ■ I unto the night wind
Alone,—a cheerless confidant, but kind.

And now, Colonna, and ■■■ Julia,
A few few words to ye: If I have sung
Imperfectly your loves, or idly hung
Upon your griefs, forgive it. One fair day
Shone ■ your lives and lingered; yet—and yet
I ■■■ must pass what I may ne'er forget.
—Thou bright and hymeneal Star, whose ■■■
(For thou alone canst never rise again)
■ as the dark declining of the soul,
Roll gently over youth and beauty, roll
In thy so sweet and silent course along,
A soft sigh only thy companion-song;
■ all the light of love I leave thee now,
Unclouded and sublime. Upon the brow
Of each shed thy soft influence—calm, not gay:
For me,—a word I'll speak, and then—away.

XVI.

Sleep softly, on your bridal pillows, sleep,
Excellent pair; happy and young and true;
And o'er your days, and o'er your slumbers deep
And airy dreams, may Love's divinest dew
■ scatter'd like the April rains of Heaven:
And may your tender words, whispered ■ even,
■ ■■■ into music; and, ■ the wind
Leaves, when it flies, a sweetness still behind,
When distant, may each silver sounding tone
Weigh on the other's heart, and bring (though gone)
The absent back; and may ■ envy ■
Your joys, but may each love—be loved for ever.

Now, as I write, lo! through my window ■■■
The midnight moon—crescented Dian, who
'T is said once wandered from her wastes of blue,
And all for love; filling a shepherd's dreams
With beauty and delight. ■ slept, he slept,
And on his eyelids white the huntress wept
Till morning; and looked through, on nights like this,
■ lashes dark, and left her dewy kiss;
But ■■■ more upon the Latmos hill
May she descend ■ kiss that forest boy,
And give—receive gentle and innocent joy,
When clouds are distant far and winds are still:
Her bound is circumscribed, and curbed her will.
Those ■■■ immortal stories:—are they gone?
■ pale queen is dethroned. Endymion
■ vanished; and the worship of this earth
■ bow'd to golden gods of vulgar birth.

PART III.

I follow to its peace.
Vandercourt and Julia.

I.

FAREWELL unto the valleys and the shores
Lashed by the sounding sea: awhile farewell
To every haunted fountain, lawny dell,
And piny wood through which the night wind roars—
And oh! sweet Love, soon must I say farewell
Even thee, and Happiness—gay flowers
Ye who show yourselves in sunny hours,
But die away before your buds are blown:
Life's earliest relics, in its spring-time strewn
Like wither'd weeds before the steps of Fate,
Frail, fading offerings,—yet ere I
Myself with sorrow, in a pleasant rhyme
Would I speak somewhat of a gentler time.

II.

Oh! full of languishment, deep to last,
The bridal hours in happy beauty passed,
(The feather-footed hours!)—and hoary Time
Smoothered his pale brow, and with a look sublime
From out the stream of joy a quaffed,
And young Love shook his rosy wings and laughed.
Dance and Arcadian tale and sylvan song,
Which those moments did of right belong,
Went round and then returned: the morning Sun
Met brighter eyes than e'er he glanced upon,
And evening saw them still the same, and night
Looked from her star-lit throne on stars more bright.
The morn given tale, the to ease
And musing beneath shade of branching trees;
The night to slumber; but at evening grey
When the too fiery Sun had passed away,
Music heard beneath the smiling moon,
Till midnight came (it too soon),
And songs which lovers went to sing
Of knight forlorn and lady triumphing;
And flowers that lie upon the breast of May,
Like gems, plucked to fashion garlands gay,
And laurels green to deck the poet's head,
For then the bard loved and honoured.
—Some lay beside a river lapsing clear,
And fancied Sylph or Naiad watching near,
While of Faun and Dryad told,
Or Fairy haunting well fountain cold;
And ever and anon the fitful breeze
Came aiding those gentle phantasies,
And died away, as voices by a lyre
(Touched by the trembling of its notes) expire.
—Around the lovers' brows white hung,
And their feet the wealth of spring was flung;
And they at times would sit apart and speak
Each to the other with a flushing cheek,
Or note the gentle look in maiden's eye,
Called up by lordly gallant whispering by.

III.

Fate was at hand,—a snake amidst the flowers,
And looked and laughed upon the passing hours;

And Envy and pale Hate then exiled far
Foretold the setting of Love's brighter star.
—Oh! the deep sorrow of that weary day
When Marcian chanced, he went, stray
Scarce listening to the Tyber's gentle sound,
Yet winding the mazy river wound.
At morn he left his home, and paced along,
Companion'd only by a heart-felt song,
That sprung like incense the gates of Heaven,
By the gay fever of his spirit driven.
He travelled swiftly onwards; but his sight
Was buried in deep thought: the enchantments bright
That lie among the clouds he noticed not,
And all the promise of the year forgot.
The golden fruitage from its grove of green
Looked out unheeded, and, longer seen,
The sky-bird mounted toward morning Sun,
And shrilly told aloft of day begun.
How he was wakened from that dreaming mood,
Alas, must be known:—In the broad day
Marking the clear blue river roll away,
In squalid weeds a savage creature stood.
It is—it cannot be—Oh! Death and night!
Hath he come peering from his watery home,
Mocking and withering every human sight?
Hath dark Orsini still a power to—?
—Daemon or ghost or living thing he stands,—
Staring with sullen eyes upon the sands,
As though he brooded o'er wrong, or strove
To wreck happier hearts the slights of love,
Like one escaped from toil, but fit for strife—
The last and lingering ill,—the blight of life.

IV.

Colonna, sad Colonna,—he hath fled
Wildly unto his home:—there Julia lay
Upon her pillow slumbering, calm and gay
As sleep may be.—“The waves, the waves,” he said,
“The sick sea-waters yawn and yield their dead—
The dead? he is alive: Peril not pain,
Death nor the grave would keep him in its bed.
The black Orsini is returned—again.”
—Marcian, she utter'd faintly, and a gleam
Played 'round her mouth: it was a happy dream.
“Thou, lovely thing, whom nature made so fair,
Young treasure of creation, must despair
Sear thy transcendent beauty, because thou
Wrapp'd thy sweet arms about a maniac's brow?
Julia! she sleeps, she sleeps; a happy sleep.
Oh! why did I draw her within the sweep—
Why—of my fiery star? It comes—I
The comet red, which Fate, mine enemy,
Hath placed about me like a circle sure:
I cannot fly, and yet shall I endure?
Endure—I must, evil and hate—I must,
And Hell, until I wither into dust:
That may be soon. She moves, poor girl,—My love!
Hearest thou I call upon thee? My pale dove!
Still on my bosom, still.” She woke: his eye
Rolled round and round like in misery,
Fearful to speak: But silence is not dumb,
And in his deep eloquent agony
She read strange fearful things. He whispered “Come—
We must begone—” (“Begone! dear Marcian!”)
“Aye, quickly! for alas, have no home
Nor refuge here. On land Italian

We build hearths, nor hope to dwell
 ■ safety now, from youth ■ age.—'T is well;
 Perhaps 't is well,' she said: 'wilt thou go
 On a long journey with me,—far away?
 I may not tell thee now; but a dire foe
 Has risen upon ■ Wilt thou wander—say?
 ('All the world over I—') 'Oh! thou hast said
 Comfort unto my soul,' he uttered;
 'Whilst I may lay my head upon thy breast,
 It ■ not; my Heaven ■ there—my ■
 Let the red star shine on, for I ■ thine,
 Thine while I am,—in darkness and dismay,
 Here, or in wildernesses far away;
 In poverty forlorn, ■ love divine,
 In prisons or in freedom,—aye, ■ death.'
 ■ ceased, and straightway he ■ calm: his breath
 Was in ■ stilled: ■ gentle sigh
 Came from pale Julia, but he trembled not,
 For she ■ his—the ■ all forgot.
 —That night they left the land of Italy.

V.

There was a tempest brooding in the air
 Far in the west. Above, the skies ■ fair,
 And the sun ■ to ■ glory down:
 One small black cloud (one only) like a crown,
 Touched his descending disc and rested there:
 Slow then it came along, ■ the great wind
 Rebellious, and (although it blew and blew)
 Came on increasing, and across the blue
 Spread its dark shape, and left the sun behind.
 —The day-light sank, and the winds wail'd about
 The barque wherein the luckless couple lay,
 And from the distant cloud came scattering out
 Rivers of fire: it seem'd ■ though the day
 ■ burst from out of the billows, far away.
 ■ pilot had they their small boat to steer
 Aside from rocks, no sea-worn mariner
 Who knew each creek and bay and sheltering steep,
 And all the many dangers of the deep.
 They fled for life (for happiness is life),
 And ■ the tempest in his hour of strife,
 Abroad upon the waters: they were driven
 Against him by the angry winds of heaven:
 And all around, the clouds, the air, the sea,
 Rose from unnatural dead tranquillity,
 And came to battle with their legions: Hail
 Shot shattering down, and thunders roar'd aloud,
 And the wild lightning from his dripping shroud
 Unbound his arrowy pinions blue and pale,
 And darted through the heavens: Below, the gale
 Sang like a dirge, and the white billows lash'd
 The boat, and then like ■ lions dash'd
 Against the deep wave-hidden rocks, and told
 Of ghastly perils ■ they backward roll'd.

VI.

The lovers, driven along from hour ■ hour,
 Were helpless, hopeless, in the ocean's power.—
 —The storm continued, and no voice ■ heard,
 Save that of ■ poor solitary bird,
 Which sought ■ shelter on the quivering mast,
 ■ soon, borne off by the tremendous blast,
 Sank in the waters screaming. The great ■
 Bared like ■ grave its bosom silently;
 Then sank and panted like ■ angry thing

With its ■ strength ■ war: The vessel flew
 Towards the land, and then the billows grew
 Larger and white, and roar'd as triumphing,
 Scattering afar and wide the heavy spray
 That shone like loose ■ ■ it pass'd away.
 —At first the dolphin and the porpoise dark
 Came rolling by them, and the hungry shark
 Followed the boat, patient and eager-eyed,
 And the grey curlew slanting dipp'd her side
 And the hoarse gull his wing within the foam;
 But ■ had sunk, the ■ had hurried home.
 And there pale Julia and her husband, clasped
 Each in the other's arms, ■ viewing Death:
 She for his sake ■ times in terror gasp'd;
 ■ he to cheer her kept his steady breath,
 Talking of hope, and smiled like morning.—There
 They sat together in their sweet despair:
 At times upon his breast she laid her head,
 And he upon her silent beauty fed,
 Hushing her fears, and 'tween her and the storm
 Drew his embroidered cloak to keep her warm:
 She thank'd him with a look upturn'd to his,
 The which he answer'd with a gentle kiss
 Press'd and prolong'd to pain. Her lip was cold;
 And all her love and terror mutely told.

VII.

O thou, vast Ocean! Ever sounding sea!
 Thou symbol of ■ drear immensity!
 Thou thing that windest round the solid world
 Like a huge animal, which, downward hurl'd
 From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
 Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone,
 Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
 Is as ■ giant's slumber, loud and deep.
 Thou speakest in the East and in the West
 At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
 Fleets ■ and go, and shapes that have no life
 Or motion, yet are moved and met in strife.
 The earth hath nought of this: no chance nor change
 Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
 Give answer to the tempest-waken air;
 But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
 At will, and wound its bosom as they go:
 Ever the same, it hath no ebb, ■ flow;
 But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
 And pass like visions to their viewless home,
 And come again, and vanish: the young Spring
 Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
 And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
 When the wild Autumn with ■ look forlorn
 Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
 Weep and flowers sicken when the Summer flies.
 —Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast ■ power,
 A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
 When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
 ■ fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
 Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven
 Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,
 How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
 And stretch thine arms, and war at once with Heaven.

Thou trackless and immeasurable Main!
 On thee no record ever lived again
 To ■ the hand that writ it: line nor lead
 ■ fathomed thy profoundest deeps,

Where haply the huge swells and sloop,
King of his watery limit, who, 't said,
Can the mighty into storm—
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose: thy form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight the evening hour,
And hearken the thoughts thy waters teach—
« Eternity, Eternity, and Power.»

VIII.

And now—whither gone the lovers now?
Colonna, thou anguish thy brow,
And is the valour of the gone?—
Fair Julia, thou art smiling now alone:
The hero and the husband weeps last—
Alas, alas! and lo! he stands aghast,
Bankrupt in every hope, and silently gasps
Like who maddens. Hark! the timbers part
And the sea-billows come, and still he clasps
His pale pale beauty closer his heart,
The ship has struck. One kiss—the last—Love's
—They plunge into the and gone.—
The vessel sinks—'t is vanished, and the sea
Rolls boiling o'er the wreck triumphantly;
And shrieks are heard, and cries, and then short groans
Which the stifled quick, and doubtful tones
Like the faint moanings of the wind pass by,
And horrid gurgling sounds rise up and die,
And noises like the choking of man's breath—
—But why prolong the tale! it is of death!

IX.

—Years and fled. To many time was fraught
With joy; some imperfect pleasures brought:
But the Prince Colonna grey and old
A dull unchanging tale he ever told.
The children of his winter years gone—
They lay, 't told, among the waters,—dead:
In the bright spirit of their youth they fled,
And left him, in his pallid age, alone.
He wet the dust with bitter tears, and bow'd
Before his idols, and vast treasures vow'd
To saint virgin from his coffers bright;
And often fiercely the deep midnight
Would he do for sin, and drank
Unto the very dregs the cup of pain.
With steel and stripes he wrought, until he sank
Beneath the bloody penance:—'t in vain.
Remorse, Remorse—(a famished creature bred
From Sin, and feasting its father dead,)
Sprang like a withering snake upon his heart
Wrapp'd him in its fiery folds around:
It stung, and wither'd, but it had sound;
And, though he pray'd and wept, would depart.

X.

The palace of his fathers, once gay,
Was mossed and green and crumbling decay:
The pillars yellowed in marble halls,
And through the ruined casements the wild rains
Rushed with destroying wrath, and shapeless stains
Ran o'er, disfiguring all the painted walls.

Few tended their ancient lord,
And mirthful revel, banish'd from his board,
Sought refuge with the humble. Song or sound
Echo'd within the gallery's bound,
In a lonely tower a lamp times
Seen, and startling through the silent air
Flew shrieks, from a wretch whom many crimes
Had scared, and driven life's last hold,—despair.
—Friends pass'd, by one, and one, and one, away.
His foes grew glad; his brother's children, gay,
Cast dice for his domains, while bending low
Before the papal chair whispered how
Report had gone abroad of some dark crime
Done by the old man in his early time,
And hinted of his possessions, which
Divided might the holy church enrich,
And his contented heirs. The mitred king
Disdained to parley with a poor thing;
Yet question'd the great prince, whose answers cold
Confirmed the story which the slanderer told.
And so he lived (a perished shape) like one
Lost in a lovely world—alone, alone.

XI.

And hath thy fiery planet then not set,
Colonna?—When the winds and thunder met
In tumult, and around in many shapes
Death hovered with his dart, Fate turned aside
The arrows, laughing o'er the waters wide,
Till the sea trembled. Ah! but who escapes—
Who can escape from Fate? It frowned, and hung,
Darker than Death itself, the foreheads o'er
Of that sad pair, and when the billows flung
Their limbs in scorn upon the foamy shore,
Uprose the veering wind, and the next
Scarce touch'd the ringlet of Colonna's hair,
Which, streaming black upon the strand, lay there
The image of his fortunes. Dark and wild,
Neglected, torn,—with an unquiet grave
Open beside him, there Colonna smiled,
Or so it seemed, in death, but in his grasp
Still held the lost and lifeless Julia.
There, tempest-stricken—in each other's clasp,
Beautiful the sea-beat shore they lay:
Around her body were his arms enwove,
Her head upon his bosom, close love.

XII.

They died not. Housed within a fisher's cot
Life dawn'd them, and pain was forgot.
Time flew, and health return'd and quietness,
And still i' the world they found enough bless.
Colonna plied him in the fisher's trade;
And Julia watched his evening sail,—afraid
But a crested wave was on the deep;
And if she heard the ocean billows sweep
Loudly along the shore, she looked high,
And prophesied of storm and tempest nigh.
—One eve returning home with shout and song,
The fishers plied their tossing boat along,
And Marcian at the helm the rudder guided,
And looked upon the waters, which divided
Beside the barque, seeming to rise and die,
Like short hours in a deep eternity.
He saw a menial standing on the strand,
Who, turning from a chart within his hand,

Look'd round ■ note the place. Again—it was—
 ■ saw—Orsini's slave—Alas, alas!
 Oh! Love, fair Love! is there no wilderness
 For thee to hide thee in thy dark distress?
 No haven and no hope, sweetest of all,
 For thee ■ celebrate thy festival?
 A sad short world ■ this, and yet thou hast
 No home where thou mayst dream till life be past.
 Tumult and strife and ■ and wild dismay,
 Envy and hate,—and thus we pass away;
 And trample on the flowers that deck ■ road,
 And goad ourselves if others do not goad.

XIII.

No ■ in that lone hamlet ■ they seen:
 But the remembrance of what ■ had been
 (Their deep and sad affection), still survived
 Their going. They had lived, and gently lived
 Amongst the wild and sea-beat mariners:
 ■ eye ■ clearing to a calm, and hers
 Troubled, but still ■ times, and always soft,
 And her sweet voice (like music heard aloft
 By tender hermitess in rocky cell,
 Or in dreams of love, at night,
 By young and hopeless anchorite),
 Was after many ■ year remember'd well.

They ■ into the mountains. Night and day,
 By strange and lonely paths they sought their way.
 Wild ■ creature in the forests born,
 That springs on Asian sands, Colonna grew,
 And with his burthen on his bosom flew,
 Supporting, watching her from night to morn.
 At last the chestnut groves and woods of pines
 Frowned on them from the gloomy Appenines,
 And then Colonna felt his bride was safe.
 He placed her near Laverna, in ■ cave
 High, overgrown and haunted, yet his sport
 ■ been to slumber there in former days,
 And, from its dizzy height, he had loved ■ court
 The breeze which ever o'er the mountains plays.
 —Glad in his fisher's weeds, and with a brow
 Bronzed by his sea-ward life, Colonna now
 Went fearless to the convent, and would toil
 For the pale monks and till their rocky soil,
 And gain their bounty (garments coarse, and food),
 Which he would carry ■ his ■ rude,
 And feed the dove that lay within his nest,
 And hush her every evening ■ her rest.

XIV.

At last she learned the tale—« Orsini—How!—
 Given up and banish'd from his grave, below—
 Orsini, dark Orsini! »—On her soul
 The hollow words ■ like ■ thunder-roll
 Sounding at distance over hill and vale:
 And Marcian marked her and his cheek grew pale,
 And his hand trembled as he soothed her then,
 And through his brain ■ terror flew again.
 —Now paused he in his toil and daily walk,
 And in the gloom would often idly talk
 Of poison and of blood, and tears would ■
 In rivers down his cheeks when he did dream:
 Sometimes in bitter spleen his tongue would chide
 And then, in anguish that he could ■ hide,
 ■ wept and prayed her not to leave him there,
 A lone man, in his madness,—in despair.

And then he told her of his wretched youth,
 ■ how upon her love and gentle truth
 ■ had rested;—yet she did not speak,
 Save in the pallid hues that sunk her cheek,
 And in her heaving breast and rayless eye
 Which spoke of ■ fix'd grief that would not fly.

• And will she leave ■ then who loved her so—
 (So utterly beyond the love of men)
 And pass into a wretch's ■ again,
 From mine so true—from mine? she shall not—Oh!
 Yet wherefore should I stay her, if her love
 ■ gone, indeed,—and then at times he strove
 To think that he might live and she afar,
 The beauty of his life, the hope, the star.
 Oh! melancholy thought, and vain and brief:
 ■ felt that like the Autumn's perished leaf
 ■ frame would wither, and from its great height
 ■ mind must sink, and lose itself in night.

No talk ■ pleasant now; no image fair;
 No freshness and ■ fragrance filled the air;
 ■ music in the winds nor in the sound
 The wild birds uttered from the forests round;
 The ■ had lost its light, and drearily
 The morning stole upon his altered eye;
 And night with all her starry eyes grew dim,
 For she ■ changed—and nought was true ■ him.

XV.

From pain—at length, from pain, (for could he bear
 The sorrow burning wild without ■ tear?)
 He rush'd beside her: Towards him gloomily
 She look'd, and then he gasp'd—« We—list to me—
 We—we must part—must part, is it not so? »
 She hung her head and murmur'd, « Woe, oh! woe,
 That it must be so—nay, Colonna—nay,
 Harken unto me: little can I say,
 But sin—(is it not sin?) doth wear my heart
 Away to death. Alas! and must we part,
 We who have loved long and so truly?—yes;
 Were we not born (we were) for wretchedness?
 Oh! Marcian, Marcian, I must go: my road
 Leads to ■ distant home, ■ calm abode,
 Where I may pine my few sad years away,
 And die, and make my peace ■ I decay.»

She spoke no more, for now she ■ his soul
 Rising in tumult, and his eye-balls roll
 Wildly and fiery red, and through his cheek
 Deep crimson shot: he sigh'd but did not speak.
 Keeping ■ horrid silence there he sat,
 A maniac, full of love, and death, and fate:
 Again—the star that once his eye shone o'er
 Flash'd forth again more fiercely than before:
 And through his veins the current fever flew
 Like lightning, withering all it trembled through.
 He clenched his hands and rush'd away, away,
 And looked and laughed upon the opening day,
 And mocked the ■ with shouts, and wandered wild
 For hours as by ■ meteor thing beguiled.
 ■ wander'd through the forests sad and lone,
 ■ heart all fiery and his senses gone;
 Till, at the last (for nature sank at last),
 The tempest of the fever fell and past,
 And he lay down upon the rocks to sleep,
 And shrunk into a troubled slumber, deep.

Long — that sleep—long—very long and strange,
And frenzy suffered then a silent change,
And his heart hardened — the fire withdrew,
Like furnaced iron beneath the Winter's dew.

XVI.

— gained—he gained (why droops my story?) then
An opiate deadly from the convent men,
And bore it to his cave: she drank that draught
Of death, and he look'd on in scorn, and laughed,
With an exulting terrible joy, when she
Lay down in — slumber, silently.
—She had no after-sleep; but — she slept
Strong spasms and pains throughout her body crept,
And round her brain and tow'rd her heart, until
They touch'd that seat of love,—and all was still.
Away he wander'd for — lengthen'd hour
When the black poison showed its fiercest power;
And when he sought the cavern, there she lay,
The young, the gentle,—dying fast away.

He — and watch'd her, — — might do,
And — the dull film steal — the blue,
And saw and felt her — forgiving smile,
That, as she died, parted her lips the while:
Her hand?—its pulse — silent—her voice gone,
But patience in her smile still faintly shone,
And in her closing eyes a tenderness,
That seem'd as she would fain Colonna bless.

She died, and spoke no word: and still he —
Beside her like an image. Death and Fate
Had done what might be then: The morning sun
Rose upon him: on him?—his task was done.
The murderer and the murder'd—one as pale
As marble shining white beneath the moon,
The other dark — storms, when the winds rail
At the chafed sea,—but not to calm — soon.—
No bitterness, nor hate, — dread was there;
But love still clinging round a wild despair,
A wintry aspect and a troubled eye,
Mourning o'er youth and beauty born to die.

Dead — she, and her mouth had fallen low,
But still he watched her with a stedfast brow:
Unaltered — a rock he sat, while she
Lay changed to clay, and perish'd. Drearily
Came all the hues of death — her face:
That look, — lovely once, had lost its grace,
The eye its light, the cheek its colour, now.
—Oh! human beauty, what a dream art thou,
That — should cast our life and hopes away,
On thee—and dost thou like a leaf decay,
In Spring-tide as in Autumn?—Fair and frail,
— bud — blossom if a blight prevail,

How ready art thou from the world to fly;
And — who love thee — are left—to die.

XVII.

Fairest of all the world, thy tale is told:
Thy name is written in a record old,
And I from out the legend — rehearse
Thy story, shaping it — softer verse.
And thou, the lost Colonna,—thou, whose brain
Was fever-struck with love and jealous pain,
A wanderer — thou lonely through the earth?
Or didst thou tread, clad in thy pride of birth,
With high patrician step the streets of Rome?
I know not; no — knew. — heavy gloom
Wrapped thy last fortunes, luckless Marcian!
—Some told in after times that he was found,
Dying, within the Inquisition's bound;
Some said that he did roam, a wretched man,
— pilgrimage along the Arabian sands,
And — that he did dwell in the far lands
Of vast America, with savage men,
The chase his pastime, and his home a den.

What object is there now to know? what gain?
He pass'd away and never came again.
He left his home, his friends, his titles, all,
To stand, or live, or perish in their pride,
And seeking out some unknown country,—died.
He died, and left no vain memorial
Of him or of his deeds, for scorn — praise;
Nor record for the proud Colonna race
To blot or blazon, cherish or compare,
His fate is lost: his name (like others)—air.

XVIII.

My tale hath reached its end; yet still there dwells
A superstition in those piny dells,
Near to Laverna. Forms, 't is said, are seen
Beside the cave where once Colonna lay,
And shadows linger there at close of day,
And dusky shapes amongst the forests green
Pass off like vapours at the break of morn;
And sometimes a faint figure (with a star
Crowning her forehead) has been — afar
To haunt the cliff and hang her head forlorn:
And peasants still, — the approach of night,
Even at distance shun that starry light,
And dread « The Lady of the Mountains » when
She rises radiant from her haunted glen.
The convent? still it stands: its pile is strong,
And well it echoes back the tempest's song:
And still the — is there: but they, alone
Who made it famous,—they are passed and gone.

The Flood of Thessaly.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE reader will consider this Poem as a *sketch only* of the great event which desolated the earlier world. Having abandoned my original intention of publishing a ■■■■ elaborate Poem ■■■■ the subject, I am only induced ■■■■ mention the fact here, in order ■■■■ account for the chasms which occur, in one or two instances.—All reference ■■■■ the Mosaic account of the Deluge has been purposely avoided.

March, 1823.

DEDICATORY STANZAS.

If ■■■■ slight muse ■■■■ please these curious days,
The pain ■■■■ mine, but thine ■■■■ all ■■■■ praise.
SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet 39.*

I.

ART thou still absent?—Then, ■■■■ strange bright dream
Bore thee unto me in its shadowy arms.—
Ah! come again,—so like ■■■■ pleasant gleam
Of light, that I (free from 'unjust alarms')
May gaze on my illuminated theme,
And read thy varying smiles and many charms,
And ■■■■ by the great Love to love thee long,
Beyond ambition, or the light of song.

II.

Come!—I will ■■■■ thee with the fairest flowers
That ever sprang beneath the eyes of May,
When Flora and the wind (young paramours)
Were whispering caught in woods ■■■■ dawn of day,
And those that blossom quick in April showers,
Or when the Autumn rivers ■■■■ astray:—
All flowers ■■■■ ■■■■ which perfume yield,
From fountain, lake, or forest,—garden, field.

III.

And first of all the rose; because its breath
Is rich beyond the rest, and when it dies
It doth bequeath ■■■■ charm ■■■■ death,
And violets whose looks are like the skies,
And that sad flow'r for which, ■■■■ story saith,
Echo ■■■■ nymph once pined, until her sighs
Allured ■■■■ god ■■■■ charm her into stone,
And snow-drops winter-born, pining alone.

IV.

And Hyacinth, whom Zephyr's jealous wing
Slew, and Apollo changed ■■■■ soft star:
The lily, of all children of the spring
The palest,—fairest too where fair ■■■■ are;
And woodbines, which like fondest lovers cling
Round ■■■■ that spread their sheltering ■■■■ afar;
And flow'rs that ■■■■ to ■■■■ the sun-light clear,
And those which slumber when the night is near.

V.

These and all others:—whatsoever is best
Beloved by thee shall I refuse to claim?
The sweetest shall between thy palms be prest;
The nameless—thou shalt kiss and give them name;
The whitest on thy bosom white shall rest,—
Alas! not so, for then they lose their fame:
■■■■ so; but rather shall each flower be
Rank'd and high-honour'd as it aideth thee.

VI.

Sweet friend! my soul is haunted by a vow
To dedicate (frail work!) this book to thee:
With all its weakness—all its errors, thou
Wilt prize the wandering ■■■■ that comes from me,
Past its poor merit; and perhaps thy brow—
Lovely beyond that old idolatry,
Which grew ■■■■ life from marble (so decreed
Venus), may lose ■■■■ as thou shalt read.

VII.

And yet thine eye, so summer-bright at times,
When sorrow ■■■■ not (wherefore ever!) there,
May melancholy ■■■■ before my rhymes,
And thy young heart may tremble in its lair,
And sigh for her, that girl of southern climes,
Who died because she loved a vision rare:
Pale heathen! languishing like one whose brain
Is sun-stricken on ■■■■ unsheiter'd plain.

VIII.

—Said I not, maiden mine, that I would ■■■■
Before bright Love, the God, to love thee long?
Oh! yes, and to the world proclaim how fair,
How very fair thou art, even among
Beauties who beautiful accounted are.
This duty to thy poet doth belong?
Therefore I swear ■■■■ thee, by the sweet pain
Of love, to love thee ever,—though in vain.

IX.

I swear to thee by all who have famous been!
By lovers who have died to live in song!
By Ariadne pining ■■■■ the green
Ocean, while Theseus' vessel skimm'd along!
By Dido left forlorn,—sad Carthage queen,
Who ended ■■■■ the pile Love's bitter wrong!
By Phaon's lover plunging from the steep!
By pale Laodamia, doom'd to weep!—

X.

By all who reach'd in life ■■■■ happier fate
Through Love's dim mystic mazes! By that day
When Peleus wedded Thetis in such state!
And by those balmy nights when Cupid lay
By Psyche,—though ■■■■ last he lingered late,
And she beheld, and ■■■■ he ■■■■ away.
By ■■■■ the moonlight hours when Dian lone
Drank in the breathings of Endymion!

XI.

By this—by all—by every other tale
Fabled or true, happy or dark with woe;
By that, whiche'er it is, that doth prevail
Over the rest: and by twin hearts that know
Themselves well that nought can e'er avail
To kill their faith or lay sweet passion low
(Yet lovers' hearts should armed be alway,
Lest Love, when doubt is born, chance to decay).

XII.

Yet wherefore thus? Ah! wherefore not have
At once by thy fair self,—thy spotless truth,
By thy quick sense of all that can adorn
Woman, thy modest pride, thy words that soothe
A brightness into beauty like the morn,
Which else might dim thy clear and gentle youth,
Or make the world forget that thou wert young—
Why by thyself have I not said or sung?

XIII.

I know not:—How I write or how have writ
The muse, who mistress is, alone can tell:
Bright causer of the poet's pleasant fit,
Who when *she* well is cherish'd, rhymeth well;
A fair ally of thy most playful wit
Is she, and my true passion. Who may tell
But we may live, all three, familiar friends,
As one dull colour with two brighter blends!

XIV.

Perhaps together we may journey soon
(Her wings are sinewy-strong and fit to bear)
Where once Astolpho went, and meet the moon
Tracking her desert—the blue boundless air,
Like thing half lost. 'T is now but early June,
And time there is while days are long and fair
To taste the sights bards say are something worth:—
And who will miss us, sweet, from this dull earth?

XV.

None, none:—Our course—my course, at least, has been
Humble and sad from my most childish time:
Though thou indeed hast pluck'd some pleasures green,
The offspring of a near, less-cloudy clime:
More likely than to judge, from what thou 'st seen,
Of things which hitherto have dwelt in rhyme;
So shalt thou master, I the pupil be,
When we set sail to reach the lunar sea.

XVI.

Perhaps there may find bright creatures straying,
Whose light would perish in this clouded world,—
Like her who went through Athens' woods a-straying—
By night, but slept by day in cowslips curl'd;
Or Ariel, haunting sprite, who wept obeying
The frown of Prosper, and his blue wings furled
In sorrow when he met his master's scorn:
That peerless spirit,—so true, though beauty-born—

XVII.

—Here rest I.—Sickness like a film hath spread
Over mine eye and dimm'd its little light,
Since what is writ was writ—(not fable-bred,
But such as truest poets love to write)—
And now methinks I commerce with the dead,
And face the shadowy angel in his night.
—'T is gone; and melancholy dreams and pain
And scorn of all I do alone remain.

XVIII.

And Fame doth seem a bubble that may burst,
Pierced by an ignorant pen or selfish hate;
And Fortune like a vision vainly nursed,
Whose golden strength a breath may dissipate;
And Love—yet am I not so sickness-cursed
As rail against the bounty of my fate.
What I may never look on let me scorn;
But thou art to me like the risen morn.

XIX.

Thou livest in my heart, through distance—time,
'Midst fickle friendships and fantastic joys,
Alone a truth:—Like Love, which is sublime,
Thy sweet smile elevates and never cloy;
And thou art all the beauty of this rhyme,
The brightness, and the spirit that now buoys
A verse which else would fall.—O lady mine!
Gaze on it, till it grows like thee,—divine.

THE FLOOD OF THESSALY.

PART I.

— Genus mortali sub undis
Perdere, et ex omni nitibus dimittere corlo.
Orto. Metam.

In Thessaly, while yet the world was young,—
Soon after Chaos, touched with light and form,
Lost its vague being, and sprung up alarm'd
To beautiful order,—in the pleasant vale
Of Tempé, where the meadows still are green,
The waters bright, the forests flourishing,
Lived Pyrrha and the young Deucalion.
—She was Pandora's child, who in gone days
Had for her dowry that most deadly gift
Which fill'd the world with pain: His sire was called
Prometheus, the great Titan, who lay stretch'd
Huge as a mammoth on the barren edge
Of Caucasus, where day by day, earth-lured,
Jove's bird, the ravenous vulture, like a cloud
Came sailing by the sun to feast on blood.
He was the Titan's son; yet did he bow
To Themis and before great Jove who reigned
Supreme upon the hills Olympian:
First God and reigning spirit was he who hurled
The scyathed Saturn from his ancient throne,
And cast him with an arm unfilial
Headlong from out the skies, to walk the earth
Undeified, where as he taught
The Latian people many a useful art,
And shed the golden time o'er Italy.

Pyrrha and young Deucalion!—fair names
As ever shone in fable or old song,
Tradition recording history:
In green youth were they lovers, though scarce known
The bud which after blossom'd into love;
Still lovers, though now wedded with consent
Of their own gentle hearts, before the face
Of all the stars that crowd the summer sky.
How beautiful they were may not be told;
Yet both were beautiful, and one so fair

That when her glossy ringlets downwards fell,
Serpenting o'er her shoulders smooth and white
As marble (such the Parians wrought), she seemed
A happy Driad from the woods escaped,
Or Naiad who had left her watery cave
Content to dwell with man:—Deucalion trod
The green earth as the feather'd herald trod
(Jove's son and starry Maia's,—always young),
And round about his temples the black curls
Hung thick, and clustering left his forehead bare.
His eye was like the eagle's, wild and keen,
And his mouth parted but to speak of love:
Not huge, yet giant-sprung, his towering youth
Rose into manhood, like a Titan born.

Careless of all the world save ■■■ sweet care,
And in each other lost they dreamt away
The hours, well pleased on fragrant lawns to stray
In balmy autumn, or through summer groves,
Or beside fountains where the noonday heat
Came never; gentlest Pyrrha silent then,
And listening to her lover's voice ■ low,
Which, while it languish'd or spoke soft reproach,
Hung like sweet music in her charmed ear.

At last they wed: No voice of parent spoke
Ungentle words which now too often mar
Life's first fair passion: then no gods of gold
Usurping swayed with bitter tyranny
That sad domain the heart. Love's rule was free
(Ranging through boundless air and happy heaven,
And earth) when Pyrrha wed the Titan's son.
—The winds sang at their nuptials gentle tunes,
And roses opened, on whose crimson hearts
The colour of love is stamp'd; and odours rare
Came steaming from the morn-awakening flow'rs,
Which then forgot to close: Thessalian pipes
Were heard in valleys, and from thickets green
The Sylvas peeped delighted, then drew back
And shouted through the glades: Wood-nymphs lay then
Beside the banks of running rivers, glad
For once to hear the shepherd's simple song;
And many a pleasant strife that night was had
On oaten reed and pastoral instrument,
Beneath the mild eye of the quiet moon.
« Joy to Pandora's child! Supreme delight
To the great Titan's son! »—all shouted forth.
« Joy! » and the words went through the far vales
sounding,

And through the forests tall, and over hills
And dells, where slumberous melancholy streams
Awoke and gave an echo. In dark woods
The wild horse started from his midnight sleep,
And shook his mane and shrilly spoke aloud.
The Nightingale lay silent in the leaves,
For joy was grief to her: the timorous sheep
Were silent; and the backward-glancing hare
Lay close, and scarce the wild deer stirred the fern.

O happy amorous hours! O gentlest night!
When Pleasure left her home with winged Love:—
How often ■■■ that night in after times
Brought back! How often looks all light went forth,
And kisses pressed on lips glistening with dew,
And words more soft than zephyr ever breathed
In May, and sighs more soft than any word.

On the swift pinions of untired delight
Passed the bright year; and one fair infant, while
On the young mother's swelling breast it lay,—
Lay like a sleeping flower, blooming lone
In beauty, with ■■ sweet companion nigh,
Drew heart to heart, and with unconscious power
Breathed pleasures new, pure, and ineffable.
—A lovely sight it was, when from his toil
Returning, ■■ grave thought, or mountain sport,
Deucalion reached his home. By the rude door
Grew sycamores, and limes whose branches hung
Like ■■■■ tresses, and around whose trunks
The honey-suckle wound its fragrant arms;
And laurels always green and myrtle-flowers
Were there, which shook their white buds to the moon:
And there, long waiting his return, was she,
The gentlest Pyrrha, who each happy day
Gather'd her fairest fruits to welcome him.

Thus did the God-descended Titan dwell
Through hours and months of joy; Pyrrha the while,
Meek handmaid, happy mother, fondest wife
And faithful, to her most harmonious thoughts
Gave voice, and uttered music to the morn;
And told how grateful was she to the skies,
To silence, and the air, which on its wings
Carried her sweet thanks past the farthest tops
Of Pelion, and grey Ossa, and beyond
Lone Athos, through the golden gates of Jove,—
Where ■■ imperial cloud he singly sits,
Pavilion'd by the rainbows, but uncrown'd
Save by his hyacinthine locks which hang
Down like ■ cloud, and cast for ever out
Quick splendours, fiercer than are seen at noon
When bright Apollo wears his Syrian rays.
There sits he in his state, and there around
Stand all the Olympian gods and shapes, save one,
Juno his Queen, who near his feet reclines.
—From that high station Jove doth watch the world:
Its happiness and woe; its good and evil;
Its many hopes, and dumb unspoken doubts,
And the first births of error; lonely pain;
Madness, and mirth, and heart-corroding care;
And fears which plough the forehead with deep lines,
Like wisdom; and electric thought that springs
Like lightning from the inspired poet's brain.

Thus, bound in amorous chains, the lovers lived.—
Meantime, in Thessaly the times were rank:
Men grew degenerate; women sank abased;
And childhood lost its smile, and age its claim
To honour. Jove upon his skiey throne
Heard now ■■ incense rise, no prayer, no thanks;
But, in their stead, commotions that shook towns,
Curses and vain defiance laughing loud:
And black abominations and foul thoughts
Were bred and nourished, till the heart became
Spotted ■■ with a plague.—
Then Falsehood first was known, lean Avarice, Hate,
■■ Vengeance, and the virgin's ravishment,
Cunning, and Theft; and Murder stalked abroad,
Till sleep forsook the night and Fear was born.—
Such sin ■■■■ done nor stain beheld
Through wide creation since the world began,
Save when Jehovah shot his fiery rain

Down on Gomorrah, and that city razed
And ruined, and its tenants all destroyed.

Jove ■■■ the sin, and o'er his forehead large
(Whereon, ■ on ■ map, the world is seen)
There passed the shadow of a storm.—*Behold!*
He said; and ■ he spoke the vassal skies
Trembled, and white Olympus to its heart
Sickened and shook: then, stretching wide abroad
His sceptre which doth compass land and sea,
He pointed towards the ocean caverns, where
Upon his coral bed the sea-god lay
Reposing:—through the hollows of the deep
Where tempests come not, and through all the ■■■
Of that green world and watery palaces,
The word resounded:—from his bed uprose
The brother of Jove, and with a sign replied.
Then in a moment from their quartered homes
The winds came muttering,—West and blighting East,
And South; while Boreas prison-doomed and mad
Flew to the North, and shivering branch and trunk
Lifted the billows till their curling heads
Struck the pale stars.—At last the wet South hung
Brooding alone, down-weighted by cloud and shower,
And bound in black, mourning the coming doom,
And with his raven wings and misty breath
Allured the storms. Wide-stretching clouds around
(A dark confederacy) in silence met,
Hiding all Heaven. Towards the glooming shore
The tempest sailed direct, and on the top
Of Pelion burst and swept away its pines
By thousands:—Where it burst a way was made
Like that torn by the avalanche, when it falls
Louder than crashing thunder, amidst smoke
And ruin, bounding from the topmost Alps
O'er chasm and hill, and strips the forests bare.

Oh! woe, deep woe to fruitful Thessaly!
That tempest-shock sounded all o'er the land,
And men left their low dwellings and came forth,
And saw the sheeted cataracts gush from Heaven,
Like rivers that had burst their bonds, and fall
Darkening the day, until those ceaseless floods
Drown'd and destroy'd the herbs and bended corn,
Flowers and fruits, the wealth of all the year.—
For a time the earth drank in the mighty rains;
For ■ time,—but sated soon, morasses shone
Where plains had stretch'd, and rippling rivers left
Their channels old and wander'd far away.
Upon a hilly slope lay Pyrrha's home
Still safe from the rising waters; yet she fear'd.
• Deucalion!—(on their mossy bed they lay,
And heard without the hissing rain descend.)
• Deucalion! Ah! I fear, Deucalion,
The gods are anger'd; not with thee, dear friend,
For, though the Titan's son, thy vows have been
Constant, thine actions holy. Unto Jove
And Themis have we bow'd and pray'd—in vain:
For lo! the storms are out, and Heaven is dark
Perpetually. Apollo now no more
Rises at morning nor at evening fades;
And Dian, who when the year was wasting look'd
But pale amidst the fighting elements,
Hath vanish'd quite: the stars are gone; the day
Hath died:—the earth itself passeth away.—
Thus spake that gentle woman and lay still,

Weeping and full of fears: Deucalion took
Her nearer to his heart:—*Themis is just,*
Sighing, he said, *and kind, and though ■ frown*
Hath hung upon the forehead of great Jove
Awhile, yet clearer light will come at last,
And he will smile and we rejoice again.
Believe it, love: and know, a dream—a thought
How thou mayst yet be saved hath come to me.
And I will labour long and shape ■ raft
Wherein upon the rough wave thou shalt pass
To happier shores, sweet Pyrrha.—Still she sigh'd,
While he, still soothing, from her forehead pale
Parted the dark brown hair, and press'd thereon
His lips in silence. Thus heart-folded close
She wept away her fears, and slumber fell
Like snow-down on her:—Quietly she slept
Without ■ dream until the morning came.

Morn came: but that broad light which hung so long
In heaven forsook the showering firmament.—
The clouds went floating on their fatal way.
Rivers had grown to seas: the great sea swollen
Too mighty for his bound, broke on the land,
Roaring and rushing, and each flat and plain
Devour'd. Upon the mountains now were seen
Gaunt men, and women hungering with their babes,
Eying each other, or with marble looks
Measuring the space beneath swift-lessening.
At times a swimmer from some distant rock
Less high, came struggling with the waves, but sank
Back from the slippery soil. Pale mothers then
Wept without hope, and aged heads struck cold
By agues trembled like red autumn leaves;
And infants moan'd and young boys shriek'd with fear.
Stout men grew white with famine. Beautiful girls,
Whom once the day languish'd to look on, lay
On the wet earth and wrung their drench'd hair:
And fathers saw them there, dying, and stole
Their scanty fare, and while they perish'd thrived.
Then Terror died, and Grief, and proud Despair,
Rage and Remorse, infinite Agony,
Love in its thousand shapes, weak and sublime,
Birth-strangled; and strong Passion perish'd.
The young, the old, weak, wise, the bad, the good
Fell on their faces, struck,—whilst over them
Wash'd the wild waters in their clamorous march.

Still felt the flooding rains. Great Ossa stood
Lone, like a peering Alp, when vapours shroud
Its sides, unshaken in the restless waves;
But from the weltering deeps Pelion ■■■
And shook his piny forehead at the clouds,
Moaning, and crown'd Olympus all his snows
Lost from his hundred heads, and shrank aghast.
Day, Eve, Night, Morning came and pass'd away.
No Sun was known to rise and none to set:
'Stead of its glorious beams a sickly light
Paled the broad East what time the day is born:
At others a thick mass vaporous and black,
And firm like solid marble, roof'd the sky;
Yet gave no shelter.

—Still the ravenous wolf
Howl'd, and wild foxes and the household dog
Grown wild, upon the mountains fought and fed
Each on the other. The great eagle still
In his home brooded, inaccessible,

Or, when the gloomy morning seem'd to break,
 Floated in silence o'er the shoreless seas.
 Still the quick snake unclasp'd its glittering eyes,
 Or shivering hung about the roots of pines;
 And still all round the vultures flew, and watch'd
 The tumbling waters thick with bird and beast;
 Or, dashing in the midst their ravenous beaks,
 Plunder'd the screaming billows of their dead.

Ne'er has such ruin been or such despair
 Since, in records or tales of Thessaly.
 Earth shook, great Mother, and from all her limbs
 Sent signs of terror and unnatural pain:
 The valleys trembled, and great lakes unlock'd
 Their dark foundations, and laid bare to day
 Naiads with watery locks and elfish shapes,
 Half sylvan, such as loved of old to haunt
 On the fresh edge of forest-girded pools.
 And shook the gladed echoes with their laugh.
 Whole plains heaved up: meadows were torn and turn'd
 Downwards, and ancient oaks whose crooked feet
 Were rivetted in rocks were wrench'd away
 And bared to the wild blast and sullen rain.
 Wonder grew plain ■ truth. Etna, far off—
 Terrible Etna, spuming, cast abroad
 Her blazing rivers with loud groaning sounds
 That tore the amazed heart of Sicily:—
 Such noise was never bred on the great shores
 Where Orinoco, huge sea-creature, comes
 Rolling his shining train, o'er rapids and gulfs
 Descending swift, and for a thousand leagues
 Ravages wood and wild, and mad at last
 Dashes his watery scorn against the breast
 That fed him:—She, fond ocean-mother, still
 Receives him to deep calm within her arms.

Higher and higher fled the wasted throngs,
 And still they hoped for life, and still they died,
 One after one, some worn, some hunger-mad:
 Here lay a giant's limbs sodden and shrunk,
 And there ■ infant's, white like wax, and close
 A matron with grey hairs, all dumb and dead:—
 Meanwhile, upon the loftiest summit safe,
 Deucalion labour'd through the dusky day,
 Completing ■ he might his floating raft,
 And Pyrrha, shelter'd in a cave, bewail'd
 Her child which perish'd.—

Still the ruin fell:
 No pity, no relapse, no hope:—The world
 Was vanishing like a dream. Lightning and Storm,
 Thunder and deluging rain now vex'd the air
 To madness, and the riotous winds laugh'd out
 Like Bacchanals, whose cups some God has charm'd.
 Beneath the headlong torrents towns and towers
 Fell down, temples all stone, and brazen shrines;
 And piles of marble, palace and pyramid
 (Kings' homes or towering graves) in ■ breath were swept
 Crumbling away. Masses of ground and trees
 Uptorn and floating, hollow rocks brute-cramm'd,
 Vast herds, and bleating flocks, reptiles, and beasts
 Bellowing, and vainly with the choking waves
 Struggling, were hurried out,—but none return'd:
 All on the altar of the giant Sea
 Offer'd, like twice ten thousand hecatombs,
 Whose blood allays the burning wrath of Gods.
 —Day after day the busy Death pass'd ■

Full, and by night return'd hungering anew;
 And still the ■ morn fill'd his horrid maw
 With flocks, and herds, a city, a tribe, a town,
 One after ■ borne out, and far from land
 Dying in whirlpools or the sullen deeps.
 All perish'd then:—The last who lived was one
 Who clung ■ life because a frail child lay
 Upon her heart: weary, and gaunt, and worn,
 From point to point she sped, with mangled feet,
 Bearing for aye her little load of love:—
 Both died,—last martyrs of a mother's sins,
 Last children they of Earth's sad family.

Still fell the flooding rains. Still the Earth shrank:
 And Ruin held her straight terrific way.
 Fierce lightnings burnt the sky, and the loud thunder
 (Beast of the fiery air) howl'd from his cloud,
 Exulting, towards the storm-eclipsed moon.
 Below, the Ocean rose boiling and black,
 And flung its monstrous billows far and wide,
 Crumbling the mountain joints and summit hills;
 Then its dark throat it bared and rocky tusks,
 Where, with enormous waves on their broad backs,
 The demons of the deep were raging loud;
 And rack'd to hideous mirth or bitter scorn
 Hiss'd the Sea-angels; and earth-buried broods
 Of Giants in their chains toss'd to and fro,
 And the sea-lion and the whale were swung
 Like atoms round and round.—

Mankind was dead:
 And birds whose active wings once cut the air,
 And beasts that spurn'd the waters,—all were dead:
 And every reptile of the woods had died
 Which crawl'd or stung, and every curling worm:—
 The untamed tiger in his den, the mole
 In his dark home—were choked: the darting ounce,
 And the blind adder and the stork fell down
 Dead, and the stifled mammoth, a vast bulk,
 Was wash'd far out amongst the populous foam:
 And there the serpent, which few hours ago
 Could crack the panther in his scaly arms,
 Lay lifeless, like a weed, beside his prey.
 And now, all o'er the deeps corpses were strewn,
 Wide-floating millions, like the rubbish flung
 Forth when a plague prevails; the rest down-sucked,
 Sank, buried in the world-destroying seas.

Confusion raged and ruled. At last, up-grew
 A mingling of Earth, Sea, and Heaven and Air;
 All one they looked, impenetrable, black
 As Chaos, when the salient atoms flew
 Around the abyss and made all space a Hell.
 Nature lay drown'd and dead. Fens, moors, and bogs,
 And pleasant valleys and aspiring hills,
 Rivers and trees were lost, mountains and lakes:
 Even Heaven eternal, whom no cloud before
 Utterly barr'd, through its serene domain
 Kept captive all the Gods and lucid stars,
 Mercurius and Apollo and the rest;
 And hid their beauty from the fainting world.
 —A ■ like the great ocean when all winds
 Blow and lay bare its hollows, and shake forth
 The century-sleeping sands, until the foam
 Grows thick and dark, rolled over sea and land,—
 A perilous ■ of floods, fierce ■ the North
 In March, when scything blasts strip all the bones,

And loud ■ when the riven air proclaims
Earthquakes at Hecla, or once bright Peru.

—It is a task beyond the Muse,—and yet
Sometimes she writeth with ■ golden pen,—
Witness those tales breathing of Paradise
And all that sinful mirth of Circe's son,
And where the mightiest poet open lays
Red Pandæmonium to eternal view,
And numbereth out the Peers of Satan, all
Toss'd ■ the fiery waters, and bewailing
Their frightful fall; from Heaven's precipitous bounds
Cast like the refuse, to find out their way
Through depths and dark abysses, and the jar
Earlier than Order, till the mouths of Hell
Received them flaming,—a tremendous home!
It is a task beyond the Muse, too far,
To paint that leaden darkness which obscured
The world, or that wide horror which was born
When every element forsook its name,
And nature, and all dumb and innocent things
Perish'd, because imperial man had erred.—
A dreariness there is which chills the heart,
When the sun dies on ■ ice-barren plain,
Cheerless and wintry-pale; and when the wind
Waileth in loud December, calling ghosts
To feed the sight of credulous age; and when
The hail-storm comes; and when the great sea chafes,
And the wild horses of the Atlantic shake
Their sounding manes and dash the foam to Heaven.
These sights are vanquish'd by the painter's toil:
But when the intolerable flood prevailed,—
That watery massacre, which quite destroyed
Thessaly, man and woman, and children frail,
Birds, beasts, the very worm, the tree, the flower,
When nothing was—but ruin, and nought seen
But one monotonous dreary waste of waves
Tumbling in monstrous eddies, and a light
Like an eclipse complete when day is hid,
The painter's pencil and the poet's pen
Must fail, confounded ■ a scene so dire.—

On ■ drear morning, ague-cold and dark,
Deucalion from the mountain's lonely top
Launched his frail raft, rich with its living freight
And laden full: Scarce light enough was seen
To show that quarter of the sky 'neath which
The green Parnassus (when that mount was green)
Held station; yet with hands which trembled not
He struck his piny ■ against the soil
And floated on the waters.—

—So he left

The failing land, and then loud gusts uprose
Curling the billows with unnatural rage,
Till ■ the summit of the desert hill
They rushed, and in the Titan's sight tore up
The knarled oaks, washing and wasting all
The ruinous earth until no trace was ■

« Whither, ah! whither—to what happier shore
Peer'st thou thy way, Deucalion? » Pyrrha spoke.
He, glancing at the sky, just where the North
Cut by the eastern light at early dawn,
(The mid-point of the compass) bade her gaze:

« What see'st thou—nought?—Poor girl, thine eye ■
dim:

For hope still lives.—Come! Bride of my despair
(Now of my hope), we 'll live or die together.
Along the deserts of the deep we 'll go,
Along the wide and wave-blown wilderness,
Undaunted and untiring. Some fair land
There ■ which Jove designs shall be our home:
Believe it. O Thessalian Pyrrha!—Thou,
Child of the ocean, canst thou fear its rage?—
So spoke he, smiling through deep sorrow,—fill'd
With fear which yet he kept hid in his heart;
And with prevailing looks and voice all love
Cheer'd the sad Pyrrha on her watery way.

—Morn passed, and noon, and eve along; and night
Over their heads hung like a pall, through which
No minute star nor glimpse of faintest light
Could pierce; but all was dark,—dark like the grave.

—And so they floated on their fated track,
Borne onwards till the o'erwhelming rains had ceased,
And the wild winds were sleeping; and around
No noise was heard, save from their beating hearts,
And the lone dashings of the endless seas.

PART II.

SOME have believed the Deluge never was:
And some that, ere it was, man walk'd the world
With a sight more near to immortality
Than e'er hath shone since those diluvian days:
Others have guess'd that monstrous tribes, now dead,
Blacken'd the air, once, or with ponderous bulks
Trod down the soil,—Phoenix and eastern Roc,
And Sphinx whose words perplex'd the wit of Thebes,
And Behemoth, vast birth (almost ■ fable),
That fed like Famine on the streams and hills,—
A breathing wonder,—a strange truth, confirmed.
—To me the records of the days of old
Are starred with a diviner character.
Fable, historian page, or sager verse
I mar not nor reject, nor now inquire,
Bent on ■ tale of ancient years, how far
The wonders of past times be false or true.

Whether the bright and rolling world came forth,
A thing of life, from Darkness or blind Chance,
Chaos or utter Nought; ■ sprung from Air,
Fire or innumerable atoms, charm'd
Into harmonious motion, or dependeth
On star or comet, is not now my care:
Nor whether in the earth's deep heart there hides
A mighty abyss of waters, casting out,
From immemorial time, beautiful things
In its revolving. 'T is enough for me
To gaze on its great regions,—boundless plains,
Continents, flourishing isles, and deserts rude,
Forests old as the world, and falling floods,
And mountains, east and west, which kiss the moon,
Andes, and Himalayans, and bright Alps;
And fiery Etna, in her purple pride
Rising from meadows of a thousand lakes.
Nor these alone transport me; gentler sights

Are mine, deep groves and fountains and calm lakes,
And murmuring waters and lone silent shores,
The air, the golden sun, the visiting cloud
Which comes and goes; Night and her crowds of stars
And that ne'er-sleeping wilderness of waves
The sea,—the populous sea, which circleth all,
And the wide arch of everlasting Heaven.

Free Nature in her bounty offereth these
To man, and hence I worship. I may dream
That the great earth unshapen, was indeed
First, co-eternal with the supreme God;
Thus Plato taught: or by a single word
(Born like a thought, and smit with light and sound
At once) was called to wear this perfect form,
This dress of bluest air and sylvan shade:
Or with thy fables, old Pythagoras
(Gather'd in sandy Egypt, or derived
From bearded Magi in the Chaldee lands),
Cheat for awhile my soul:—But Truth will come,
And cloudless seasons and serener hours,
And then how vain it is I learn, to send
Among earth's secrets and confusions, forth
A thought unwing'd, to search and ask what was
The dread Beginning! Like a pilgrim worn
By toil and blinded on the burning sands,
The baffled Speculation home returns,
Drooping and glad to rest. Therefore no more:
O Muse! no longer loiter in thy way;
For thou, ere thou hast done thy toil, must scale
The ampyrean with undrooping wings,
And look upon the bright haunts of the Gods.

High in that middle region, where, it seems,
Olympus and his hundred heads are lost
In air—(though clouds hang round and make the place
Holy, cerulean vapours rare and fine),
'T is storied Jove's Saturnian palace sprung.
—It was a mighty dome, whose blue arch shone
With a thousand constellated lights that rained
Rich, endless day, and gentlest warmth like spring.
The present and the past were there,—the Signs
Scorpion and Cancer and Aquarius,
And all who belt the sky, and all the throng
That flame along the tropics, or like gems
Live in the foreheads of the hemispheres,
Sirius and Taurus and the starry twain
(Leda's), and fierce Orion, who, between
Phoenix and Hydra, on the nights of May
Shakes over southern seas his watery beams;
And northwards shone Canopus, and the lights
Cassiopeia, and the great fix'd star
Arcturus, and Andromeda, long chained
And haunted on the cold and sea-beat rock
Others were there, since known. Below, withdrawn,
And seen through a vista clear and wide,
Gleam'd squares and arches, streets, range after range,
Temples and towers and alabaster spires,
Which ran up to infinitude, and pierced
With sharp and glittering points the highest air,
And terraces crown'd with pavilions, which
Outshone the sun, and with their light made base
All that of old Nebuchadnezzar hung
Towering above his Babylonian halls,
Making great wonder dumb. Nearer, all round
That lustrous dome colossal figures stood,

Like pillars, with vast sinewy arms outspread,
And golden shapes between, with finer care
Wrought than e'er Phidias used, whose carved thoughts
Threw beauty o'er the years of Pericles.

Typhon — there—(*his spirit*, the corpor'al mould
Lay under Etna, crush'd,) and Atlas huge,
Phorcys, and Briareus, though spared from toil,
And prone Enceladus, whom Pluto trod
Down with his chariot wheels, when through the heart
Of groaning earth he wound his dusky way,¹
And raped Proserpina: and all the rest,
Titans, and giants, and amphibious things,
Whose hate grew strong when Saturn ceased his reign.
Fix'd — their pedestals of glowing gold
(Figured with all the actions of the sky)
They stood,—proud perfect works, and through their
veins

Transparent the ethereal fluids ran:
While in each space curtains of trembling mist
And azure-woven air came flowing down,
O'er-shower'd with stars,—between whose waving folds
The delicate Zephyrs with their odorous loads
Pass'd in and out, and girls, like Flora fair,
Sprinkled the veined floor with amaranth blooms.
—And there the laughing Hours flew round and round
In airy circles, while outspread below
The wood-nymphs lay and Fauns, whose haunts were
now

Flooded, and at their head the sylvan Pan,
Married to Echo, who received his words
As wisdom, and to all the listening Earth
Told the deep secrets of his springs and caves.²
And Jupiter, eternal Spirit, was there,
Like a Divinity beyond the rest
Enthroned:—Apart, and as imperial kings
Sit reigning compass'd by their pomp and arms,
So, amid clouds and amethystine fires,
He ruled; not fierce as when through heaven he chased
Saturn, but milder than the first-born Love.
And — him stood Apollo,—Cybele,
Juno, and zoned Aphrodite crown'd
With flowering myrtles, and the palest maid
Of heaven,—Diana; and bright numbers more.

Suddenly—(for till then whispers had been,
And smiles prevailing and melodious tones,
And Eolus in distance far was heard
Sounding his trumpet over lands and seas)
Silence — forth:—The circling Hours then ceased
Their round, and from Jove's throne a silver light
Flow'd to the zenith, mild as what is seen
At morning, when the westering stars are gone,
And young Apollo still delays the day.
Every bright eye was fill'd, and quickly turn'd
Its radiance towards the supreme king, who raised
— head and shook his cloudy hair aside,
Smiling in beauty throughout heaven.—'T was then
The Gods rejoiced, and knew the world was saved.

¹ Jamque per anfractus animarum rector opacos
Sub terris querebat iter, gravibusque gementem
Enceladum calcabat equis.—*CLAUD. De rapta Proserpina.*

² Echo, the wife of Pan, is no other than genuine Philosophy
which faithfully repeats his word, or only transcribes as *Nature*
dictates, thus representing the true image and reflection of the
world.—*LORD BACON, on Learning.*

THE WORLD ■ SAVED,—Millions of spirits sang
 All around the skiey halls—*The World is saved;*
From Deluge; from the immeasurable wrath
Of Jove; from Desolation; from Decay!
 They sang, and all the murmuring Zephyrs shook
 From off their wings harmonious airs, and sounds
 Came streaming from immortal instruments,
 All heaven attuned, and ■ by Muses' hands
 Touched in diviner moments, when the choir
 Of Phoebus, from long listening to his lyre,
 Are equall'd for ■ space with mightiest Gods.
 Even he himself, the Lord of light and song,
 For once descending from his sublime state,
 Swept in the madness of the hour, such chords
 As stung to rapture and finer joy
 Gods, and all else:—The constellations flash'd
 And trembled: the fierce Giants lost their frown;
 And the Fauns shriek'd, while through Olympian veins
 Like light, the quick nectarean spirit flew,
 Till each stood forth betray'd—a brighter God,
 Startled ■ his full shown Divinity.

The World is saved; from Deluge; from Decay!
 Still sounded through the vast Saturnian halls,
 Like echoes which the mountains multiply
 From rock to rock, sending their cries abroad
 O'er barren moors and the dumb solitudes,
 And through the watery dells and hollow caves,
 Which, shaking off the ancient silence, give
 Great answer, in their own fantastic voice
 Familiar to the listening air alone.
 Still the words sounded: Still • *The World is saved!*
 Rang all around; but as the echoes died,
 Fainter,—and fainter still with every cry,
 The vision of the Gods which lately filled
 The circuit of Olympus with its light,
 Receded:—The great Juno shrank, eclipsed,
 And Venus lost her smile, and Dian waned:
 Ceres had fled, and Mars; and Phoebus now
 Shook softer lustre from his dewy hair;
 And Jupiter, the greatest and the last
 Of all to lose his brightness, in a cloud
 Shrouded the light of his Elysian eyes,
 And seemed to fade away.* One after one
 Departed:—Whither? Oh! inquire no more;
 No more the Muse may tell who saw that sight
 Thousands of years ago. Whether there be
 An inner conclave ■ diviner seat
 Removed, or if the embracing elements
 Then each received its own peculiar God,
 Who lost his incarnation, ■ put off
 A shape which ■ his limit,—ask no more.
 All that is told is this—*They vanish'd,—all,*
Statues and pillars and cerulean domes
Vanished, and lustrous stars and crowned Gods,
And Giants shrank ■ dissolution, like
The watery pageant which the morning ■
Breeds ■ Sicilian shores, and buildeth up
Tower and vain column and Palladian arch,
And capital, upon the alarmed floods:
Or such as travellers note at break of day
On Pambamarca, where the shapes of men
Stand forth like ghosts, and vanish. So the Gods,
Great visions! through the wide empyrean fled,
And faded,—wasting all ■ azure air.

Yet, ere they vanished, two bright creatures left
 The skies, commission'd to declare by signs
 The will of Jove to man,—wingfooted, light,
 And young, Caducean Mercury, who like
 A diver plunging from some rocky height,
 Flung himself headlong from the crystal walls
 Of Heaven, and through the airy wilderness
 Shot like ■ star; and with him streaming went
 Iris, array'd in all her many hues,
 With power to spread or hide her colour'd wings,
 And amid sunshine or in rain throw out
 Her storm-dissolving bow, and check the floods.
 Over the water-cover'd hills they flew,
 Which once look'd fair in Greece,—over the tops
 Of Athos and the mountain-peaks that stand
 Close by the Bosphorus, whose quickening stream
 Was drown'd and lost, and he no longer rush'd
 Forth as of old, to clasp his shrinking bride,
 The pale Propontic, in his foaming arms.

All was wide waste and water. Far and near
 The skiey twain (like as two planets spin
 Round in their orbits, yet with gentler speed)
 Circled, and still descended, and delay'd,
 Hovering attentive as each floating wreck
 Pass'd onwards, by the currents charm'd along:
 At last, not far from where Parnassus lies,
 They saw, contending with the awaken'd wind,
 And toss'd, and worn, and struggling with the streams,
 A little raft; whereon two creatures lay,
 Wreck of the world. The man, with haggard eyes
 And sinews loosen'd by unnatural toil,
 Strove yet to cherish his companion pale,
 And with high tender courage, such ■ springs
 From fountains only where the heart is pure,
 Soothed her and spoke, and with his ■ around
 Her fainting figure, seem'd to ward away
 Evils, both watery perils and despair.
 • Art thou so weary, Pyrrha? in soft voice
 Deucalion spake—• so weary, so forlorn? •
 • Pity me, my sweet husband; thou art brave,
 But I am weaker than an infant's sigh. •
 Oh! I have weighed thee down: Alone thou mightst
 Have held great war with Fate; but I have been
 Thy ruin. •—• Dear perdition! • he return'd,
 • Not golden Fortune on her turning wheel
 Was so to be desired as thou by me:
 Oh! thou art fairer than all fortune.—Love!
 Pyrrha! Thou tenderest creature ever born,
 Cheer thee:—Behold, day breaks at last, and hark!
 How all the music of the morning comes. •
 He spoke and smiled,—When, like a curtain torn
 Suddenly from the East, the parted glooms
 Withdrew, South, West, and to the howling North:—
 Thus demons driven from some holy shrine,
 By incantations, ■ a God's bright frown,
 Forsake the temple, and with desperate shrieks
 Cast them upon the wild and boundless winds.
 The storm grew silent, and the thunder spake
 No more; but in their place visions arose,
 Meteors and floating lights and glancing stars,
 And splendours running to and fro, amidst
 Heaps of dissolving cloud, trembling, confused.
 But joy is slow-believed, where grief hath lived

* • But I am weaker than a woman's tear. •—*Tro. and Cressid.*

Long ■ familiar : so despair still sate
And sorrow on the downcast Pyrrha's eyes.

At last, she look'd—and lo! the East grew pale
With morning, and then flushing (like some bride
Whose ear expects yet fears each distant tread
To seek her chamber when the feast is done)
Threw out its fiery colours, and became
Crimson and burning red. Apollo's steeds,
Which wait his coming at the eastern gate,
Harness'd were there, and champ'd their crystal bits,
And threw their flaming foam upon the air.
Then first, in all its radiant beauty shone
The Rainbow, shadowy arch, of every hue
Of light inwove, in Heaven's immortal loom;
Gay, rich, illustrious colours mingled there,
And shone and were involved each within each,
Atoms of loveliest light, orange and blue,
Yellow and glowing red and soothing green;
Lying across the sky, but vanishing
As the clear day came on, the arch was seen.
Over Parnassus far the vision hung;
And thither, borne along by tide or swell
Glided the raft, until a sound like waves
Breaking on ■ rough strand alarm'd the air.
Then Pyrrha trembled, and Deucalion knew
Peril was near, and from his face the smile
Faded, and lowering cast his eyes o'erspread.
No word he uttered, but with straining arms
Toil'd,—but in vain: the loud and hurrying stream
Forced them along, till through the whitening waves
The horrid rocks peered up as black as death;
And the hoarse pebbles rattled on the strand
A stormy welcome; and the winds blew loud;
And the ■ rose and sank, and round the raft
Curl'd with ■ hungry noise, till one huge wave
Dash'd them along the shore.—

There wreck'd they lay;

The woman in her husband's guardian arms
(Clasped like a jewel in its sterner case),
But lost to life, and dumb, and motionless:
And then that husband, faithful to the grave,
Strung once more his worn nerves, and with deep sobs,
And staggering steps, and sighs, bore her beyond
The tyranny of the seas. «Roar on,» he said—
«The treasure of the world is saved at last.»
So, pressing those cold lips, her head he raised
Upon his knee:—«She will revive»—he sigh'd,
And fell, half-swooning; and sleep, long-delay'd,
Came like a cloud and wrapp'd his limbs in rest.

There, on the strand they lay,—Deucalion,
Father of this fated world, progenitor,
And Pyrrha the sad mother, goddess-born;
Both wreck'd, though saved, because their brothers did
Antediluvian sins,—because the wrath
Of the high God, great Jove, lay ■ the earth,
And was not to be quenched, unless by blood.
There lay they, long-time sleeping; while ■ Sea—
To which the Atlantic with its waste of waves
Is poor, though from its warring depths it flung
Alarums to the moon, and that broad belt
Of waters where the Baltic storms are bred
Is nought, nor where the Arabian snake is seen
Wasting the Nubian coast—A boundless Sea,
Paved like the dreamer's brain with livid looks,

Rolled far and near, and shook its hideous loads
At Heaven; and ever, as the billows bared
Their mountain backs and sank, worn with the toil,
Howled to the dreaming winds, and the winds sent
Fierce ■ back and dash'd the waves to snow.—
So, ere it slumber'd in entire repose,
Antick'd the Ocean: then, by great degrees
Descending from its cloudy strife, tamed down
The plunging billows and impetuous depths,
Roaring for prey.—And now great Heaven had shut
Her windows, and the fountains of the world
Damm'd with a word;—and gentle calm came down,
And a power arose, which to the earth's deep heart
Suck'd the vast floods, till vales and hills appear'd.

—Recovered from their trance, and so refresh'd
As the tired spirit is by food and sleep,
The wanderers look'd around. On one fair side
Rose hills, and gentle waters murmur'd near,
And vernal meadows where the wild rose blew
Spread their fresh carpets. In the midst upsprung
A mountain, whose green head some ancient storm
Had struck in twain: rich forests deck'd its heights,
And laurel wildernesses clothed the sides,
And round it flew harmonious winds, whose wings
Bore inspiration and the sound of song.
Lower, and in the shade of that great hill,
A temple lay; untouch'd by storm or flood
It seemed, and white as when, just hewn, it caught
Ionian beauty from the carver's skill.
Thither they went, perhaps by some strong star
Drawn, or the spirit of the place unseen,
To ask their doom or own the ruling God:—
Thither they went, first parents, whom no child
Solaced, yet with hearts lighter than of yore;
The woman paler than when first she flung
Her curling arms around Deucalion's neck,
And he more gravely beautiful, less young,
But nearer heaven and like a dream of Jove.

They enter'd.—On a marble pedestal
A veiled figure sate, sybil or sage,
Or breathing oracle, whose inspired words
Were fate—immutable like Death or Love.¹
And near her, from an altar, whose soft flame
Was cedar-fed, fumed spice and frankincense,
Sandal-wood, aloes, and Arabian gums,
Warm odours yielding like the suns of May
When blooms are starting, and the fresh green grass
Laughs through its April tears and hums with life.
They knelt, the rough stones kissing, and with fear
Pray'd; and each took bright leaves of the rich bay
There lying, and with low imploring sounds
Cast them upon the flame:—And then uprose
That figure, which was Justice, and the Queen
Of prophecy, and mother of the Hours,
Daughter of Earth and Heaven, and bride of Jove,
Great Themis. She, unveiling her bright eyes
And brow pale as the marble, with a voice
Sounding from awful distance, slowly spoke.
«Children of Dust!» she said, «Hear and revive:
The wrath of Heaven has passed, and ye are saved.

¹ ——— Love is not love

Which alters when it alteration finds.—SHAKESPEARE.

Go from my temple, and with garments loosed
 And faces hidden, your great parent's bones
 Gather, and cast them o'er your backs.—They stood
 Mute with each the other look'd
 For help, bewilder'd; and when sense came back
 The altar and the goddess were no more.
 * Themis immortal! O return, return!
 Hear us, O vanish'd Themis! (so they moaned)
 Hear us, and shed thy lustre on our minds,
 Now dark. We not, and are very sad.
 We have endured much fortune, and, though spared,
 We are alone:—no kin, no friends are ours,
 None,—no companions save the senseless stones.
 The stones!—'T then the riddle of the skies
 Dissolved. They left that temple, and obey'd
 Its queen and prophetess:—Deucalion first
 Plucking from out the earth (which sighed) a stone,
 Threw it against the wind: It fell,—and lo!
 Slowly when the unclouds her face,
 Swelled and grew human; yet not man at once,
 But leaving like the worm its outer scale,
 And shooting, the flower puts forth its leaves,
 Flexible arms (yet firm), limbs apt for strength,
 Muscles and sinuous shape, and streaming veins,
 And last—the crowning head; which (cold at first,
 And stiff like some pale mask), relaxed to life,
 Unclosing its bright eyes, and in warm cheeks
 Receiving the first blush of living youth.
 O wonder! Happiest Pyrrha, with what speed
 She cast a stone, which like the first up-grew,
 Yet fairer,—female, with such waving form
 As Circe or Calypso, free from harm;—
 Slowly the change went on, from limb to limb,
 From waist to bosom, swelling like a cloud,
 White-turning neck, and then the awakening face,
 And last the eyes unclosed. * Immortal Heaven!—
 The mother spoke, and for a moment stood
 Dumb, and with arms outspread then flew along
 And clasp'd the new-born vision in her arms.
 There hung she, and so gazed as mothers do
 Who clasp pale children gather'd from the grave,
 And saved when hope had perish'd. * Oh! she spoke,
 In low and hurrying tones, * Oh! leave me not
 Again, lone!—my sole child!—and yet
 Art thou indeed, with all this skiey grace,
 Mine own, made perfect without aid of time?
 Thou stranger the earth! Heaven's child (and mine)—
 Oh! vision, die not until Pyrrha dies.»

Thus, her child restored, the mother spoke;
 Thus for awhile, yet not her toil forsook:
 But still, obeying their great oracle,
 Those early parents cast on high the stones,
 And ever where they cast the fragments rose
 Men, strong and young, beautiful,—
 Born by some great enchantment, such as lifts
 The earth from darkness dissolves the moon,
 Or clothes the proud sun in eclipse.

—At last,
 Wearied with toil and new emotion, both
 Retired, and in a o'er which the rose
 Shook his immortal blooms, and lilies near,

* Discedite templo;
 Et velate caput; cluctaque resolvite vestes;
 Osanque post tergum magnæ jactate parentis.

OVID METAM.

Jasmine and musk, daisies and hyacinth,
 And violets, a blue profusion, sprang
 Haunting the air, they lay them down and slept.
 And with soft sleep came dreams, a glittering brood,
 Its progeny, like stars from darkness bred:
 And Themis, so it seemed, before them stood,
 A tow'r-crowned goddess,—a Saturnian shape,
 Whose forehead mock'd the clouds, which round about
 In throngs came fawning, like aerial slaves:
 While she, outstretching her right hand, and pale
 With power call'd upwards from prophetic depths
 (Which like a passion shakes immortal frames),
 Spoke to the Future,—a strange language, born
 Of Time and Nature, then understood.
 And then she touched Deucalion's brow; unsealing
 With her cold finger, cold as winter ice,
 The Promethean's sight,—while still slept.

a moment straight before his eyes there throng'd
 Visions,—vast moving sights, Ocean and Land,
 Palaces, towns, and temples,—sea-girt isles
 Floating, and navies of a thousand ships,
 Armies of steeled men, and shapes that wore
 Their panther spoils (nought else)—fierce savages,
 Rivers and desert wastes, and grassy slopes
 Crown'd with the branching palm, and cedars such
 As stood on Lebanon and kissed the wind
 At morning,—and strange scenes and shapes beside.
 —For a time he look'd bewildered; but at last
 His eye accusom'd saw each shape distinct.—
 First, on rich moving thrones, sceptred and crown'd
 With oriental gold, dazzling as day,
 And studded o'er with gems, pass'd slowly along
 The kings of Thebes, and ocean-girded Tyre,
 And Memphis old, and shrunken Babylon,—
 Huge warrior men, upon whose lips, though sad,
 Hung scorn, and pride in every wrinkled front.
 Then came a bearded king more mild than they,
 Father of many sons, all fair and brave,
 And daughters, one a prophetess: This was
 The Trojan Priam, at whose city gates
 The Grecians watch'd for ten long bloody years,
 And entered at the last old Ilium.
 Near him sat one with laurels crown'd, but blind,
 Who, pausing for a time, spoke forth at last
 With a voice more solemn than the trumpet's tone
 Calling armed men to battle: Terrible strife
 In which the Gods once mingled filled his song,
 Until descending unto gentler tones,
 A gentler chord he press'd, and Love was made
 His theme,—how the Asian sands a dame
 Loiter'd with him she loved and left her lord,
 (Lacedæmonian Helen)—how she stole
 From Sparta then the sightless poet sung,
 With the boy Paris, Priam's shepherd son;
 And how Achilles anger'd, and the prince
 Of barren Ithaca was led astray,
 For ten long wretched years o'er land and wave
 Wandering in grief and could not reach his home.

Following, and as the Magi walk, came two,
 Hermes and Zoroaster, deemed sun-born,
 Wise as the ever-watching stars, grave, pale,
 And shrouded round by superstitious breath,
 Which bade believe that each a God,
 No less, and could dispense empire and death,

Riches, large joy, and charms from every ill.
 These passed; when, like some picture where each shape
 Looks ■ o'er-mastered that life stirs in all,
 Athens from out ■ circular cloud up-sprang
 Bravely, and showed her temples all and streets,
 Through which proud glorious men walked—one by one,
 Else in bright throngs, as ages brought them forth
 With exultation and no painful throes:
 Kings, princes, and the soldiers of all states
 (Not Athens alone, but Thebes and Macedon,
 Corinth and Sparta and the rest) were ■
 Conspicuous in their shining steel; but most
 Great poets and grave-eyed philosophers
 Shone through the dream like stars, and lit the land
 With beauty and truth; for well sage Themis knew
 Virtue is first and knowledge before arms,
 Or power, or wealth, or strength in battle shown.
 —Cadmus, of that immortal throng the head
 And leader (for we pass all meaner tribes),
 Stood with those wondrous letters in his hand
 By which bright thought ■ in its quick flight stopp'd,
 And saved from perishing. Amphion next
 Came with his lute, and Linus fiercely slain,
 And Orpheus, Thracian shepherd, who made stay
 Swift rivers in their flow, until too cold
 The lowd Bacchantes down the Hebrus' stream
 Rolled his diserver'd head, which utter'd still
 "Eurydice!"—And then Alcman pass'd,
 Thales, and Sappho, whose ■ passionate song
 Fail'd, though all fire, to stir the senseless boy
 Phaon, and so the amorous Lesbian died.

Next ■ the Macedonian who bestrode
 Bucephalus (whose spirit, till then untamed,
 ■ broke by turning to the blinding sun)—
 Yet not alone in steeds or in fierce arms
 Delighted he, but much he loved rich song,
 And fed his mind upon the tales of Troy:—
 Then Plato, musing, whose most great delight
 Was wisdom, which he taught by streams and groves,
 Making Iliassus and its banks renowned;
 And Socrates, whose earnest aim was truth,
 And the star-blinded sage Pythagoras;
 Praxiteles, and Phidias, and the rest
 Whose Promethean touch awaken'd life
 In the cold marble; and that king who died
 Self-martyr'd in thy strait Thermopylæ!
 And he who taught retreat o'er woods and plains
 So well, and deserts strange, and hostile shores;
 And Archimedes whose fierce art brought down
 Ruin on cities; and that tragic Three,
 Athenians, who the dream of life unveiled,
 Winning men's wondering hearts by speech and verse,
 And gave this world its best philosophy:
 Then pass'd Demosthenes; and he whom Fame
 Slanders, sage Epicurus, on whom leaned
 A youth well fitted for aught wise or good,—
 Valiant, but wanton Lais bound him down
 By amorous magic and enchanted toils;
 And Pericles then, and then Aspasia came,
 Whose midnight study by some eastern lamp
 Had paled her cheek, but fill'd her eyes with thought.

Then followed countless endless throngs, like leaves
 Crowning a woody wilderness,—unnamed,
 Unknown, ■ some, on whom chance or the time

Fell with redoubled light and made distinct;—
 Crowd after crowd,—enormous living trains,
 Men, women, of every shape, and age, and mind
 (Bright generations) passed along, some robed
 Like seers, but most with spear or helmet armed,
 Or in equestrian state, as still we see
 Craven on gems or marble, and some wreathed
 With Delphian laurel like Diana's maids,
 Or ■ Cytherean; some with bays,
 Apollo's gift, and some the gift of Mars.—
 Beyond all piercing of the sight they reach'd
 Into the future, like a prophet's thought;
 And still they pass'd, and still no end was seen,—
 Heroes, and sages, and fair shapes unborn,
 Vast towns and towers, temples and aqueducts,
 Pillar and arch and trophy, all were seen;
 And Bacchanalian mirth like that which stunn'd
 Persepolis, when Philip's son, grown mad,
 Fired the great city,—around which came sounding
 Battles and triumphs, and the rage of war,
 The rout, the riot, and the cloud of arms,
 The conquest, and captivity,—and death.
 Such throngs of old were never known to stream
 From Babylon or Susa, nor when last
 The Assyrian met the Mede, and marked the bounds
 Of empire by the gates of Nineveh;
 Nor when old Rome was highest; nor when, more late,
 The Scythian through the Indian valleys broad
 Swept like a storm.— — —

All that has been, and is, and is to come
 Was there, made plain,—writ down clear as the stars;
 A grand Array, beyond all which the grave
 Could show, though from its populous arms it threw
 The treasures of past time, great, wise, and good,—
 Beyond all thought, all guess ■ large belief,—
 Beyond Imagination's widest dreams.— —
 —These things, so Themis bade, assumed brief life:—
 But whither they fled, or when the Titan shook
 That rich sleep off, and in the awakening light
 Bathed his flushed forehead, still remains unsung
 In story;—yet, before his sight, 't is told,
 Stood Pyrrha, fairest of earth's visions still,
 Who on his tranced slumber long had look'd,
 Whispering the Gods for comfort. He awoke:—
 And o'er him, gently bending, children hung
 (He their creator), and a new-born world
 Opened upon his sense,—a Paradise
 Of flowers and fruits, sweet winds and cloudless skies,
 And ■ waters winding to the main,
 And forest walks, and (far off) sounds which break
 The sun-set silence, and the songs of birds
 Chanting melodious mirth:—Vernal delights
 Haunted the air, and youth which knew ■ pang
 Ran through all living veins, and touch'd all eyes
 With beauty:—the tall branches waved their plumes;
 The water trembled; and the amorous sun
 Came darting from his orb: Eagles and doves
 Pair'd in the ether, and the branching stag
 Fled from his shadow on the grass-green plain.—
 O golden hours! O world! ■ stained with crime,
 Immaculate then, methinks thy perfect fame
 Should live in song! Methinks some bard, whose heart
 Traces its courage to Promethean veins,
 Should build in lasting verse, firmer than mine,
 Deucalion's story—(upon Delphi's steep
 Saved from the watery waste), and Pyrrha's woe.

The Girl of Provence.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following passage (which occurs in « Collinson's Essay on Lunacy ») suggested the poem of the « Girl of Provence. » The reader will perceive, however, that it forms the material of only the concluding stanzas. —

« The enthusiasm of a Girl from Provence had lately occupied my mind. It was a singular occurrence which I shall never forget. I was present at the national Museum when this Girl entered the Salle d'Apollon: she was tall, and elegantly formed, and in all the bloom of health. I was struck with her air, and my eyes involuntarily followed her steps. I saw her start at the statue of Apollo, and she stood before it as if struck with lightning, her eyes gradually sparkling with sensibility. She had before looked calmly around the Hall; but her whole frame seemed to be then electrified as if a transformation had taken place within her; and it has since appeared, that a transformation had taken place, and that her youthful breast had imbibed a powerful, alas! fatal passion. I remarked, that her companion (an elder sister it seems) could not force her to leave the statue but with much entreaty, and she left the Hall with tears in her eyes, and all the expressions of tender sorrow. I set out the very evening for Montmorency. I returned to Paris at the end of August, and visited immediately the magnificent collection of antiques. I recollected the Girl from Provence, and thought perhaps I might meet with her again; but I never saw her afterwards, though I went frequently. At length I met with one of the attendants, who, I recollected, had observed her with the same attentive curiosity which I had felt; and I inquired after her. « Poor Girl! » said the old man, « That was a sad visit for her. She came afterwards every day to look at the statue, and she would sit still, with her hands folded in her lap, staring at the image, and when her friends forced her away, it was always with tears that she left the Hall. In the middle of May she brought, whenever she came, a basket of flowers and placed it on the Mosaic steps. One morning early she contrived to get into the Hall before the usual hour of opening it, and I found her within the grate, sitting within the steps almost fainting, exhausted with weeping. The whole Hall was scented with the perfume of flowers, and she had elegantly thrown over the statue a large veil of India muslin, with a golden fringe. We pitied the deplorable condition of the lovely girl, and let her in into the Hall until her friends came and carried her home. She struggled and resisted exceedingly when forced away; and declared in her frenzy that the God had that night chosen her to be his priestess, and that she must marry him. We have never seen her since, but have heard that an opiate was given her, and she was taken into the country! » I made further inquiries concerning her history, and learned that she died raving. — *Related by Madame de Haster, a German lady.*

THE GIRL OF PROVENCE.

—A dream of Love

Shaped by a solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above.

Lord Byron.—*Childe Harold.*

I.

If there be aught within thy pleasant land,
Fair France, which the poet help may be—
If thou art haunted by a Muse,—command
That now she cast her precious spell on me:
Bid that the verse I write be fair and free;
So may I, an untravell'd stranger, sing
Like one who drinketh of Apollo's spring.

II.

For,—though I never beneath eastern
Wandered, nor by Parnassus hill so high,
Nor where in beauty that bright fountain runs
Struck by the winged horse that scaled the sky,
Nor ever in the meads of Arcady,
In flowery Enna, or Thessalian shade,
Heard sweet the pastoral pipe at evening play'd,—

III.

Yet have I chosen, from the throngs of tale
Which crowded on me in life's dreaming hours,
One sad indeed, but such as may not fail
To attest the peerless king's undying powers,
Who, like a light amongst Elysian bowers
Still moveth, while the sun (his empty throne)
Floats onwards, in its weary round, alone.

IV.

Ages and years have been and pass'd away,
And Mirth with light and Hope with rainbow wings
Have flown, and Grief borne slow on pinions gray,
Since thou wast worshipp'd at the Delphian springs,
Whereby no longer now a poet sings:
Yet hast thou been, O Phoebus! well repaid
By the deep love of one Provencal maid.

V.

Come!—with thy raven tresses loosely hung,
Thou nymph translated to the skies! Breathe! Sigh!
Let thy dark odorous hair be round me flung
And twined (rich inspiration!) till I die
For love of thee—a shadow; may I,
Stung to ethereal life, declare thy pain:—
Till then, whatever I sing—I sing in vain.

VI.

Eva!—pale rose of Provence! where art thou?
Thy harp is silent,—gone, thy home forlorn:
Mute anguish lieth on thy sister's brow:
Thy father's eye (once proud and like a morn
Of sparkling June), is emptied of its scorn.—
Ah! bid me (and thou aid) in gentle verse
And words fair as thyself, thy tale rehearse.

VII.

In France—in sunny France, the fields are gay;
Earth's fruits are richest there, and ripen soon:
The shrill lark welcometh a brighter day,
And, free and sheltered from the fiery noon,
The summer-sweet Acanthis sings her tune;
Or in the glassy waters looketh long,
Until the nightingale begins her song.

VIII.

O Provence! in thy groves and vine-hung bowers
Doth still that creature pine—that little bird
Who weeps her very soul away in showers
Of music,—only at the nightfall heard,
Yet sweeter far than any human word?
Still doth it pine?—or are the rose and thou
Deserted for some happier region now?

IX.

Once, how it used to fill the fragrant air
With melancholy sounds that touch'd the brain!
But that was when pale Eva bound her hair
With flowers that, blushing into bloom again,
Alarm'd the bird a most melodious pain.
Those days are gone.—Oh! is the twilight pale
Made-amorous still by the lone nightingale?—

X.

Fair Eva was De Varenne's gentle child,
Most gentle, from a rugged sire descended,
As April springeth from the winter wild,
A thing of rain and light gracefully blended,
Weeping inheritor! whose life is ended
Almost before the trump of March is dumb;
Dying in showers ere green Spring hath come.

XI.

Scarce eighteen summers by the Durance' side,
Which freshens the Provençal valleys green
With its bright waters, did that maid abide,
Beheld by few, yet loved a soon a seen,
And ripening as her mother a had been,—
Scarce eighteen summers, a a sorrow strange
Fell from the sky, and wrought mysterious change.

XII.

How gracefully she lived can many tell;
How meekly too she bore her father's frown;
Though seldom a his patient child it fell,
And quickly then she smiled and soothed it down,
Or else would in harmonious measures drown
His wrath (as water quells the angry flame),
Till Love return'd, or slow Oblivion came.

XIII.

Two children,—Eva and young Heloise,
Were all that fortune to De Varenne gave,
When from his wars beyond the Pyrenees
a to mourn upon Aurelia's grave.
Oh! why should sorrow weep and never save!
She died, sad mother, and her husband wept
When closer to his heart her children crept.

XIV.

For once he wept; but quickly from his eye
The fire that flash'd therein dried up the tear,
And he assumed again that conduct high
Which bred a duteous love, not freed of fear,
Hallowing the lives of those his daughters dear:
Better perhaps if Love alone had dwelt
Within, and awed their young hearts while they knelt.

XV.

For her who bore them, when she droop'd and died,
Exceeding a did those children feel,
And oft they wish'd to slumber by her side,
And to her ear their pretty griefs reveal;
At last a delicate bloom began to steal
Over their cheeks, and beauty waved and spread
About them, and with grace their every motion fed.

XVI.

In Heloise a blither glance was seen,
A firmer step, a brighter, darker eye;
Her words were clear, like sounds that run between
The forest branches when some brook is nigh;
And scorn sat smiling on her forehead high.
• Thou art De Varenne's girl, • the father said:
• And Eva? •—sighed that child, and hung her head.

XVII.

« Eva! thy sister thou resembl'st not;
She cheers my soul, and is ashamed a pine;
Her grief has died: why is not thine forgot?
Thou art thy mother's all, and she is mine.
My peerless child, I kiss thee,—my divine!
What a clear beauty laughs through her disdain!
My joy!» he said, and kiss'd his child again.

XVIII.

And so—(one favour'd, and the other worn
By harsh neglect, and care before its time,)
Fled a life's early hours, until its morn:
Then gleam'd the eyes of one sad and sublime,
And in the other's laugh'd a sunnier clime,
A paradise of beauty bright and young,
And over all a heaven of love was flung.

XIX.

Oh! radiant creature, fairer than the sun,
How dim was she beside thee—how dismay'd!
Thou like the east where dancing splendours run,
She like the quivering alder's deepest shade;
Yet peerless in your wild-wood leaves array'd
Were both,—sweet children of the sylvan hours,
Subjects of Love, who dies in courts and costly bowers.

XX.

In courts, where revel reigns, and passionate song
Floats like a triumph on the Bacchant's breath,
Ah! what hath love to do,—unless prolong
Its rare existence to a lingering death?
And die it a in war, the soldier saith;
Its voice is shiver'd by the trumpet's tone:
It a the fiery fight,—and lo! 't is flown.

XXI.

It hath ■ home upon the weltering seas ;
Or if it hideth there, on bitter food
It feeds, lone, trembling at each idle breeze,
Until 't is blasted by the battle rude,
A gentle thing with gentle strength endued,
By absence kill'd,—by scorn ; ■ often slain
By poisonous pleasure ■ the sting of pain.

XXII.

Fair Love!—Beside the fountains and bright fields,
By running waters and in mossy glades
(Tasting whatever the green quiet yields)
He roams, from morning till the evening shades
Fall, and the world like a phantasma fades :
There roams he, like ■ Sylvan, whom the air
Worships,—unwing'd, and making all his care.

XXIII.

There, night and day ■ his. The radiant sky
Is doubly beautiful, and sun, and shower,
And rainbows which upon the mountains lie,
And twice its ■ odour hath the flower,
And doubly fill'd with joy is every hour ;
And music hangeth ■ the winds and floods,
And lingereth in the caves and desert woods :

XXIV.

And in the populous forests thick with life,
Which (deep and cool ■ Faunus ever knew)
Are haunted only by melodious strife
Of birds ■ insects, when the year is new
Feeding upon the fragrant summer dew :
And there the untiring seasons bring, for aye,
To night rich slumber, and fresh life to day.

XXV.

And Beauty, in her own eternal form
(The ■ that witch'd the Dardan shepherd young)
Abideth.—Art doth never there deform
The amaranthine hues which life hath flung
O'er lips and cheeks ■ crimson blushes stung ;
But free as is the elemental air
Nature and Beauty live,—and both ■ fair.

XXVI.

And both might in De Varenne's home be seen,
For there his daughters wore the early day,
The one entranced by ■ high perilous scene,
The other, fonder of ■ gentler lay,
Read how the Gods from their celestial way
Would wander for the Naiads' loves, or take
An earthly form,—and all for Beauty's sake.

XXVII.

She read how Jove from out the gates of light
Came downwards, shining like ■ mist of gold,
And how fond Semele became star-bright,
And Anaxareté ■ statue cold,
Prison'd, though dead, within her mortal mould :
She read of eyes made lovelier than the morn
Through love, and blinded by excess of scorn.

XXVIII.

And so her gentle spirit, fed by time
With radiant fable, from its earth up-grew,
(As mountain clouds float, erring but sublime,
Through the blue air) and hung ■ visions new,
Like wing'd Imagination false yet true :
And that imperial passion that doth reign
O'er every nerve, grew bright within her brain.—

XXIX.

—How beautiful is morning, when the streams
Of light come running up the eastern skies!
How beautiful is life, in those young dreams
Of joy, and faith,—of love that never flies,
Chained like the soul to truth ;—but ah ! it *dies*
Sometimes, and sometimes, with the adder's spite
Stings the true heart that nursed it, day and night.

XXX.

And beautiful is great Apollo's page :
But they who dare to read his burning lines
Go mad,—and ever after with blind rage
Rave of the skiey secrets and bright signs :
But all they tell is vain ; for death entwines
The struggling utterance, and the words expire
Dumb,—self-consumed, like some too furious fire.

XXXI.

—One night a revel had been held, and dance
And song had sounded in the ear of night,
And many a gallant that had grasp'd ■ lance,
And been the foremost in a bloody fight,
Then moved a ■ with his lady bright,
And press'd her jewell'd arm and told his pain.
Alas ! that Love should ever speak in vain !

XXXII.

Only the lonely Eva sate apart,—
While young Chatillion in her sister's ear
Poured his love music, till her beating heart,
And eyes that glittering grew and large and clear,
And the strange transport and the crimson fear
That stained the beauty of their cheeks, betrayed
How much the lover loved, and how the maid.

XXXIII.

The midnight lamps were o'er them, and the flare
Of light, which shone at times and died away,
Glanced like the shifting sunshine ■ her hair,
And brought her ringlets out in rich array :
And there the lover's looks, like break of day,
Were seen, fix'd—helpless :—Oh ! a radiant spell
Was ■ him, and he knew its perils well.

XXXIV.

But Eva, in the shadow dim, like one
Who sought her husband in the clouds, reclined ;
A vestal of the world,—because the Sun
■ his tyrannic beauty :—there she pined,
Pale ■ ■ prophetess whose labouring mind
Gives out its knowledge ; but her up-raised eyes
Shone with the languid light of one who loves or dies.

XXXV.

So, in ■ bright creation (through the earth
Unmatch'd) is love writ down :—no words are there,
But all is clear like some eternal birth
Of heaven,—a golden star,—the azure air :
Oh ! I remember well how soft, how fair,
That vision shone,—how like ■ dream of youth,
How full of life, and love, and burning truth !

XXXVI.

Masses of living cloud were there,—and are ;
And Love is there, unseen ; and amorous light
Fills the dim ether ; and the passionate ■
Of kisses, like the silence of the night,
■ heard ; and every branch and leaf is bright
With love ; and in the trembling waters near,
Tamed by some presence, drinks the basking deer.

XXXVII.

And in the midst—O girl ! whose curling limbs
A god has breathed on till they sting the brain
With beauty—Look ! how in her eye there swims
Intolerable joy—

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· · · · ·

XXXVIII.

Io !—fair Io !—thou didst dearly earn,
By after wanderings and transformed hours,
The love of Jove.—Fair Eva ! thou didst burn
Self-martyred in thy green Provençal bowers,
Consumed to dust before Apollo's powers.
Both fell from too much love.—Sweet woman, still
■ thy love-harvest filled with ■ much ill ?

XXXIX.

—That night of revelry the victim's mind
Shook in its height : firm reason and clear thought
Forsook her, and her soul awhile grew blind,
Seared by the light of love, and wandering sought
Its way through perilous regions now forgot,
Through haunts of death and life, and the throng'd way
Of darkness,—to insufferable day.

XL.

That night she lay within her silken nest,
White creature, dreaming till the golden dawn ;
When Phoebus, shaking off his skiey rest,
Descended. Trembling, like ■ frightened fawn,
She lay, bewildered, pale :—The orient ■
Wept, and the Hours blushed scarlet, and the array
■ Heaven, (stars, moon, and clouds) were swept away.

XLI.

No presence in the o'er-arching vault was ■
Save his,—Apollo's ; who, unlike ■ God,
Quitted his fiery height, and on the green
Starr'd with white hyacinths and daisies, trod :
And wheresoe'er he stepp'd the flushing sod
Threw flowers from out its heart, and from her room
Came odours, like the heliotrope's perfume.

XLII.

Awhile he stay'd :—he gazed,—perhaps a thought
That ■ much beauty was not born to die,
Assail'd him ; but not long that pity wrought,
For through his brightening form and his large eye
Shot passion, shaming the immaculate sky,
Where kindness lives with love, and hate is known,
Like mortal follies, by its name alone.

XLIII.

■ took her, gently, in his radiant arms,
And breathed on her, and bore her through the air,
Hushing from time to time her sweet alarms,
And whispering still that one so good and fair
Should dread no evil thought and know no care :
And still they flew, and around ■ lustre played,
Near them, as near a figure plays its shade.

XLIV.

Their course seemed pointed to some southern shore,
Over the waters where the trade-winds blew
They pass'd, and where men find the golden ore,
And where long since the Hesperian apples grew ;
While, far beneath, the Old world and the New
Stretched out their tiny shapes, and their thick chain
Of islands, spangling like bright gems the main.

XLV.

And then they moved beneath a lovelier sky,
O'er green savannahs where cool waters run ;
O'er hills and valleys ; o'er vast plains that lie
Flat,—deserts blistered by the Afric sun ;
Over spice-groves and woods of cinnamon ;
By Siam and Malay ; and many a fair
Bright country basking in the Indian air.

XLVI.

Whither they journey'd then, ah, who may tell !—
Beyond all limits that the sailor knows ;
Beyond the ocean ; and beyond the swell
Of mountains ; and beyond the Antarctic snows :
To some sweet haunt, 't is told, where softly glows
Perpetual day,—some island of the air :
We know its beauty ; but we know not where.

XLVII.

—Eternal forests, on whose boughs the Spring
Hung undecaying, fenced the place around,
And amorous vines (like serpents without sting)
Clung to the trees, or trail'd on the green ground,
And fountains threw on high a silver sound,
And glades interminably long, between
Whose branches sported the grey deer, were seen.

XLVIII.

And from the clustering boughs the nightingale
Sang her lament ; while on ■ reedy stream,
Which murmur'd and far off was heard to fall,
The ■ went sailing by, like a white dream ;
And somewhere near did the lone cuckoo call,
But ■ made answer ; and his amorous theme
The thrush loud uttered till it spoke of pain ;
And many a creature sang, but seemed to sing in vain.

XLIX.

There, rich with fruits, the tree of Paradise
 (The plantain) spread its large and slender leaves,
 And there the pictured palm ■ seen to rise,
 And trembling aspen, and the tree that grieves,
 (The willow) and sun-flowers like golden sheaves;
 The lady-lily, paler than the moon,
 And roses, laden with the breath of June.

L.

And in the midst ■ crystal palace stood
 On pillars shining with immortal gold:
 Its gates were golden, and some artist good
 Had carved them till each nook and corner told
 Some wonder of the Sun or story old;
 And rainbow landscapes, copied from the skies,
 Shone in the metal with a thousand dies.

LI.

Upon those gates no sounding horn ■ hung:
 No warder answered from his watching tower:
 But silence over all the place ■ flung,
 Making it holy ■ Egeria's bower,
 And gentle splendour, like the evening hour,
 Mingled with shadows fine its finer ray,
 And fed the place with beauty night and day.

LII.

All these the lover to his love display'd:
 The palace whose bright top was hid in heaven,
 The lustrous pillars and the long arcade,
 The statue,—where it seemed some God had striven
 With immortality,—and fail'd, yet given
 The marble likeness of Apollo's smile,
 His grace, his glance almost,—but not his guile.

LIII.

There, a vast hall far spread and high was seen,
 So high—the falcon might have tired his wing
 Nor touch'd the roof, whereon, with stars between
 Shone Heaven's wide kingdoms, all,—a radiant ring,
 And from the midst Apollo seemed to spring—
 (Was he the phantom of her hopes,—no more?)
 She trembled,—wept,—but still he seemed to soar.

LIV.

And, far away from ■ that central hall
 Ran arched passages diverging far,
 Each with its doors and range of rooms, and all
 (Self-lighted as by some presiding star)
 Shone spacious; and the most harmonious jar
 Of voices and irregular footsteps near
 And busy words, like life, broke ■ her ear:

LV.

And music, like the dissonance of Gods,
 Rich,—Bacchanalian, as when Hebe ■
 Their cups with kisses, and through all the abodes
 Of Heaven a sudden shout breaks forth that drowns
 The air with laughter, and shakes earthly ■
 To dust—immortal Music in her bower
 Sung, till Apollo struck the golden hour.

LVI.

Then, in that stillness, Eva heard a voice
 From ■ unseen beside her. Thus it said:
 « Welcome my sovereign lady, and rejoice!
 Fear not; but ■ the flowery pavements tread,
 Or ■ these downy pillows rest your head,
 Or bathe your beauty in the waters near,
 Or drink,—behold, the nectarous draught is here.»

LVII.

She gazed,—and slowly from the marble ground
 O'er-strew'd with flowers a golden table sprung,
 Where fruits of matchless fragrance did abound,
 And nameless dainties all together flung,
 And on their boughs Hesperian apples hung,
 And nectar ravishing to taste,—like gleams
 From Circe's eyes, ■ love-enchanted dreams.

LVIII.

Fair girl, she left untouch'd that nectarous wine,
 Fruits and ambrosian food, and stray'd along
 The pictured rooms, all fair (and some divine)
 With skiey stories since made plain by song,
 And women, an imperishable throng,
 Lifted from earth to heaven by force of love,
 And purified by light and the glance of Jove.

LIX.

There ceilings spread abroad their cloudless hues,
 And stars shone from them, and the sounds of wings
 Were heard like rushing waters, when they lose
 Their life in foam, and down the pillars springs
 Ran like the fluid lightning, when it clings
 (Or seems) around some pine or shattered oak,
 And every room some bright and different marvel spoke.

LX.

Through all the palace,—pillars, and arches wide,
 And floors, and roofs (it seemed ■ mystic plan,
 And only by the curious eye espied)
 Instinct with light ■ living splendour ran,
 As blood goes streaming through the heart of man,
 And every hinge and joint was fed by fire;
 Which flow'd half hidden like some veil'd desire.

LXI.

All day she traversed her imperial home,
 With wonder gazing, and strange mute delight;
 And then she pray'd her absent love to come,
 And bade him hurry the too slow twilight;
 And then the coming of immortal night
 She dreaded, its sublime and dark array;
 And thus, 'tween fears and pleasure, fled the day.

LXII.

Twilight is come,—calm mournful hour, for those
 Whom years have quell'd, whom cold dread thoughts
 engage,
 But life hath fires before we reach its snows,
 And youth treads fiercely on the ground that age
 Shuns with a timid glance and sad presage;
 And twilight hath ■ terrors, ■ repose,
 For hearts where Love's impetuous spirit glows.

LXIII.

Twilight is come : but where is he whose word
Should be ■ holy ■ the Heavens?—Afar
Through all the empyreal air no noise is heard,
Nor vision seen, nor bright descending star;
No sight, no sound ; only the ebb and jar
Of meeting passions in ■ heart, until
A hymn arose which broke that silence chill.

1.

Apollo!—king Apollo!
In what enchanted region dost thou stay?—
Is it in the azure air
Or in the caverns hollow,
Which Thetis at the set of day
In the sea waters far away
Buildeth up, as blue and fair
As thy own bright kingdoms are?

2.

Oh! King of life and light!
O peerless Archer! O triumphant God!
Behold!—the golden rod
Now pointeth to the promised hour,—twilight;
And she who loves thee so
Is pale and full of woe.—
No wave nor throne have I,
No bower nor golden grove,
No palace built on high,
To tempt thee not to rove,
But truth, and such a love
As would not shame the sky,—
If these be nothing, Time
Shall teach me how to die.

3.

Yet come not, great Apollo! come not here;
The hour has vanished, and thou needs must stay
In those sea waters far away :—
For me,—neglect and fear
Are my fit bridal cheer :
An earthly creature, what had I to do
With sights of heaven ■ pleasures of the skies!
Oh! master and my king, thy slave despise!
Now from thy station wheresoe'er it be—
Within the waving sea
Or in the pathless blue—
Look down, in thy divine
Disdain, and from thy lips
Shed darkness and eclipse,
The fit requital for ■ love like mine!

LXIV.

She ended ; and above, ■ from ■ cloud,
The eternal sun broke forth :—no shape was there,
No voice, but soft winds all the branches bow'd,
And wide illuminations filled the air,
And beauty looked ■ lovely that despair
Fled, and innocuous warmth and cheering light
Fell on the mournful girl like ■ late lost delight.

LXV.

No tear now stained her cheek ; no failing tones
Telling of anguish hid, or dull with pain ;
But grief is given to the wind that moans,
Amongst the forest boughs, and ■ the main
And to the rivers all who must complain
Yet feel no sorrow to the end of time—
As years all fill'd with blood are freed of crime.

LXVI.

But when the twilight fell, that gentle child
Felt a strange terror, till a voice she knew
(It was Apollo's) spoke, but oh ! so mild,
So like familiar tones we know are true !
And his too fiery glance was quenched in dew :
• Eva, my mortal love, the day has burn'd
To its decline, and lo ! I have return'd. •

LXVII.

So spake he, and the maid with downcast eyes,
And flushing forehead which had lost its snow,
Him answer'd (while her breast like summer-skies
Spread out its breathing paradise below,
And rose and fell as billows swell and flow)—
• My master! art thou here?—and with a sigh
Raising her eyes, she saw him smiling nigh.

LXVIII.

Oh! never was a smile so full of scorn
As that which glanced along his curved lip ;
And his eyes sparkled like the approach of morn ;
Yet sweeter were his words than winds that sip
The dew from hyacinths :—Oh! canst thou strip
Thy bird of plumage, and her sweet despair,
Which flow'd in music to thee, never spare?—

LXIX.

• Apollo! king Apollo!—That wild cry
Was heard in Ilium when its end was near,
From Priam's Sybil daughter, who with an eye
Made bright by prophet dreams and wise by fear,
Saw the red ruin and the flashing spear
Through all the darkness of the untold to-morrow,
And heard the Spartan's cry, the Trojan's sorrow.

LXX.

Apollo! king Apollo!—Is thy scorn
Not dead,—and were Cassandra's tears in vain ?
Her words (an oracle)—her life forlorn,
Stung through by unbelief and fierce disdain?—
Her crowned exile and her death of pain?—
Still dost thou ask new love and fresh despair,
And hopes born but ■ perish?—Spare! O spare!

LXXI.

I speak in vain :—The chariot of the hour
■ rolling onwards,—over kings and slaves,
Passionate spirits, and the crimson flower
Of love, which Hermes' magic never saves,—
Over rebellions and the gloom of graves,—
Through light and darkness, and the eternal woe
Of life, to regions which ■ thought may know.

LXXII.

Older than ruin, ■ the dust that hides
Persepolis ■ Balbec, and yet fair
Like early manhood, the great Phantom rides
(Time ■ the hour) above us :—Where, O where?—
Through Hell, and Heaven, in earth, and the wide Air;
Invisibly he goes, and without sound,
Like Death, ■ tyrant,—shapeless but uncrown'd.

LXXIII.

■ passes :—Oh ! ■ all the ■ that shine,
Not all the Autumn floods ■ Winter's rain,
Nor all that poets tell of, though divine,
Shall clear thy annals of so foul ■ stain :—
He passes, and is gone ;—and I complain
Unto the silence ; and ■ dismay'd
To tell thy latest grief, ■ Provence Maid !—

LXXIV.

The hour ■ pass'd ;—and Night, who laughs ■ time,
Shakes ■ her spangled hair in loose array,
And, clasp'd ■ ■ ■ sublime,
Sits ■ a queen, ■ whom, ■ death of Day
(She bright successor) ■ whole world must pay
Low adoration,—while the sleepless care
Must watch her glittering vigils shining fair.

LXXV.

That night—Oh ! never shall its silent hours,
Its love—its darkness be profaned by ■ :
If I must tell, be it of vine-leaf bowers
Where Bacchanal delight is loud and free,
Or Aphrodite's home hung round with flowers,
Or coral branches from her native sea ;
For love is her wide boast : but clouds should hide
The young hot blushes of a human bride.

LXXVI.

And yet night came (voluptuous night !) and sleep
Weighed down the eye-lids of Apollo's bride,
Who sank into a tremulous slumber deep,
Believing ■ his falling locks she spied,
Or heard him breathing odours by her side,
Or felt his burning kisses ■ her lips,
Or saw ■ eyes bent o'er her, in eclipse.

LXXVII.

And once she ■ ■ ■ Awake ! arise,
Daughter of clay : ■ the truth is plain :
Thou hast looked love on me with impious eyes,
On me—a God, and with enchantments vain
Bound me, and thou ■ die. ■ thrilling pain
Traversed her heart, while thus the Pythian spoke,
And sleep was scared by terror, and she woke.

LXXVIII.

She rose, and ■ him in his beauty laid
Beside her : O'er his limbs ■ tender light
Hung floating, and his head looked all array'd
With ■ halo, ■ the glow-worm looks by night,
Or like ■ lunar rainbow pale and bright,—
Encompass'd and enshrined by the clear breath
Of Heaven, which ■ immortal frames from death :

LXXIX.

And on his lips there lay a rose-red leaf
Courting the kiss she gave, and did not fade—
(How could it feel a touch so soft and brief?)
And then she press'd the violet veins that strayed
Over his throat, and then shrank back afraid
Gazing upon the God—who calmly slept,
While ■ her couch the trembling creature crept.

LXXX.

This past, she slept ; and of sky-piercing towers
She dreamed, and banquets held beneath the moon,
And trod ■ stars, and through illumined bowers
Paced like ■ dancer, whom ■ ■ ■
Leads on to pleasure which ■ perish soon :
Yet still by her white side Apollo lay,
(She dreamed) till darkness faded into day.

LXXXI.

The morning broke, and she ■ Phœbus' bride :
And evening fell :—But did the God return ?—
He came not,—he came never ■ her side ;
But her bright Dream (for 't was a dream) did burn
Madness upon her, and the world did spurn
Her story for ■ folly :—yet she believed ;
And o'er her widow'd passion meekly grieved.

LXXXII.

Like Ariadne, when in pale despair
The Athenian left her,—so sad Eva pined,
And so she went complaining to the air,
And gave her ■ to the careless wind :—
The colour of her fate was on her mind,
Dark, death-like, and despairing ;—and her eye
Shone lustrous, like the light of prophecy.

LXXXIII.

Over the grassy meads,—beside lone streams,
To perilous heights which no weak step could reach
She wandered, feeding her unearthly dreams
With musing, and would ■ the tremulous beech
And shuddering aspen with imploring speech ;
For nothing that did live, save they (who sigh'd)
Pitied the downfall of her amorous pride.—

LXXXIV.

—There is ■ story :—that ■ lady ■
To Paris ; and while she—('t is years ago !)
Was gazing ■ the marbles, and the fame
Of colour which threw out ■ sunset glow,
A tall girl entered, with staid steps and slow,
The immortal hall where Phœbus stood arrayed
In stone,—and started back, trembling, dismay'd.

LXXXV.

Yet still she look'd, though mute, ■ her clear eye
Fed on the image till ■ rapture grew,
Chasing the cloudy fear that hover'd nigh,
And filling with soft light her glances blue ;
And still she trembled, for a pleasure ■
Thrill'd her young veins, ■ stammering ■ ran
Over her tongue, ■ thus her speech began :—

• Apollo! king Apollo!—art thou here?
Art thou indeed returned?—and then her eyes
Outwept her joy, and hope and passionate fear
Seized on her heart, ■ towards the dazzling prize
She moved, like one who ■ a shape that flies,
■ stood entranced before the marble dream,
Which made the Greek immortal, ■ his theme.

LXXXVII.

Life in each limb is seen, and on the brow
Absolute God;—no ■ nor mockery shape
■ the resistless Sun,—the rage and glow
Of Phœbus ■ he tried in vain to rape
Evergreen Daphne, ■ when ■ rays escape,
Scorching the Lybian desert ■ gaunt side
Of Atlas, withering the great giant's pride.

LXXXVIII.

And round ■ head and round his limbs have clung
Life and the flush of Heaven, and youth divine,
And in the breathed nostril backwards flung,
■ in the ■ of ■ face, that shine
Right through ■ marble, which will ■ pine
To paleness though ■ thousand years have fled,
But looks above all fate, and mocks the dead.

LXXXIX.

Yet stands he not ■ when blithely he guides
Tameless Eoüs from the golden shores
Of morning, nor when in calm strength he rides
Over the scorpion, while the lion roars,
Seared by his burning chariot, which out-pours
Floods of eternal light o'er hill and plain;
But, like a triumph, o'er the Python slain,

XC.

■ stands with ■ brow and lip upcurl'd
By scorn, such ■ Gods felt, when on the head
■ beast or ■ or vain man they hurl'd
Thunder, and loosed the lightning from ■ bed,
Where it lies chained, by blood ■ fed;
His fine arm ■ outstretched,—his ■ down,
And the wrath ■ from his eyes of stone,

XCI.

Like Day—or liker the fierce morn (so young),—
Like the sea-tempest which against the wind
Comes dumb, while ■ its terrible joints ■ strong
To death and rapine:—Ah! ■ he unbind
■ marble ■ and strike her blind—
Away, away!—vain fear! unharmed she stands,
With fastened eyes and white beseeching hands.

XCII.

—Alas! ■ madness, like the ■ that stings,
Should dart its venom through ■ tender brain;
Alas! that ■ all ■ which darkness brings
Fierce day ■ send abroad ■ phantoms plain,
Shook from their natural hell (a hideous train),
■ wander through the world, and vex it sore,
Which might ■ happy else for ever-more.

XCIII.

Lust, and the dread of death, and white Despair
(A wreck, from changed friends and hopes all fled),
Ambition which is sleepless, and dull care
Which wrinkles the young brow, and ■ bred
From love which strikes the heart and ■ the head,
The lightning of the passions,—in whose ray
Eva's bright spirit wasted, day by day.

XCIV.

She ■ Apollo's votary (so she deemed),
His bride, and met him in his radiant bowers,
And sometimes, ■ his priestess pale bescem'd,
She strew'd before his image, like the Hours,
Delicate blooms, spring buds and ■ flowers,
Faint violets, dainty lilies, the red rose,—
What time his splendour in the Eastern glows.

XCV.

And these she took and strew'd before his feet,
And tore the laurel (his ■ leaf) ■ pay
Homage unto its God, and the plant sweet
That turns its bosom to the sunny ray,
And all which open ■ the break of day,
And ■ which worthy ■ to pay him due
Honour,—pink, saffron, crimson pied, ■ blue.

XCVI.

And ever, when ■ done her flowery toil,
She stood (idolatress!) and languished there,
She and the God, alone;—nor would she spoil
The silence with her voice, but with mute care
Over his carved limbs a garment fair
She threw, still worshipping with ■ pain,
Still watching ever his divine disdain.

XCVII.

—Time past:—and when that German lady ■
Again to Paris, where the image stands
(It was in August, and the hot sun-flame
Shot through the windows),—'midst the gazing bands
She sought for her whose white-beseeching hands
Spoke so imploringly before the stone
(The Provence girl),—she asked; but she was gone.

XCVIII.

Whither ■ knew:—Some said that she would ■
Always ■ morning with her blooming store,
And gaze upon the marble, pale and dumb;
But that, they thought, the tender worship ■
The girl ■ death; for o'er her eyes and o'er
Her paling cheek hues like the grave were spread:
And one at last knew further;—she was dead.

XCIX.

■ died, mad as the winds,—mad as the ■
Which rages for the beauty of the moon,
■ as the poet is whose fancies flee
Up ■ the ■ claim some boundless boon,
■ as the forest when the tempests ■
Their breath ■ song and shake its leafy pride,
Yet trembling like its shadows:—So she died.

C.

She died ■ morning when the gentle streams
Of day ■ peering through the far east sky,
And that ■ light which wrought her maddening
dreams,

Brought back her mind. She awoke with gentle cry,
And in the light she loved she wish'd ■ die:—
■ perished, when ■ she could endure,
Hallow'd before it, like a martyr pure.

The Letter of Boccaccio.

INTRODUCTION.

As the following « Letter » involves a few particulars of the early life of the famous Italian novelist, it may be as well ■ briefly what ■ and what ■ facts.

Of Giovanni Boccaccio, the great author of the « Decameron, » little ■ be known. He ■ born ■ Certaldo (or Florence), about the year 1313, and when he arrived at manhood, was, according ■ accounts, placed under the law professor Cino de Pistoia. ■ father dying ■ after, Boccaccio gave himself up to poetry, and studied also the classics and the sciences with great effect. He himself says, in ■ of his letters (to Petrarch I believe), that he ■ the ■ of introducing the Greek language into Etruria.

The circumstance of Boccaccio having led a dissolute life at Florence, and having been reproved by a Carthusian friar, are stated ■ facts, if I recollect rightly, in Mrs Dobson's Life of Petrarch; and that he ■ inti- ■ with the famous lover of Laura is known ■ all. The story which I have admitted, of his having been in love with a lady near Florence, is the fiction of the authoress of « Petrarque et Laure: » although he was actually attached ■ a female, whom he celebrates under the name of Fiametta. Some persons say that this lady ■ Mary of Arragon (daughter of Robert, King of Naples), whom Boccaccio first ■ in the church of the Cordeliers. Whether this be the absolute fact or not, I leave to others. It ■ sufficient at least for the origin of this « Letter, » which the reader will suppose to be addressed to her.

THE LETTER OF BOCCACCIO.

I.

■ THOU, before whose beauty my young spirit
Hath bowed,—so long oppressed by ■ pain;
■ I have sold the thoughts which I inherit
From my free nature, do ■ thou arraign
That now, poor slave, I bear Love's glittering chain!
It ■ me,—it ■ me; yet I love,
And that is my reward.—Shall I return
Into the past, and quench the fires that burn
Within and hallow ■ (as some dark grove
By ever-living lamps ■ made ■ pure)?—
Can I return;—I who have dwelt with Love,
And fed ■ passionate dreams? Can I endure
That tyranny of thought which strips the heart
Bare of its hope, and gives it—barren truth?—

Thou ■ the virgin idol of my youth:—

Thou wast?—thou art; and shall a weak dismay
Of possible ill lure my weak heart ■ stray?
■ I be told that ■ ■ ?—
That Love hath died who ■ a god of yore?—
That Fortune ■ ■ without a shore,
Where they who ■ have nought ■ rue?—
Shall I believe all this ■ look ■ thee?—
It cannot be,—it may not, ■ I array
My mind with faith, ■ my better day:—
So with a bright belief I look ■ thee,
Thou beauty of the South, ■ on the Sun,
Who deigns to gild the slave he looks upon.
—Shall nothing but thy shadow fall ■ me?

'T is true I have not much that ■ adorn
Thy conquest,—not in fortune,—not in name;
■ I may prostrate still the little fame
I have, and even this thou wilt not scorn;
Thou wilt not, for thine eye is like a ■
Whereby meet augur of the day to come,
And in thy silence thou wast ■ dumb;
So, spirit sweet, will I of thee foretell.
Thy young voice is a truer oracle
Than that which in the old Saturnian days
Sounded at Delos in Apollo's praise,
And did the tasks of Pagan prophets well;
And thy white beauty is (for never yet
Could Nature mould such creature and forget
The perfect soul) assurance unto me
Of thy unuttered fidelity:—
Therefore, by yellow Hymen, do ■ ■
To make thee my reliance, my sweet care,
My all of memory, my extremest hope.

Fool that I am, methinks I cannot cope
With my antagonist ill: the idle shade
Of joy stalks forth and straight I ■ betray'd.
Hope has fled far: the future, which ■ late
Dream-bright, ■ now a calm unaltering fate;
And Friendship has usurp'd the name of Love;
And passion, bright ■ the fire the Titan stole,
Has burn'd to its decline. ■ not reprove;
For still, ■ times, it flames beyond control,
And is again the madness of my soul.

I will not change: or ■ I wander, ■
Shall I return, and be ■ is the moon,
Who, though she change, returneth, nothing loth,
And faithful to the beauty of her youth:
Like her my peerless love shall shine,—yet not
On altars or in sepulchres, but where
My faith ■ thee shall ■ be forgot:—

■ shall ■ holy ■ the autumnal air,
And fashion'd into music, and along
The tides of time be borne, with things as fair,
In all the immortality of song.

It shall live unalarm'd by hint or jest,
The ■ great virtue of Boccaccio's breast:—
For 't is not erring wishes, nor the shock
Of doubts which force the changing ■ to mock
Love in his temple,—till he dies of shame,
But 't is the laughing lie—the petty blame
That frets and turns the human milk to gall,
And, though it ■ seem bitter, poisoneth all.

II.

When last I ■ thee—(following in thy train
Was I)—O would those times might be again!
They were too happy, sweet! and therefore brief,
And wither'd, like an early budding leaf,
Which, while its cold associates still ■ ■
Flourishing, having lived its age, (in hours!)
And wasted on the wanton Spring its powers,
Doth die upon its ■ of ■ green:
Therefore it may not be.—O princely maid!
When last I ■ thee, ■ not promise made
That I should tell my story (all) to thee?
Yes,—■ ■ sitting underneath a tree
Which shook its odours ■ the Baian ■
Thou ■ remember it:—We gazed together
Enchanted by the glassy sea that laves
The Cape and islands, in that sunny weather
Seen plainly from the Pausillippo hill.
Hast thou forgotten how we talk'd of him
Whose ashes slumber there, holy and still?
From which his name, that ■ shall grow dim,
Sprang like a lunar glory, gently driven
Across the many-colour'd plains of Heaven,
Until, ■ ■ whose glittering toils are o'er,
It sank into its place, and moved ■ more.

Now, hearken to my story!—When I came
First ■ this world, and ■ the morning flame
From the grey East, stroking the sky with bars
Of light—(this while the shepherd of the stars,
Great Lucifer, ■ busied in the West)—
Imaginations strange perplex'd my breast,
Like ghosts ■ ancient house untenanted:
And, after this, pale Learning sow'd her seed
Within my memory, and I became
Such as I am. This, and ■ more, I claim
From the remembrance of my childish time:
Yet 't was ■ like the period of my prime
(The interval was nothing,—buried years
Of boyhood,—idle, full of pains, and fears)
That the first germ of what may ■ bloom
Was born, it seems, in me,—a sweet perfume
Clinging about my birth, and making still
Those years seem sage,—not comprehensible
To ■ or others; but 't is often so;
In budding, happiness is likest ■:
Great thought is pain until the strengthen'd mind
Can lift it into light: the soul is blind
Until the ■ of years have clear'd away
The film that hangeth round its wedded clay.

Then Love came—Love!—How like ■ star it stream'd
In infancy upon me,—till I dream'd,

And 't ■ as pure and almost cold a light,
And led me to the ■ of such delight
As children know not; so, at last I grew
Enamour'd of beauty and soft pain,
And felt mysterious pleasure wander through
My heart, and animate my childish brain;
And thus I ■ (for patient still ■ I
And a ■ worshipper)—to poetry.

Thou radiant spirit of the Muses! never
Will I profane thee with adulterate rhyme:
Love is thy theme, or Glory. Never, ■
Will I mix up the cavils of my time
(Things of ■ instant, which a day disarms
Of worth) or this my petty state's alarms,
Or jealousies, or vulgar tricks of need,
With ■ peerless Poesy,—a poor base breed
Are they, not children whom the stream of song
Should clasp in its bright arms, ■ slow along
It winds into Eternity. The theme
Whereon my charmed spirit loves ■ dream
■ thou,—Queen!—princess of that sunny throne
Seated upon the waters, where alone
The glory of the world is not a name:
Even in Florence it is not the same;
Yet here are woods and rivers, and the swell
Of hills,—the pastoral mead, and lawny dell:
But here lives not the Sea:—The ocean waters
Wander not here, nor lash our sylvan ground,
Making immortal noise, nor sound for sound
Send back to our mountain echoes when the daughters
Of the pine-forests shout in storm and gloom:
And ■ have not thy skies, nor thy perfume
Winging the azure air,—yet through green vales
Our Arno runs, and where the slope prevails
Clings with bright kisses, till the yielding earth
Gives forth its coloured sweets, a cloudy birth!

III.

Now shall I pass unto my boyhood?—no:
It is enough, perhaps, that thou shouldst know
That time was mournful to me:—It is gone;
And manhood like a radiant morning shone,
And Beauty lit her lamps that I might see
Intenser day: Then life was Heaven to me:
My soul was perfected by passion,—pure
As marble ere the Parian pierced the mine
Wherein the carved Diana lay secure,
Yet lovely ■ that shape which is divine
Though mortal, being born and warm'd to life
By light ■ is the rainbow (when the ■
Of rain hath pass'd), which ■ but cloud before.

I loved:—I tell thee thou art not the first
(Though fairest) of the creatures of my love:
For early did the floods of passion burst
My veins and overwhelm me,—yet I strove
Never to tumber with my nature then,
Nor call back my desire into the den
Wherein it had reposed for twenty years!
For I had hope (t was mixed I own with fears)
That the strong lustre of my love would lead
My thoughts unto their fountain springs, and feed
My soul with light:—T ■ then I penn'd some tales
Where Beauty is the bride and her son ever
The God and master of my poor endeavour.

O mistress! thou shalt read the **■** I have writ,
 For love is there, and reason, and a wit
 Which though it **■** abandon'd **■** its birth,
 And vanish for a time, shall **■** again,
 And in remoter places of **■** earth
 Shall be **■** **■** great men,¹ whose fame
 Shall be commingled with my lasting name,
 Co-heritors of bright futurity.
 O light of my Renown, I **■** thee **■** high!

This **■** **■** vanity: it hath (bright faith!)
 Its birth in darkness **■** the Lightning hath,
 And yet it shall be **■** from shore **■** shore,
 And heralded by spirits who shall **■**
 On their own wings and mine unto the sky,
 Supreme poets, who **■** **■** **■**;
 For Genius, which looketh like the light
 Is **■** the earth eternal, and for aye
 Is busy with the brain, and still **■** night
 Breathes beauty on the poet **■** he lies
 In thought, and doth submit to be compress'd,
 And languisheth **■** brighteneth **■** is best;—
 And so is **■** conceived which **■** dies.

IV.

In youth, I read (with Cino) serious law,
 And should have read till now, but that I saw
 How dull and selfish the civilian's toil,
 Ne'er ranging from his desk unless **■** spoil;
 And then they placed a cowl upon my head;
 Ill change, and vain! for I **■** forest-bred,
 And loved to wander **■** mine infancy,
 And made a young acquaintance with the sky,
 With rocks and streams, rich fruits and blushing flowers,
 And fed upon the looks of Morning, when
 She parteth with the beauty of the Hours;
 And so I quitted the **■** holy men
 With whom I herded, and (thus willed my sire)
 I sought fair Florence:—Here I did aspire
 Unto a base renown, and gave my all
 Of passion **■** a faithless woman's thrall.
 I revell'd; and (with riot and bright wine
 Mad) did **■** that span of life divine,
 And shouted in the **■** Carthusian's **■**
 (Who having learn'd his lesson taught **■** mine),
 "Love **■** but slavery and Faith a fear."
 O shame! for then I knew not Love nor Faith:
 No knowledge of them had I **■** than hath
■ who is mute, **■** deaf, or blind from birth,
 Of speech or graceful motion. On the earth
■ lived as doth the hermit, who hath given
 His wisdom here away for hope of Heaven,
 And shut the fountains of his thought with prayer:
 So, misted by **■** strange voluptuous air,
 I travell'd **■** in intellectual gloom,
 Forgetting the dull poison in perfume.
 But I awoke:—I **■** **■** face **■** fair
 As Dian's,—or thine own; yet touch'd with care
 And pale, my princess,—though thy cheek is pale;
 And with eyes downcast,—thus do thine prevail;
 Her voice **■** silver'd,—like my Naples' queen,
 And her hair braided **■** thine own hath been,
 When **■** some lamped feast, solely array'd
 In thy own costly beauty, thou hast stray'd

(Like **■** white creature of the upper air)
 Amongst us, marvelling **■** sight **■** fair.

This girl of whom I tell thee (—she is dead,
 And thou wilt anger not **■** what is said)
 I loved **■** I love thee. Less calm, perhaps,
 Was that regard than the **■** now which wraps
 My senses in its clear unchanging light;
 And yet it yielded me **■** great delight:
 But I **■** very young, and scarcely knew
 Love's quick gradations, though it fann'd and flew
 Round and around me, and my heart **■** fire,
 Until borne onwards by my wing'd desire
 I traversed **■** Elysium.—

There may be
 Passion like mine,—as true, certain more free,
 But never **■** delight so large as mine
 When I lay panting **■** Olympia's feet,
 And she—she smiled! It **■** **■** smile heav'n-sweet,—
 Like Juno's when by Jove she did recline
 Clasp'd in the Cytherean zone. I sprung
 Into her arms and there bewilder'd hung
 On her red lip and gazed within her eye,
 Which turn'd and misted when my own was nigh:
 —Why do I tell thee this?—why, but because
 I love thee, and submit to all the laws
 Which the sweet tyranny of Love has seal'd,
 And Truth is one,—and lo! I have reveal'd.

V.

When first I **■** her—(young Olympia!)
 She lived not far from Florence. One may stray
 Unto the valley where her cottage stood
 On a bright morning, be the **■** good,
 Summer or latest spring. Her dwelling **■**
 Fenced round by trees which shatter'd the fierce air
 To fragments, pine and oak; and ash was there
 Which leaves its offspring berries to the grass,
 And citron woods that shook out vast perfume,
 And myrtles dowered with their richest bloom.
 There dwelt she, sylvan goddess!—there she first
 Swam **■** my sight: I thought my heart would burst
 With transport as I saw her float along
 Tow'rd me, and slowly read the carved song
 Which on the oaken rind my knife had writ:
 There was some idle praise, but more of wit
 Had grown and mingled with that forest verse,
 And I would often with a laugh rehearse
 The song, thinking at times that some weak maid
 Might love such incense if she thither stray'd:
 But **■** was to be victim: I had gone
 Like an erratic fire upon my course,
 Over the Heaven of beauty, all alone,
 And now I felt Love's chaste and supreme force
 Press on my very heart, until in pain
 I utter'd consecrated vows,—in vain.
 —She perish'd in her youth; nor should I now
 Have told thus much, but that upon thy brow
 I saw forgiveness—(t **■** in fancy this)
 And smiles that recognized my vanish'd bliss
 As a thing risen from the grave, and bright
 As ever in the **■** of thy sight.

When pale Olympia died my heavy mind,
 Grief-smitten, languished **■** **■** deep eclipse;
 Yet brief, for I arose, half sorrow-blind,
 And on her marble-pale (but lovely) lips

¹ Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher.

Laid the last benediction ■ true faith,
 And grew an alter'd ■ Great misery bath
 ■ lustre in it, like the clouded moon,
 When, of her darkness unattired soon,
 ■ ■ ■ illuminating land and ■
 So grief soon ■ undazzling light on me;
 I saw the many faults, the many ills,
 The purer pleasures too that haunt ■ life,
 And I determined me ■ quit the strife
 And fever of rebellious joy, which ■
 The mind with dull oblivion and sad care,
 And ■ of all things here, gracious ■ fair.

VI.

Now will I tell thee how I kiss'd the air
 Of Naples, and first faced its visions fair,—
 Its blue skies and Palladian palaces
 (Like Eastern dreams),—statues and terraces,
 And columns lustrous with poetic thought;
 All fill'd with groups array'd in antique dress,
 (Nymphs and Arcadian shapes, gods, goddesses)
 From base to palmy capital marble-wrought,
 And colonnades of marble, fountain-cool,
 Amongst whose labyrinthine aisles the breeze
 Roam'd ■ its will, and gardens green, and ■
 Fruited with gold, and walks of cypresses,
 Where Revel held her reign (a gay misrule)
 Nightly beneath the stars. And there the ■
 Which wander in and out thy sunny bay,
 Soothe Ischia and the crowned Procida,
 Bright islands, with a thousand harmonies,
 Or answer with rich cries, from shore ■ shore,
 The anguish of the great Vesuvian roar,
 When that earth-tempest, scattering dust and fire
 From its red heart in torment, doth aspire
 To Heaven, as did an angel.—Many sights
 I saw, beneath the softest sun that lights
 The Italian world ■ morning, though thine earth
 Was then not teeming with its fiery birth,
 But lay in huge repose, outstretched far
 Like a giant slain, ■ sad, or ■ with war.—

But wherefore do I lend ■ thoughts like these
 My perplex'd soul?—Thy calm-enchained seas
 Are nothing ■ thy purple Appenines
 (Hither they stretch, clothed ■ with gloomy pines
 From head ■ foot) ■ nothing: Summer now
 ■ nought; and Spring is gone; and Winter ■
 His head and shakes the frost-locks ■ his brow,
 And laughs at by-gone days and perish'd years:
 ■ days!—yet ■ is my perpetual care,
 Even now: I cannot lose that day so fair
 (It shineth ■ a precious diamond ■
 In my poor round of thought) when first I met
 In the Cordelier church, thee,—like ■ dream—
 A fascination, into light or air
 Dissolving,—chaunting thy melodious theme.
 Ah, peerless princess! do ■ thou forget!

Oh! with what weary steps my feet had trod
 Street, square, and murmuring beech, and garden sod,
 Till harass'd by the languor of the hour,
 I stole for refuge to thy church:—The power
 Of music ■ awake, and to the wind
 Just stirring, the ■ solemn organ pined,

And spoke, and seem'd in ■ ■ complain,
 While, mingling with its mystic tones, a strain
 Of song fell dying from ■ priestess' lips,—
 Such song it ■ (so sweet) ■ must eclipse
 All sounds for ■ My dull spirit grew
 Brighter—more tranquil; and I paced through
 The stone-cold aisles and touch'd the altar steps:
 There saw I—what?—a vision! in the depths
 Of holy aspiration lost: Her eye—
 Thine eye—(oh! thine it was) journeying ■ high
 Amongst the wondrous Heavens, with such a glance
 As might allure ■ seraph from his trance
 Of adoration, when the rebel king
 Passes the constellations, and dares fling
 Delusion in the eyes of angels bright.
 I ■ thy soft eye wander, like a light
 Starry,—meteorous; ■ last it wept
 Rich, happy tears, and midst ■ lashes slept.—
 I stood—(how often have I told thee this!)
 Enchanted to ■ vague oblivious bliss,
 Like one who in a heedless hour hath drank
 Odours Circean, and brain-charmed sank
 Into some sweet futurity of joy:—
 He, waking from his dream, with sore annoy
 Feeleth that still he stands ■ thing world-born,
 Heart-smitten, self-despised, alone, forlorn.

Yet not thus I:—for, when my alarm'd heart
 Turn'd like a bird to ■ magician's spell,
 Tow'rd thee,—I ■ thee still in beauty dwell
 Before me, with raised eyes,—silent,—apart,
 As though the sense of song would not depart.
 —At last, ■ fine and undulating motion,
 Like that of ■ sea-bloom which with the ocean
 Moveth, surprised thee in thy holy lair,
 And stole thee ■ in silence, lady fair!
 I saw thee go,—scarcely touching the cold earth,
 As beautiful as Beauty at her birth,
 Sea-goddess, when from out the foam she sprung
 ■ deity, and all the wide world hung
 Mute and in marvel ■ perfection born.
 I languish while I think of thee: The morn
 Was not more bright, nor bulmy ■ ■ soft,
 Nor music heard in dreams wandering aloft:
 Thy cheek outblush'd the sunset, and thy hand—
 ■ white enchantment! ■ have read and scan'd
 Its page, and tasted (once) its perfect bliss:—

VII.

Fair creature, pardon! Those were happy days
 (Were not they, princess!) when within thy gaze
 I bask'd ■ doth ■ snake beneath the ■:
 —Yet, wherefore, after all that I have done
 Of folly, call ■ like the serpent grey,
 Which hath been wise esteem'd from earliest day!
 I only on the flowers of thought have hung
 As yet, and I have not the adder's tongue,
 Nor ■ I wary ■ that creature is:
 Yet have I stolen from thee the poor bliss
 ■ ignorance, and wedded thy fine mind
 To intellectual shapes and fancies bright,
 And taught thee to look at the dazzling light
 ■ Truth, which striketh the dull sinner blind.
 We two have read together glorious rhyme
 Which Homer old and his great brothers writ,
 ■ Attica and Greece, and the world lit

With Fame through everlasting thought and time.—
 And ■ have read my ■ Petrarch's lays,
 And fed his learned lamp with words of praise
 Whereat he kindly smiled. Gracious ■ he
 (Like a good spirit hath ■ been to me,
 A light in the perilous dark); his soul is full
 Of all that ■ wise and great and beautiful,
 And wheresoever, princess, thou shalt go,
 Wear thou his well-lamented songs of ■
 Close ■ thy soul:—to mine they ■ a calm;
 A shadow ■ my passion—(like the palm
 Which hangeth cool above the Indian's brow:)
 A fountain where my brain may bathe its fever:
 ■ refuge which is ■ and tireth never;
 And ■ my wounded thought ■ and perpetual balm.

Would I might call ■ thy heart the hours,
 Those pleasant hours, when we roam'd so free,
 Listening and talking by the Naples' sea!
 Or gathering from thy father's gardens flowers
 To braid thy hair ■ feast-coming night:
 Oh! still ■ dear ■ those gone hours to me;
 Yet dearer those when ■ the young eve-light,
 Seated familiar near thy cedar-tree,
 We watch'd the coming moon, and ■ how she
 Journey'd above ■ on her sightless track,
 And chased with ■ looks the fleecy rack,
 Or smiled as might the huntress-queen of Heaven
 Floating, attended by her starry court,
 O'er plain and mountain where their shadowy sport,
 Is again reveal'd,—or when all passion-driven,
 Leaving the azure ■ she seeks her way
 Through cloud and tempest and the peal'd alarms
 ■ thunder, and the lightning's quivering wrath,
 Guided by Love unto the Latmian's arms.—
 Oh! ■ thou by love and duty guided,
 And we were ruled by thee; for each ■ prided,
 Himself upon obedience,—not in vain,
 For thou wast ■ virtue without stain,
 A visible perfection shining clear,
 A creature fairer than ■ worships here.

—Mammon is worshipp'd here, ■ idol base;
 And Belial, ■ (varnish'd round with grace
 And smiling sin)—and the blood-hungry God
 Black Moloch, whose large stain'd feet have trod
 Temples down to the dust and holy towers,
 And ravaged the ■ and peasants' homes,
 And fill'd the river wheresoe'er it ■
 And the great ■ with gore: The forests deep
 ■ hath cursed, and startled from their innocent sleep
 And cast upon their tops his red rain showers;
 And he hath killed the oak that stood for ages
 ■ bear his slaughters on the ■ wide,
 And he hath torn the books of saints and sages,
 And struck the house of Science in his pride,
 And drain'd the widow of her refuge tear,
 (The last) and bade the young bride live alone,
 And mock'd the sire's grey hairs, the orphan's moan:—
 Fierce was, in whatsoever shape he comes,
 A curse—Bellona-like, or fiery-red,
 Or like ■ staring kingdoms dead,—
 Or heralded by steeds and stormy drums,
 Blood and the fear of death and pennons flying,
 And close behind the murder'd dead, and dying,

Insolent ever,—hateful in all hues
 Figures and mocks and signs wherewith the Muse
 Hath hid him from the execrating world;
 Whether with flashing ■ and flags unfurl'd
 ■ stands outnumbering the thick leaves at noon,
 Or sends his trumpets braying ■ the moon,
 Or runs from rank to rank, like courage caught
 From victors grey by those who never fought:—

But thou—O princess! thou wast born to save
 The frail world from oblivion. Thou didst give
 A light ■ lovely than did ever live
 On earth or the wide waters, or in air,
 Or such ■ upon the blue sky lying,
 To ■ low passion from its brute despair,
 And ■ the poetry of love from dying.

I thought that beauty ■ a fable, framed
 To enchant the soul of boyhood into day,
 Lest it should lie in slumbers dark away:
 I thought that life would such chain'd dreams discover;
 But thou didst shine upon me:—I ■ shamed
 And struck ■ adoration dumb, for ever.
 Thou wonder of the earth! fable or dream
 Never entranced like thee: no thought, nor theme,
 Vision however wild nor loneliest mood,
 Imagination, with her airy brood
 Of spirits that go mad beyond the stars
 (But here ■ chain'd and fettered by the bars
 Of earthly things too palpable)—e'en She
 Cannot from out her empire wide and free
 Call up ■ beauty beautiful like mine:—
 I kiss thee from the distance, Queen divine!

VIII.

Why did I lose thee?—Wherefore was I ■
 (Gently, 't ■ true) away to banishment,
 With such ■ passion clinging ■ my soul?—
 I cannot tell thee half its huge control,
 ■ fiery folly,—its ■ proud despair,
 Its scorn,—aye of itself; nay, ■ of thee!
 Dost thou not marvel how such things should be?
 They were; but I am well—and yet not thine!

—And thou hast pass'd from me!—Do I repine?—
 I ask my heart in vain;—it answereth not.
 My soul hath but ■ sight:—it looks alone
 Into the future, and the past which shone
 So bright is ■ (save some few dreams) forgot.
 —A change now ■ I write ■ happening,
 My mind doth ■ its strength, and fling
 Away Hate, Envy, Melancholy,—blind
 Errors which hung like clouds upon my mind,
 And ■ I stand strong and with new-born power
 Array'd fit champion for ■ darker hour:
 My sight is piercing bright; my ■ free,
 Unfetter'd, even by love for thee.

Yet often, methinks, as I lie pondering
 Under the evening boughs at ■ pale,
 I hear thee,—like that strange voice wandering
 Amongst the vernal thickets, ■ winds bring
 Perfume from ■ or ■ the vale
 Enchantments ■ from the lost nightingale,
 Before the morn-fed lark her matin weaves,
 Or the thrush whistles, or the stock-dove grieves,

I hear thee,—sweeter than ■■■■■ that be;
I ■■■ thee, too, waving along:—I ■■■
Thy black Italian glances, ■■■ they flash
Amorous delight upon me, till I dash
My burning forehead in the fringed stream,
And then I find ■■■ (what thou art)—a dream!
This frets me, shakes me; but ■■■ last I rise
Emboldened by the pain, and through the skies
All starry tracking my sublunar way,
Utter,—as poets ■■■ when Pindus lay
Open ■■■ Heavenly ears, and ■■■ was strong
With fate and peril,—some prophetic song.—

CONCLUSION.

Farewell!—The bars which hang around ■■■ prison
Are nigh dissolved : The sun hath ■■ and risen
Again, and flung new morning on my world.
The aspect of the future ■ all wonder :
Innocuous lightnings, unallied ■ thunder,
Are every where in sport lustrously hurl'd.

A Vision of the Deep, of Earth and Heaven,
 ■ opened on me,—and my sight ■ driven
 Amongst the tombs and ■ of men ■ be:
 Eternity flows back with all her fountains,
 And scythed Time lays ■ the horizon mountains,
 That hide the ■ ■ ■ from thee.

I see a Paradise where peerless flowers
Laugh in perpetual light, and crystal bowers
Fashion'd for lovers, whispers always sweet;
And rich pavilions by the green woods shaded,
And airy shapes whose bows are violet-braided,
And forest walks trodden by delicate feet.

I see the lion and the lamb together,
The white dove hiding by the falcon's feather,
And the fierce vulture near his victim lie :
I see the peasant and the prince adorning
Equality and peace : I hear the warning
Of Earth, loud-telling her fatality.

I ■ the Deep, and 'midst its caverns hoary,
Gold, helmets, statues, famous ■ in story,
And jewels brighter than in Ormus' mine :
I ■ the shadows of the Deep (its daughters)
Floating afar amongst the ■ waters,
Or streaming by my eyes in dance divine.

And in the air I see illustrious _____
(On summits higher than the eagle measures)
Of amethystine light, and rainbow shapes;
And voices touch my ear, like running rivers
When first the Spirit of the Spring delivers
The world, and Winter like a dream escapes.

And now, a cloud, ■ vast ■ thought may span it,
Comes travelling on, and—as when some huge planet
■■■ deluge the next orb with black eclipse,
■ overshadoweth the world : Its hour
■ come—is gone, like the wild Bacchant's power,
Who dies with the bright frenzy on her lips.—

—'T is past:—and the wide scenes ■ gone for ever:
The past like some slow-fading lamp doth quiver !
And in the present only doth my soul
Live, like ■ spirit,—by the tempest shaken,
Yet ■ of that bright strength that shall awaken
The world from error, and its blind control.—

Farewell!—Ever the same, thy friend, thy lover,
Boccaccio liveth. Though the wide world over
Fate shall exile him, yet ~~no~~ change shall bend
His courage, or resolving firmly taken:
But, though by every friend and hope forsaken,
Still shall Boccaccio be thy hope, thy friend.

Thy home lies far away : but every feature
Of thy soft beauty, thou imperial creature,
Within my heart of hearts will I retain :
Thy fortunes and mine ~~are~~ are far divided ;
Thine to a throned chair, by duty guided,
Shines fair—Away, unto the sunny Spain !

Perhaps, with somewhat of my old emotion,
My eye may glance at times across the ocean,
And through the cloud-fed billows when they flee
To Heav'n, and through the phantom-peopled ether,
I may behold thee still,—wandering hither
An exile from thy olive shores,—to me.

And *should* I see thee on the amorous waters
Treading with white feet bare, as once the daughters
Of wing'd magicians could by some fine spell,
I 'll clasp thee, beauty of the world!—though madness
Rain down, or dazzling death, or endless sadness
Cling like remorse to me.—Farewell, farewell!—

**The Fall of Saturn;
A VISION.**

POEM IS INSCRIBED TO LAMB BY HIS FRIEND AND SINCERE

THE AUTHOR.

Good Friend ! whose spirit, like ■ April day,
■ full of change,—bright flashes and ■ rain,
Fantastic, gay,—yet gentle more than gay,
And rich and deep ■ is the populous main,
Take—(if thou wilt)—my song. I build my fame
Beneath the shadow of thy rising ■
(Which shall ■ pass away while wit shall be),
Proud ■ associate my ■ with thee.

THE FALL OF SATURN.
A VISION.

**I DREAM—I dream—I dream—
Of shadow and light,—of pleasure and pain,
Heaven,—of Hell.—And visions seem
Streaming for ever athwart my brain.**

The present is here, and the past that fled
 So quick, is returned with its buried dead,
 And the future hath bared its scrolls of fame,
 And I see the «*is*» and the «*was*» the same,
 In spirit alike, but changed in name.
 I see the phantoms of Earth and Air,
 A thousand are foul where one is fair
 (But that «*one*» is divine, and her blue eyes calm
 Are shadow'd by leaves of the branching palm),
 And I hear the yells of ■ million more,
 Whose sins ■ all written in stripes and gore:—
 There's ■ who the gem of his best friend stole,—
 And a King half-hid in a beggar's soul,
 And ■ Poet who lied for his earthly good,
 And ■ Woman of glass, and ■ God of wood
 (Wrapped round like the idol-beast that treads
 With murderous scorn on the Hindoos' heads),—

I see a Palace—enormous—bright,
 Studded with stars like ■ August night;
 The pillars that prop it ■ based below,
 But whence they ■ or whither they go
 Who, with an eye like ours, shall know?—
 The shafts are embossed and golden, and graven
 With letters of Earth and Hell and Heaven
 (A terrible mixture,—like the speech
 Of the Sea when it bursts on a stormy beach):
 There are discord—melody—music,—hung
 Like beads on a rosary oddly strung,
 And words of a mighty forgotten tongue:—
 There ■ lessons to curse and a few to bless,
 And riddles beyond the Sphinx's guess;
 And folly, and passion, and proud despair,
 And all moods of the mind are sculptured there:
 —The shafts ■ of gold, and they run so high
 That they pierce the floors of the far blue sky,
 And ■ million of creatures, whose size is a span
 Climb round and around them, and each is—man:
 All toil, some rise, some hang in the air,
 And ■ fall with a shriek in a terrible lair,
 Which yawns like the pit of the damo'd, or ■ cave
 Where the brutes of the wilderness hunger and rave.
 Fierce flames are up-rising, and rain is descending,
 And o'er all the cloud-black Heaven is bending,
 And the insolent winds are loosed from their den,
 To hiss their scorn in the ears of the men,
 Who drop like leaves, when but few do hang
 On the blight-smitten boughs:—Hark! ■ trumpet rang
 Through my brain; and, behold, all the pillars crack,
 And the star-studded palace is gone to rack:
 It totters—it falls—with ■ human scream
 Like the whirlwind's cry.—*T is—an empty dream.*

A dream?—what is it—a birth ■ death
 Of thought?—*T is whatever the poet saith:*
 A figure (a prophecy) dark or dumb,
 Yet breathing a tale of the vast «*to come*»—
 A fable,—a fact,—a cloud unfurl'd
 From all that ■ done in the last good world,
 And in truth ■ alarming as Plato's fear
 (Or hope) of that mighty embracing year,
 Within whose perilous grasp old Time
 Should return, pull'd back by his locks sublime,
 And the Earth should gape, and the urns spice-fed,
 Should give up (just ■ they were) the dead.

I dream—I dream—I dream:—
 A waking fancy now becomes my theme.
 I dream of pleasures old,
 And of the age of gold;
 When every river ran a happy stream;

Before «*The Syrian*» raged;
 Before red wars were waged;
 Before a hero fought or Fame was born;
 Before the stars were shamed,
 Or men each other blamed
 For deeds the frowning night beheld in scorn.

And now—I see as in some magic glass
 Radiant enchantments:—First, far streaming bright,
 Dazzling the shining earth with looks of light,
 A figure like a God: He seems to pass
 From Heaven to Heaven, and from star to star,
 Till all the depths and darkened worlds afar
 Rise up apparell'd in his joyful ray;
 And wheresoe'er he treads
 Pale planets rear their heads,
 And wheresoe'er he smileth—lo! 't is day.

But on what lonely mountain bare and old
 Sitt'st thou beyond the sun,—paternal king?
 Why look'st thou, with large eyes so blank and cold,
 As though the eternal year were on the wing?
 Why at thy feet are they, the Titan brood,
 Like brown leaves of the autumn strew'd?
 In mute enormous anguish lo! they lie:—
 No wind nor sullen sound
 That shakes the barren ground
 Can stir them from their trance. Awake or die!

The sun now blazes overhead: Below,
 A river fill'd with ruin and half hid,
 But terrible as Ocean at his flow,
 Rushes along—Palace and pyramid
 Grey with the spoils of years, and mighty towers
 That cost the Titans (all) ■ thousand hours
 Of toil to build them to the cloudy Heaven,
 Are rent, and tumble in the stream,
 With their dark masters, while ■ scream
 Runs through the earth, as though its inmost heart was
 riven.

And thou—Imperial terror!—Eldest-born!
 Hoary Saturnus!—thou whom Heaven and Earth
 Flung from their rich embrace, as the dim ■
 Sprang from the grave of night, a mingled birth,
 Half light, half darkness, yet like both sublime,—
 Awake! Arise! Else shalt thou, ancient Time,
 Father of many years, be swept away,
 And ■ bright record left
 That the young world wept
 When thou, the Patriarch, sank before usurping day!

He falls, he falls; His ancient reign is over:
 And on his neck ■ golden chain is laid,
 And on his eye an eye
 Darts like the blinding sun; and in his ears
 Sounds like the morn, terrible harmonies,
 Rage, ■ the ocean rages
 Beneath the eclipsing moon.

Silence is gone : and Night,
 Glittering with terror, for the first time bares
 Her *star-bewilder'd face*, and strangely smiles ;
 And the winds laugh aloud ; and every pore
 Of the blue air, stung with a radiant life,
 Drops sweets ; and nodding forests lose their gloom ;
 And twilight caves are shining,
 Set round with splendours like the ■ of suns :
 And Music (which had perish'd) is born again ;
 And like a bird new-waken'd in the night
 Uttereth her liquid notes, from spangled streams
 And fountains,—till the leaves are touch'd to tears ;
 And every valley sinks writhing with joy ;
 And every hill aspires,
 Ambitious to behold ■ new-born God.

Saturn alone (Heaven's king and Earth's) with scorn
 Looks ■ the time ; and with impetuous strength
 Tears his harmonious bonds and golden chains ;
 And spurning, with a shout, the obsequious ground,
 Invades the shrinking air.

—He rises, like ■ ruin,
 Loosen'd by earthquakes from its deep foundations,
 And hung in the days of plague
 O'er some bad city, whose wide ■ thronged
 With millions, stained with death, yet fearing woe.
 How, if he so descend !—

■ springs,—he rises :
 His course is like the comet's, fierce and bright :—
 So the death-hunted serpent, crowned with wrongs,
 Springs from the reeds of Nile :—So that vast snake
 Strong as a tempest, that lays waste whole lands,
 Darts, like a wrath, from out his Asian haunts,
 And gripes the groaning lion till he dies.

He rushes through the air : the sullen air
 Avoids him, and his wings, out-spread in vain,
 Flap on the void. His strength departs :—he falls.—
 As some brave swimmer whom the waves o'ermatch
 Looks far to land—in vain,

■ doth the aged Saturn's starting eye
 Glare on the faithless sky its red reproach,
 Its first,—its last. The fiery Phœbus
 Sheds all his ire on that unshelter'd brain.

■ falls ; and not a voice
 From Earth or Heaven is heard to speak for him :
 No tears (though false) ■ shed : no heart is touch'd
 With human anguish for ■ God dethroned.

He falls,—he falls—he falls,
 Ten thousand fathoms down,
 And the dusky crown
 Is stripped for ever from his kingly brow.
 His son !—His son is King !
 Hark !—the Heavens ring :
 Jove is elected Lord of life and woe :
 His thunders speak ; his lightnings come and go :
 His pomps are all around ;
 Bright light and mighty sound
 Attend him, and his radiant armies flow
 Like rivers round the throne ;
 ■ IS GOD ALONE.

And where is Saturn ?—On what silent shore
 Doth he lament his wrongs and old exile ?
 In what dull woods whereon no Summers smile,
 And all the Springs (if any were) are o'er ?

Where ■ and her bounty are not known ;
 Where Winter pineth for his icy crown,
 And the long year, breathing one endless sigh,
 Stripped of the seasons hath not learned to die !—

—Saturn the king is gone :—perhaps in vain
 ■ howleth to the heedless winds his pain.
 No matter :—Such great end
 ■ surely worth a friend :
 The Father falls,—but, look ! the Son doth reign !

O Saturn, fallen king !
 Older than the firmament :—Before the Sun,
 Before the Moon, before the glittering Stars
 Thou wast ;—and art thou gone !—

Oh ! could I with my verse
 Stay thy chained ruin,
 Straight I would rehearse,
 Though my own undoing
 Followed, as the night
 Followeth the bier of the pale twilight.

But, ah ! in vain, in vain !
 Down-smitten by the sun's
 Rays, immortal pain
 Through thy furrows runs,
 Like the fierce quick lightning,
 When the storm is brightening.

And tears, as from huge fountains
 Where the Sea is nursed,
 Spring,—and lo ! the mountains,
 Moan until they burst :
 The great throne that bore thee
 Shrinks to dust before thee.

Every thing that «was»
 Pines its life away ;
 So shall all things pass
 Which have birth to-day :
 What is joy or sorrow
 But—To-day—To-morrow ?

Life shall re-assume
 Its peculiar birth :
 Though it seek the tomb
 ■ shall seek the earth
 Again ; and like a star,
 Or ■ angels are,

Winged with ethereal beauty fair and free,
 Shall through finer regions flee,
 More bright, more soft, more green,
 Than ever here were seen
 In Tempe's valley or Idalian groves ;
 Yet there the Cretan doves
 Sang to the silent branches without fear,
 And not ■ voice was near
 Save hers who for the boy Narcissus sighed,
 And, ■ much loving, died.

Love in ethereal light cannot outrave
 Its strength, nor perish from excess of scorn :
 But, like the zephyr to the wild sea-wave,—
 Like echo to sweet music,—like the morn,
 Whose pearl-bright sorrow doth the leaves adorn,

It giveth strength and grace. Its boundless range
Is all the blue dominion of the sky;
It cannot pass away; it cannot change;
But like the perfumed ether spreads its power
O'er the celestial vales and azure hills,
And with immaculate passion stirs and fills
All hearts, while Beauty—the eternal dower
Of Heaven, grows brighter still through each transcendent
hour.

Here, on this dusty earth, perhaps the Spirit
Of Love may droop, or soil its radiant wings:
Perhaps a—something it may chance inherit
Of what is around:—and yet the bird that sings
In prison learneth ■ melodious strain,
And often its sweetest song is born of pain.
So, in the land of sorrows, Love may shine,
Through clouds—through tears perhaps, yet still divine,
Divine as beauty—as the light of truth,
And fed with passion and immortal youth,
And music, like some white enchanted bird
In old times on Arabian waters heard.
Oh! then Imagination was a God,
And on the world with radiant steps he trod,
And every leaf he touch'd, and every hue
He glanced on became bright, and all was true:
And still—as soft as fable, Nature sings
Still in the shadowy woods and haunted springs:
And birds at break of morn still wake the sun,
And ■ (more sweet) still chaunt when day is done:
And ■ the night-wind witch with amorous sighs:
Only the swan is mute—until it dies.

—No more—no more—no more.
The hour of dream is o'er;
And troubles of the world bloom out anew;
But youth—and sunny day—
And beauty—where are they?—
The earth has lost its green; the sky is blue.

No more with pastoral pipe
Shall I, when the year is ripe
(Falling in golden showers, and odorous drops
Red as the ruby's light),
Solace the pale twilight:—
Alas! the melancholy music stops.

In vain the reed is blown:
No sorrow save her own,
The watery Syrinx will allow to rise,
But,—as though Pan still wooed,
And she again (pursued)
Fled o'er the amorous shallows,—so she sighs.

She sighs—like winds at eve,
Like lovers' tongues that grieve,
Like tones—oh! never to be heard again,
Like voices from the sea
Where the sea-maids be,
Like aught of pleasure with a touch of pain.

A more melodious tune
Never beneath the moon
Was utter'd, since the Delphian girls ■ young,
And the chaste Dian, bright
With beauty and delight,
Lay listening on the mountains, while they sung.

A more entrancing song
Was never borne along
The ethereal sky, when at grey opening morn
The fiery horses rise,
Like victors from the skies,
Trampling the stars away till day ■ born.—

—Alas!—no ■ may I,
Pale Syrinx, sigh for sigh
Give thee:—Complaining not my song I cease.—
—A spirit came and led
My soul amongst the dead,
And vanish'd. What is left,—but silence—peace?

The Genealogists; A FRAGMENT.

TO THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

I ■ this fragment to you, partly because you are
a lover of the mirthful, ■ well as of the serious; but
principally because I am anxious to incite you, by this
open acknowledgment of your rare poetical powers, to
exercise them for the gratification of the public.

I would not be thought forward in thus becoming
the herald of your reputation; but I am nevertheless
desirous of saying (what I have never before said to you)
that, believing your poetical faculty to be equal to very
high accomplishment, I shall venture, in case you enrol
your name amongst the living poets, to look forward
with confidence to your complete success.

I am very sincerely yours,

B. C.

THE GENEALOGISTS.

A FRAGMENT.

I.

Two China-men, ■ thousand years ago,
Lived by, on, at, or ■ the Yellow River:
The name of one ■ Phang, and t' other Foh,
And both (but 't ■ in China) were deem'd clever:
Some said, indeed, that Phang ■ rather slow,
Yet sure to do his best in each endeavour:
Others averr'd that Foh ■ like the sun,
(Not bright, but quick)—you wish'd?—your wish ■
done.

II.

Now, Phang—(the slow man)—was by taste and trade
A joiner, making chairs, stools, tools, and all
Those things; and Foh an artist, ready made,
Who painted doors and pictures, great and small,
Signs, symbols, likenesses, both ■■■ and maid,
Making the crooked straight, the little tall;
■■■ painted quick, and cheap, and didn't cozen,
And always gave in thirteen to the dozen.

III.

Phang had an only child,—a youth—a son;
Not like the Chinese things ■■■ in town,
Poor wandering drones, on whom ■■ frightful ■■■
Has cast its common kitchen colours down;
But slim, genteel, though not averse to fun,
And o'er his back ■■ tail hung half-way down.
He ■■■ a beau, in short; his face was fair,
And quite uncopper'd, which is curious there.

IV.

Copper's an odious colour—for a face:
It courts (but never answers) observation;
Though I ■■■ 't say that it reflects disgrace,
As is supposed by some ■■■ serious nation:
I only mean, one might supply its place
(Suiting our age, of course, or the occasion)
With white ■■ carmine, ■■ some other hue,
Pink, brown, or anything, in short,—but blue.

V.

Blue—but I must not wander from my track:
I left off with, I think, Phang's « only child,»
A hero with a tail half down his back,
At which the ladies of his country smiled,
Sigh'd, furl'd their fans, unfurl'd, and made 'em crack:—
(The pretty souls are easily beguiled:
A tail in China, and a sash and sabre
Here, save young gentlemen a world of labour.)

VI.

The ■■■ of this Adonis was—but reader,
You must not think the East and West the same:
There Love is led, and here he is a leader;
Here beauty is a boast, and there a blame;
In England with warm sighs, wild words we feed her;
In China they prefer her cold and tame.
By this I ■■■ to say—the Chinese notion
Differs from ours on this side of the ocean.

VII.

The name of this Adonis was—Chang-ho,
Only sixteen, yet he was quite a man:
He loved the daughter of the painter Foh,
And talk'd—(that is, as well ■■ dandies can;
Their talk at best is trashy, and below
Man's level,—reaching but the blockhead's span)—
He talk'd as lover should who love discloses,
Likening her neck to snow, her lips to roses.

VIII.

They met in secret. Through the azure hours
Of night they changed soft vows and kisses sweet;
And swore by all the heavenly (Chinese) powers,
They would, upon the Feast of Lanthorns, meet:—
(Their lanthorns, by the bye, are not like ours,
But made of paper, oil'd, and very neat:
The feast is like our holy annual dinners,
Frequented equally by saints and sinners.)

IX.

They ■■■ upon the Feast of Lanthorns,—pale
As possible (in China) looked the maid:
Chang-ho, in yellow boots and plaited tail,
Met her, half-fond and more than half afraid.
The lady who came first began to rail
(And ladies, as ■■ well know, can upbraid):
On which Chang-ho swore out, by Fum and Fo-am!
■■■ wished to Gad, that he had stayed at home.

X.

This led to some discussion:—How it ended
I leave all folks who know the sex to guess.
■■■ kissed her,—once; she vowed she was offended:
Another,—she was angry still,—but less.
He then said that he loved; but, if she blended
Such acids with her sweets, why she must bless
Some happier man—(Our phrases are erratic—
Erroneous I should say—when we're emphatic.)

XI.

—They met upon the Feast of Lanthorns. Love!
In thy dominion are not lovers' eyes
Enough to guide them?—Can they elsewhere rove
Save to each other's arms?—Old sacrifice!
(Of time and lanthorns) is not Heaven above
'Shamed of its lustre by thy lights and lies,—
Thy scandals,—wonderings,—about Fum and Ho,
And all thy stupid wooden kings below?—

XII.

I hate all folly,—fuss: I hate pretence
'Bout « honour,» « heart,» and « gentlemen,» and « sta-
tion,»—
And all that sort of thing. I hate that men's
Poor noughts should thus be thrust on observation:—
For me, I don't believe 'em—(no offence!)
Better a bit for all such protestation.
I think that men are bad, and women good,
And both—I mean in China, made of wood.

XIII.

Though here I may be wrong: the wood may be
But in the head; the body may be pliant,
And flesh,—it must be so, and pretty free,
Else how could Chinese lawyer round his client
Twist (while a ducat's there) his gripe, and be
Like Hercules about the earth-born giant?
How could they dye cups,—saucers,—or paint stucco?
Or pick our sailors' pockets of tobacco?

XIV.

Yet ■■■ my logic's bad:—the thing is plain:—
I've drawn a false conclusion—I confess it.
This owning costs ■■ to be sure some pain;
Though none perhaps but modest men would guess it;
And yet the fault of which I here complain,
Might have been hidden, had I chose to dress it
In looser words, and made ■■ large conclusion;—
But I forgot the thing in my confusion.

XV.

But ■■ return;—and, now I think on't, ■■
Have quite forgotten to describe the lady:
Her ■■■ was Fohi, ■■ brunette, and nigh
A black; her eyelashes were long and shady;
And 'neath them did she peer—prim, shrewish, sly:—
And ■■ Chang-ho know this?—Why I'm afraid he
■■■ not: for Fohi seemed as she had twice his
Small stock of virtue, but without his vices.

XVI.

Her little feet, were cabin'd and confined
 In swathes of linen, fine, and white; and thin;
 And as her feet were prison'd ■ her mind,
 Her studies ending where our girls' begin.
 She knew a few words, such ■ « Men, » « Mankind, »
 « Love, » « beauty, » « tea, » « toys, » « virtue, » « woman, »
 « sin : »
 But nothing more. Her books were human faces :
 She read, and put them in their proper places.

XVII.

Midst others ■ Chang-ho's—a blank ; without
 A single letter upon any page :
 And why 't ■ ever made might cause some doubt.
 I certainly might guess ;—I might engage
 To give the depth, perhaps, of any lout,
 Beau, beast, or blockhead, with unerring gauge :
 But after all 't would be like ■ disaster
 Of birth, or wood-cut by a German master.

XVIII.

And what is that?—what 's any night-mare worth,
 Except by Fuseli?—A leg of veal,
 A ham, a pig, ■ pudding (neath the girth)
 Such things, and better, to our sleep reveal :
 Some ■ of hell, 't is said, and some of earth,
 And some ■ like—(for why should I conceal
 The fact?)—our friends; who ride ■ in the dark,
 And spur us through the day with some remark.

XIX.

Whate'er Chang-ho and Fohi were, is not
 Our task. They loved—or thought—or said they did ;
 They kissed, and swore to share each other's lot,
 And do whatever not their parents bid :
 They vowed they would n't have a secret thought,
 And then, as usual, all their secrets hid.
 In fine, Chang-ho declared he'd manage ■
 As ■ to get the full consent from Foh.

XX.

But Foh, though wild and hasty in some things,
 Thought much of birth, as we shall perceive soon
 (Like German barons, or dull Spanish kings,
 Who think that high birth is a heavenly boon :)
 And—for some folly to the wisest clings—
 Traced, as he said, his fathers to the moon ;
 And much of her bright madness could one trace,
 Though really not her beauty, in his face.

XXI.

Foh's face was large, coarse, hard, and squarely cut ;
 His red-brown cheeks like pears that housewives bake ;
 And through his brow ■ wrinkle like a rut
 Ran, and beneath, two eyes—like what the snake
 Shows when its prey is near, half-ope, half-shut,
 Twinkled,—or like a young star just awake :
 His ears were wide: his beard was long: His tail!—
 But no—I won't attempt it—I must fail.

XXII.

I'll paint his mind—his soul ; for I suppose
 They have those things in China as in Britain.
 They've eyes, ears, mouth, and something like a nose,
 And ■ language bigger than was ever written ;
 Whether it has much wisdom in 't, God knows!
 Or freedom,—for no poor wretch e'er was smitten
 Enough ■ learn :—We'll grant 'em wise and free ;
 Although I chiefly know them by—their tea.

XXIII.

■ mind was like ■ windmill ; round and round
 ■ went—and went—and went, from day to day,
 And never reached the sky nor touched the ground,
 But folly-blown was toss'd about, mid-way,
 Or else amid a cloud of projects bound :
 And so he lived,—(not wisely, by the way,)—
 A bubble, or a blow-ball,—fashion,—fame,
 So they were idle all, were all the same.

XXIV.

Constant to nothing but the moon, and then
 Tracking her course—« his » course I should say, rather,
 For Foh believed the planets all were men,
 And that the moon, in fact, was his ■ father,
 Although but little of the « where » and « when »
 Could possibly be known, by which ■ gather
 So strange ■ notion,—(but I before said
 That he had curious notions on that head.)

XXV.

—Thou huntress, who upon cerulean plains
 Followest the stars, and with cold arrows bright
 Dost pierce the green earth though it ne'er complains,
 Because it worshippeth thy beauty. Night!
 See how a beggar, here, thy sex arraigns.
 Are all the poets wrong, and he aright?
 Sweet Dian, art thou wrong'd by painter Foh?
 Give me a speedy answer ;—« yes » or « no ? »—

XXVI.

—These goddesses in truth are somewhat odd :—
 I waited for an answer full a minute.
 I've half a mind to ask her brother god :
 He has an ear, if I could hope to win it.
 I'm told some poets in his house have trod :
 I wonder whether there 's a parlour in it—
 I wonder where he dines,—I wonder whether
 He sits or stands,—or eats and drinks together :

XXVII.

I wonder—no : I'll wonder nothing more
 At aught above the moon or aught that 's under ;
 Unless it be, standing on some wild shore,
 To mark the curling billows burst in thunder,
 Or hear the burning mountain howl and roar
 As though 't would split its own fierce heart asunder,
 While far below the ashes crack and burn,
 Precisely where you came,—and must return.

XXVIII.

That trembling of the ground beneath one's feet,
 As though 't would swallow all in its red fury,
 Is terrible ; 't would stretch ■ nerve of steel,
 To be thus buried without judge or jury :
 The thing is not fictitious, Sir, but real,
 A truth, a fact, and this I do ■ you :
 I learnt it (for I own I'm no unraveller
 Of Nature's secrets) from ■ friend—a traveller.

XXIX.

This traveller (whom I know, and know no coward)
 A short time since went up the flaming cone,
 O'er dust, and lava rocks, and rivers dower'd
 With death, and on the summit lay alone
 Midst the black ashes, whilst the crater shower'd
 Its wrath, and there he heard the mountain groan,
 And bellow like a creature rack'd with pain,
 And sigh and moan like one who grieves in vain.

XXX.

Oh! that Vesuvian beast—whose mouth is full
Of fire, whose breath is like the furnace blast;
What was the Ilian horse, or what the bull
(The brazen horror) that Perillus cast;
What is the kraken's plash, or the strange dull
Cry of the crocodile when Nile has past
By with his floods and left his slimy veins
Bare to the—thing (what is it?) that complains!

XXXI.

It utters its red shouts, and all the shores
And hills and plains—the valleys—the tost ocean,
Shake like a wild stag when the lion roars;
And mighty forests totter in their emotion:
The shuddering billow lifts its head and pours
Its white strength out,—as though it had a notion
Whither it went, nor care:—the vast noise drowns
The laugh of cities, and the strife of towns.

XXXII.

Slowly and slowly a bright river runs
Down the dark mountain's side, and takes its way—
Companion'd by quick shocks like minute-guns,
To where a little village lies,—or lay,
Till at the last, light like a thousand suns
Singes the wind, and bursts abroad like day
Trebled, thrice trebled—a hundred times—In brief
Beyond all calculation or belief.

XXXIII.

And still the river runs, and still the ground
Shakes as in travail; and the vineyard leaves
Grow black and wither with a crackling sound,
And here and there some cottage upward heaves
Itself and falls: and nought is heard around
But cries of women, and the curse of thieves,
Who amidst plagues and earthquakes always plunder.
(—How they can pilfer then to me's a wonder!)

XXXIV.

Hark! to those noises,—like the rush of cars
And lashing thongs, and countless rattling wheels,
As though deep earth were shook by ruinous wars
Within, while every flaring blast reveals
Bubbles all o'er the thick as stars,
And wide rent chasms yawn till the sick reels,
And rivers suck'd in, and marshes rise,—
And still the cloudless blue is in the skies.

XXXV.

But now Ocean begins to roar:—Its deeps
(Hitherto hid) are open'd, and light fills
The caverns where the lazy sea-horse sleeps,
Who startled from his trance comes up and swills
Enormous waves in fear,—the dolphin leaps
Out of his element, and from the hills
The beasts run howling, while the darken'd
Frowns as though Earth had lost and Heli had won.

XXXVI.

—And still the river runs. At last it stops,
Huddled and mass'd, against some fence or wall,
Piling its strength until the ruin drops,
And then another, and then others fall,
Then gardens, houses, trees, the blushing crops
Of grapes, and corn; for nothing seems to pall
The appetite of fire, until it hies
Into the hissing sea,—and there it dies.

XXXVII.

But to resume—for really after all it
Will do and cannot be defended,
This—this digressing, or whate'er you call it,
Where foreign stuff with homespun thus is blended;
There may, and will, and must, some ill befall it;
Unless the system be soon dropp'd and ended:
If it go on there 'll soon be (there the bore is)
No middle, and what's worse, no end to stories.

XXXVIII.

So to resume—O beauty! O the light,
The love of when they're true—and young!
Their smile's like morning and their eyes like night!
And that ambrosian bloom about them flung,
Rich as a rosy sunset, when the light
Is passing, and the vesper bell has rung
'Mongst the white Alps!—(the hue is rose,
A blush—but pink, as every body knows.)

XXXIX.

What is there like sweet women?—like their bloom,
Their necks, outshaming the white dove's in whiteness
Their small words hallow'd by such fine perfume,
And their eyes flashing forth such fearful brightness
As might the heaviest blockhead well illumine,
And make him tread like Zephyr in his lightness,
Their look, their lips, their clasp—Oh! thrilling touch
Soft as—but really, I shall say too much.

XL.

So I'll return to Foh:—Well, Foh was proud:
Not of his pallets, nor his paintings, no:
Such pride was poor, he said,—(This was aloud,
And therefore somewhat odd that I should know,
For secrets are the things to catch the crowd,
And a whisper travels miles where nought would go,
Save but a lie:—that beats it by some perches:
I've heard it tried in playhouses and churches).

XLI.

Yes, he was proud:—«My only daughter,» said he,
«My Fohi, my sweet darling,» (here he wept)
«I hope to flo» (which means to Gad) «you're steady
For if not,—and some tales have hither crept,—
Your friends have whispered—yes, I know they're read
To waken stories that had better slept—
I know all that, my darling:—but I know,
That you wed Phang's son my name's not Foh.»

Oh! Fohi, gentle Fohi,—art thou bowed
By misery,—mad,—distract,—a broken flower?
A China-aster covered by a cloud?
Thy vapours—did they pass in sigh and shower?
Thy anger—was it long and rather loud?
Thy love—a taper lit to last an hour?—
Blown to and fro by sobs, and snuff'd by doubt,
And damp'd by scorn,—it hiss'd and then went out.

LII.

And when 's dead, and when her grief was ended
(Some fifteen minutes, by the Pekin clocks,
It away in tears), like one offended
By what had given her heart such shocking shocks,
She turnd to spite from sorrow, and so blended
Her self-reprovings with such merry mocks,
That believed she feign'd, and some that strong
Passion had made her mad,—but they were wrong.

LIII.

She was but (what girls are too often)—fickle;
Easily moved without or with a reason.—
Oh! would ye thrive, ye desperate lovers, tickle
Your mistress' vanity, and in due season
Water your words with tears; but let the sickle
Spare the gaunt folly-heads, and by degrees ■
You 'll get high as her heart,—that crockery shelf,
And there find fifty figures like yourself:

LIV.

A shepherd, with his crook half-bent (through age);
An Alderman in liquor from Portsoken,
A soldier with his breast-plate crack'd;—a Sage
Who turns his leaves in vain for some love-token;
A dandy, ■ form'd, ■ bards say, ■ to engage,
Mending his manners while his bones are broken;
A dwarf, in body under height, and blind;
An officer of sappers—under mind:

LV.

There may be seen the miser, sad but sly,
Letting his yellow gods at discount go
(Coin for bare kisses); and the poet shy
Turning his gold ■ love, his notes to woe;
The high priest with the tenth pig o' the sty;
His ■ notions can no farther go;

If he succeeds, 't is well—the pig's forsaken,
And if he fails, at least ■ he saves his bacon.

LVI.

Fohi had lovers, though, ■ she never told
Her love, ■ to any, save the joiner's son,
To whom she languish'd to be join'd of old;
And ■ she called them over, one by one,
How she made sad the gay, and tamed the bold,
And with the gamester play'd at hearts and won;
And conquer'd cannoneers with head-black glances;
And mow'd down crops (of fools) at routs and dances.

LVII.

Which should she chuse?—Duke Han she feared had
pride,
And though he flattered well, he might not wed:
Old Thong was palsy-struck from side to side,
And clumsy country Ching-ti too ill-bred:
The shaking Ho-ang she could not abide—
That very Mandarin from heel to head,
That thing, patch'd, painted, made of cork and wire,
Old (and almost as ugly) as her sire.

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• • • • •

Miscellaneous Poems.

THE DEATH OF ACIS.

■ ver purpureum : varlos hic flumina circum
Fundit huius flores : hic condida populus entro
Imminet, et lentis texunt umbracula vites.
—O, Galatea.

VINO. Eccl. ix.

LISTEN, my love, and I will tell you now
A tale Sicilian : 't is of fabulous times
When the vast giants lived and spirits dwelt
In haunted woods and caves beneath the seas,
And some (these were the harmless Naiades)
By running waters. You have heard ■ tell of
The sea-nymph Galatea, Nereus' child,
Who loved the shepherd Acis? 't is a sweet
And mournful history, and to think how love
Could bend ■ rugged Cyclops to his power
Is pleasant : hearken then.

There is ■ time,
Just the first blush of summer, when the spring
And his soft rains are passing off, and flowers
Unclasp their bosoms to the winds and spread
Perfume and living beauty through the world.
It is the year's gay manhood : Nature then,
Grateful and wantoning in idolatry,
Does homage to the sun.—Long years ago,
At this gay season, in ■ cave o'errun
By vines and boundless clematis (between
Whose wilderness of leaves white roses peep'd,
And honeysuckle which, with trailing boughs,
Droop'd o'er ■ sward grateful ■ ever sprung
By sprinkling fountains, when Apollo drove

The nymphs to haunt the thickets), Acis knelt
At Galatea's feet. She gazed awhile.
One delicate hand was press'd against her cheek
That flush'd with pleasure, and her dark hair stream'd
Shadowing the brightness of her fixed eye,
Which on the young Sicilian shepherd's face
Shone like a star : the other hand hung down,
White as that Parian stone the sculptor hew'd
To fashion for the temples of his gods.
Peerless on earth, and like those forms of old,
Pallas, or dark-eyed Juno, or the queen
Who won the fruit on Ida, sate the sea-nymph,
Proud Galatea; till at last she raised
Her arm and twined it round her lover's neck,
And in the gentlest music asked him then
Why and how much he loved, and if he thought
'T was strange that she, ■ high sea-nymph, should leave
Her watery palaces and coral caves,
Her home, and all immortal company,
To dwell with him, ■ simple shepherd boy :
—But hark ! ■ sudden sound burst on their ears,
And through the disturbed air came words like these :

• Hear me, ye rocks, and all ye hollow caves
Where the wild ocean raves!
And thou, eternal Ætna! on whose brow
The white and silent and perennial snow
Sits like ■ diadem, I shout to thee,
In this my sad extremity.
Hearken! ye liberated winds that stray
From your dark caverns to the day,
And blindly wander all the world around:
Say to that world, 'I love, I love, I die;'

And, on your home-returning sound,
Bear the white Galatea's last reply."

Thus from an overhanging promontory,
Shouted the giant Polypheme: the —
Drew backward as affrighted at the sound:
The green woods moved, and the light poplar shook
Its silver pyramid of leaves: the Fauns
Rose up to listen, and the Naiades
Shrank in their crystal fountains. Gloomily,
And still awhile, the Cyclops lay: at last,
He lifted to his mouth a reed, and blew
A strange and sweet preluding symphony.
He was a master of his pipe and knew
How every note was touch'd: deep — mix'd
With those his mountain melodies, and Love cast
A strange charm round him: mighty tears then fill'd
His solitary eye, and with such noise
As the rough winds of Autumn make when they
Pass o'er a forest and bend down the pines:
The giant sigh'd. Again he blew his reed,
And as the whistling music pass'd away,
Sang thus of the white Galatea.

"Fair Galatea, listen! By my birth
(And I can trace it in the sea, the earth)
I love you; not as mortals love a maid,
Amorous, yet afraid
Lest that her answer chase all hope away;
Oh! Galatea, did I not celebrate
You through the world, and tell you were divine,
(Will you not then be mine?)
And ever sing your praise, early and late,
Through all the changes of a summer's day?

"Proud Galatea, listen! am I not he,
Before whose matchless melody
The finest player stills his charmed lute,
And every sea-maid's voice is mute?
Am I not he to whose sweet song the Faun
Dances with mad delight,
And, on her cloudy pillow resting through the night,
Queen Dian listens till the morn?

"Am I not, cruel nymph, great Neptune's child,
Who circles with his — the visible earth
(Although I may not walk the waters wild),
And shalt thou scorn my worth?
Yet pardon, Galatea, pardon, for my heart
Is almost broken, beauty, and the smart
Of Love may draw from me
Words that I must disown in calmer hours:
I mean not, never meant to anger thee.
Listen, my love! although in coral bowers
Thou hidest, now that through the burning air
Starry Apollo rides. Listen, my fair;
The Son of Neptune, from his mountain high,
Calls: Galatea! listen, and reply."

He ended, and the lovers left their cave
To — who sang sweet, and stood exposed
Before the giant's eye. At once he saw
His rival and the nymph he loved so well
Twined in each other's arms. "Away!" he cried,
"Away, thou wanton nymph! and thou, my slave,
Earth-born and base, thou—thou whom I could shake

To atoms, as the tempest scatters abroad
The sea-sand tow'rd the skies, away, away!"
He spoke, and from the groaning promontory
Wrench'd a huge rock, to lift whose massy weight
Would strain the sinews of a hundred arms,
And toss'd it tow'rd the sun: awhile it flew
Through the blue air with whizzing noise, with all
Its moss and stones and roots and branching shrubs,
And stopp'd at last in the mid-air, and then
Dropp'd like a plummet. Oh! the shepherd boy:
He felt the Cyclop's wrath, for on his head
The mighty weight descended: not a limb,
Or bone a fragment or a glossy hair
Remain'd of all his beauty. He was struck
Dead in a moment. Galatea! where
Fled you to shun the trembling mountain—where?
What matters it? the sea-maid's heart was struck
And — own'd a love again. She changed
(As Grecian fables say) the shepherd boy
Into a stream, and on his banks would lie
And utter her laments in such a tone
As might have moved the rocks, and then would call
Upon the murdered Acis. He the while
Ran to the sea, but oft on summer nights
Noises were heard and plaintive music, like
The songs you hear in Sicily. Shepherd swains
For many an age would lie by that lone stream,
And from its watery melodies catch an air,
And tune it to their simple instruments.
Hence, as 't is thought by some, did many songs
Originate, and oh! most likely 't is
That pastoral music first had some such birth,
But whether from the running brooks it came,
Or from the rustling leaves, or whispering winds,
Or silver talking fountains, who may tell?
It is enough — live and own its power.

THE WORSHIP OF DIAN.

SHEPHERDS. WOMEN.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Come hither shepherds. See, Apollo dies.
Some hours ago and who as bright as he?
His proud smile turn'd the waves to silver, and
The half-ripe fruit vermillion'd: It drew sweets
From herb and flower, and on the living earth
Shower'd beauty. Man was pleased and laugh'd to find
His blood run quicker and his heart grow warm.
And maids grew joyous, for they knew their cheeks
Wore then a livelier red: and see, he dies.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

But we must now forget him; for behold,
Dian is coming. Mark!

FIRST SHEPHERD.

How fierce she glares!
Thus when in angry mood she stretches forth
Her — above the waters, doth she look;
And — she bares her breast the wanton waves
Rebel 'gainst Neptune's mastery, and leap up
Far — their silver chains will reach, to do
The night-queen homage. Then, the mariner
Who hath forgot his home-confined bride,
And maid whose thoughts were not of elasticity,

The merchant who hath ventures **■** the sea,
And never pray'd her help against the storms,
■ feel her wrath.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

Look! who is there, Alexis—
There, tow'rd the East?

FIRST

Oh! Pan is by yonder brook:

Thus **■** through the heats of Summer he
Offers his steaming incense to the moon;
For which she chafes his burning brow, and gives
To his parch'd herbs **■** freshness. Every thing
That **■** his away then honours her: rivers which
Grew hot i' the sun and silent slipp'd away,
Resume their natural pow'rs and celebrate
With music the first coming of the night.
The solemn owl speaks and the crickets sing,
And from the springing grass there comes a noise,
As though to tell that the earth slumber'd not.
The nightingale alone **■** complain,
Yet sweetly, and **■** Zephyrus steals
Rustling amongst **■** forest leaves, and plays
With the young **■** and from the hawthorn branch
Shakes half its bloom—but she unclouds her brow,
And looks propitious. Kneel, ye virgins, kneel!
And stretch your white **■** tow'rd the bright'ning sky,
And sing the hymn to Dian. Goddess, hear!

HYMN.

DIAN!—we seek thee in this tranquil hour;
We call thee by thy names of power;
Lucina! first (that tender name divine,
Which young and travail'd dames adore and fear),
Child of the dark-brow'd Proserpine!
Star-crown'd Dian! Daughter of Jove
Olympian! Mother of blind Love!
Fair Cynthia! Towered Cybele!
Lady of stainless chastity!
Bend low thy listening ear,
And smile upon us, now the long day's toil,
Beautiful queen! is done,
And from the withering sun
Save thou and bless the parch'd and fainting soil;
■ may thy silver shafts ne'er miss their aim,
But strike the heart of every bounding fawn,
And **■** a nymph of thine e'er lose her fame
By loitering in the beechen glades,
Or standing, with her mantle half undrawn,
Like listening Silence, **■** skirting shades
Of forests, where the satyrs lie
Sleeping with upward face, or piping musically.

Oh! smile upon us, Dian! smile **■** thou
Art wont, 't is said, at times to look upon
Thy own pale boy, Endymion,
When he sleeps calmly on the mountain's brow:
And may no doubt **■** care,
When thou shalt wish, on nights **■** and still,
To stay thy ear upon the Latmos' hill,
Touch with **■** clouded hand thy look of light,
Nor elemental blight
Mar the rich beauties of thy hyacinthine hair.

Queen of the tumbling floods! oh lend thine ear
To us who seek and praise thee here.

Fright not the Halcyon from her watery nest,
When on the scarcely moving waves she sits
Listening, **■** distress
Lest that the winds, in sullen fits
Should come and lift the curling seas **■** high:
Yet, if the storm must come—then Dian! then
Scatter the billows from the Delphic shore,
And bid the monsters of the deep go roar
Where the wild Scylla howls and raves,
Hard by those foreign caves
Sicilian, dug, 't is said, by giant **■**
Beneath Pelorus' rugged promontory.

On thy white altar we
Lavish, in fond idolatry,
Herbs and rich flowers such **■** the **■**
Some that in wheaten fields
Lift their red bells amidst the golden grain:
Some that the moist earth yields,
Beneath the shadows of those pine trees high,
Which, branching, shield the far Thessalian plains
From the fierce anger of Apollo's eye,
And some that Delphic swains
Pluck by the silver springs of Castaly.
Yet, there (thus it is said) the wanton Muses
Their dark and tangled locks adorning,
Lie stretch'd on green slopes 'neath the laurel boughs,
Or weave sad garlands for their brows;
And though they shun thee through the livelong night,
Bend their bright eyes before the God of morning,
And hail with shouts his first return of light.

Now and for ever hail, great Dian!—Thou,
Before whose moony brow
The rolling planets die, or lose their fires,
And all the bravery of Heaven **■** tires.
There Saturn dimly turns within his ring,
And Jove looks pale upon his burning throne;
There the great hunter-king,
Orion, mourns with watery glare
The tarnished lustre of his blazing zone:
Thou only, through the blue and starry air,
In unabated beauty ridest along,
Companion'd by **■** song.
Turn hither, then, thy clear and steadfast smile,
To grace our humble welcoming,
And may thy poet's brain
Be free from all but that so famous pain
Which sometimes, at the still midnight,
Stirs its creative fancyings, while
(Charm'd by thy silver light)
He strives, not vainly then, his **■** song **■** sing.

A VISION.

This is little **■** than **■** collection of **■** actual dreams.

The night was gloomy. Through the skies of June
Roll'd the eternal moon,
'Midst dark and heavy clouds, that bore
A shadowy likeness **■** those fabled things
That sprung of old from man's imaginings.
Each seem'd a fierce reality: some wore
The forms of sphinx and hippogriff, or seem'd
Nourish'd among the wonders of the deep,
And wilder than the poet ever dream'd:

And there **■** cars—steeds with their proud necks bent,
Tower, and temple, and broken continent:
And all, **■** upon a sea,
In the blue ether floated silently.

I lay upon my bed and sank **■** sleep:
And then I fancied that I rode upon
The waters, and had power to call
Up people who had lived in ages gone,
And scenes and stories half forgot, and all
That on my young imagination
Had come like fairy visions, and departed.
And ever by me a broad current pass'd
Slowly, from which at times up started
Dim scenes and ill-defined shapes. At last
■ bade the billows render up their dead,
And all their wild inhabitants; and I
Summoned the spirits who perish'd,
Or took their stations in the starry sky,
When Jove himself bow'd his Saturnian head
Before the ONE DIVINITY.

First, I **■** the landscape fair
Towering in the clear blue air,
Like Ida's woody summits and **■** fields,
Where all that Nature yields
Flourishes. Three proud shapes **■** seem,
Standing upon the green
Like Olympian queens descended.
One **■** adorn'd, and **■**

Wore her golden tresses bound
With simple flowers; the third was crown'd,
And from amidst her raven hair,
Like stars, imperial jewels shone.

—Not one of those figures divine
But might have sat in Juno's chair,
And smiled in great equality
On Jove, though the blue skies were shaken:
Or, with superior aspect, taken
From Hebe's hand nectarean wine.

And that Dardanian boy **■** there
Whom pale OEnone loved: his hair
Was black, and curl'd his temples 'round;
His limbs were free and his forehead fair,
And as he stood **■** a rising ground,
And back his dark locks proudly toss'd,
A shepherd youth he look'd, but trod
On the green sward like a god;
Most like Apollo when he play'd
(Fore Midas), in the Phrygian shade,
With Pan, and to the Sylvan lost.

And **■** from out the watery floor
A city rose, and well she wore
Her beauty, and stupendous walls,
And towers that touch'd the stars, and halls
Pillar'd with whitest marble, whence
Palace on lofty palace sprung;
And over all rich gardens hung,
Where, amongst silver waterfalls,
Cedars and spice-trees and green bowers,
And sweet winds playing with all the flowers
Of Persia and Araby,
Walked princely shapes: **■** with **■** air
Like warriors, **■** like ladies fair
Listening, and, amidst all, the king
Nebuchadnezzar rioting

In supreme magnificence.
—This **■** famous Babylon.

That glorious vision pass'd on,
And then I heard the laurel-branches sigh
That **■** grow where the bright-eyed muses walk'd:
And Pelion shook his piny locks, and talk'd
Mournfully to the fields of Thessaly.
And there I saw, piercing the deep blue sky,
And radiant with his diadem of snow,
Crown'd Olympus: and the hills below
Look'd like inferior spirits tending round
His pure supremacy; and a sound
Went rolling onwards through the sunny calm,
As **■** immortal voices then had spoken,
And, with rich noises, broken
The silence which that holy place had bred.
I knelt—and **■** I knelt, haply in token
Of thanks, there fell a honey'd shower of balm,
And the imperial mountain bow'd his hoary head.

And then came **■** who **■** the Nubian sands
Perish'd for love; and with him the wanton queen
Egyptian, in her state was seen;
And how she smiled, and kiss'd his willing hands,
And said she would not love, and swore to die,
And laugh'd upon the Roman Antony.
Oh, matchless Cleopatra! never since
Has one, and never more
Shall **■** like thee tread on the Egypt shore,
Or lavish such royal magnificence:
Never shall one laugh, love, or die like thee,
Or **■** so sweet a witchery:
And, brave Mark Antony, that thou couldst give
Half the wide world to live
With that enchantress, did become thee well;
For love is wiser than Ambition.—
Queen and thou, lofty triumvir, fare ye well.

And then I heard the sullen waters roar,
And saw them cast their surf upon the strand,
And then rebounding toward some far-seen land,
They wash'd and wash'd its melancholy shore:
And the terrific spirits, bred
In the sea-caverns, moved by those fierce jars,
Rose up like giants from their watery bed,
And shook their silver hair against the stars.
Then, bursts like thunder—joyous outcries wild—
Sounds as from trumpets, and from drums,
And music, like the lulling noise that comes
From **■** when they hush their charge to sleep,
Came in confusion from the deep.
Methought one told **■** that a child
Was that night unto the great Neptune born;
And then old Triton blew his curled horn,
And the Leviathan lash'd the foaming seas,
And the wanton Nercides
Came up like Phantoms from their coral halls,
And laugh'd and sung like tipsy Bacchanals,
■ the fury of the ocean broke
Upon my ear——I trembled and awoke.

CROMWELL

SOMEWHAT apart, but undistinguish'd all
From those around, sat Cromwell. In his eye

Collected, peer'd deceit: yet withal blazed
 A stern and steady fire: half hypocrite
 And zealot half — he, and had become
 Perchance, but that the dawning light then shone,
 A dark inquisitor, and fit to share
 Those works of fire, whereby the cowed monk
 Was wont convince the writhing heretic.
 At last he slowly rose.—Silent at first
 He stood — night: gloomy his brow, but touch'd
 And elevate by fanatic flame, that rose
 Far from the heart. Like — dark rock, whose rifts
 Hold nitrous grain, whereon the lightning fires
 Have glanced, and left — pale and livid light,
 So he, — corporal — being struck, stood there
 Glaring, but cold and pitiless.—Even hope
 (The brightest angel whom the heavens have given
 To lead and cheer — onwards) shrank aghast
 From that stern look despairing.

A HAUNTED STREAM.

Of objects all inanimate I made
 Idols. — BYRON.

It is perhaps a fable: yet the hind
 Tells it with reverence, and at times I deem
 The tale allied to truth. They say you brook
 That circles with its silver arms that grove
 Of forest trees, is—haunted: nay, you smile;
 But I — born beside it, and through life,
 Aye, 'midst the jarrings of this bitter world,
 In pain, in calumny, my mind hath dwelt
 Upon this stream as on some holy thought.
 See where it wanders from its mossy cave,
 And toward the dark wood, like a bashful thing
 Surprised, runs trembling — for succour. Look!
 Such streams as these did Dian love, and such
 Naiads of old frequented. Still its face
 — clear as truth; and yet—it roams like error.
 In former times, rivers were celebrate:
 One told how Achelous dived beneath
 Sicilian seas, to meet his nymph divine,
 The blue Arethusa; — (the loftiest) sung
 The rough Scamander, oh, and how he rush'd
 And mingled with Troy fight; and — did tell
 Of Aganippe's fount; of Hippocrene,
 And Simois, and — immortal Castaly.

Come then, my stream, and I will sing of thee:
 Worthy from beauty, oh! but worthier far
 From sweet associate pleasures. Thou to me
 Art like the glass of memory, where the mind
 Sees, charm'd and soften'd by thy murmuring, things
 It elsewhere dare not dream of; things that fled
 With early youth, and went—I know not whither:
 Shadows forgot, and hope that perish'd.—
 —Beautiful river! on thy banks remote
 Still does the half-sunned primrose waste its sweets,
 And that pale flower that loves the valley (white
 Like purity) — forth; blue violets,
 The wild-brier-rose, and spotted daisies, which
 The young year scatters on the sward, and all
 That June or April love, or Autumn spares
 Amidst her golden bounty, live unhurt.
 Here, — May mornings, I may hear the thrush

Pour from his silver throat sweet music; and,
 'Neath summer stars the nightingale—(for she
 — queen of all earth's choristers, and holds
 Acquaintance with the evening winds, which waft her
 Sweet tidings from the rose). The stock-dove here
 Breathes her deep note complaining, till the air
 Seems touch'd, and all the woods and hollows, sighing,
 Prolong the sound — sadness. Hark! a noise.

SONG.

Look upon these — yellow sands, —
 Colour'd by — mortal hands:
 Look upon this grassy bank,
 Crown'd with flowers and osiers dank
 Whereon the milk-white heifers feed
 (White — if of Io's breed):
 Look upon these glassy waters,
 Where earth's loveliest daughters
 Bathe their limbs and foreheads fair,
 And wring their dark and streaming hair.

Here, if on summer nights you stray,
 When rolls the bright and orb'd moon
 Through the sultry skies of June,
 You will see the Spirits play,
 And all the Fays keep holiday.
 Think not that 't is but a dream:
 For I (the Naiad of the stream)
 Have often by the pale moonlight,
 Seen them dancing, joyous light.
 Some, heedless of the midnight hours,
 Laugh, and wake the sleeping flowers:
 Some on water-lilies lie
 And down the wave float silently:
 Some in circles flying,
 Beat with their tiny wings the air,
 And rouse the zephyr when he's dying:
 Some tumble in the fountain's spray,
 And in the lunar rainbows play:
 All seem as they were free from care.
 —Yet, One there was, who at times would stray,
 As on her breast some sorrow weigh'd,
 And rest her in the pine-tree shade
 (The blue-eyed queen Titania):
 She, from very grief of heart,
 Would from the revel oft depart,
 And like a shooting sun-beam, go
 To where the Tigris' waters shine,
 Or the Cashmere — blow,
 Or where the fir-clad Appennine
 Frowns darkly on Italian skies,
 Or where, 'neath Summer's smile divine,
 Tydor's spicy forests rise.
 —But hark! my — Ocean calls,
 And I must hie to his coral halls.

What think you now?—Believe the spirit; and own
 The place is haunted. On yon slanting —
 That dips its — in the wave, 't is said
 Poets have leant, and when the — hath flung
 Her bright smile — the quivering element,
 Have thought a strange communion lived between
 That planet and the stream. Perhaps a nymph
 Of Dian's train, here, for her voice or beauty,
 Was changed by — envious deity.
 Whate'er it be, it well doth manifest

The lives of those who dwell around it: Calm,
 And undisturb'd its current, ■■■■ chafed
 By the rude breeze, it flows on till—'t is lost.
 But ■ have sail'd upon ■ stormier wave,
 And, in my course of life, dark shoals ■■ hid,
 And rocks arose, and thundering currents clash'd;
 Like when the mighty rivers of the West
 Meet the tempestuous seas; but still I lived,
 And held my way undaunted. Now, I come
 To this sweet place for quiet. Every tree,
 And bush and fragrant flower and hilly path,
 And thymy mound that flings unto the winds
 Its morning incense, is my friend; for I
 Did make acquaintance with inanimate things
 In very boyhood, and did love ■ break
 With shouts the mountain silence, and to hang
 O'er flashing torrents, when the piny boughs
 Shook their dark locks, and plain'd in mournful tones
 Mysterious to the barren wilderness;
 And still in solitary spots my soul
 Resumes its youth.—Think not that this is all
 An idle folly; he who ■■ draw ■ joy
 From rocks, ■ woods, or weeds, ■ things that ■■■■
 All mute, and does it—is wise.

STANZAS.

And now with gleams of half-extinguish'd thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again.
 WORDSWORTH.

I.

I HAVE lived many seasons: and I stand
 Nor low nor lofty ■ this world at last:
 Yet with some hope (which I cannot withstand)
 I shall not wholly bow me to the blast,
 Nor, all unknown, like a base weed be ■■
 Away, and wither in my wintry grave,
 Shaming the soil that fed me: For the past—
 'T is gone: and 't would be idle ■■ ■■
 Of wasted hours, or ■■■■: I ■■ not folly's slave.

II.

Yet, like a pestilence, despondence hung
 Upon the spirit of my prime. In vain
 I sought for cure: like wasting fire it clung
 Against my heart—it struck upon my brain.
 Then, like ■ lion bursting from his chain
 (For I was not the fool of fantasy)
 I rush'd away, and rid ■■ of my pain;
 And, with that courage that becomes the free,
 Stood on the verge again: safe—for at liberty.

III.

■ deep embowering woods I built my home,
 For Nature ■■■■ best the sickly mind;
 And when Apollo through my leafy dome
 Came visiting, I rose: at eve, reclined,
 I caught strange secrets from the whispering wind,
 That with its cooling freshness bathed my head
 As with Olympian dew: 't ■■ then my mind
 Gather'd its powers, and sickly visions fled.
 I stood like a man new born—recover'd from the dead.

IV.

■ is upon the mountains—the vast sea,
 That ■ hear Nature's language: 't is the tide
 Which rolls for ever, speaks ■ Eternity:—
 The hills declare she is to Heaven allied,
 And in the thunder ■■■■ her voice of pride:
 Her mirror is the lake: her garb the field
 With all the colours of the Iris dyed:
 Somewhat of mighty moment does she yield
 From every part. To me, her soul she hath reveal'd.

V.

For I did woo her in my early youth,
 And sought the marvels of her lonely ways;
 And often in those fountain depths, where truth
 Springs from its parent source, I loved to gaze,
 And watch'd its many wanderings, where it strays
 The world's rude rocks and wildering woods among;
 And where the elemental lightnings blaze
 I've trod—aye, stood above 'em, while along
 The precipice they play'd, wild, glittering, and strong.

VI.

I've roamed amongst the eternal Alps. I've stood
 And gazed upon the diminish'd world below;
 Marking, at frightful distance, field and flood,
 And spire and town, like things of pigmy show,
 Shrink into nothing: while those peaks of snow
 (Which yet the winds themselves but seldom climb)
 Arose like giants from the void below,
 But fashion'd all for everlasting time:
 Imperishable things—untain'd, ■ 't were, by crime.

VII.

Oh! ye unbending mountains! if ye be
 Aught more than human view may contemplate—
 If on your crowned heads the Deity
 Rests his bright foot eternal, when in state
 He bends array'd in lightnings; consecrate
 Then stand for ever. Perchance your heaven-ward look
 Infused such feeling, strong and elevate,
 That madness in the soul's bright temple shook.
 Silent ye pointed high. I read ■ from a book.

VIII.

Sacred ye are. The very eye of God
 Darts roses on ye ■ it shuts at even.
 The earthquake on your breast hath never trod;
 Nor in vast fragments have your limbs been riven;
 Nor through your heart the red volcano driven,
 That foams in lava-cataracts from its bound;
 Or flings its blazing columns up to heaven,
 Sinking in darkening ashes ■ the ground.
 Thus Hecla, Etna feel; and all, save ye, around.

IX.

And oh! thou viewless Spirit, who dost breathe
 Life on the world: whose home is on the seas,
 And plains, and mountain summits, and beneath
 This earth; whose couriers are the storm and breeze;
 Whose children, the gay birds—the beasts—the trees,
 And we (the monarchs of mortality)
 And whatsoever hath being. That thou didst please
 To draw from ■ the mind's calamity,
 I thank thee. Thou hast given the world again to ■■

X.

For ■ alone with Alpine heights my soul
Communed in silence: 'T ■ from forests deep—
The everlasting ocean that doth roll
Bursting in thundering billows 'gainst the steep;
The rainbow that, when ■ vapours weep,
Arches the sky; the free and sightless wind:
The Moon, the Sun, and (last) those fires that keep
Nightly their starry watch. From all my mind
Caught light, and strength, and joy, to ■ one aid
confined.

XI.

Two poets saw I there: one had I ■
In boyhood mix in many an idle game;
Since when his hand had gather'd laurels green
For his ■ brows, and ■ the scroll of fame
■ written his imperishable name,
Amidst the golden characters that lie
Distinguishable there—even ■ the flame
Of ■ or sun burns out conspicuously
Amongst the ■ that crowd the bosom of the sky.

XII.

Upon his beautiful forehead ■ ■ sitting,
And weariness and woe; and o'er his eye
Shadows of dim tumultuous thought were flitting,
And passions, which are buried ere they die,
Exorcised by the enchantress Memory
From their dark grave—the heart. But quickly these
Like clouds of rain in summer, passed by;
And then he wanton'd with the mountain breeze,
And with the soft mysterious music of the trees

XIII.

Held frequent talk, like some familiar spirit.
And his companion young would join him then,
And tell how mortal creature might inherit
Ethereal essence *here*, and haply again
(Though like a world-abandon'd denizen)
Expand into that perfect element,
Whate'er ■ be, that fills the frames of ■
With their incomparable light. Intent
Upon that theory sublime his soul ■ bent.

XIV.

And who may tell (though I believe it not)
But that the soul by meditation may
Plume its bright wings, and from its grosser lot
Spring, like a thing immortal, far away;
Or, ■ the white Alps ■ and meet the day,
Accumulate upon its airy head
Thoughts that fine spirits have bequeath'd, ■ they
Lay down in silence ■ their wormy bed,
And conquer that chill voice which summons to the
dead.

XV.

I have ■ the Alpine sun-set:—oh! how weak
My verse to tell what flash'd across my sight.
Green, blue, and burning red, was every streak:
Like rainbow-beams, but trebly, trebly bright;
The earth, the air, the heavens, were living light:
My vision was absorb'd. I trembled—then
Softening his glance, and sinking in his might,
The Sun slow faded from the eyes of men,
And died away. Ne'er have I ■ the like again.

XVI.

Yet have I lain in many a leafy nook
Sequester'd, hiding from the ■ beam,
Idling, or haply with that charmed book
Writ by the Avon side; and loved ■ dream
■ pale Cordelia, gentle Imogen:
Or, on some brook that slid, like guilt, away,
Hurrying the pilfer'd mosses down its stream,
Ponder'd, and often at the close of day
Gazed ■ the coming Moon, and felt, perhaps, her away.

XVII.

■ is in high, remoter scenes, that ■
Become sublimed, yet humble: there ■ learn
That still beyond us spreads—infinity,
And we still clay: or, all admiring, ■
To where those characters of beauty burn,
Which God hath printed ■ the starry skies:
And haply guess why ■ alone may learn
The world's vast wonders: why alone our eyes
See far: why we alone have such proud sympathies.

XVIII.

For with creation and its marvels none
Save we, can hold communion. On the earth
Are many stately footsteps, and the Sun
Shines on eyes bright ■ ours: yet hath our birth
(Holy) shed round ■ an immortal worth,
Beyond the rest: though with the rest we fade,
And are encircled by ■ frail a girth
To life, as they: and in the deadly shade
Wither as quick, and are ■ loathsome when decay'd.

XIX.

But while we live, the air, the fruit, the flower,
Doth own to us a high, superior charm:
And the soul's radiance in our wintry hour
Flings a sweet summer halo round us, warm;
And then, the multitudinous things that swarm
From the brain's secret cells, and never die
(Though mortal horn),—Oh! for that boasted balm
Of life, to raise the mighty when they lie
Wrecks, both in frame and mind—common mortality.

XX.

Seems it not hard, that they whose spirits have
Engender'd and matured such thoughts sublime,
And lived but for the world, must in the grave
At last sink like the things of folly—crime,
Ere yet the soul hath blossom'd in its prime?
For who may tell how high the labouring thought
Might reach, if given ■ live till after-time:
And what a pyramid it might build, how fraught
With treasures, but from time and meditation caught?

THE MAGDALEN.

And Woman who ■ wept her loveliest dower,
There hid her broken heart. *Paris, st. 15.*

I do remember it. 'T ■ such a face
As Guido would have loved to dwell upon;
But oh! the touches of his pencil ■
Could paint her perfect beauty. In her home

(Which once she did desert) I saw her last;
 Propp'd up by pillows, swelling round her like
 Soft heaps of snow, yielding, and fit to bear
 Her faded figure.—I observed her well:
 Her brow fair, but very pale, and look'd
 Like stainless marble; a touch methought would soil
 Its whiteness. O'er her temple one blue vein
 Ran like a tendril; one through her shadowy hand
 Branch'd like the fibre of a leaf—away.
 Her mouth was tremulous, and her cheek wore then
 A flush of beautiful vermillion,
 But more like art than nature; and her eye
 Spoke as became the youthful Magdalen,
 Dying and broken-hearted.

WISHES.

Now, give me but a cot that's good,
 In some great town's neighbourhood:
 A garden, where the winds may play
 Fresh from the blue hills far away,
 And wanton with such trees to bear
 Their loads of green through all the year,
 Laurel, and dusky juniper:
 So may my friends, whose social talk
 I love, there take their evening walk
 And spend a frequent holiday.

And may I own a quiet room,
 Where the morning sun may come,
 Stored with books of poesy,
 Tale, science, old morality,
 Fable, and divine history,
 Ranged in separate cases round,
 Each with living marble crown'd.
 Here should Apollo stand, and there
 Isis, with her sweeping hair:
 Here Phidian Jove, or the face of thought
 Of Pallas, or Laocoon,
 Or Adrian's boy Antinous,
 Or the winged Mercurius,
 Or some that conquest lately brought
 From the land Italian.

And one I'd have, whose heaving breast
 Should rock me nightly in my rest,
 By holy chains bound fast to me,
 Faster by Love's sweet sorcery.
 I would not have my beauty as
 Juno or Paphian Venus was,
 Or Dian with her crested moon
 (Else, haply, she might change me soon),
 Or Portia, that high Roman dame,
 Or she who set the world on flame,
 Spartan Helen, who did leave
 Her husband-king to grieve,
 And fled with Priam's shepherd-boy,
 And caused the mighty tale of Troy.
 She should be a woman who
 (Graceful without much endeavour)
 Could praise or excuse all I do,
 And love me ever.

I'd have her thoughts fair, and her skin
 White as the white soul within;
 And her fringed eyes of darkest blue,
 Which the great soul beareth about

Like heaven's own gates cerulean:
 And these I'd gaze and gaze upon,
 As did of old Pygmalion.

FLOWERS.

These the flowers unveil
 Her breast of beauty, and each delicate bud
 O' the season comes in turn to bloom and perish.
 But first of all the violet, with an eye
 Blue as the midnight heavens, the frail snow-drop,
 Born of the breath of winter, and on his brow
 Fix'd like a pale and solitary star:
 The languid hyacinth, and wild primrose,
 And daisy trodden down like modesty:
 The fox-glove, in whose drooping bells the bee
 Makes her sweet music; the narcissus (named
 From him who died for love), the tangled woodbine,
 Lilacs, and flowering limes, and scented thorns,
 And some from whom the voluptuous winds of Jux
 Catch their perfumings.

SERENADE.—(TWILIGHT.)

The western skies are no longer gay,
 For the summer has died away,
 Yet left no gloom:
 For ere the Spirit of heaven went,
 He strung night's shadowy instrument,
 And hung on every leaf perfume.

To each sweet breeze that haunts the world,
 And sleeps by day in the rose-leaf curl'd,
 A warmth he gave:
 He has left a life in these marble halls,
 And beauty in yon white water-falls,
 And still at his bidding these dark pines wave

Rich is the sun with his golden hair,
 And his eye is too bright for man to bear;
 And when he shrouds
 His brow in vapour, and all the west
 Strews gold, as to welcome a kingly guest,
 He looks like a god on his throne of clouds.

Yet—I know an eye as bright as his,
 And a smile more soft, and lips of bliss,
 Oh! lovelier far:
 And an arm as white as the milk-white dove,
 And a bosom all warm and rich with love,
 And a heart—as the hearts of angels are.

She listens to my wild guitar,
 And she hides her beyond yon lattice bar
 (A girl's delight):
 Yet she never will let me linger long,
 Comes and rewards my twilight song,
 And treats her love with—a kiss by night.

TO ———.

BEAUTY! more shalt thou
 Gently speak unto me,
 Nor the smile undo me

Like ■■■ lips of love
Came thy sweet caressing,
Grateful as a sudden blessing
Falling from the skies above.

And is thy beauty gone—
And thy voice departed?
And is thy bright eye bright no more?
Oh! why were ■■■ for ever parted?

Thou art lying now alone,
Chain'd in thy lasting sleep,
In those low chambers of the deep,
Where sea-nymphs ■■■ dreaming,
And the under-waters streaming
Silently by the coral shore.
And ■■■ a wind that wantons here
With the upper billow,
Can reach thee on thy sandy pillow:
So thou wilt slumber quiet, dear.

Thou ■■■ buried nobly; all
The elements in their pomp attended,
And their various music blended
To grace thy funeral.
The thunder mutter'd along the sky,
And the lightning lit his torch ■■■ high;
The tempest blew his trumpet o'er thee,
And the ocean rose and sunk before thee,
And its mountains roar'd harmoniously.

For me—I do believe that ■■■
Shall meet again in after days,
And I shall, once more, see
The smile I used to praise,
And touch the ■■■ of those lips,
And in the splendour of thine eye
(Now shrouded in ■■■ cold eclipse),
Bask as beneath the sunny sky.
I would not lose the thought that flies
By me, that I shall see thee, dear,
In the bright bowers of Paradise,
As sweet (no more) ■■■ thou wast here,
For all the promised joys that man
Hath gather'd from the Ottoman.

A SONG.

LIE silent now, my lyre,
For all thy master's fire
Is gone.—It vanish'd like ■■■ ■■■ sun.
Brightly the passion rose,
And, till its turbulent close,
It shone ■■■ bright; though all he wish'd ■■■ won.

Deem me not false, ye fair,
Who, with your golden hair
And soft eyes chain man's heart to yours: the deer
Thus bound by beauty's chain
Wanders not again:
Prisoner to love, like me—never to fear.

She whom I loved has fled;
And now with the lost dead
I rank her: and the heart that loved her ■■■
(But could not bear her pride),
In its ■■■ cell hath died,
And turn'd ■■■ dust,—but this she shall not know.

'T would please her did she think
That my poor frame did shrink,
And waste and wither; and that Love's own light
■■■ blast its temple, where
'T ■■■ worshipp'd many a year;
Veiled (like ■■■ holy thing) from human sight.

Oh! had you seen her when
She languish'd, and the men
From the dark glancing of her fringed eye
Turn'd, but return'd again
To mark the winding vein
Steal tow'rd her marble bosom, silently.

What matters this?—thou lyre,
Nothing shall e'er inspire
Thy master to rehearse those songs again:
She whom he loved ■■■ gone,
And he, now left alone,
Sings, when he sings of love, in vain, in vain.

TO A CHILD.

Fairest of Earth's creatures!
All thy innocent features
Moulded in beauty do become thee well.
Oh! may thy future years
Be free from pains, and fears,
False love, and others' envy, and the guile
That lurks beneath a friendlike smile,
And all the various ills that dwell
In this so strange compounded world; and may
Thy look be like the skies of May,
Supremely soft and clear,
With, ■■■ and then, ■■■
For joy, or others sorrows, not thy own.
And may thy sweet voice
Like a stream afar
Flow in perpetual music, and its ■■■
Be joyful and bid all who hear rejoice.
And may thy bright eye, like a star,
Shine sweet and cheer the hearts that love thee,
And take in all the beauty of the flowers,
Deep woods, and running brooks, and the rich sights
Which thou mayst note above thee
At noontide, or ■■■ interlunar nights,
Or when blue Iris, after showers,
Bends her cerulean bow, and ■■■ to rest
On some distant mountain's breast,
Surpassing all the shapes that lie
Haunting the sun-set of an ■■■ sky.

WOMAN.

Gone from her cheek is the ■■■ bloom,
And her lip has lost all its faint perfume:
And the gloss has dropp'd from her golden hair,
And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye,
Is struck with cold mortality;
And the smile that play'd round her lip has fled,
And every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obey'd her in height of power,
But left her all in her wintry hour;

And the crowds that ■■■■ for her love to die,
Shrunk from the tone of her last faint sigh.
—And this is man's fidelity!

'T is Woman alone, with ■ purer heart,
Can ■ all these idols of life depart,
And love the more, and smile and bless
■■■ in his uttermost wretchedness.

ROSAMUND GRAY. (A FRAGMENT.)

ONCE—but she died—I knew ■ village girl
(Poor Rosamund Gray), who, in my fancy, did
Surpass the deities you tell ■ of.
Haply you may have pass'd her; and indeed
Her beauty was not made for all observance,
If beauty it might be call'd. It ■ ■ sick
And melancholy loveliness, that pleased
But few; and somewhat of its charm, perhaps,
Owed ■ the lonely spot she dwelt in.—I
Knew her from her infancy; ■ shy, sad girl;
And gossips when they ■ her, oftentimes
Would tell her future fortunes. They would note
Her deep blue eyes, which seem'd ■ they already
Had made fast friends with sorrow, and would say
Hers was an early fate: ■ she would pine
From grief—neglect—or cast her youth away
On love without requital.—She grew ■ woman:
Yet, when from some long absence I return'd,
I knew again the pretty child I left.
Her hair of deepest chestnut (that which once
Fell in thick shining clusters), 'round ■ brow
Pale as Greek marble, wander'd tastefully:
But still there were the ■ blue eyes, and still
Their melancholy splendour; bearing ■
Proof of the gossip's prophecy.—■

SONNET.

TO MICHAEL ANGELO.

MICHAEL! thou wast the mightiest spirit of all
Who taught ■ learn'd Italian art sublime:
And long shall thy ■ survive the time
When Ruin to herself thy works shall call.
One only (and he perish'd ■ ■ prime),
Could mate with thee; and in ■ path alone.
Thou didst regenerate art; and from the stone
Started the breathing image, perfect great;
And such ■ haply, in his after state,
Man shall attain: and thou couldst trace the rhyme
That lifts its parent to the skies, thus bending
To thy resistless powers the sisters three,
Painting, and Sculpture, and wing'd Poetry.
—Whom can I place beside thee—not descending?

SONNET.

■ (1817).

UPON what pleasant slope, ■ sunny field,
Sweet, unforgotten girl, are you delaying?
Or are you with those sportive children playing,
Whose loveliness time has not quite reveal'd?

* The latter part of this poem is lost.

Or with that serious sister, who has seal'd
Her nuptial bond in joy—are you arraying
Her, ■ your own dark hair hind'ring from straying
Down that white bosom vanity ■ steel'd?
Or ■ you, in unostentatious duty,
Tending the kindest mother in the world,
Whose looks are fix'd on those blue eyes of beauty,
That shine as softly as a ■ star?
Yet wherefore wish I the dim veil unfurl'd?
May joy go with you whereso'er you are.

SONNET.

IMAGINATION.

Oh, for that wing'd steed, Bellerophon!
That Pallas gave thee in her infinite grace
And love for innocence, when thou didst face
The treble-shaped Chimæra. But he is gone
That struck the sparkling stream from Helicon;
And never hath one risen in his place,
Stamp'd with the features of that mighty race.
Yet wherefore grieve I—seeing how easily
The plumed spirit may its journey take
Through yon blue regions of the middle air;
And note all things below that ■ a grace,
Mountain, and cataract, and silent lake,
And wander in the fields of poesy,
Where avarice never comes, and seldom care.

SONNET.

WINTER.

I LOVE to listen when the year grows old,
And noisy: like ■ weak life-wrinkled thing,
That vents his splenetic humours, murmuring
At ill he shares in common with the bold.
Then from my quiet room the Winter cold
Is barr'd out like a thief: but should one bring
A frozen hand, the which December's wing
Hath struck so fiercely, that he scarce can hold
The stiffen'd finger tow'rd the grate, I lend
A double welcome to the victim, who
Comes shivering, with pale looks, and lips of blue,
And through the snow and splashing rain could walk,
For some few hours of kind and social talk:
And deem him, ■ than ever, now—my friend.

SONNET.

■ MORNING.

It is ■ noisy morning: yet the sky
Looks down ■ bright ■ on a summer's day.
The ocean, curling as in wanton play,
Doth bare her bosom to Apollo's eye,
And every whispering wind that flutters by
Seems like a spirit charged to greet the day,
And duly hurries tow'rd the East—away:
For there the sun, ■ o'er the mountains high,
Comes smiling on the world. The fruit, the flower,
Earth, heaven, the sea, and oh! the heart of man,
And all that ■ within ■ mighty plan
Fling back the glance in joy: And from her bower
The spirit of *Meditation* comes, ■ ■
■ ■ join in social jubilee.

AN INVOCATION.

I.

If, at this dim and silent hour,
Spirits have a power
To wander from their homes of light,
And on the winds of night
To come, and in a human eye
Stand visible, like mortality—

II.

Come thou, the lost Marcellia, thou—
And on thy sunny brow
Bear all thy beauty in of old,
For I dare behold
Whatever sights sublime there be,
So I may more look in thee.

III.

Or be thou like a daemon thing,
Or shadow hovering,
Or like the bloody shapes that come
With torch and sound of drum,
Scaring the warrior's slumbers, I
Will welcome thee, and wish thee nigh.

IV.

And I would talk of the famous brave,
Of the dead, and their house the grave,
And feel its wondrous silentness,
And pity those whom none may bless,
And see how far the gaping tomb
Stretches its spectral arms—and hear my doom.

V.

And I would know how long they lie
On their dark beds who die,
And if they feel, or joy, or weep,
Or ever dare to sleep
In that strange land of shadows. Thou
Whom I do call, come hither—now.

VI.

But there thou art, a radiant spirit,
And dost inherit
Earlier than others thy blue home,
And art free to roam
Like a visiting beam, from earth to star,
And shed thy smiles from skies afar.

VII.

Then, soft and gentle beauty, be
Still like a star to me;
And I will ever turn at night
Unto thy soothing light,
And fancy, while before thine eyes,
I am full in the smile of Paradise.

ON THE STATUE OF THESEUS,

OR THE ELGIN MARBLES.

ATL, this is he,
A proud and mighty spirit: how fine his form
Gigantic! moulded like the race that strove
To take Jove's heav'n by storm, and bring him from

Olympus. There he sits, a demi-god,
Stern as when he of yore forsook the maid
Who doating saved him from the Cretan toil,
Where he had slain the Minotaur. Alas!
Fond Ariadne, thee did he desert,
And heartless left thee on the Naxos shore
To languish.—This is he who dared to roam
The world infernal, and on Pluto's queen,
Ceres' own lost Proserpina, did lay
His hand: thence he prison'd in the vaults
Beneath, till freed by Hercules. Methinks
(So perfect is the Phidian stone) his sire,
The sea-god Neptune, hath in anger stopp'd
The current of life, and with his trident-touch
Hath struck him into marble.

"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN."

When shall we three meet again?
We will meet when the storms and rain
Of Autumn come, and the winds go by
Our dwelling with a fearful cry,
And shake the red leaves from the trees;
And when they say that the year must die,
Amongst their dreary harmonies
We'll mingle a wild but livelier strain;
And sing "We three have met again."

Three sprightly spirits are we now:
One upon her maiden brow
Bears life and beauty, and her smile
Shall cheer me on for many a mile;
For I am going far away,
To see the blue and cloudless day
Shine on the fields of Italy:
What though full many a heavy hour
May press me with its silent power,
And I, upon a foreign shore
A stranger, feel that touch the more?
Yet, from amidst thy sadness, I
Will look upon futurity,
And half forget my moody vein,
In the thought that "We shall meet again."

When the Autumn nights are long
We will sing a pleasant song;
And you, my friend, whose silver tone
Makes Music's very voice your own,
You shall pour your richest numbers,
And wake the silent night from slumbers;
And, gentle Helen, thou shalt be
Queen of the hour to him and me,
And I will braid amidst thy hair
Roses like thy bosom fair,
And I will laugh and worship thee,
As the spirit of poetry.
Away, away—for I must go
Over the wild and bounding waters;
But amongst the Roman daughters
I shall think of thee, now:
And—if a lofty line
Remind me of thy form divine,
Or if a sweet melody
Should bring a thought of home to me,
I will neglect the soothing strain,
To sigh "Oh! may we meet again."

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND, WHO ■■■■ AT ■■■■
OF THE MAL' ARIA.

O Rome! amongst thy temples high,
And columns with the wild weed crown'd,
And sculptured capital, that lie
Struck down, and in the grasp of Time,
How many a mighty heart sublime
Lies dead and stripp'd of all its fame,
Like those who never earn'd ■ name,
Or play'd a base or vulgar part;
And now—thou hast another heart
(No better in the wide world found)
Buried in thy immortal ground.
For thou—(although thy works of stone,
All in their times renowned known
As things of mere mortality
Must perish—) thou canst never die.

But he, the burthen of my song,
Who came, but might not tarry long,
In summer strength hath perish'd.
Oh! many a thing beside the grave
Whom few could love, and ■■■■ could save,
Hath he, with weak but hurrying tread
Pass'd.——And he is with the dead!
«The dead»—whom now 't were vain to call
While lying in their silent sleep.
And yet we cannot help but weep,
Albeit 't is idle, idle all.
Then, let this poor memorial
Remind some of his early day,
And to all who loved him, say,
Though gone, he is not quite forgot.
While to those who knew him not
It is enough to tell that he
Was such a ■■■■ ■ men should be;
That pray'r, nor act, nor love could save;
And that he lies in a foreign grave.

MARCELIA.

—It was ■ dreary place. The shallow brook
That ran throughout the wood, there took ■ turn
And widen'd: all its music died away,
And in the place ■ silent eddy told
That there the stream grew deeper. There dark trees
Funereal (cypress, yew, and shadowy pine,
And spicy cedar) cluster'd, and at night
Shook from their melancholy branches sounds
And sighs like death: 't ■ strange, for through the day
They stood quite motionless, and look'd methought
Like monumental things, which the sad earth
From its green bosom had cast out in pity,
To mark a young girl's grave. The very leaves
Disown'd their natural green, and took ■ black
And mournful hue: and the rough brier, stretching
His straggling arms ■■■■ the rivulet,
Lay like an armed sentinel there, catching
With his tenacious leaf, straws, wither'd boughs,
Moss that the banks had lost, coarse grasses which
Swam with the current, and with these it hid
The poor Marcelia's death-bed.—Never may net
Of venturous fisher be cast in with hope,

For not a ■■■■ abides there. The slim deer
Snorts as he ruffles with his shorten'd breath
The brook, and panting flies the unholy place,
And the white heifer lows and passes on;
The foaming hound laps not, and winter birds
Go higher up the stream. And yet I love
To loiter there: and when the rising moon
Flames down the avenue of pines, and ■■■■
Red and dilated through the evening mists,
And chequer'd as the heavy branches sway
To and fro with the wind, I stay to listen,
And fancy to myself that ■ sad voice,
Praying, comes moaning through the leaves, as 't were
For ■■■■ misdeed. The story goes that some
Neglected girl (an Orphan, whom the world
Frown'd upon) once stray'd thither, and 't was thought
Cast herself in the stream. You may have heard
Of one Marcelia, poor Molini's daughter, who
■■■■ ill and came to want? No? oh she loved
A wealthy man who mark'd her not. He wed,
And then the girl grew sick and pined away,
And drown'd herself for love. Some day or other
I'll tell you all the story.

PORTRAITS.

I DREAMT, and o'er my enchanted vision pass'd
Shapes of the elder time (beautiful things
That ■■■■ have died for!) ■ they stood on earth,
But ■■■■ ethereal, and each forehead bore
The stamp and character of the starry skies.

First ■■■■ that Roman Lady from whose bosom
The Gracchi twins were born, gracious Cornelia:
Her ■■■■ hair was wreath'd about her brow
Severe, yet fair and lovely. Like a queen
She trod, majestic as when Juno throned
Above the Deities, by the side of Jove,
Lends her proud smile celestial, while her Lord
Showers Heaven's bounties on the world below.
Behind her follow'd an Athenian dame
(The pale and elegant Aspasia),
Like ■■■■ fair marble carved by Phidias' hand,
And meant to imitate the nymph or ■■■■
Mistress of poetry and song was she,
And fit to be beloved of Pericles.
Shadow'd by myrtle boughs she floated onwards.

Then came ■ dark-brow'd spirit, on whose head
Laurel and withering ■■■■ loosely hung:
She held ■ harp amongst whose chords her hand
Wandered for music—and it came. She sang
A song despairing, and the whispering winds
Seem'd envious of her melody, and stream'd
Amidst the wires to rival her, in vain.
Short ■■■■ the strain, but sweet: Methought it spoke
Of broken hearts, and still and moonlight seas,
Of love, and loneliness, and fancy gone,
And hopes decay'd for ■■■■: and my ear
Caught well remember'd names, «Leucadia's rock»
At times, and «faithless Phaon»: Then the form
Pass'd not, but seem'd to melt in air away:
This was the Lesbian Sappho.—Then pass'd by
Another, and another, without names.

At last came ■ whom none could e'er mistake
 Amidst ■ million : Egypt's dark-eyed Queen :
 The love, the spell, the bane of Antony.
 O, Cleopatra ! who shall speak of thee ?
 Gaily, but like the empress of a land
 She moved, and light as ■ wood-nymph in her prime,
 And crown'd with costly gems, whose single price
 Might buy a kingdom, yet how dim they shone
 Beneath the magic of her eye, whose beam
 Flash'd love and languishment ! Of varying humours
 She seem'd, yet subtle in her wildest mood,
 As guile ■ to her passions ministrant.
 At last she sank as dead. A noxious worm
 Fed ■ those blue and wandering veins that laced
 Her rising bosom : aye, did sleep upon
 The pillow of Antony, and left behind,
 In dark requital for its banquet—death.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER AN ENGRAVING OF MILTON.

He, though he dwelt in seeming night,
 Scatter'd imperishable light
 Around, and to the regions of the day
 Sent his winged thoughts away,
 And bade them search the ways on high
 For the bright flame of Poetry.
 —'T is to adventurous spirits given
 Alone, who dare themselves obey,
 And look at the face of the inmost heaven.

He saw the burning fire that keeps
 In the unfathomable deeps,
 Its powers for ever, and made a sign
 To the Morning Prince divine,
 Who came across the sulphurous flood
 Obedient to that master call,
 And, in Angel beauty, stood
 Proud on his star-lit pedestal.
 Then the mighty limner drew,
 And tinted with a skiey hue,
 The king of all the damned : the same
 Who headlong from the Empyrean came,
 With all his fiery cherubim
 Blasted, and millions fell with him.

He saw the dreary regions where
 Eternal Chaos sate, and there
 Learnt secrets of the whispering gloom,
 And faced the father of the tomb,
 Orcus ; and many ■ awful thing
 That comes in wild dreams hovering,
 Tumult, and Chance, and Discord, Fate,
 And heard and saw ■ the dreaded ■
 Of Demogorgon, ■ and his soul
 Felt the shadowy darkness roll
 From night's throne, and then he told
 To ■ those signs and wonders old.

TO A STAR.

WRITTEN (FOR A COMMON-PLACE BOOK) UNDER THE
 SKETCH ■ A CAVALIER CONTEMPLATING A STAR.

Now, from thy skiey road, look down upon me,
 Hesper—Star of my sad nativity !

—With no unholy thought I dare to court
 Thy lustrous eye on me : and as to one
 Known in some happier hours I bid thee hail
 After my many wanderings. I have ■
 Thy burning glance on bare and peopled lands,
 Civil and savage : on the parch'd plains
 Of India and the sands of Palestine,
 On tropic waters and ■ iced shores,
 And ■ the far and solitary seas
 O' the south. I've roam'd this circular world, and thou
 Hast follow'd ■ like fate, yet never look'd
 Before with such kind aspect : Thou art now
 Shining above my home, and hallowing
 The sweet haunt of my infancy—I come
 After my toils and dangers to seek rest,
 And love, and welcoming eyes, and gentle hearts.
 Oh ! thou bright Star, be now my messenger,
 And from thy cloudy palace (for the clouds
 Are rolling 'round about thee) glance upon
 My mother's house with thy expressive eye,
 And to the dear inhabitants, gentle Star,
 Dart smiling tidings that the boy they loved
 Is come indeed. Shipwreck'd and lost for years,
 He lives redeemed from his watery grave,
 Lives, and will be a blessing. And on the cheek
 Of one supremely soft and beautiful,
 Light like the cheerful ray of a Summer morning ;
 So may my ■ Olympia know that still
 Juan, the wanderer, lives.

SONG.

SLEEP, my Leila : do not fear ;
 Close thine eyes ; thy Hassan's here.
 Thy lover's still beside thee :
 Then how can harm betide thee ?

Sleep, my rose of beauty, sleep,
 And I will hush thy murmurs deep,
 And watch thee while thou sleepest,
 And kiss thee if thou weepest.

Yet, may no fears, nor aught that ■
 Evil ■ haunt thy dreams.
 Dream thou of love and flowers,
 Blue skies and happier hours.

And I, beneath this ■ moon,
 Will sing ■ old remember'd tune,
 Such ■ the winds awaken
 When slumbering leaves ■ shaken.

Such as comes, when o'er smooth sands
 The sea-maid spreads her silver hands,
 And sinks, with scarce a motion,
 Back in the calm green ocean.

Sweet as when the star-light goes,
 Thy dark eyes now begin to close
 On all, ■ thy lover :
 They're shut : my song is over.

SONG.

A MAID TO HER LOVER.

WHERE'S the ring I gave to thee,
 Juan, when our love was young,
 And I upon thy bosom clung
 With all a girl's credulity ?

In the narrow circlet lay
An emblem — I thought (ere fears
And doubt sprung up in after years)
Of endless love, that mock'd decay.

And its golden round contain'd
For gentle hearts a silent spell,
Within whose magic — might dwell,
I hoped, — long as life remain'd.

And — then forgot by you?
Oh! then send back the idle token,
For rings are nought when vows — broken,
And useless all while love is true.

SERENADE.

Lisran! from the forest boughs
The voice-like angel of the spring
Utters his soft vows
To the proud rose blossoming.

And now beneath thy lattice, dear!
I am like the bird complaining:
Thou above (I fear)
Like the — disdaining.

From her chamber in the skies
Shouts the lark — break of morning,
And when day-light flies
Comes the raven's warning.

This of gloom and that of mirth
In their mystic numbers tell;
But thoughts of sweeter birth
Teacheth the nightingale.

A DRYAD'S HAUNT.

TRAVELLER.

This is a lovely spot. Here let — rest,
Beneath this branching oak, and make the grass
Our bed awhile. Shepherd! this spot indeed
Were worthy — tradition: hast thou none
Stored in thy memory, to beguile the time
While the sky burns above us? Why, methinks,
The very seasons meet, flinging the buds
Of Spring in the lap of Summer. Every tree
That prodigal Nature gives springs forth, and —
The fairest of its kind. The poplar there
Shoots up its spire and shakes its leaves if the —
Fantastical, while 'round its slender base
Rambles the sweet-breath'd woodbine: There beside,
Grooms the dark cypress, and the ash — sigh
Lest it should fling its berries to the blast:
There crawls the vine; there the pale — doth hang
Her head like a love-sick girl: — high the cedar
Stoops, like a monarch to his people bending,
And — his sweets around him—Where — we?

GUIDE.

I had almost forgot the place. This —
A Dryad's home: — this ancient oak
(First o' the forest) that doth spread —
Abroad, and stands again regenerate,

She lived. She loved, it seems, a mortal, but
The fairest youth in Phocis: on his brow
— a mild beauty, (such the ancients paint
Hylas or Hyacinth, or who died self slain,
Narcissus). — Here she pass'd her life, and caught
Youth from the changing year. She loved — lie
At noontide on yon slope, and — upon
Her sad and lonely destiny. At last,
Quitting her sacred tree (here had she dwelt
The spirit of the place) she plunged within
Yon bend of the Cephissus, where you see
The — flow darker and the ripples sink
To silence: yet she died not, for some god
(Then watching from his orb) saved the poor nymph,
And fixed her in the skies, a star, 't — thought,
For — when the setting sun departs
On April evenings — in early May.
(That time she left us) a pale star is seen
Brightly to shine on that part of the stream
Wherein she plunged; and — when it shines
The trees around the place are moved, — if
By airs from Heav'n, and sweetness — about;
The dark pines bend their heads: that sacred oak
Lets — its leaves, — when — Autumn nights
The north wind (Winter's fierce precursor) roams
Amongst the branches howling, and disrobes
The shrubs of all their green: pale Syrinx then
Moans — the reeds, and sweet Aglaia (she
Still constant to the inconstant rivulet)
Troubles the faint Cephissus' course, and breathes
Music along the waters.

THE LAST DAY — TIPPOO SAIB.

That day he 'rose Sultan of half the East.
—The guards awoke, each from his feverish dream
Of conquest or of fear: the trumpet plain'd
Through the far citadel, and thousands troop'd
Obedient to its mournful melody,
Soldier and chief and slave: And he the while
Traversed his hall of power, and with a look
Deeply observant glanced — all: then, waving
His dusky arm, struck through the listening crowd
Silence and dumb respect: from his fierce tongue
Stream'd words of vengeance: Fame he promised,
And wealth and honours to the brave, but —
To those who fail'd him. — There he stood, a king
Half-circled by his Asian chivalry,
In figure — Indian God, or like
Satan when he beneath his burning dome
Marshall'd the fiery cherubim, and called
— Hell to arms. The Sun blazed into day:
Then busy sights — seen, and sounds of —
Came thickening: first the steed's shrill neigh; the drum
Rolling — intervals; the bugle note,
— with the hoarse command; then (nearing on)
The soldier's silent, firm, and regular tread;
The trampling horse; the clash of swords; the wheel
That, creaking, bore the dread artillery.
How fierce the dark king bore him on that day!
How bravely! Like a common slave he fought,
Heedless of life, and cheer'd the soldier on; —
Deep in his breast the bullets sank, but he
Kept on, and this looked nobly — like a king.
That day he earn'd a title with his life,

And made his foes respect him.—Towards night
 He grew faint, very faint with many wounds :
 His soldiers bore him in : they wept : he was
 Their old commander, and, whate'er his life,
 Had led them on to conquest. Then (it was
 His wish) they placed him on his throne.—He
 Like some dark form of marble, with an eye
 Staring, and strain'd with pain, and motionless,
 And glassy with death : his lips compress'd
 Spoke inward agony, yet seem'd he resolute
 To die a king. An enemy came, and strove
 To tear away his regal diadem :
 Then turned his eye ; he rose—one angry blush
 Tinted his cheek, and fled. He grasp'd his sword,
 And struck his last, faint, useless blow, and then
 Stood all defenceless—Ah ! a flash, and quick
 Fled the dark ball of death : right through the brain
 It went (a mortal messenger), and all
 That then remain'd of that proud Asian king,
 Who startled India far and wide, and shook
 The deserts with his thunder, was—a name.

SONG.

Love is a lady of gentle line,
 Tow'rd me like the cedar bending,
 Tow'rd me she flies—like a shape divine
 From heaven to earth descending.

Her very look is life to me,
 Her smile like the clear moon rising,
 And her kiss is as sweet as the honey'd bee,
 And more and more enticing.

Mild is my love as the summer air,
 And her cheek (her eyes half closing)
 Now rests on her full-blown bosom fair,
 Like Languor as Love reposing.

Once, in a dream, I saw a shape of power
 And unimaginable beauty, clad
 In a vest of brightness star-dropt, armed with
 A spear (celestial temper), while around
 Blazed circling light—intense—and far beyond
 Those sheeted lightnings, that, by night, cast out
 Their splendours near the line. The vision spoke
 Cheering, and as it spoke, the air became
 Painfully sweet. Such odours as the rose
 Waftes on the summer air, or such as rise
 From beds of hyacinths, or from jasmine flowers,
 Or when the blue-eyed violet weeps upon
 Some sloping bank remote, while the young sun
 (Creeping within her sheltering bower of leaves)
 Dries up her tears, nought—fantastical.
 It spoke—in tones cathedral organs (touched
 By master hands) ne'er gave—nor April winds,
 Wandering through harps Æolian—nor the note
 Of pastoral pipe, heard on the Garonne banks
 At eventide—nor Spanish youth's guitar,
 Night-touch'd—nor strains that take the charmed ear,
 Breathed by the witching dames of Italy.

SONG.

Thou shalt sing to me
 When the moon is sleeping,

And the winds are creeping
 'Round the embowering chesnut-tree.

Thou shalt sing by night,
 When no birds are calling,
 And the stars are falling
 Brightly from their mansions bright.

Of those thy song shall tell
 From whom we've never parted,
 The young, the tender-hearted,
 The gay, and all who loved me well.

But we'll not profane
 Such a gentle hour,
 Nor our favourite bower,
 With a thought that tastes of pain.

SONNET

SPRING.

It is not that sweet herbs and flow'rs alone
 Start up, like spirits that have lain asleep
 In their great mother's iced bosom deep
 For months, or that the birds, more joyous grown,
 Catch once again their silver summer tone,
 And they who late from bough to bough did creep,
 Now trim their plumes upon some sunny steep,
 And seem to sing of winter overthrown.
 No—with an equal march the immortal mind,
 As though it never could be left behind,
 Keeps pace with every movement of the year ;
 And (for high truths are born in happiness)
 As the warm heart expands, the eye grows clear,
 And sees beyond the slave's or bigot's guess.

SONNET.

SUMMER.

Now have green April and the blue-eyed May
 Vanish'd awhile : and lo ! the glorious June
 (While Nature ripens in his burning noon)
 Comes like a young inheritor, and gay,
 Although his parent months have pass'd away ;
 But his green crown shall wither, and the tune
 That usher'd in his birth be silent soon,
 And in the strength of youth shall he decay.
 What matters this—so long as in the past
 And in the days to come we live, and feel
 The present nothing worth, until it steal
 Away, and like a disappointment die ?
 For Joy, dim child of Hope and Memory,
 Flies ever on before or follows fast.

SONNET.

AUTUMN.

There is a fearful spirit busy
 Already have the elements unfur'd
 Their banners : the great sea-wave is upcurl'd :
 The cloud comes : the fierce winds begin to blow
 About, and blindly on their errands go,
 And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurl'd
 From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,
 Stripp'd of its pride, be like a desert show.

I love that moaning music which I hear
In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere;
And, in sublime mysterious sympathy,
Man's bounding spirit ebbs and swells more high,
Accordant to the billow's loftier roll.

SONNET.

WINTER.

THIS is the eldest of the seasons: he
Moves not like Spring with gradual step, nor grows
From bud to beauty, but with all his snows
Comes down ■ once in hoar antiquity.
No rains nor loud proclaiming tempests flee
Before him, nor unto his time belong
The ■ of Summer, nor the charms of song,
That with May's gentle smiles so well agree.
But he, made perfect in his birth-day cloud,
Starts into sudden life with scarce a sound,
And with a gentle footstep prints the ground,
As though to cheat man's ear; yet while he stays
■ as 't ■ to prompt ■ merriest days,
And ■ the dance and joke be long and loud.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING MR MACREADY IN ROB ROY.

MACREADY, thou hast pleased ■ much: till now
(And yet I would not thy fine powers arraign)
I did not think thou hadst that livelier vein,
Nor that clear open spirit upon thy brow.
Come, I will crown thee with ■ poet's bough:
Mine is ■ humble branch, yet not in vain
Given, if the few ■ sing shall not disclaim
To wear the little wreaths that I bestow.
There is a buoyant air, a passionate tone
That breathes about thee, and lights up thine eye
With fire and freedom: it becomes thee well.
It is the bursting of a good seed, ■
Beneath a cold and artificial sky:
'T is genius overmastering its spell.

A STORMY NIGHT.

It is ■ stormy night, and the wild ■
That sounds for ever, now upon the beach
Is pouring all its power. Each after each
The hurrying waves cry out rejoicingly,
And crowding onwards, ■ as they would reach
The height I tread upon. The winds ■ high,
And the quick lightnings shoot along the sky
At intervals. It is an hour to teach
Vain ■ his insignificance; and yet,
Though all the elements in their might have met,
At every pause ■ ringing on my ear
A sterner murmur, and I ■ to hear
The voice of Silence sounding from her throne
Of darkness mightier than all—but all alone.

HEREAFTER.

The glory and the freshness of a dream.
WORDSWORTH.

I ■ ■ Shape of beauty in ■ dream
Gazing on me. I saw her bright eyes gleam
Like planets when the waned Moon is gone
Out of the skies. We two were quite alone:
But 'tween ■ there was drawn an icy bar,
That shone and sparkled like ■ streaming star,
And daunted me, for all the air around
Was like the coldest springs. There was no sound
Or motion from the sight that met my eye;
Yet I ■ mute, and listen'd painfully
To catch the faintest whisper from the form.
Oh! I could have endured the wildest storm
Better than the bright silence of those eyes.
They froze my soul. At last, she seem'd to rise,
And opening her white bosom, bade ■ come
Unto her heart, and dwell in that calm home
For ever. How I flew! the bar was shatter'd
To fragments in a moment, and I scatter'd
The bonds that bound me, ■ the Hebrew tore
The puny cords which in his sleep he wore.
—I flew on, gasping, through the chilling air,
Which like a winter evening glimmer'd there—
A grey and melancholy light that seems
Born only for those dim mysterious dreams
That haunt the speculator's brain, and grows
At last to darkness, and begets repose.

I stood beside her (there ■ mighty space
Between us, though I seem'd to touch the place
Whereon she was), and she put forth her hand,
And with a look of most supreme command,
But mild as morning, took me to her heart.
—I fainted, died—I know not what;—the smart
Of death methought was on me; but she smiled,
Like a fond mother o'er her fainting child,
And I arose. I heard that beauty call
Upon me, with a voice so musical,
So deep, and calm, and touching, that had ■
Been buried in the chambers of the earth,
I had awoke, and claim'd ■ lovelier birth.
I listen'd to the music of her sigh
That came across me like ■ summer shower
Freshening the waters, and I blest the power,
Whate'er it was, that drew ■ to that place,
And let ■ gaze upon so fair a face.

• Youth!—as she spoke, I gloried; • Thou shalt ■
The secrets of the dead. This golden key
Opens the wide doors of yon pyramid,
Where all the goodness of the past is hid.
Wickedness sleeps: but here, beneath my reign,
There's much of happiness, and nought of pain.
What there is after, yet you may not know,
Nor may I be allow'd—nor can I show,
Oh! fear ■ not: my heart hath lost its chill
Towards thee now, but I will love thee still.
I am not dreadful, youth; I—stay your breath
And listen to me!—I am called 'Death.'
I am belied, and mock'd, and masqued in bones,
And hated by the bad, and, with deep groans,

Am worshipp'd like a dæmon, and with tears,
And all the horrid host of human fears.
Yet some, for me, will lose themselves in war,
And ■■■ in revelry, and ■■■ in crime,
And some, in youth, will court me from afar,
Striking the spirit down before its time.

• I love ■■■ gentle visitings, when the Good
(Aged and young, in numbers—like ■ flood
Majestically flowing in its course),
Come to my shadowy dwellings, without force.
These hide I amongst flowers that bloom for ever,
Or lay them down by yonder pleasant river,
That wanders to the land oblivious.
Here shall you rest for ages: ■■■ by ■
Time passes in his round, although his power
May not be felt here till the final hour,
When this dim land shall vanish, and the sight
Open again upon some world of light.

• Come, thou mayst taste of purer pleasures yet,
Although thine iced limbs have lost their motion;
And every sorrow thou wilt here forget
(Thou hast forgot already, while I speak).
—Here lie, and round thy head the violet
Shall spring, and, in the distance, the blue ocean
Shall roll, and there the moon shall seem to break
From out the clouds, and (for I know the sights
That do delight thee), that fair scene shall change
From time to time: and then thine eye shall range
And revel all amongst the etherial lights
That star the blue skies upon moonless nights;
And brightest colours shall gleam before thine eye,
And flowers arise and soft shapes pass thee by;
And perfumes shall exhale o'er thee, and here
Are songs to charm thy melancholy ear,
As dim and distant as the 'cuckoo-bird'
To whom no mate replies, or that sad tone
Of love, in deep untrodden forests heard,
That cometh from the nightingale alone.»

How fearful ■■■ the words the lady spoke!—
At first, her voice upon my sense had broke
So sudden that I started, but ■ last
It fell and fainted, and, like music past,
Hung in my ear—or ■■■ memorial song,
That will not leave us while ■■■ walk among
Old scenes,—although they whom ■■ prized of yore
Now live ■■ haunt those pleasant spots ■■ more.

What further?—nothing. The fair shape was gone;
And I ■■■ my couch, awake, alone.

THE COMET.

Regnorum ■■■■ rabuit lethale Cometes.

BEHOLD! amidst yon wilderness of stars
(Angels and bright-eyed deities that guard
The inner skies, whilst the sun sleeps by night),
■■■ unlike the rest—mishapen—red,
And wandering from its course.—If Sybils now
Breathed their dark oracles, ■■ nations bent,
As once they bent, before Apollo's shrine,
Owning ■■ frenzied priestess' auguries,

What might not this portend—changes and acts
Of fear and bloody massacres—perhaps
Some sudden end to this fair-form'd creation,—
Or half the globe made desolate. Behold!
■■■ glares; how like ■ omen. If that I
Could for ■ time forget myself in fable
(Indian or heathen storied) I could fancy,
This were indeed some spirit, 'scaped by chance
From torments in the central earth, and flung
Like an eruption from the thundering breast
Of Ætna, or those mighty hills that stand
Like giants on the Quito plains, to spread
Contagion through the skies. Thus Satan once
Sprang up, adventurous, from Hell's blazing porch,
And like a stream of fire wing'd his fierce way
Ambiguous, undismay'd, through frightful wastes,
To where, amidst the jarring elements,
Stern Chaos sate, and everlasting Night
Held her dominion;—yet, ■■■ there, he found
The way to Eden.

A VOICE.

Vox et præterea nihil.

Oh! what a voice is silent. It was soft
As mountain-echoes, when the winds aloft—
The gentle winds of summer meet in caves;
Or when in shelter'd places the white waves
Are 'waken'd into music, as the breeze
Dimples and stems the current: or as trees
Shaking their green locks in the days of June;
Or Delphic girls when to the maiden moon
They sang harmonious pray'rs; or sounds that come
(However near) like a faint distant hum
Out of the grass, from which mysterious birth
We guess the busy secrets of the earth.
—Like the low voice of Syrinx, when she ran
Into the forests from Arcadian Pan;
Or sad Oenone's when she pined away
For Paris, or (and yet 't was not so gay)
As Helen's whisper when she came ■ Troy.
Half shamed to wander with that blooming boy:
Like air-touch'd harps in flowery casements hung;
Like unto lovers' ears the wild words sung
In garden bowers at twilight: like the sound
Of Zephyr when he takes his nightly round,
In May, to ■■ the ■■■ all asleep:
Or like the dim strain which along the deep
The sea-maid utters to the sailors' ear,
Telling of Tempests, ■■ of dangers near:
Like Desdemona, who (when fear ■■ strong
Upon her soul) chaunted the willow song,
Swan-like, before she perish'd: ■■ the tone
Of flutes upon the waters heard alone:
Like words that ■■■ upon the memory
Spoken by friends departed; ■■ the sigh
A gentle girl breathes when she tries to hide
The love her eyes betray to all the world beside.

MELANCHOLY.

THERE is ■ mighty Spirit, known on earth
By many names, though ■■ alone becomes

Its mystery, its beauty, and its power.
 It is not Fear,—'t ■ not the passive fear
 That sinks before the future, nor the dark
 Despondency that hangs upon the past:
 Not the soft spirit that doth bow to pain,
 Nor that which dreads itself, or slowly ■
 Like ■ dull canker till the heart decays.
 But in the meditative mind it lives,
 Shelter'd, caress'd, and yields a great return
 And in the deep silent communion
 Which it holds ever with the poet's soul,
 Tempers, and doth befit him to obey
 High inspiration. To the storms and winds
 It giveth answer in ■ proud ■ tone;
 Or on its seat, the heart of man, receives
 The gentler tidings of the elements.—
 I—often home returning from ■ spot
 Holy to me from many wanderings,
 Of fancy, or in fact, have felt the power
 Of MELANCHOLY stealing on my soul
 Mingling with pleasant images, and from
 Sorrow dividing joy; until the shape
 Of each did gather to ■ diviner hue,
 And shone unclouded by ■ thought of pain.
 Grief may sublime itself, and pluck the sting
 From ■ its breast, and ■ until it ■
 Ethereal, starry, speculative, wise.
 But then it is that Melancholy comes,
 Out-charming grief—(as the grey morning stills
 The tempest oft) and from its fretful fire
 Draws a pale light, by which we see ourselves,
 The present, and the future, and the past.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

Now would I that I might cast me in the ■
 And perish not.—Great Neptune! I would be
 Advanced ■ the freedom of the main,
 And stand before your vast creations' plain,
 And roam your watery kingdom through and through,
 And see your branching woods, and palace blue,
 Spar-built and domed with crystal; ay, and view
 The bedded wonders of the lonely deep,
 And see ■ coral banks the sea-maids sleep,
 Children of ancient Nereus, and behold
 Their streaming dance about their father old,
 Beneath the blue Ægean, where he ■
 Wedded to prophecy, and full of fate:
 Or rather as Arion harp'd, indeed,
 Would I go floating on my dolphin-steed
 Over the billows, and, triumphing there,
 Call the white Siren from her cave ■ share
 My joy, and kiss her willing forehead fair.

I would be free.—Oh! thou fine element,
 That with thy thousand ears art round ■ bent,
 To listen and reply.—Immortal air!
 Viewless and ■ unfelt, I would be burl'd
 Almost at will about your kingdom wide,
 And mount aloft and mingle in my pride
 With the great spirits of your purer world;
 And with the music of your winds sublime
 Commune, and see those shadows, for this earth
 Too buoyant, and excelling shapes, which Time
 Has lifted up ■ ■ diviner birth,

Amongst the stedfast stars. Away, away;
 For in the fountains bright, whence streams the day,
 Now will I plunge, and bathe my brain therein,
 And cleanse ■ of all dull poetic sin.
 —It may ■ be.—No wings have I to scale
 The heights which the great poets pass along:
 On earth ■ I still chaunt an earthly song:
 But I may hear, in forests seldom trod,
 Love's gentle martyr, the lost nightingale,
 Voice her complaint, and when the shadows fail
 May see the white stag glance ■ the sod
 Affrighted, like a dusky spectre pale.
 This is enough for me, and I can ■
 That female, fair—the world's Divinity,
 Brighter than Naiad who by rivers cold
 Once wept away her life, as poets told,
 And fair as those transcendant queens who drank
 The rich nectarean juice in heaven above,
 Full in the incomparable smile of Jove,
 And saw his lightning eyes, and ■ sank
 Away before him. 'T is enough for me,
 That I can bask in woman's star-like eyes,
 A slave in that love-haunted paradise,
 Without ■ wish ever to wander free.

SONG.

Here 's a health to thee, Jessy.
 BURNS.

HERE 's ■ health to thee, Mary,
 Here 's a health to thee;
 The drinkers are gone,
 And I am alone,
 To think of home and thee, Mary.

There are ■ who may shine o'er thee, Mary,
 And many as frank and free,
 And a few as fair,
 But the summer air
 Is not ■ sweet to me, Mary.

I have thought of thy last low sigh, Mary,
 And thy dimm'd and gentle eye;
 And I 've call'd on thy ■
 When the night winds came,
 And heard my heart reply, Mary.

Be thou but true to me, Mary,
 And I 'll be true to thee;
 And at set of sun,
 When my task is done,
 ■ sure that I 'm ■ with thee, Mary.

NIGHT.

Now, to thy silent presence, Night!
 ■ this my young song offer'd: Oh! to thee,
 Down-looking with thy thousand eyes of light—
 To thee, and thy starry nobility,
 That float, with ■ delicious murmuring
 (Though unheard here), about thy forehead blue;
 And ■ they ride along, in order due,
 Circling the round globe in their wandering,
 To thee, their ancient queen, and mother, sing

Mother of beauty! veiled queen!
 Fear'd, and sought, and never seen
 Without a heart-imposing feeling,
 Whither art thou gently stealing?
 In thy smiling presence, I
 Kneel in star-struck idolatry,
 And turn me to thine eye (the moon),
 Fretting that it must change so soon,
 Toying with this idle rhyme,
 I scorn that bearded villain, Time,
 Thine old remorseless enemy,
 And build my linked verse to thee.

Not dull and cold and dark art thou:
 Who that beholds thy clearer brow,
 Endiadem'd with gentlest streaks
 Of fleecy-silver'd cloud, adorning
 Thee, fair as when the young Sun wakes,
 And from his cloudy bondage breaks,
 And lights upon the breast of morning,
 But must feel thy powers—
 Mightier than the storm that lowers,
 Fairer than the virgin Hours,
 That smile when Titan's daughter scatters
 Her rose-leaves on the valleys low,
 And bids her servant breezes blow.

Not Apollo when he dies
 In the wild October skies,
 Red and stormy; nor when he,
 In his meridian beauty rides
 Over the bosom of the waters,
 And turns the blue and burning tides
 To silver, is a peer for thee,
 In thy full regality.

JULIA.

This Sketch originally formed part of *Mercian Colours*; and
 be read after the line:

"She thought no longer of her cloistered Son."—p. 92.

Let me for once describe her—once—for she
 (Julia) hath pass'd into my memory,
 As 't were some angel image, and there clings,
 Like music round the harp's Æolian strings:
 A word—a breath revives her, and she stands
 As beautiful, and young, and free from care,
 As when upon the Tyber's yellow sands
 She loosen'd to the winds her golden hair,
 In almost childhood; and in pastime run
 Like young Aurora from the morning sun.
 Oh! never was a form so delicate
 Fashion'd in dream or story, to create
 Wonder or love in man. I cannot tell
 Half of the charms I saw—I see; but well
 Each one became her. She was very fair,
 And young, I said; and her thick tresses were
 Of the bright colour of the light of day:
 Her eyes were like the dove's—like Hebe's—or
 The maiden moon, or starlight seen afar,
 Or like—some eyes I know, but may not say.
 Never were kisses gather'd from such lips,
 And not the honey which the wild bee sips
 From flowers that on the thymy mountains grow
 Hard by Ilissus, half so rich:—Her brow

Was darker than her hair, and arched and fine;
 And sunny smiles would often, often shine
 Over a mouth from which came sounds more sweet
 Than dying winds, or waters when they meet
 Gently, and some telling and talking o'er
 The silence they so long had kept before.

THE LAST SONG.

Must it be?—Then farewell,
 Thou whom my woman's heart cherished so long:
 Farewell, and be this song
 The last, wherein I say "I loved thee well."

Many a weary strain
 (Never yet heard by thee) hath this poor breath
 Uttered, of Love and Death,
 And maiden grief, hidden and hid in vain.

Oh! if in after years
 The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart,
 Bid not the pain depart;
 But shed, some my grave, a few sad tears.

Think of me—still so young,
 Silent, though fond, who cast my life away,
 Daring to disobey
 The passionate Spirit that around me clung.

Farewell again; and yet,
 Must it indeed be so—and on this shore
 Shall you and I some more
 Together see the sun of the Summer set?

For me, my days are gone:
 No more shall I, in vintage times, prepare
 Chaplets to bind my hair,
 As I was wont: oh 't is for you alone.

But on my bier I'll lay
 Me down in frozen beauty, pale and wan,
 Martyr of love to man,
 And, like a broken flower, gently decay.

STANZAS.

She died—she died;—yet, still she
 She comes, in sad and sober dreaming,
 And from her hair a pale light streaming
 Shows her as she was wont to be.

She stands in beauty by me still:
 Alas! that Death two hearts should
 (The father and the child) who ever
 Loved, and were so inseparable.

Still are her brow and bosom white;
 Her raven hair the one adorning,
 And her eyes, sweet as the break of morning,
 Shines through like stars from the darkest night.

If the quick lustre of her eye
 (Can such then sparkle from the grave?)
 Be false, may I live still the slave
 Of this so charming fantasy.

It matters not, to me, from what
Or whom she gains her beauty now;
I see my child's own sinless brow,
And die—if I believe it not.

ON A ROSE.

Oh! thou dull flower, here silently dying:
And wilt thou never, then,—never resume
Thy colour or perfume?
Alas! and but last night I saw thee lying
Upon the whitest bosom in the world,
And now thy crimson leaves are parch'd and curl'd.

Is it that Love hath with his fiery breath
Blown ■ thee, until thou wast fain to perish
(Love, who so strives to cherish),
And is the bound so slight 'tween life and death—
A step but from the temple to the tomb?
Oh! where hath fled thy beauty—where thy bloom?

For me, last night I envied thee thy place,
So near a heart which I may never gain,
And now, perhaps in pain,
Thou 'rt losing all thy fragrance—all thy grace.
—And yet, it was enough for thee to lie
On her breast, for a moment, and then—die.

SONNET.

ON A SEQUESTERED RIVULET.

THERE is ■ river in the world more sweet,
Or fitter for ■ sylvan poet's theme,
Than this romantic solitary stream,
Over whose banks ■ many branches meet,
Entangling:—a more shady bower or neat
Was never fashion'd in a summer theme,
Where Nymph ■ Naiad from the hot sun-beam
Might hide, or in the waters cool her feet.
—A lovelier rivulet was never seen
Wandering amidst Italian meadows, where
Clitumnus lapses from his fountain fair;
Nor in that land where Gods, 't is said, have been:
Yet there Cephissus ran through olives green,
And on its banks Aglaia bound her hair.

SONNET.

PERHAPS the lady of my love is now
Looking upon the skies. A single star
Is rising in the East, and from afar
Sheds a most tremulous lustre: Silent Night
Doth wear it like a jewel on her brow:
But see! it motions, with its lovely light,
Onwards and onwards, through those depths of blue,
To its appointed course steadfast and true.
So, dearest, would I fain be unto thee,
Stedfast for ever,—like yon planet fair;
And yet more like art thou a jewel rare.
Oh! brighter than the brightest star, to me,
Come hither, my young love; and I will wear
Thy beauty on my breast delightedly.

BABYLON,

WITH THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR.

MANY ■ perilous age hath gone,
Since the walls of Babylon
Chain'd the broad Euphrates' tide—
(Which the great king in his pride
Turn'd, and drain'd its channel bare)—
Since the Towers of Belus square
(Where the solid gates were hung
That on brazen hinges swung),
Mountain sized, arose so high
That their daring shock'd the sky.

Famous city of the earth,
What magician gave thee birth?—
What great prince of sky or air
Built thy floating gardens fair?
—Thee the mighty hunter founded:
Thee the star-wise king surrounded
With thy mural girdle thick
Of the black bitumen brick,—
Belus, who was Jove, the God:
He who each bright evening trod
On thy marble streets, and came
Downwards like a glancing flame,
Love-allured, ■ fables tell.
But the last who loved thee well
Was the king whose amorous pride
(All to please his Median bride)
Fenced thee round and round so fast,
That, while the crumbling earth should last,
Thou, he thought, should be, and Time
Should not spoil thy look sublime.

He is gone, whose spirit spoke
To him in a golden dream:
He who saw the future gleam
On the present, and awoke
Troubled in his princely mind,
And bade his magicians blind
From their eyelids strip the scale,
And translate his hidden tale:—
He is gone: but ere he died,
He was tumbled from his pride,
From his Babylonian throne,
And cast out to feed alone,
Like the wild ox and the ass,
Seven years on the sprinkled grass.
—He is dead: his impious deeds
Are on the brass: but who succeeds?

Over Babylon's sandy plains
BELSHAZZAR the Assyrian reigns.
A thousand Lords at his kingly call
Have met to feast in a spacious hall,
And all the imperial boards are spread,
With dainties whereon the monarch fed.—
Rich cakes and floods of the purple grape:
And many a dancer's serpent shape
Steals slowly upon their amorous sights,
Or glances beneath the flaunting lights:
And fountains throw up their silver spray,—
And cymbals clash,—and the trumpets bray
Till the sounds in the arch'd roof are hung;
And words from the winding horn are flung:

And still the carved cups go round,
And revel and mirth and wine abound.

But Night has o'ertaken the fading Day;
And Music has rag'd her soul away:
The light in the Bacchanal's eye is dim;
And faint is the Georgian's wild love-hymn.
• Bring forth •—(on a sudden spoke the king,
And hushed were the lords, loud-rioting,)—
• Bring forth the vessels of silver and gold,
Which Nebuchadnezzar, my sire, of old
• Avish'd from proud Jerusalem;
And we and our Queens will drink from them. •
And the vessels are brought, of silver and gold,
Of stone, and of brass and of iron old,
And of wood, whose sides like a bright gem shine,
And their mouths are all fill'd with the sparkling wine.
Hark!—the king has proclaim'd with a stately nod,
• Let a health be drunk out unto Baal, the God. •—
They shout and they drink:—but the music moans,
And hush'd are the reveller's loudest tones:
For a hand comes forth, and 't is seen by all
To write strange words on the plaster'd wall!
—The mirth is over;—the soft Greek flute
And the voices of women are low—are mute;
The bacchanal's eyes are all staring wide;
And where 's the Assyrian's pomp of pride?—
—That night the monarch was stung to pain:
That night Belshazzar, the king, was slain!—

Many a silent age the prow
Of untiring Time (dividing
Years and days, and ever gliding
Onwards) has pass'd by:—And now,
Where 's thy wealth of streets and towers?
Where thy gay and dazzling hours?
Where thy crowds of slaves,—and things
That fed on the rich breath of kings?
Where thy laughter-crowned times?—
Thou art—what?—a breath, a fame,
In the shadow of thy name
Dwelling, like a ghost unseen;
Grander than if laurels green
Or the massy gold were spread,
Crown-like, upon thy great head:
Mighty in thy own undoing,
Drawing a fresh life from ruin
And eternal prophecy:—
Thou art gone, but cannot die.
Like a splendour from the sky
Through the silent ether flung,
Like a hoar tradition hung
Glittering in the ear of Time,
Thou art,—like a lamp sublime,
Telling from thy wave-worn tower
Where the raging floods have power,
How ruin lives,—and how Time flies,—
And all that on the dial lies.

A WAR SONG.

Aux the white snows which crown thy hills untrodden,
Are thy sons valiant still,—thy daughters pure,
Ceraunia?—or hath War, which makes the world
Blush in its blood, stain'd all thy hills and valleys?

Awake! The Turk is coming:—from his den
Where he once slept, lustful, intemperate,
He comes mad as the sea, and blind with hate.
Awake! Bare all your weapons till their light
Dazzles the sky, now sick with coming woe.
Awake! The Turk is on your heart. Awake!—

Awake! 't is the terror of war;
The Crescent is toss'd on the wind;
But our flag flies on high like the perilous star
Of the battle. Before and behind,
Wherever it glitters, it darts
Bright death into tyrannous hearts.

Who are they that now bid us be slaves?
They are foes to the good and the free:
Go, bid them first fetter the might of the waves;
The Sea may be conquer'd,—but we
Have spirits untameable still,
And the strength to be free,—and the will.

The Helots are come: In their eyes
Proud hate and fierce massacre burn;
They hate us,—but shall they despise?
They are come,—shall they ever return?
O God of the Greeks! from thy throne
Look down, and we 'll conquer alone.

The world has deserted our need:
The eagle is prey to the hound;—
It may be; but first we will battle and bleed,
And when we have crimson'd the ground,
We 'll shout at the slaves of the earth,
And die,—'t is the chance of our birth.

Our fathers,—each man was a god,
His will was a law, and the sound
Of his voice like a spirit's was worshipp'd: he trod,
And thousands fell worshippers 'round:
From the gates of the West to the Sun
He bade, and his bidding was done.

And We—shall we die in our chains,
Who once were as free as the wind?
Who is it that threatens,—who is it arraigns?
Are they princes of Europe or Ind?
Are they kings to the uttermost pole?—
They are dogs, with a taint on their soul.

Away!—Though our glory has fled,
For a time, and Thermopylæ's past;
Let us write a new name in the blood of our dead,
And again be free as the blast.
The lion, he reigns as of yore:
Shall the Greek be a slave?—and no more?

Away! for the fight may be ended
Before you arrive at your fame.
Your fathers the land and their dwellings defended,
And left them to you—with a name.
Oh! keep it: it sounds like a charm:
It will guard you from terror, from harm.

For our life,—it is nothing,—a span:
'T is the body, and Fame is the heart.
Is there one who rejects the bright lot of a man?
Let him be the last to depart;
Let him die on his pillow, a slave,—
For us, We have conquer'd the grave.

SONNET.

■ STILL PLACE.

UNDER what beechen shade, ■ silent oak,
Lies the mute sylvan now,—mysterious Pan?
Once (while rich Peneus and Ilissus ran
Clear from their fountains)—as the morning broke,
'T is said, the Satyr with Apollo spoke,
And ■ harmonious strife, with his wild reed,
Challenged the God, whose music was indeed
Divine, and ■ for Heaven.—Each play'd, and woke
Beautiful sounds to life, deep melodies:
One blew his pastoral pipe with such nice care,
That flocks and birds all answer'd him; and ■
Shook his immortal showers upon the air.
—That music hath ascended to the sun;
But where the other?—Speak! ye dells and trees!

SONNET.

TO ■ SKY-LARK.

O ■ singer! ■ care-charming bird!
Married to morning, by a sweeter hymn
Than priest e'er chaunted from his cloister dim,
At midnight,—or veil'd virgin's holier word
At sun-rise or the paler evening heard;
To which of all Heaven's young and lovely Hours,
Who wreaths soft light in hyacinthine bowers,
Beautiful spirit, is thy suit prefer'd?
—Unlike the creatures of this low dull earth,
Still dost thou woo, although thy suit be won;
And thus thy mistress bright is pleased ever.
Oh! lose not thou this mark of finer birth;—
So mayst thou yet live on, from sun to sun,
Thy joy uncheck'd, thy sweet song silent never.

THE PAINTER'S SONG.

■ how she loves! Beneath that frozen mask
Love's crimson passion-flower buds and blows.
Some sighs should be to draw it forth to day;
And lo! they come in music.

'T ■ night, 't is night! the hour of hours,
When Love lies down, with folded wings,
By Psyche in her starless bowers,
And down his fatal arrows flings;—
Those bowers whence not ■ sound is heard,
Save only from the bridal bird,
Who midst that utter darkness sings
Sweet music, like the running springs;
This her burthen, soft and clear,—
• Love is here! Love is here! •

'T is night! the ■ is on the stream,
Bright spells are on the soothed sea,
And Hope, the child, is gone to dream
Of pleasures—which may never be!
And ■ is haggard Care asleep;
And now doth the widow Sorrow smile;
And slaves are hush'd in slumber deep,
Forgetting grief and toil awhile!

What sight can fiery morning show
To shame the stars ■ pale moonlight?
What bounty can the day bestow
Like that which falls with gentle night?—
Sweet Lady, sing I not aright?
Oh! turn and tell me,—for the day
■ faint and fading fast away;
And now comes back the hour of hours,
When Love his lovelier mistress seeks,
Sighing like winds 'mongst evening flow'rs,
Until the maiden Silence speaks!

Fair Girl, methinks—nay, hither turn
Those eyes, which midst their blushes burn!—
Methinks, at such a time, one's heart
Can better bear both sweet and smart;
Love's look—the first—which ■ dieth,
Or death—which ■ when beauty flieth—
When strength is slain, when youth is past,
And all, save truth, is lost ■ last!

Thus sung, with sad sweet tones, which sweeter grew,
And eager glances, to his mistress young,
A Painter-Poet, ■ the daylight flew,
While all his cittern strings like echoes rung;
And, when the Lady turn'd her eyes of blue,
A ■ madness 'midst the music hung,
And then shot downwards, past the amorous wire,
Touching the lovely Lady's heart with fire.

Never till that soft night, ■ runs the tale
(And therefore had the painter long time grieved),
Never ■ then could song or sigh prevail;
But then the Lady's hoddice swell'd and heaved,
And oft she sigh'd, and then grew passion-pale;
As ■ again the sweet sad song he weaved;
Until, ■ last, the lover knew he'd won,
And kiss'd her conquer'd lip at ■ of sun.

What deeds he did—What depths of verse or wit
His genius master'd, lit by love's clear flame,
Has never been in human records writ,
Nor how he play'd Art's high immortal game;
Whether he rose, or was content to sit
By her he woo'd and won, without ■ name,
For ever, all his plumed ambition flown,
Perhaps may still by patient search be known.

'T is said, indeed, ■ sunset spirit fell
And dyed his pannels all with peerless hues,
Such as ■ painter else shall e'er excel
Unless he steal Aurora's own bright dew,
Nor artist match, unless (then who may tell?)
■ worship long and late the eternal Muse!
'T is said he brighten'd Venice with his fame;
And when he died left TITIAN ■ his name!

[Here ends my verse; yet, ■ I ■ much praise
The great dead Painter, and ■ to ■
Little for those who live in these good days,
■ mean not—and I need not ■ despair;
For Lawrence's living heads now fix my gaze,
And many a face like Newton's females fair;
And Stothard's grace, and Chantrey's looks of stone,
And last, La Valliere's painter, rare Chalon!]

THE VICTIM.

■ DRAMATIC SKETCH.

..... [High in the parching sun, where Ganges wild
 Roars to the jungles, and broad billows scatters
 Upon the burning shores of Hindostan,
 Rose a great temple,—in a puny age
 Fashion'd, but built, like Babel, 'gainst the skies.
 Based on a rock, and cut in granite stone,
 Its pillars and Titanian capitals
 Heaved their enormous bulks, till each o'erlook'd
 Wide India. To some God, whose name is lost,
 This wilderness of stone was dedicate.
 Millions of quick-eyed slaves, with dusky brows,
 All wreathed in white, were here in the old time,
 And on the prostrate marble bent, and swore
 Allegiance to *A Name!* Then, amidst
 Of blood and tears, 'rose Siva, at whose feet
 Widows were slain; maidens, whose hearts were
 With summer love, old age and infancy,
 Shrank in her blazing altars, and left gold
 Unto the temple's saints for priestly prayers.
 Then pray'd the priests; and then, while darkness lay
 On the dull world, the bearded Brahmins did
 Mysterious rites, and their nocturnal songs
 Went sounding through the long stone-carved aisles
 Of Elephanta to brute Jaggernaut.
 And soon this superstition far outspread:
 From Oude to the Deccan,—over black Bahar,—
 From the Arab Seas, to rank Bengal,
 It sprang and flourish'd; and wherever else
 Human folly crouch'd to baser guile,
 It reign'd and made its martyrs... There is one
 Far famous in its stories, from whose life,
 And from whose death, and from whose after fame,
 Some learn a lesson. When the droughts are great,
 And their squat idols sit unmoved, the priests
 Call the saintly Muttra. To please him
 They burn a virgin, and scream loose love-songs,
 And curse the Rajah, Dhur-Singh, long since dead.
 He, while he lived, wise prince! did good towards all:
 He lived, untouch'd by grief, for many years;
 And, when he died, left children virtuous,
 A happy land, which own'd his rule just,
 And slumber'd in the Indian's Paradise.]

SCENE I.

A Garden, near the Ganges.

BHAIKA waiting.

BHAIKA.

The sun has set, and now, should Meignoun come,
 My dear, dear shepherd! All day long he leaves
 My soul to wander, but dark he comes,
 Lovelier than night, his poor Hindoo maid.
 Look! the Brahmin altars flames the fire,
 Which holy priests now feed with myrrh and flowers:
 That is his signal—hark! he comes, he comes!
 No,—no: O faithless shepherd! 't is the rush
 Of the great Ganges, who doth love her lord
 (Her husband) more than thou lovest me.
 Fond fool! he will not come;—yet, soft! he's here!
 He is here, and I wrong him.—O Meignoun!

MEIGNOUN

MEIGNOUN.

My heart! my dear one!

BHAIKA.

My—my own!

[Falls into his arms]

You're come?

MEIGNOUN.

Ay, but I must leave thee, sweet Hindoo!
 With scarce a kiss from thy rich lip, I
 Seek the great City. Even now, my friends
 Are waiting for me on the river banks;
 And I must sigh—farewell!

BHAIKA.

Go—go: farewell!

MEIGNOUN.

To-morrow I will come to thee betimes;
 And I will bring with me the nuptial lamp
 And the bright bridal jewels—

BHAIKA.

Come thyself,

O thou, who art beyond all gems to me!
 Bring me thyself; or (if thou wilt aught else)
 E'en bring one lotus-lily for my breast,
 And swear upon 't that thou wilt love me ever.

MEIGNOUN.

I'll do 't, thou jealous girl! yet I have sworn,
 A thousand times already, 'neath the stars,
 To love,—and I do love thee.

BHAIKA.

Swear 't again:

Never too often can a lover vow.
 So once I vow, and I will list to thee,
 With ears greedy than the mother owns,
 When her first-born's stammering words she hangs,
 And thanks sweet Heaven for Music.—Wilt thou love
 me?

MEIGNOUN.

I love thee now.

BHAIKA.

But ever, ever love me?

MEIGNOUN.

I love thee, and will love thee. Tush! not so
 The summer nightingale shall haunt the rose:
 Not Kunya (when 'mongst village maids he dwelt,
 In his bright boyhood, and did woo—and win)
 E'er loved as I will love. I'll bear thee hence
 A bride envied—

BHAIKA.

O thou vain, vain shepherd!

MEIGNOUN.

How?—But you chide me well: I had forgot.
 I dreamt, as oft I dream, and sometimes hope.
 A shepherd? that true; yet, in past time,
 The shepherd's sword could cut its way to power;
 And I'm of Brahmin blood, sweet girl, like thee.
 —I'll come and re-demand thee.

BHAIKA.

'T will be vain.

And yet, thou wouldst cloak aside,
 And tell me thy true name and parentage—?

Suppose, sweet! I should be that fierce Decoit,
 Whose very name is to the land,

The river-robber, Kemaun?—Dost thou shrink?
 Fear not: your Rajah tracks him where he lurks,
 In the dark jungles. He has braved the law,
 And powerful hands are on him.

RHAIDA.

Let him go.

You smile! Ha! what art thou? Speak! Have I given
 My whole heart to—

MEIGNOUN.

A robber? Dream not—

Yet,—though a robber, he's a potent one;
 Next to your prince in power. But I must go:
 Yet, I go, one word of your fierce father:
 I swore (as thou rememberest) to come back,
 And from his lips force gentler words. Now, mark!
 That hour is near; and, for the subtle slave
 Who whisper'd lies in thy harsh father's ear,
 I'll bring his fit reward.

RHAIDA.

He is too base—

MEIGNOUN.

For anger, not for justice. Then, he mocks
 At my revenge! Methinks he laughs too early.
 I wait my time: in hate, sweet, in love,
 Thy shepherd's constant. On black Muttra's head
 I promised vengeance:—I will keep my word.
[Voices are heard singing at a distance.]
 Hark! my companions call me: I must go.
 I had forgot all time in thy sweet presence.
 Farewell! the wind is rising.

RHAIDA.

Must you go?

MEIGNOUN.

Dost hear the river roaring 'gainst its banks?

RHAIDA.

It is like a tender bride, methinks:
 «Leave me not, love,» it says, «soon this night,
 When heaven looks kind on earth, and earth is happy—»

MEIGNOUN.

The storm is coming. If I more delay,
 We shall not pass the rapids. Love, farewell.
[Exit quickly.]

RHAIDA.

His step grows faint, and fainter; all is still.
[Listening.]

MUTTRA comes out of a thicket of shrubs.

MUTTRA.

Soh! he is gone. Come forward; all is quiet.

The ZEMINDAR enters.

ZEMINDAR.

Now, now, where is she? Ah, look where she stands!
 The fool, still dreaming of that base Decoit,
 That water-robber, whom I more abhor
 Than poison: but I'll wake her. Soh!
[Strikes her.]

RHAIDA.

Ah, father!

MUTTRA.

Ho, ho, ho, ho!—*(Aside.)* She will burn famously.
 Those snaky locks with which she snares men's hearts,
 That tongue with which she scornd
 me—

ZEMINDAR.

What! you dumb?

MUTTRA.

(Aside.) Not yet: but soon she shall be
 Her ancles, silver-bound, her round soft arms,
 Her bosom with his white love-leaves upon it,
 I shall consume: the priests are ready for her;
 The flames are hungry, and my heart's ablaze
 With a brave fury.—*(To ZEM.)* Shall both die by fire?

ZEMINDAR.

Go in and wait. *[RHAIDA exit.]*

What say you! both by fire?

No; she may burn, because her blood will wash
 A dark blot from my house: but he—come near!
 I've dug a hole beneath my peepul-trees,
 And in 't we'll tumble him. To-morrow night,
 When's blood beats hot, we'll shut him up.

MUTTRA.

Ho, ho!

What! alive—alive?

ZEMINDAR.

Ay, full of life and lust.

We'll cool his dreams, albeit we quench his courage.

MUTTRA.

I love thee: good! But he will die—too soon?

ZEMINDAR.

No: I have fenced his grave all round with stone,
 And pierced the lid with holes. Through these same
 holes

The music of his screams shall soothe my ears:
 Three days and nights I'll live beside his grave,
 And listen—while he starves.

MUTTRA.

O brave! O brave!

Come, let us look upon this pretty place.
 Come on, come on. Beneath the peepul-trees?
 Was it not there? This is the shortest path.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Same place.—Time, the next evening.

MUTTRA and the ZEMINDAR are passing along: KEMAUN
 meets them.

KEMAUN.

Stay—stop! a word with you.

ZEMINDAR.

What dog is here?

Pariah? Strike him down.

KEMAUN.

'T is not ill said;
 But hard blows must be struck ere that be done.
 What say you—shall we fight?

MUTTRA.

(To the ZEMINDAR.) Peace! do not touch him:
 'T is a strange fellow; very brave and honest,
 But strange, as you may see. He brings me news
 Of matters afar off, and (with your leave)
 I would be private with him. Farewell, now;

[Exit ZEMINDAR.]

I'll follow soon.—Now then, is all prepared?

KEMAUN.

Who is that little wither'd, winter thing,
 Whose knees go knocking by the bamboo stalks?

MUTTRA.

'T is the Zemindar.

KEMAUN.

Soh!—I'll take his money
With a free heart. Nature has written dupe,
And cheat, and miser, in his reptile looks:
That's well; we'll strip him of his golden skin,
And tie him to a tree. His girl, you say—

MUTTRA.

May live; yes,—'t will be better she escape.
Aside. She touch'd my humour, as she went away.
Methought her walk was like an antelope's;
Her eyes are jewel-like; sweet words she has;
Soft limbs, bright ringlets, and a swan-like gait.
My mind is changed; I would not have her burn,
Till she grows old, and then—I care not for her.

KEMAUN.

And, if I ~~lose~~ her—?

MUTTRA.

And keep her for me,
I'll show thee where her father hides his gold.

KEMAUN.

Good: thou shalt have a third: *that* and the girl
Thou'lt fairly earn by thy bold treachery.

MUTTRA.

How, treachery?

KEMAUN.

Ay—oh! that offends thee? Tush!
We on the river care not for such things:
We speak our minds and stab—A plain good way,
And saves a load of trouble. Now I'll leave thee:
My rogues are skulking in the thicket there,
And wait for orders. When this horn is blown,
[Gives it.

I'll come and make the priests stare.

MUTTRA.

Do not drag

Their ~~arms~~ ~~arms~~ ~~arms~~

KEMAUN.

Oh no! I know thou art
Half priest, and three parts saint, and all a knave.
Do not I know thee, Muttra? thou hast done—

MUTTRA.

Bad deeds, I know 't; but I do mortify
My flesh with fast, and ~~my~~ my back with stripes:
Have I not lain ~~on~~ the jagged iron,—ha!
Canker'd my tongue? and swung upon a hook?

KEMAUN.

Peace! you blind cheat. How dare you brag ~~in~~ me?
What! taunt me with your virtues?

~~Myself~~

I have done:

Let ~~me~~ not quarrel, who ~~are~~ ~~my~~ allies.
Retire, and wait the signal. Nay,—retire.

KEMAUN (*aside*).

Now let ~~me~~ have both gold and girl, and then—
[Exit.

MUTTRA.

The cut-throat infidel robber!—he ~~is~~ gone.
I breathe more freely. He will do ~~me~~ sin,
And I reap the sweet profit: that is right.
When all is won, I'll lead the Rajah where
The villain hides: none know where 't ~~is~~ but I.

MESSENGER, *entering*.

MESSENGER.

The priests are waiting for thee, holy Muttra.
The victim which you promised hath ~~been~~ ~~sent~~

Haste! for the Rajah will be there to-day,
And sacrifice to Siva.

MUTTRA.

Say I come.

[Exit MESSENGER.

'T will be a glorious day. The Rajah come?
Well, we must wait until he leave the shrine,
And then do our design. Now, what's the matter?

KEMAUN, *entering*.

KEMAUN.

The wood's surrounded: half the Rajah's troops—

MUTTRA.

Fear not; 't is nothing. He does sacrifice,
And all his court attend: 't is ever thus.
Go, hide your men,—there, 'midst the underwood;
And, when the Rajah's gone, I'll blow the horn.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A Hindoo Temple.

Priests are officiating, and Potaries kneeling.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Pour the attar,—more and more!
Flowers, and leaves, and spices heap;
Gums, and oils, and odours pour,
Lest the burning altar sleep!
Look, it sinks—the holy flame!
Why is not the victim brought?
Once, if call'd, the Hindoo came
Swifter than the flight of thought!

A HINDOO.

I am here, ~~as~~ soon as sought.

OTHERS.

I am here;—and I;—and I:
There are none who shrink or fly.

CHORUS.

Why doth the doom'd victim stay?
Full of ~~sin~~ is base delay!
Quick, or soon will fall a curse,
Amid the thunder of our ~~voices~~.
Call her, with the Goddess' ~~name~~

~~Some~~ PRIEST.

Come!

The ZEMINDAR, BHAIKA, and MUTTRA are ~~seen~~ ap-
proaching.

~~Some~~ Rejoice, rejoice!

AIR.

Soothe her soul with song,
Like a silver shower,
Sweet, and bright, and strong:
'T is her conquering hour!

Let the music steal,
Like a hidden river,
Through her, till she feel
Crown'd and bless'd for ever.

The ZEMINDAR crowns his Daughter.

BHAIKA.

Why ~~did~~ I brought here?—Ha! what ~~was~~ the crown?
I am ~~the~~ victim sentenced ~~to~~ the fire.

CHIEF PRIEST.

Come forward!

RHADA.

Hark! he calls on some — Hush!

ZEMINDAR.

He calls — thee!

RHADA.

Ah! no, no; kill — not.

[Falls.

— PRIEST.

Whence comes this! Was she not prepared. 'T —
wrong.

The Rajah will himself come here to-day,
And pray for aid in — great enterprise;
Till then we shall not stain the altar foot:
Take her aside, meantime, and counsel her.

[RHADA is taken out.

VOICES WITHOUT.

The Rajah comes! the Rajah!

— PRIEST.

Hear'st thou the shouts? he comes.

— PRIEST.

I hear them, brother.

The bold, freethinking Dhur-Singh, comes, I know;
But here, in our — temple, he must droop
His lion aspect and obey the law.
Hail, Maharajah!

The RAJAH enters, attended.

RAJAH.

(To an Officer.) See they be secure.

—Health to the priests of Siva! I am come
To share your holy rites, and offer prayers,
Woods, leaves, and spices (for I shed no blood,
Save that of foes), before great Siva's shrine.
Bring here the basket. Look! I offer these,—
Myrrh, aloes, sacred oils, rich sandal-wood,
And flowers which, you e'er say, the Goddess loves.
Take them; and pray that I may free the land
(Else all at peace) from murderous men, who've turn'd
Our holy Ganges to a place of spoil,
Robb'd the poor peasant, slain the sucking babe,
Fired happy homes, and, wheresoe'er they've been,
Left death, and violation, and despair!

[The Presents are offered.

— PRIEST.

The offerings are accepted: — they burn.—

And now, great Rajah! we will sacrifice

A living creature at the altar foot,

A maid who ne'er — woo'd, betrothed, nor won.

Go, fetch the victim.

[Priest goes out.

RAJAH.

Does she wish — burn?

— PRIEST.

— father brings her: — his house a blot

Hath dwelt for — hundred years: — good stays with
him;

His acts ne'er prosper; he is loved by none;

His dreams are bad; his peasants starve; his friends—

He hath — friend; and therefore (and because

He loves great Siva) doth he this day bring

His daughter for — maiden sacrifice.

RAJAH.

Methinks himself should — for his — sins.

And she——?

— PRIEST.

She trembles. Human blood will shake
Sometimes, in dread of the last agony;
— will pray such fault may be forgiven,
And bid her father fast for — whole day:
She — not die in vain.

Priest enters with RHADA, the ZEMINDAR, etc.

PRIEST.

The maiden's here.

CHIEF PRIEST.

Come forward. Girl! approach.

RHADA.

O spare me, spare —

RAJAH (tenderly).

Come hither, Rhaida!

RHADA (screams).

Ha!—who spoke — me?

ZEMINDAR.

The Rajah spoke.—(Aside.) Methinks I know his voice

RHADA.

Where?—where? The Rajah? Ha, Meignoun! 'T is he
I'm safe, I'm safe!

[Sinks on her knees.

RAJAH.

Did they not say this girl

Was unaffianced?

CHIEF PRIEST.

Ay, unwoo'd, unsought.

RAJAH.

They told thee false, and they deserve to die.
She is affianced: nay, she should have been
This night — bride.

CHIEF PRIEST.

Whose bride, O Rajah?

RAJAH.

MINE.

—Come forward, Rhaida. Look! I take her hand,
And in your holy temple own her mine.
Priest, seek some other victim.

[KEMAUN enters by stealth, and mixes with the crowd. The place is surrounded by troops.

— PRIEST (pauses).

Mighty Rajah!

I grieve that 't should be thus; but she is doom'd!
The Goddess, in her own great voice, hath ask'd
A victim, and I dare not disobey:
I dare not offer — of less degree.

RAJAH.

Then must we strait do justice.—Stand apart! (Kneels.
Terrible Siva! if this maid be thine,
Devoted,—and not slain by human hate,
Speak to thy servant, who now kneels before thee——

CHIEF PRIEST.

Arise! The marble hath — thousand tongues,
And might, if so it will'd, — — — thee.

RAJAH.

Peace, holy man! do I not know 't?—The God,
Whose strong divinity is mask'd in stone,
— free as air; his spirit still hath power
To will, and make his marble limbs obey,—
— marble tongue to speak:—is it not so?

— PRIEST.

'T is so.

RAJAH.

Then *speak*, O Goddess!—If thy wrath
Demand this maiden for thy altar fires,
Speak, and she comes. But, if no word of thine
I heard in answer, I pronounce her—free!
Behold her;—she I lured by falsehood hither,
And they who brought her have affronted thee,
By offering a false martyr. She is woo'd,
Won,—almost wed; and, by thy awful law,
I unfit for the altar. Dreadful Goddess!
If thou delightest, as 't is said, in blood,
Yet sure thou lovest it most when justly shed.
Know, I have now a victim fit for thee;
One who, though priest and saint, deserves to die.
Spare, then, this innocent maid!—Once more, if thou
Speak'st not, she's free. No answer? Maid, approach!
The Goddess whom I worship gives no sign.

PRIEST.

The sign you call for yesternight was made,
And I did see it.

RAJAH.

Was the victim named?

CHIEF PRIEST.

She ask'd for human blood, she is wont.

RAJAH.

No name?

CHIEF PRIEST.

A victim only.

RAJAH.

She shall have

A saintly victim, who is doom'd to die,—
Doom'd by the law and me.

[Claps his hands. MUTTRA and KEMAUN are secured.]

PRIESTS.

This place is sacred, Prince.

RAJAH.

Peace, peace! vain men.

Justice is done in heaven; why not here?
Bring here the prisoners.—Men, stain'd black with crimes
(All by confessions and strong proofs made plain),
Prepare, for ye must die! Kemaun, thou hast
One lonely virtue—an undaunted mind:
For this (so much I value valiant hearts),
I give thee choice how thou wilt die to-day.
Speak, and begone!

KEMAUN.

The robber's death for me;

A tamer end would blot the fame I've earn'd:
Death and renown be mine!

RAJAH.

Take him away.

[Exit KEMAUN, guarded.]

For thee, thou baser villain! death by fire:
That is thy doom, which I shall mitigate.
Stay thou, and I'll do it. [To Officer.]

He is the worst,—

More base, more false, more without touch of pity,
Than ever I did think a man could be.—
One more there is,—her father.

OFFICER.

Must he die?

RAJAH.

No! let him live; but in a foreign land:
We will not touch a hair that's kin to her.

[Turns towards REAIDA.]

—And now, thou tenderest heart, and loveliest bride
That ever made the world more beautiful,
Bright'ning with smiles the eye-recurring spring,—
What shall be done with thee? Why, thou must go
Unto a prison,—look! these fond arms;
Whilst I, thy Prince, shall feel more honour'd
With thee thus near me, sweet! than were I crown'd
With garlands after conquest, or now hail'd
By all wide India for her chosen King!

THE TEMPTATION.

■ DRAMATIC SKETCH.

■ up, thou ■ of Cretan Dædalus,
And let us tread the lower labyrinth.

MIDDLETON.

SCENE I.

A Street in Murcia.

The COUNT OF ORTIZ and MORDAX enter, ■ from ■
Tavern.

COUNT (singing).

Wine! wine!
The child of the grape is mine;
We'll nurse it again and again,
Until it array the brain
With wit, or until it expire
In hot desire,
And then we'll drink again, etc.

MORDAX.

Count!

COUNT.

I am well, quite well: the air blows fresh.

MORDAX.

■ ever you should go to Lapland (mark!
To Lapland, where lean witches sweep the moon),
I'll lend thee a broom to ride on.

COUNT.

Ha! ha!—well?

MORDAX.

I will, by Sathan! You shall be equipp'd
With expedition for a northern journey.
But speak,—and ere the morning stars look pale,
We'll breathe above the Baltic.

COUNT.

Ha, ha, ha!

MORDAX.

I'll take thee there upon a goat's back flying,
Look! amongst all those lights: dost see 'em twinkling?

COUNT.

Away! I could ■ do an impious deed
Before the eternal splendour of the stars!

MORDAX.

Ho! ho! ho! ho! Now 't is my turn to laugh.
By Momus, you jest well. Didst ever hear
Of Agaberta, that most famous witch?

COUNT.

No.

MORDAX.

Thou shalt ■ her. She shall give thee philtres,
So thou mayst change to air, ■ walk ■ fire—

COUNT.

Peace, peace! no more: the place seems full of frenzy.
Millions of sparks go dancing through the air:

My brain grows sick and giddy. How is this?
An armed phantom seems ■ gaze upon us!

MORDAX.

That is my master.

COUNT.

What! yon piece of cloud?

MORDAX.

Ay, sir, yon lofty gentleman. Folks say
■ was ■ gambler once, and dared a stake
Such as before or since was never won.
He lost, indeed——

COUNT.

'T is gone!

MORDAX.

■ ■ ■ to show

How tenderly he watches over us.

Hark! there ■ footsteps coming—This way, sir.
They must not track ■ Hush!

COUNT.

How the wind wails!

[*Exeunt.*]

DON FERRAND and INEZ enter.

DON FERRAND.

Look! where they go, well mated (rake and knave);
The tavern brawler, and his crooked friend!

INEZ.

Uncle, beware!

DON FERRAND.

If the fierce devil still

Sends out his brood to blacken this fair world,
That slave is one,—he with the dusk brute visage,
And shuffling gait, and glittering scorching eyes——

INEZ.

But Manuel, sir, has nought in common with him.
The Count of Ortiz, be whoe'er his mates,
Owns something still, methinks, which asks respect.

DON FERRAND.

Soh! soh! You love him still? You, Melchior's daughter,
With half a kingdom for your dowry? Good!

INEZ.

I love him?—Well, I love him. What must follow?

DON FERRAND.

Nothing; all's said—The worst extremity
Of baseness and enduring grief is touch'd.

INEZ.

Speak gently, sir; and speak ■ nobly, too,
Of one who (though now fall'n) was good and wise.
Valiant he is, sir, and a peer of Spain;
And on his brow wears his nobility!
Why do you scorn him, sir? ■ ever spoke
Kindly of you; and when my father's fame
And tottering greatness ask'd for ■ strong help,
He went unto the king, and pled for him.

■ FERRAND.

That story wants but truth. If time be given——

INEZ.

■ time be given, he'll force the world give back
Its bright opinion, sir, and show him honour.

Oh! then (if he return, and stand redeem'd

From his wild youth and be—what he may be)

Soon shall the poor maid cast her mask of pride,

And look, once more, love upon Manuel. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Under-ground Cemetery.

The COUNT and MORDAX are dimly seen descending ■
broad Flight of Steps in the distance.

MORDAX (*entering*).

Adieu, Sir Phosphor! For thy light, take thanks!
We've barr'd the world out bravely, noble count!

COUNT.

Where ■ we? What! is this the road? 't is dark.

MORDAX.

Ay; but ■ fire is dash'd from out cold stone,
We'll pluck bright wonders from this world of night.
One of earth's wisest sons, 't is said, taught men
That they should seek her subtle secrets—not
In their near likeness, but in opposite shapes——

COUNT.

Ho, speak! Who goes? I thought—but no, 't was no-
thing.

MORDAX.

'T is nought. Look up! This is a cemetery.
Take care, else you may stumble ■ ■ king.
Halloo! Methought I trod on a fool's skull.
This is ■ learned spot, perhaps a bed
Of full-blown doctors; they are harmless now!

COUNT.

You are a nice observer.

MORDAX.

Oh! I am used

To chuse 'tween knave and fool. Dost thou not see,
There,—a pale stream of light run to and fro,
Threading the darkness?—'t is a madman's wits.

COUNT.

Where ■ we? Let us go. The air is close;
And noises as of falling waters, mix'd
With strange laments and hummings of fierce insects,
Take my ■ captive.

MORDAX.

O fine harmony!

'Faith, they have dexterous fiddlers here. Who blows
The trumpet honeysuckle in mine ear?
Speak out, Sir Gnome! Hush! hark! That gentleman
Who beats the drum must be a cricket?

COUNT.

'T is one.

MORDAX.

Right,—or ■ death-watch. Now, sir, what's the matter?

COUNT.

I felt a clammy touch, as cold as death,
Flap on my cheek, and something breathed on me
An earthy odour—faugh! ■ though the tongue
O'er which 't had pass'd had fed on worms and dust.
Again,—who goes? Dost thou not hear ■ trampling?

MORDAX.

Be calm: 't is but some people from the moon,
Or the star Venus, or from Mercury,
Madmen, or rakes, or monks, fellows who feed
On air, and rail against our homely dishes.
A plague upon the spiritual rogues,
They always abuse their betters.

COUNT.

Hush,—sweet music!

The air is vital: every pore seems stung
Until it whispers with a thousand tongues!

VOICES **heard**; faintly at first, but becoming gradually more distinct.

SPIRITS (below).

Come away, come away!

(above).

Whither, whither?

SPIRIT (below).

Come away, away!

And leave the light of the fading day;
Thorough the vapour, the stream,
Come,—as swift as a lover's dream!

Come hither, hither, come hither!
Over the wood and the heather:
Where winds are dying
Along the deep,
Where rivers lying
Asleep, asleep!

(above).

We come; are coming—but whither?

(below).

Come hither, hither, hither!

CHORUS.

Hark! hark! hark! hark!
A power is peopling all the dark
With wonder,—life, and death, and terror,
And dreams which fill the brain with error.
The elves are coming in glittering streams,
Loaded with light from the moon-beams;
And the gnomes are behind in a dusky legion,
Hurrying all to their earthen fare.

A VOICE.

Stand, and gaze! for ye are
In the midst of a magic region!

MORDAX.

Dost hear, Count? Look about! What you, sir?

COUNT.

I see a vault,—spectral,—immeasurable,
Save that at times the gaunt and stony ribs
Bulge through the darkness and betray its bounds.
And now come countless crowds (millions on millions),
Whirling like glittering fire-flies round about us:—
By hell, the things seem human! Let pass.

MORDAX.

Stay,—stay, sir; use patience: you'll dislodge
These piles of coffins. Kings and counts lie here, sir,
Shouldering each other from their places still.
The villanous lifeless lump of clay—

COUNT.

What's that?

Methought I heard the arches crack: Look, look!
The pillars are alive! Each turns round,
And grins, as though the weight crush'd in his brain!
Dead faces leer upon me; figures chatter;
And from the darkest depths watch horrid eyes!
Let me come thee.

MORDAX.

Rest here.

COUNT.

Ha! I feel

As though I leant against an iron shape.
Thy sinews (and thy heart!) firmly knit.

MORDAX.

Never did nerve or muscle yet give way,
From fear, or pity, remorse, or love!
Never did yet the bounding blood go back
Into its springs, nor leave my dusk cheek pale.
But, I'll not boast at present:—Some dull day
I'll tell you all I've done,—since Cain went mad!
Meantime, let's what comes. How fare you now?

COUNT.

I feel more firm since I did lean on thee.
But, hark! the ground labours with strange birth.
What volumes of dark smoke she sends abroad!
Blow off the cloud!

MORDAX blows, and a Mirror is seen.

What's here? Methinks I see

A mighty glass in an ebon frame.

MORDAX.

Right, sir; true Madagascar; black hate.
Now then we'll show you what art can do:
Wilt have a ghost from Lapland Japan?
Speak! for 't will cost a minute, and some rhyme.

COUNT.

You're pleasant?

MORDAX.

Sir, they'll not obey plain prose.

Whate'er my friends, the utilitarians, preach,
Verse has its use, you see: but listen, senor.
—Come!

Without torch, or trump, or drum,
Every fine audacious spirit
Who doth vice or spite inherit!
By His name, long-worshipp'd 'round
All the red realms underground,
I bid and bind ye to my spell!
By the sinner who doth dwell
In the temple, like a saint!
By the unbeliever's taint!
By the human beasts who riot
O'er their brothers grav'd in quiet—

COUNT.

You have a choice collection of quaint phrases?

MORDAX.

I pick'd 'em up, me of reputation
Steal musty phrases from forgotten books.
How's this? 'Wake, dust o' the earth! Are ye deaf?
Mischievous? mad? or spell'd? bound in brass?
Away! a million of you tumbling imps
That jump about here! Hence, and drag before us
A squadron of sea-buried bones. Begone!
Ravage the deep, and let me see your backs
Crack with a ship-load from the ooze—Oh, ho!
Dost thou not hear him?

COUNT.

A strange noise I hear.

MORDAX.

It is the Atlantic stirring in his depths.
Dost hear his spouting floods? Hark! Banks and cliffs
Are broken, and the boiling billows run
Over the land and lay the sea-depths bare!
Now shall the lean ghosts laugh and shake their sides,
Cramp'd by the no

COUNT.

the winds blow!

A Throng of Shadows rush in.

SHADOWS.

We come:—we have burst the chain
Of slumber, and death, and pain:
The ice-bolts could not bind us,
Though they shot through our shrunken forms;
And — left the swift light behind us,
The wrack and the howling storms.

A Group of Spirits descend.

FIRST SPIRIT.

I have trod the arid mountains.

SECOND SPIRIT.

I have wing'd the frozen air.

THIRD SPIRIT.

I have left the boiling fountains,
Which, like flowers rich and rare,
Spread their leaves of crystal high,
In the lonely polar sky!

A Crowd of Indian Spirits is driven in.

INDIAN SPIRIT.

We are come: — in legions
From the flat and dusky regions
Where a wooden God they own.
We have perish'd bone by bone,
Crack'd beneath the giant's car,
While our mothers shouted far,
Over jungle, over plain,
And drown'd the discord of our pain!

MORDAX.

You see, sir, you may chuse your company.

COUNT.

No — of this; which may be false,—or true.

[Spirits fade away.]

Let me see one I know to be now dead,

MORDAX.

Dost — this tawdry coffin? It is now
A prelate's palace,—Bishop Nunez' see.
The poor at last can come quite near this saint:
Nay, 'round him, now, the worms are met in council:
Cossus and Lumbricus are chosen presidents;
The one because he is a judge of learning,
And t' other has — in flesh. Wilt see your friend?

COUNT.

No, no; I'll not disturb him. What lies here
Beneath this heap of rough and rotting boards?
A felon's body! Well—what shall be done?

MORDAX.

Kick it, — you would spurn an enemy!

[COUNT touches it with his foot: the boards crumble away and a body is seen.]

COUNT.

Ha! Sanchez! Thou false friend! Rise up, ye rocks,
Pillars, and floors of stone! Rise up and press
The villain downwards! Hell hath let him 'scape.

MORDAX.

This rogue looks paler than his shirt.

COUNT.

Look there!

The — of Sathan is not on his brow.

MORDAX (looking).

N—o: there's — name.

COUNT.

And yet, in his black heart

The devil lived, and sway'd him like a slave,
And laugh'd, and lied, and with a glozing tongue
Cheated the world of love.

MORDAX.

What! *this* poor worm?

What! he with his throat cut from ear to ear?

Ha! ha! O mighty man!

COUNT.

He slew my sister,

So good—so fair—so young—

MORDAX.

I warrant you

The gallant's sorry enough now. Begone!

[The figure sinks.]

But how's this? you look pale, sir. Lean on me;
I'll be the reed, at least, if not the rock.

But, hush! strange music, like a swarm of bees,
Seems oozing from the ground!

VOICES (from below).

Hush! there is a creature forming;
Earth is into beauty warming:
Between dust, and death, and life,
There is now a crimson strife:
Between fire and frozen clay,
Water, ether, darkness, day,
There is now a magic motion,
Like the slumber of the ocean
Heaving in the sullen dawn!
—Is the cloud withdrawn?

A VOICE.

'T is withdrawn!

Friends and foes are met together,
Like a day of April weather,
Beauty hand in hand with death;
What is wanting?—only breath!

The Shadow of the Body of a Girl rises.

COUNT.

Speak, ere I look. What comes?

MORDAX.

A sleeping girl.

Yet—round her white throat winds a dark red line:
What — it mean?

COUNT (looking up).

Ha! 't is herself, dead! dead!

Poor girl, poor girl, too early lost! Was Fate
(Who gives to all the wretched store of years)
A niggard but to thee?

MORDAX.

Soh,—let her pass.

COUNT.

Yet one look; for methinks it is (though pale)
A pretty picture. When stern tyrants perish,
False slaves, — lustful men, we look and loathe
The ghastly bulks; but beauty, pale and cold
(Albeit wash'd — in Cimolian earth),
Like the crush'd — which will not lose its sweets,
Commands — after death. She sleeps, she sleeps!
Have you — power to wake her from her sleep,—
To give the old sad accents to her tongue?

MORDAX.

'T is past my power.

COUNT.

I'll give thee—

MORDAX.

Noble Count,

Dost think I 'm bought with gold?

COUNT.

I 'll worship thee—

MORDAX.

Umph!—that sounds better. Yet,
I cannot do 't,—or must not. Wouldst thou have
The dead turn traitors and betray the grave?

COUNT.

Didst thou not swear that I should look through time?
See joy and sorrow! wherefore drag me here?

MORDAX.

Sir, you shall ■ the future, if you will.
But, patience! This fair thing must vanish first;
And then we 'll try your fortune. Say farewell!

COUNT.

Farewell, my dear one—Ha! be gentle with her.

Dirge, during which the Body sinks.

Lay her low in virgin earth,
Till she claim a brighter birth!
Let the gentle spirits ■
Songs, for those who love to grieve,—
Maidens, mothers, lovers (they
Who have locks too early grey),
Fathers who ■ tempest-toss'd,
Widows who have won—and lost!
Children, fairer than the morning,
Die and leave an awful warning,
With the unhealing wound, whose smart
Never quits the childless heart!

COUNT.

Now let us look on that which is to be.

MORDAX.

My glass is there: yet, ■ you gaze, think well.
The future——

COUNT.

Bid it come, as terrible
As tempest or the plague, I 'll look upon't
And dare it to an answer. Methinks I feel
Swollen with courage or some grand despair,
That lifts ■ above fortune. Quick! unveil
Your dusky mirror, you, lords of the mansion!

MORDAX.

Base goblins, quick! Unveil your lying glass,
And let my lord look in. Now, noble Count,
What ■ you? [*Shadows appear on the Mirror.*]

COUNT.

Ha!

MORDAX.

Two figures, like ourselves!

We 're link'd together, Count?

COUNT.

True; but thy shadow

Wears ■ strange cunning look and quivering eye,
And the face changes—Ha! from young to old,
From fair ■ dark—from calm ■ smiles—to mirth!
From mirth, look! into—Ha! DIABOLUS?

[Turns round quickly.]

MORDAX.

What is 't?

COUNT.

'T is gone!

Methought thou didst ■ a fearful visage.

Let me look ■ thee nearer: no thou 'rt fair,—
As fair as truth.

MORDAX.

No fairer?

COUNT.

Wouldst thou be

Whiter than truth?

MORDAX.

Why,—no: in fact, my notion
■ that she ■ ■ much too cold complexion.
Now, sir, I like the olive,—or the black.
Then, she ■ naked too, ■ poets lie:
Give me ■ covering, though 't be but ■ mask.

COUNT.

That was a fearful face I saw!

MORDAX.

Forget it.

Let ■ consult the mirror once again.

[Other Shadows appear.]

COUNT.

Heaven! 't is herself, my love, my dear dear Incz!
She will be mine. After Love's fears and pains,
The god sits crown'd with roses! What are they?

MORDAX.

Your children.

COUNT.

Both?—How fair! no lily fairer.
See, with what matron smiles the mother bends,
Kissing their veined temples with her lips!
Mine? mine! all mine! O Fate! why did I swear
Hate everlasting to thee? I abjure
My rashness at thy feet.

MORDAX.

Had you not better

Dip once again in the dark lottery?

Perhaps this spring may change. But see—what comes
[The Shadows alter.]

COUNT.

A thin shape comes: 't is like myself; so like,
That, but 't is younger, and more spare and pale,
I 'd say—'t was I.

MORDAX.

This phantom never lived.

COUNT.

I 'll call it. Thou——!

MORDAX.

Be still! You must not talk

To that which ne'er was flesh. Unto my ears
Confide your transports: ■ may talk together,
Though not to them. These pigmies are ■ proud
As a rich tradesman, ■ ■ new-made lord.

COUNT.

Who is the vision? Speak!

MORDAX.

It is—your son.

COUNT.

Forbid it, Heaven! Sickness ■ want hath struck
This pale thin boy with death. Must he then bear
Youth without blossom? without age, decay?
After all childhood's ills and pains endured
(Before life's sweets are blown), 't ■ hard to die.
Let him not perish!

MORDAX.

Do you pray ■ me?

COUNT.

I had forgot: methought the thing was real.

But see, he ~~alone!~~ Show me the rest,
All the fair shapes, and she, the first and fairest,
Whose beauty crowns my dreams, whose heart is mine,
My own! Not all your juggling tricks ~~shake~~
My trust in her unmatched fidelity.

MORDAX.

I said ~~she~~ false; she is ~~true~~.

COUNT.

O, my fast friend!

MORDAX.

But beauty still is frail;
And what dishonour could not, DEATH has struck!

COUNT.

Ah!

MORDAX.

Stand up, Count! What, fall at the first word?
Why, this is but the future. (*Aside.*) The weak fool!

COUNT.

O thou false friend! (He turns his back ~~me~~.)
Is there no hope,—no way,—no—

MORDAX.

None:—yes, one!

COUNT.

Quick, quick!

MORDAX.

You need but change your—livery, Count.
You've served ~~thankless~~ king in camps and councils,
Have got hard knocks, no rank, and little pay;
Have been dishonour'd!—What else need be said?
Push him aside, and chuse a better master.

COUNT (*pauses*).

Umph!—he must be a king.

MORDAX.

~~is~~.

COUNT.

A great one?

MORDAX.

He is a king more vast and terrible
Than any one whose cannon shakes the world.
He hath huge hosts, wide realms, and such a power
As the strong tempest hath when it is wroth.
Fate cannot awe him: Death is sworn his slave:—

COUNT.

What devil—

MORDAX.

Hu—sh! You've guess'd well. Hark! his name—

[*Whispers.*]

COUNT.

Avaunt! What art thou? Who art thou?

MORDAX.

Your friend! [*The figure of Mordax changes.*]
Your fellow, too, who'll save all those you love:
But, still, you must be prompt. Your vow ~~thus~~—

COUNT.

I will not hear him. Ears, shut up your sense!

MORDAX.

Chuse and be quick, Count; for you're in ~~peril~~.
The Inquisitors have scented out your path
(They ~~brave~~ bloodhounds), and will ~~be~~ here.

COUNT.

I care not.

MORDAX.

But they've racks, which change men's humours.
Then, for the things thou lovest, *their* graves are open:
Wilt save, or thrust them in?

COUNT.

~~dumb~~, thou tempter.

Turn your red eyeballs from me—O, 't is fable,
Black, base, unfounded, false—what else? what else?
Yet, if it be,—and I can save them thus—

[*A noise is heard at a distance.*]

MORDAX.

Hark! they ~~on~~ thee.

COUNT.

Ha! is death so near?

No matter; let ~~come~~:—I shake like fear!

MORDAX.

I still ~~save~~ thee, thee and all thou lovest:
Quick, speak the word.

COUNT.

The word! what word? Speak on.

[*Voices heard without.*]

MORDAX.

They're at the door. Say thus, *I give my soul*—

COUNT.

Stay! stop! What shall be done? Now, life ~~death~~?
The grave for *her*,—or love? God! help me—Ha!
I'm safe—'t was a wild struggle—but I'm safe.
Fiend! I abjure thee (*falls down*), loathe thee—

OFFICER (*without*).

Open the doors,

In the name of the most Holy Inquisition!

MORDAX.

Ha, ha! the holy rogues!—(*Whispering*). You still may
chuse,

Life, love, and wealth? or the rack and scaffold? Quick!

OFFICER (*without*).

Burst through the doors!

[*The doors are broken open, and Officers, etc.
of the Inquisition enter.*]

Ho! seize upon him.—Ha!

My lord of Ortiz?—Sir, Count Melchior heard
You were beset by some fierce enemy,
And sent ~~here~~ to save you. Raise him up!
Now, where's your foe? Seize on him!

A Voice laughs.

Ha! ha! ha!

OFFICER.

I hear a horrid voice, but nothing see.
Spread yourselves out, and search the vaults with care.
Haste, and let ~~escape~~.

COUNT (*faintly*).

'T is vain:—he's gone!

Wherefore he came, or who he is, or was—

OFFICER.

We do not ask: Our master bade ~~say~~
He'd speak in private with you.

COUNT.

He is wise;

Wise, good, and gentle, as a great ~~should~~ be.
Bring me before him: I will try to thank him.
I'd go,—but cannot.

Voice laughs again.

Ha! ha!

OFFICER.

Lean ~~me~~.

Now let us haste: Methinks strange sin and horror
Tenant these lonely vaults: Perhaps they sit
Watching the couches of the wicked dead!
Come, let us go:—to the Count's house, my lord?

COUNT.

Ay, strait, strait, strait—(Aside) and strait ■ Inez' bosom,
Which ■ (and must once more be) my sweet home!
[COUNT, etc. exeunt.]

THE HALL OF EBLIS. ¹

THEY took their way (Vathek and his young bride,
The sweet Nouronihar) through summer fields
Of flowers—by sparkling rivers—fountains that
Splash'd o'er the turf—by palm and tamarisk trees—
And where the dark pines talk'd to solitudes;
And oft beguiled the way with amorous songs,
Kisses and looks voluptuous; and they quaff'd
At mid-day iced waters which had grown
Cool in the valley of Roenabad:—One thing
Did intervene to mar those quiet hours;—
Which ■ ambition.

But these days pass'd by:

And then they journey'd among perilous sands,
Which the hot blast of the desert swept at times
To figures columnar; these subsiding, left
Open to view the wide horizon, where
Lifting their heads, like mountains, to the skies,
'Rose the dark towers of Istakar.—The moon
Hid her pale face eclipsed, and sore afraid
Lest that the baleful atmosphere might shroud
Her light for ever; and interlunar stars
Shrank and grew dim, as when the morning shows
His grey eye in the East.—Forward they pass'd
'Midst crumbling walls, and shaking minarets,
Where even the ivy grew not, and at last
Stood 'neath the mighty palace of those kings
Who ruled before the flood. It seem'd as built
For all eternity; and its pillars threw
On the black platform, long, large lines of shadow,
That lay upon the marble, like to things
Substantial—Countless and sky-touching towers
(« Whose architecture ■ unknown amidst
■ records of the earth ») stood there, like that
Vast pile our ancestry once dared ■ raise
In old Chaldea, whence they ■ the wrath
Of God, and nature's ■ sweet language ■
The lips of ■ for ever.—Silence reign'd;
And glimmering darkness in the middle ■
Brooded, but shifting aye her shadowy wings,
Let horror creep between, and doubtful light;
And chill, sepulchral airs, that had ■ sound,
Touch'd the pale cheek of young Nouronihar:
And Vathek felt his heart grow cold, and stay'd
His breath to listen, and he grasped hard
Her trembling hand for mere companionship.

The stars now shone anew; and right against
The palace, carved curiously, were seen
Leopards and winged hippogriffs, and shapes
Unknown but to the bottoms of the deep,
And there, by all sea-monsters that ■ fear,
Dreaded, and left alone; above these forms
Were traced mysterious characters, that did yield
A welcome to the pair. Scarce had they read
When from amongst the ruins came a sound

¹ Vide Beckford's History of the Caliph Vathek.

Like anguish, and the yawning ground gave out
Blue subterranean fires, that show'd a door
Whose barred labyrinths led ■ Hell.—There stood
The dwarfed Indian, grinning like a fiend:
« Welcome! » he cried, « Both welcome! Ye are ■
To see the Prince of morning! Ye deserve
To see, and ye shall see him. » Then he touched
The charmed lock, 'round which, invisibly,
A hundred watchful demons wheel'd, and kept
Sacred the homes of starry Eblis.—Wide
It open'd with a horrid sound, and shut
(When Vathek and his bride had enter'd there)
'Midst laughs, and shrieks exulting, like the noise
Of mountainous thunder, or the withering voice
Of him who from Vesuvius calls abroad
In madness, and casts out his blazing foam
Like rivers toward the sea.—

At last they ■

The Hall of Eblis: vaulted 't was and high,
So none might mark the roofs! The pillars that
Stood like supporting giants, verged away
In long innumerable avenues, but
Met at a point bright as the sun, when he
Looks flaming on the sands of Palestine.
Each column bore a different character,
And by the lambent flames that play'd about
Like snakes, and pointed their ethereal spires
Towards the stupendous capitals (which seem'd
Wrought in the finer times of Greece, when men
Struck armed Pallas from a senseless stone
To life, and shaped those matchless Deities,
Venus, and stern Apollo, and the rest)
Strange letters might be seen—their import known
To ■ but the immortals.—The sad pair
Traversed a scene of luxury and woe;
They trod on gold and flowers, while from the ground
Voluptuous odours steamed, whose breath ■ sweet
As hers whom story fabled once the queen
Of beauty; there saffron, and citron boughs,
Cedar, and sweet perfuming sandal-woods
Were burning; and distilled and fragrant waters
Sparkled in crystal;—but around them stalked
Figures like men—all silent—with despair
On every face, and each did press his hand
Against his heart, and shunn'd his fellow-wretch.

Upon a globe of fire ■ Eblis. ■
Was prince of all the spirits that rebell'd
'Gainst God and ■ perdition. ■ was young
Still; and, but that ■ pride burn'd in his eye,
You might have pitied him. His flowing hair,
Streaming like sunbeams, told he ■ have been
An angel once, and fair, and beautiful;
Nay, in his fallen station, ■ retain'd
■ relic of his old nobility:
And though he fell, you would have said he felt
For aiming at—a world. « Creatures, » ■ said,
« Creatures of clay! I number ye amongst
My subjects and adorers: Live ye here
For ever, and for ever. »—Then his orb,
Receding from the presence of the damn'd,
Shrunk to ■ point of light, and ■ it shrunk
The hearts of his believers wither'd, and burn'd
Internally (as he had left behind
A portion of his fire)—and ■ their souls

Came darkness and dismay: and all knew then
The unconsuming flame — come; and each
Hated himself and fellow.—Thus they lived
For ages and for ages, a sad prey
To fires perpetual—and endless fear—
Sorrow, although they loved not—hot desires,
That never could be quell'd—hunger and thirst—
Fierce jealousy—and groundless doubt—and hate—
And blasting envy—and ('midst other ills)
Sense of contempt in others.—Thus they lived:
And not one creature ever after knew
What 't was to—hope.

THE MARRIAGE OF PELEUS AND THETIS.

High placed upon a hill of Thessaly
(That lifts its forehead to the clear blue skies,
And when the storms — high,
And, like its diadem, the lightning shines,
Shakes in wild music all its whispering pines),
Sate twice ten thousand deities.

Pelion! in song renown'd and heathen story,
Dost thou remember that auspicious day
(Mark'd in celestial history)
When gods and star-bright spirits deigned — stray
Along thy rills and through thy pastures sweet,
Or sporting on their heavenly pinions fleet
Shook light and fragrance through the noontide air? —
Then every god that loved the nymphs was there
(The nymphs, the gods' especial care),
And goddesses and spirits all of mighty name.

First sweet Aurora in the morning came—
(For well she loved the sea-green maid,
Thetis, who wont her streaming hair to braid,
— yet Apollo dash'd the shores with flame),
And over Pelion's giant-head she threw
(For this was Thetis' nuptial day)
A veil of roses, such as in the Spring
Burst into beauty 'fore the — of May,
And many a flower, touch'd with the rainbow's hue,
She cast—such (though on earth they fade away)
In heaven live ever blossoming.

And this — the coy Thetis' nuptial day—
The bridegroom — of fame
(His line immortal, though from earth his —),
And through a kingdom once held scepter'd sway—
(Thessalian Pelus)—'T was a day of state,
And all the assembled gods and heroes then
Came down in mortal shapes 'mongst men
(Save one, the greatest of the great),
Those holy rites of love to celebrate.

Then — the mightiest on his blazing throne
Borne downwards, buoyant on a thunder-cloud;
And as he pass'd each living creature bowed.
Mountains, and woods, and waves, were forced to —
His powerful presence—though unseen he rode,
And spared the world the image of a god—
Saturnian Jove!—on Pelion's topmost height
Thou sat'st amidst the circling deities,
Rank'd each in order, for, as in the skies,
They took their place to view this marriage rite.

The Queen of heaven — there, her braids of jet
Clasp'd by a dazzling coronet;
Her port was majesty—her look was light—
And pale Minerva, with her face divine,
And with mild eyes intelligently bright—
And there Apollo's brow was seen to shine
'Midst the rich clusters of his golden hair;
And Venus, with her — unbound was there,
Upon a thymy hillock bent;—
And Bacchus, crowned with leaves of vine,
Son of the star-bright Semele—and Mars
And dark Bellona left their thundering cars,
To — a day so sweet and fair—
And Neptune, charm'd, had left his element.

Below, below—joyous the woods among
And fountains—through the cool and leafy shade
Bright nymphs and sylvan spirits stray'd—
Some laughing chased—some 'woke the cheerful song,
And — that strain to melancholy dear—
Some bathed their limbs amidst the waters clear,
Naiads and heaven-born-Nereids,
Or plunged their hands within some secret well,
And as they flung on high the sparkling —
Mutter'd each a soothing spell.

Fearless the Dryads left their sacred trees,
For well that day did the rude Fauns believe,
And through the morn—the noon—the evening hours,
Some tore the violet from its stem,
To grace the sea-maid's couch when night should spread;
And — inwove a diadem,
Form'd all of roses white, to deck her head;
Some pluck'd the golden fruits, some roll'd amongst
the flowers.

Still some were wanting; yet a day declined
They came—then first was heard Favonius' sigh,
Wild whispering through the blossoms, — he pined
Away, in notes of fragrant melody—
And Cupid, who till then had flutter'd far,
Blushing, and fretful on the varying wing,
And wept to see the Nereids' fear,
Came wheeling round and round—near and more near—
(As doves — homeward in their narrowing ring)
And loitering Dian sent her vesper star
To tell her coming, and to say, that night
She — to the Earth would bend her head,
And — a moment on old Pelion's height,
And kiss pale Thetis — her bridal bed.

And — the nymph was borne along
'Midst dance and festal song,
In spotless garments, as became a bride,
Whilst Peleus languish'd by her side,
Breathing in murmurs faint his fondest sigh:
His helmet and his arms were all laid by—
Yet look'd he, though unarm'd he rode!
Hero, and prince, and demi-god!
His head — laurell'd, and his eyes of fire
Fashion'd to softness all, and looks of love:
Around his shoulders broad a robe he threw,
Stain'd with the murex' matchless hue
(This the rude fisher found, who went to rove,
Seeking for bright shells through the seas of Tyre).

Now ■ the altar won,
And that sweet rite begun
Mysterious that unites in awful chain
Hearts that none may part again;
Bright was the flame, and holy, that arose
(Fed all by flowers that ■ Pelion grew),
And sweet the incense that ascended high,
Fann'd by Favonius' sigh
(Favonius, who ■ evening blows,
And stirs the laurel ■ Parnassus' side):
Aloft in pairs the birds of Venus flew,
And all without ■ pang the victims died.

All ■ propitious. Soon amidst the throng
Low tones ■ heard increasing, till the tide
Dilated in ■ sound of war. That song
Through all the caves ■ Pelion's side
Burst; and then (diminish'd) died:—
Then breathed the flute, the bugle peal'd afar
(In tones of music, but too near to war);
The trumpet pour'd its note, and all ■ still—
Silence was heard o'er vale and hill;
When (from on high descending, like ■ star
That leaves its orb to watch o'er men below),
Hymen, the god of wedded love, was seen
Standing beside the altar green;
Before his feet the votive wreaths were flung,
And wildly sweet the hymn—his hymn—by kneeling
virgins sung.

And midnight came, and all the gods departed,
And nymphs—and left the lovers to repose
On pillows of the fresh-blown rose;
The winds were silent, and the waters play'd,
No more—lest that they should the sea-green maid
Disturb (no longer pale and broken-hearted);
Love only ■ the couch was hovering,
A couch that gods had deign'd to bless,
Where each had given ■ gift of happiness;
Love only staid, he kiss'd each forehead fair,
And flung narcotic odours from his wing
(Sweet beyond man's imagining);
Then took ■ flight, upon the morning air:
Yet every night return'd and bless'd that happy pair!

HELVELLYN.

HELVELLYN! blue Helvellyn! Hill of hills!
Giant amongst the giants! Lift thy head
Broad in the sun-light! ■ loose vapour dims
Thy barren grandeur; but with front severe,
Calm, proud, and unabash'd, thou look'st upon
The heights around—the lake and meadows green,
Whereon the herded cattle, tiny things,
Like flowers upon the sunny landscape lie;
Behind thee cometh quick the evening pale,
Whilst in the west an amphitheatre
Of crags (such ■ the Deluge might have wash'd
In vain), against the golden face of heaven
Turns its dark shoulder, and insults the day.

With no imposing air, no needless state,
Thou risest, blue Helvellyn!—no strange point
Lends thee distinction, ■ fantastic shape
Marks thee a thing whereon the mnd ■ rest;
But in thine ■ broad height, peerless and vast,

Leviathan of mountains! thou art ■
Fairly ascending, amidst crags and hills.
The mightiest one,—associate of the sky!

I see thee again, from these bleak sullen moors,
Boundless and bare,—long, dreary, wintry wastes,
Where the red waters lie stagnant, amidst
Black rocks, and treacherous moss, and rushes white
With age, or wither'd by the bitter blast;—
Thou lookest out ■ thy huge limbs that lie
Sleeping far, far beneath; and on the plains
Below, and heaven which scarcely o'er thy head
Lifts its blue arch; and on the driven clouds
That loiter round thee, or impetuous burst
About thy summit with their stormy showers.
There, in thy lonely state, thou livest ■
Through days, and years, and ages,—still the same,
Unshaken, undecaying:—not alone
A thing material haply, for within
Thy heart ■ secret spirit may now abide;
The same that fills thy veins in spring with green,
And hangs around thee long the summer thyme;
And when the winds of Autumn ■ away
Solemn and sad, from thy supreme brow
Poureth the white stream bright and beautiful.

The winds!—are they thy music? (who shall say
Thou hearest not!)—Thy echoes, which restore
The rolling thunder, fainting fast away,
From death to a second life, seem now, methinks,
Not mere percussions of the common air,
But imitations high of mightier sense—
Of some communicable soul that speaks
From the most inward earth, abroad to men
And mountains, bird and beast, and air and Heaven.

AN ARABIAN SONG.

I LOVE thee, Ibla!—Thou art bright
As the white snow ■ the hills afar;
Thy face is sweet ■ the moon by night,
And thine eye like the clear and rolling star.

But the snow is poor, and withers soon,
While thou art firm and rich—in hope;
And never (like thine) from the face of the ■
Flamed the dark eye of the Antelope.

Fine is thy shape as the Erak's bough,
And thy bosom a heaven—or, haplier, ■
(If ■ may guess, who crawls below),
By Heaven for Earth's enchantment.

But the bough of the Erak in winter dies,
And the Heaven hath clouds that dim its blue;
Thy shape is ■ fine when the summer flies,
And thy bosom is ■ and cloudless too.

Thy hair is black as the starless sky,
And clasps thy neck ■ it loved its home;
Yet it ■ at the sound of thy faintest sigh,
Like the snake that lies ■ the white sea-foam.

Farewell! Farewell!—Yet of thee, ■ maid,
I'll sing—in the wild woods far away;
And I'll bear thy name on my shining blade,—
Flower of my ■ Arabia!

And when I return, with a Chieftain's name,
And many a plunder'd gem for thee,
I'll give thee then to share my fame
For all love's sweet eternity.

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN THE MONASTERY OF WEST ABBEY.

THERE is no lovelier scene in all the land!—
Around me far a green enchantment lies,
Fed by the weeping of these April skies.
And, touched by Fancy's great all-charming wand,
Almost I expect to see a lightsome band
Come stealing through the hazel boughs, and
My path—or half asleep upon the moss,
Some Satyr, with stretch'd hand and clenched hand.
It is a place of beauty!—Here, half hid
By yellowing ash and drooping aspens,
The river waters—as to meet the sun;
And in the distance, boiling in its might,
The fatal fall is seen—the thundering Strid;—
And all, the morning blue and bright.

STANZAS.

FAREWELL!—You have banish'd me then
From my home, and the language of men
Must come foreign and chill to my heart!—
But you scorn'd—and 't was time to depart.

I go, like the shadow that flies,
When night and her darknesses rise,
And there is not a star in the sky,
To light me on—even to die.

You have slighted me, cruel! and yet
I cannot disdain or forget,
For in hate you still keep your control,
And it lies like a chain on my soul.

And now for the storm and the breeze,
And the music that lives on the seas,
And the ever-green valleys that lie
(Midst the Alps) in the smile of the sky!

I shall stand on the mountain, and shout
To the stars as they wander about,
And perhaps they may stop at my call—
But thou wilt be brighter than all.

Oh! then why do I strive to remove
Thee? I lived on the thought of thy love
Once, and ever must think ('t is my fate)
Of Thee—though I think of thy hate.

Farewell! Thou hast struck in thy pride
A heart that for Thee would have died!
Yet I bear the reproach, as I go,
Of filling thy bosom with

No matter!—I have, and 't is well,
A spirit that nothing shall quell!
And I know that, whatever my doom,
The laurel must spring from my tomb.

DERWENT-WATER AND SKIDDAW.

DEEP stillness lies upon this lovely lake.
The air is calm: the forest is still:
The river windeth without noise, and here
The fall of fountains is not, is the sound.
Of the white cataract Lodore: The voice—
The mighty mountain voice—itself is dumb.
Only, far distant and scarce heard, the dash
Of waters, broken by a boatman's oar,
Disturbs the golden, calm monotony.
The earth seems quiet, like a docile thing
Obeying the blue beauty of the skies;
And the soft air, through which the tempest ran
So lately in its speed, rebels no more:
The clouds are gone which but this morning gloom'd
Round the great Skiddaw; and he, wide reveal'd,
Outduror of the storms, sleeps secure
Beneath the watching of the holy

But a few hours ago and sounds were heard
Through all the region: Rain and the white hail sang
Amongst the branches, and this placid lake
Teased into mutiny: its waves (these waves
That lie like shining silver motionless)
Then shamed their gentle natures, and came up
Lashing their guardian banks, and, with wild cries
Complaining, call'd all the echoes round,
And answer'd rudely the rude winds, which then
Cast discord in the waters, until they
Amongst themselves waged wild and glittering war.

Oh! could imagination
The powers it lavish'd in the by-gone days
On Fauns and Naiads, or in later times
Village religion or wild fable flung
O'er sylphs and gnomes and fairies, fancies strange,
Here would I now compel to re-appear
Before me,—here, upon the moon-lit grass,
Titania, blue-eyed queen, brightest and first
Of all the shapes which trod the emerald rings
At midnight, or beneath the stars drank merrily
The wild-rose dew, or framed their potent charms:
And here should princely Oberon, sad no more,
Be seen low whispering in his beauty's ear,
While round about their throne the fays should dance:
Others the while, tending that peerless pair,
Should fill with odorous juices cups of flowers—
Here—yet not so: from out thy watery home,
Deep sunk beneath all storms and billows, thou
Shouldst not be torn:—Sleep in thy coral cave,
Lonely and unalarm'd, for ever sleep,
White Galatea!—for thou wast indeed
The fairest among all the forms which left
Their haunts,—the gentle air, or ocean wide,
River, or fount, or forest,—to bestow
High love on man;—but, rather let me now
From these so witching fancies turn away,
Lest I, beguiled too far, forget the scene
Before me, bright as aught in fairy land.

Skiddaw! Eternal mountain, hast thou been
Rock'd to thy slumber by the howling winds,
Or has the thunder or the lightnings blue
Scared thee to quiet?—To the sounding blast
Thou gavest answer, and when thou didst dash

Thou white hail in its puny rage aside,
Thou not dumb, to the rains when they
Ran trembling from thee:—me thou answerest not.

Art thou indignant then, hear I not?
Or, like the double-visaged god who sate
Within the Roman temples, dost thou keep
High watch above the northern floods to warn
Lone ships from erring, while thy southern front
Sealed in sleep?—Thy lofty head has long
Stood up everlasting mark to all
Who wander: haply now some wretch, whose bark
Has drifted from its path since of sun,
Beholds thee shine, and kneeling pours his soul
In thanks to heaven, or towards his cottage home
Shouts amidst tears, or laughter sad tears.

—And shall I, while these things may be, complain?
Never: in silence in sound thou art
A thing of grandeur; and throughout the year
Thy high protecting presence (let not this
Be forgot ever) turns aside the winds
Which else might the flowers of this sweet vale.

THE PLUVIAN JUPITER.

FROM A PICTURE BY GANDY.

Look! where, amongst the porphyry columns, sits
Jove—the Olympian! Look!—His shadowy arms
Crown the brave temple of his Deity,
And round about his head the vapours come
Lowering, in dark obedience.—Nobly hath
The painter told his story—and well it shines
(Placed by some cunning hand there) from amidst
The architectural things of new creation,
That in their gilded dress rise stiffly up,
As though to do it honour.—Trooping on,
See where the crowds of worshippers (attired
In white, and carrying flowers) pass on, to hail
The Spirit supreme, by all his various
Of father, and king, and PLUVIAN JUPITER.
He—like the god of clouds, sits motionless:
But in his quiet power there seems to be
Assent and blessing, and the elements,
As self-informed, bow down obsequiously.
Above, above—temples and towers sublime,
Rocks and blue mountains, and Athenian skies
Gleam in the distance. What a scene is there!
Fit for those mighty minds intelligent,
Who through the mists of ages rear their heads
In brave defiance of the storms of time.
And, haply, from these beautiful regions came
A power, that shed light on man; and as
The draws from the earth rich fruits, drew forth
Bright thoughts and patriot feeling, and did give
Greece its fame unparallel'd.

STANZAS.

In glowing youth, he stood beside
His native stream, and it glide,
Showing each gem beneath its tide,
Calm though nought could break its rest,
Reflecting heaven its breast,
And seeming, in its flow, be
Like candour, peace, and piety.

When began its brilliant dream,
His heart was like his native stream;
The wave-shrined gems could scarcely
Less hidden than each wish it knew;
Its life flowed on as calmly too:
And heaven shielded it from sin,
To see itself reflected in.

He stood beside that stream again,
When years had in strife and pain;
He looked for its calm course in vain,—
For storms profaned its peaceful flow,
And clouds o'erhung its crystal brow:—
And turning then, he sigh'd to deem
His heart still like his native stream.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO SIR THOMAS LAW- RENCE.

LAWRENCE!—although the muse and I have parted
(She to her airy heights, and I to toil,
Not discontent, wroth, nor gloomy-hearted,
Because I must till a rugged soil),—
Although self-banish'd from the peerless Muse,
Banish'd from Art's gay groups and blending hues,
I still gaze thy lines, where Beauty reigns,
With pleasure which rewards mine errant pains.
Thus, though I more the common page,
With learned Milton still and Shakspeare sage
I commune, when the labouring day is over,
Fill'd with a deep delight! like some true lover
Whom frowning fate may not entirely sever
From her whose love, perhaps, is lost for ever!

Even now thy potent art witches my sight,
I it still (with all my old delight),—
With rainbows o'er thy beaming figures flung,
Still bright, and, like Lyæus, ever young.
For thou, Raffaele and Correggio smiled
On beauty in the bud, and made the child
Immortal as the man of thoughtful brow,
By dint of their sweet power,—so dost thou.
And who, whilst those fair matchless children are,
Which, with thy radiant pencil, like a star,
Thou broughtest into light and pictured grace,
Shall dare assign thee a second place?
Yet,—thou so lovest the art thou dost profess,
(I know), that thou wouldst rather be deem'd less
Than thine own stature, that they who first
Gave art nobility, and burst
Like dawn upon the world to shine and reign,
Sole homage of men's souls may still retain.

—With whom dost thou now commune,—night by night,
When Nature, lady thine, withdraws her light,
And thou must charm all time?
Is it with Michael and his stern-sublime?
With Rembrandt's riddles dark,—a mighty maze?
Caracci's learned lines?—or Rubens' blaze?
With hoary Leonardo, great and wise?
With Parma's painters and their angel eyes?
Or Raffaele, sent down from out the sunny skies?

The children Mr Calmady.

Or, leavest thou *these* to their immortal rest,
 Turning unto some youthful artist guest?
 Or with some high mind or accomplish'd friend
 Dost thou delight the evening hours to spend
 By thine own fire, where proud shapes stand around,
 Deathless and eloquent, though without sound,—
 All in the poet's dreams and fancies born,
 But wrought by sculptor-poets like the morn?
 Dost thou with Otley talk, a spirit learn'd,
 In whom ■ long the smother'd fire has burn'd,—
 Who *should* have been what many hope to be,
 A painter stamp'd with immortality?
 Speak!—or is 't all enough that thou canst dream
 Of ages when thyself must be the theme
 Of praise unmix'd, from rival envy free
 (If rival envy ever aim'd at thee—);
 —Not that all those around thee (thou the sun)
 Shall perish when their beauteous toil is done:
 For ■ there are whose works are wrought for time,
 For future wonder, and eternal rhyme;—
 Good Stothard,—old, but in his youth of fame;
 Who is, and must survive—a potent name!
 Chantrey,—and Flemish Wilkie,—Landseer young
 (Whose skill hath given the very beast a tongue—
 Life—motion—till it chains the admiring eyes);
 And Turner, famous for his Claudian skies;
 Hilton, Dewint (rare brothers), form'd to last;
 And Collins, with his landscape unsurpass'd;
 Callcott, whom river gods should all adore;
 Westall,—and Leslie,—perhaps many more,
 Who now expand their wings, and strive and hope to soar.

—The great live free from envy, free from hate,
 Born or self-raised beyond that puny state
 Where warfare frets the heart, and shrinks the soul,
 Which else all grandly might itself unroll
 Like morning in the east, when summer skies
 Grow bright with beauty ■ the darkness dies.
 Though near them wars and tempests shake the clime,
 They live unvanquish'd through the storms of time,
 Like the centurion oak, whose tower of grey
 Endureth age, but scarcely owns decay!
 Thus free dost thou live, Lawrence!—and thus free
 From hate, from wrong, envy and calumny,
 Free from the pain thou givest not—may thy life
 Glide onwards without taint of care, or strife!
 Meantime, with every grace, and many a friend,
 Continue still thy evening time to spend,
 Feeding on lovely scenes and lofty shapes,—
 Pondering on thoughts, while not a charm escapes,—
 Sitting 'midst all the gods whom painters own,
 Each standing ■ his pale and sculptured throne;—
 Sitting and sharing all:—No miser thou,
 Who hoard'st the wealth which may be useful now;
 But ■ the ■ young and yet refined,
 Unbaring thoughts of many a master mind,—
 Tracing the learned lines,—and sweet'ning all
 With graceful converse, never known to pall.
 Even I, deserter from the muse's bowers,
 Have shared with thee some pleasant, pleasant hours!
 Since when—(those winter evenings fair and few!)
 I see thy spells have raised sweet shadows new.

—How long is 't Lawrence, since *this* ' creature young'
 Out of thy sportive mood so bravely sprung
 Into bright life, and took his stand in joy
 With things that Time shall never dare destroy?—
 —What matter?—he is *here*, and here shall be,
 ■ shape to speak, in far futurity,
 Of thy rare merits to the muse of song,
 When I and all these rhymes have vanish'd long!

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY PLAYING.

Here are sever'd lips
 Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
 The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
 Faster than goss in cobwebs: But her eyes!
 How could he see to do them? having made one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
 And leave itself unforsaken.

SHAKESPEARE.

Once more amongst those rich and golden strings
 Wander with thy white arm, dear lady pale;
 And when at last from thy sweet discord springs
 The aerial music, like the dreams that veil
 Earth's shadows with diviner thoughts and things,
 Oh, let the passion and the time prevail!
 Oh! bid thy spirit through the mazes run!
 For music is like love—and must be won!

Oh! wake the rich chords with thy delicate fingers!
 Oh! loose the enchanted music from mute sleep!
 Methinks the fine Phantasma near thee lingers,
 Yet will not come, unless tones strong and deep
 Compel him.—Ah! methinks (as love-avengers
 Requite upon the heads of those who weep
 The sorrows which they gave) the sullen thing
 Deserts thee, as thou left'st the vanquish'd string.

No—no—it comes, sweeter than death or life,
 Sweeter than hope, or joy beneath the moon;
 Sweeter than all is that harmonious strife
 From whose embrace is born a perfect tune,
 Where every varying note with thought ■ rife.
 Now—bid thy tender voice enchant us soon,
 With whatsoever thou wilt,—with love—with fears—
 The rage of passion, or the strength of tears.

1824.

Some years have fled since those past lines were writ,
 And seldom now I hear the golden strings;
 And seldom now, indeed, doth music flit
 Athwart my dreams, where graver science flings
 Her shadows; till my brow with cares is knit,
 And vainly then my better angel sings:
 Yet—sometimes doth a sound or sight restore
 That Muse who should have staid for evermore.

Lo! where the Muse of Music, while I speak,
 Comes,—with incarnate beauty 'round her flung,
 The red rose burning on her laughing cheek,
 And all that art conceives of fair and young

¹ The concluding lines were suggested by Lawrence's spirited and well-known picture "The Boy and his Dog."

Lavished upon her—eyes like morning's break—
A mouth all love—a grace like that which hung
O'er Phidian shapes, where all ■ rare yet true,
And ever as men ponder'd lovelier grew.

Look! how the bright blue glance shoots forth its fire;
How like ■ star in heaven's own azure clime!
Hark! doth she strike, indeed, that answering wire?
Hush! doth she sing, in truth, some pleasant rhyme?
She moves! she sings!—and thus, while worlds admire,
For ever will she sing through after time;
For ever touch that silent sweet guitar;
For ever gaze upon us, like ■ star!

1828.

THE SLEEPING FIGURE OF MODENA.

UPON a couch of silk and gold
A pale enchanted lady lies,
And o'er her many ■ frowning fold
Of crimson shades her closed eyes;
And shadowy creatures round her rise;
And ghosts of women masqued in woe;
And many a phantom pleasure flies;
And lovers slain—ah, long ago!

The lady, pale as now she sleeps,
An age upon that couch hath lain,
Yet in one spot a spirit keeps
His mansion, like a red-rose stain;
And, when lovers' ghosts complain,
Blushes like a new-born flower,
Or as some bright dream of pain
Dawneth through the darkest hour.

Once—but many a thought hath fled
Since the time whereof I speak—
Once, the sleeping lady bred
Beauty in her burning cheek,
And the lovely morn did break
Through the azure of her eyes,
And her heart was warm and meek,
And her hope was in the skies.

But the lady loved at last,
And the passion pain'd her soul,
And her hope away was cast,
Far beyond her own control;
And the clouded thoughts that roll
Through the midnight of the mind
O'er her eyes of ■ stole,
Till they grew deject and blind.

■ to whom her heart ■ given,
When May-music ■ in tune,
Dared forsake that ■ heaven,
Changed and careless soon!—
O, what is all beneath the moon
When his heart will ■ not!
What are all the dreams of noon
With our love forgot!

Heedless of the world she went,
Sorrow's daughter, meek and lone,
Till ■ spirit downwards ■
And struck her to this sleep of stone.

Look!—Did old Pygmalion
Sculpture thus, ■ more prevail,
When he drew the living tone
From the marble pale?

SONNET.

DESCRIPTIVE ■ A PAINTING OF NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

HERE on a rock that shot up, bare and grey,
Sat piping the vast giant Polypheme.—
The woods below seem'd ringing with his theme,
And the blue, motionless waters far away
Look'd listening.—Here, his staff beside him lay,
Huge as a forest pine.—A sunny gleam
Had touch'd the leaves, while dark in front ■ stream,
Such as the Fauns love, babbling told its way,
And still its talk a Naiad's urn supplied;
And ■ its margin, fringed with rushes green,
A group of beautiful figures might be seen
Reclining.—Such, painters of Italy
Figure ■ feign at will, but none beside.
It was a ■ scene of pure tranquillity.

TO THE SINGER PASTA.

NEVER till now—never till now, O queen
And wonder of the enchanted world of sound!
Never till now was such bright creature seen,
Startling to transport all the regions round!—
Whence comest thou—with those eyes and that fine
mien,
Thou sweet, sweet singer? Like an angel found
Mourning alone, thou seem'st (thy mates all fled)
A star 'mongst clouds—a spirit 'midst the dead!

Melodious thoughts hang round thee—sorrow sings
Perpetual sweetness near—divine despair!
Thou speak'st—and music, with her thousand strings,
Gives golden answers from the haunted air;
Thou movest,—and 'round thee Grace her beauty flings!
Thou look'st,—and Love is born! oh! songstress, rare,
Lives there on earth a power like that which lies
In those resistless tones—in those dark eyes?

Oh, I have lived—how long!—with one deep treasure—
One fountain of delight unlock'd, unknown;
But thou, the prophetess of my new pleasure,
Hast ■ at last, and struck my heart of stone:
And now outgushes without stint or measure
The endless rapture,—and in places lone
I shout it ■ the stars and winds that flee;
And then I think on all I owe to thee!

I see thee at all hours—beneath all skies—
In every shape thou takest, or passionate path:
Now art thou like some winged thing that cries
Over a city flaming fast to death:—
Now, ■ thy voice, the mad Medea dies—
Now Desdemona yields her gentle breath:—
All things thou art by turns—from wrath to love,
From the queen eagle to the vestal dove!

Horror ■ and strong, and death (unmask'd,
In slow pale silence, or 'midst brief eclipse);
But what ■ they to thy sweet strength, when task'd
To its height—with all the god upon thy lips?

Not even the cloudless days and riches, ask'd
By ■ who in the book of darkness dips,
Vies with that radiant wealth which they inherit
Who own, like thee, the Muse's deathless spirit.

Would I could crown thee as a king can crown!
Yet what ■ kingly gifts to thy great fame,
Whose echoes shall all vulgarer triumphs drown,—
Whose light shall darken every ■ name?
The gallant courts thee,—for his own renown;
Mimicking thee, he plays Love's pleasant game;
The critic brings thee praise, which all rehearse,
And I—alas!—I can but bring my verse!

TO A CONQUEROR'S WIFE, ON HIS RETURN.

Divine lady, who hast been,
Like a young and widowed queen,
Pining for thy husband dear
Twice the months that fill the year;
And, as Dian wax'd and waned,
Ever ■ her light complain'd,
And to the Siberian North,—
Smile, and put thy beauty forth;
For upon the wings of war,
Amidst pennons flying far,
Trumpets and the stormy drums,
Arm'd with his fame, he comes
Homewards, having swept the ■ :—
Homewards, for a little ease,
After all his toil, he comes,—
For thy home-sweet looks of beauty,
For the smiles that lighten duty,
For the love which absence measures,
And the hoarded wedded treasures,
Such ■ hang upon a kiss,
Tender words and questions,—pleasures
Where the last the sweetest is:
He cometh from the Indian shores,
Where the lashing lion roars,
By the tusked elephant,
And the cruel tigers pant
In the watery jungles near.

Husband!—laurel'd conqueror!
To thy wife, who hath ■ peer,
Welcome!—welcome unto her
From the parched Indian shore,
From the land where lions roar,
Welcome to a peaceful clime!
Oh! how long hath patient Time
Waited for thee; and how long
Echo, with her silver song
(Mocking all the notes of pain),
Hath allured thee back again!
Husband! thou art come ■ last,
And the present and the past
Shall put out their blossoms, both;
And the future shall be loth
To look dark or perilous.
Joy alone shall tend on us;
Saving him, we'll nothing ■
■ the fair futurity.

Thou, to whom, through toil and war,
Thy great husband cometh far,

■ not at this joy-bright hour!
Re-array thy holiest bower,
Now, with every fragrant leaf,
Every odour-winged flower,
Though its life be frail and brief,—
■ which may be symbols fair:
Roses, in their many ranks,
Fit to wind through Juno's hair;
Violets which, from southern banks,
Breathe into the languid air
Sweetness, when the morn is near;
And the yellow saffron, dear
To Hymen, and the poppy red;
Let the last adorn his bed,
And the rich nepenthe's bloom
Fill his cup with strange perfume.
Haste thee, beauty! haste thee now,
Bind the myrtle on thy brow
(Venus loved it—so ■ thou),
And with thy adorned charms,
In thy white embracing arms,
Clasp him ■ the ivy,—no,
That doth prey upon the tree;
Never like the ivy be:
Like the green and curling vine,
In thy purest arms entwine
Him to whom thy heart was given;
And bid him (when upon thy breast,
Still a victor, he is prest),
Welcome to his own sweet heaven.

OVID IN PONTUS.

HARD by the banish'd Euxine (a black doom!)
Haunted the poet Ovid. He was sent,
With love upon his soul, to banishment,
And sank, an amorous meteor, quench'd in gloom.
Bright tears were lost when Ovid died. A man
Who loved and mourn'd so sweetly, well might win
Melodious sorrow for his unknown sin.
All ages wept his fate: Politian
Develop'd his brave wrath in ten-foot verse,
And many a nameless scribbler rhymed a curse:
Only Augustus, in his timorous pride,
Exiled the poet from his beauty's side,
Sending him, fetter'd, to the banish'd sea.
But who may chain the poet's spirit free?
He thought and murmur'd—Oh! and late and long
Bestow'd the music of his soul in song;
Bequeath'd to every wind that kiss'd that shore,
Sighs for lost Rome, which he must see ■ more;
Regrets, repinings (of all hope bereft),
And tears for Caesar's daughter, loved and left!
And so it was he wept long years away
By savage waters; so did he rehearse,
Throughout the paleness of the winter's day,
The many sorrows of his love-crown'd verse,
Until, in the end, he died. His grave is lost;
Somewhere it lies beyond all guess—all reach—
Though hands of wandering lovers, passion-cross'd,
Have sought to find it on that desert beach.

ULLS-WATER AND ITS ECHOES.

SHOUT! and the water shall return your sound.
From answering rock to rock precipitous,

O'er heath, and dell, ■ hills with the flowering shrub
 Crown'd, and along the rivulets that dash
 Headlong into the valleys, there shall go
 A sound like many voices: echoes faint
 At last will rise, soft, soothing, female tones;
 And, in the place of ruder noises, touch
 The ■ with pleasure. First, the heart will mix
 Itself with the wild clamour, and give back,
 Not loudly but in tumult, sound for sound,
 And thus, an active spirit in the scuffle,
 Yet sinking as the echoes sink, pass on
 A dumb companion, till those gentle tones
 Speak unexpected... then the soul admits,
 Passive, its last and most supreme delight.
 —Is it ■ thus that life—(a sea, at times,
 Dark ■ the dark Ulla-water, yet with gleams
 Of beauty ■ its entrance and its end,
 With rocks opposing, and with flower-crown'd heights),
 Re-echoes back the sounds ■ send abroad?
 Fiercely or gently pass they on and on
 Till other words be spoken, when again
 The echo speaks—then languishes—then dies.

ECHOES.

Ye spirits like the winds!—ye who around
 The rocks and these primeval mountains run,
 With cries as though ■ thunder-god unbound
 ■ wings, to celebrate the set of sun,
 And leaning from yon fiery cloud,
 Alarming blew his brazen horn aloud,
 And then with faint, and then with fainter voices
 That bade the world rejoice,
 Proclaimed care asleep and earthly labour done.

Oh! spirits of the air and mountains born!
 And cradled in the cave where Silence lies!
 As from dusk night at once the tropic morn,
 Springeth upon the struck beholder's eyes
 In mid-day power bright and warm,
 So ye, called forth from ■ unholy calm
 Mysterious, brooding, and prophetic, ■
 To rise ■ from a dream,
 And break your spell, but keep the secret of the charm.

Not only like the thunder and the blast
 Are your high voices heard, for far away
 Ye gently speak; and as, when life is past,
 The white ■ ■ with song her dying day,
 So in music faint and sad
 Ye perish, who exultingly and glad
 Rush'd forward in your earlier course,
 Like rivers from ■ rocky ■
 Fast flashing into light, and sinking soon to shade.

Pale poets of the hills! doubtless ye are
 Like those on earth, short-lived and self-consuming,
 Yet bright, from the lightnings which around your hair
 Stream, and exhausted with too ■ resuming
 Your shouts, which first ■ stern and strong,
 And bore the burden of your youth along,
 But after, ■ ye further flew,
 Grew slight, but ah! grew weaker too,
 Until alone remained the memory of your song.
 Unlike the sounds which faintly fall on plains,

Or ■ low murmur'd through ■ sylvan place,
 Your voice in peerless domination reigns,
 Self-evidence of its supremest race:
 What, though the eye may see ye not,
 Ah! who that ever heard hath e'er forgot
 The teeming harmony that ■ and died
 Moaning upon the mountain side?

BORRODAILE.

THE gulfs of Borrodaile!—My soul delights
 In these drear deserts. Now methinks a ■
 Of something mightier than the common world
 Runs trembling through the heart. A spirit born
 Of mountain solitudes and sights sublime,
 Of earth and sky, and the wide-wandering air,
 Is present here. Unlike the royal power
 Of Skiddaw, or Helvellyn crowned with clouds,
 Or Kirkstone, guardian of the mountain way,
 Here vague and barren grandeur spreads abroad,
 And darkness and dismay and danger dwell.
 No grassy sward of green is nourish'd here,
 Like that which (as old song proclaims) sprang free
 On shore Sicilian and in Tempe's vale;
 Nor streams of silver, such as echo once
 Haunted; or ■ whose banks the wood nymphs play
 Or pensive pale Narcissus loved to lie.
 But here a wilful, riotous torrent ■
 Mad from the mountains, and when July drought
 Scorches the hills, here all-subdued yet wild
 The muttering river drags its lazy course,
 And makes hoarse discord with the rocks and ■
 No solitary tree puts forth its head,
 Nor flowering shrub: the « palmy fern » has left
 A place so desolate; and the clinging moss
 The last friend of the desert, here has died!

AN INVOCATION TO BIRDS.

Come all ye feathery people of mid-air,
 Who sleep 'midst rocks, or ■ the mountain summit
 Lie down with the wild winds; and ye who build
 Your homes amidst green leaves by grottoes cool;
 And ye who ■ the flat sands hoard your eggs
 For suns ■ ripen, come!—O phoenix rare!
 If death hath spared thee, or philosophic search
 Permit thee still ■ thy haunted nest,
 Perfect Arabian,—lonely nightingale!
 Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,
 But when pale eve unseals thy clear throat, lookest
 Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs,
 Until they waken;—and thou, cuckoo-bird,
 Who art the ghost of sound, having no shape
 Material, but dost wander far and near,
 Like untouch'd Echo whom the woods deny
 Sight of her love,—come all to my slow charm!
 Come thou, sky-climbing bird, wakener of morn,
 Who springest like a thought unto the sun,
 And from his golden floods dost gather wealth
 (Epithalamium and Pindaric song),
 And with it enrich our ears;—come all to me,
 Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
 And, in your several musics, whisper—love!

ON A HEADLAND IN THE BAY OF PANAMA.

We ran up a small creek, near which was a headland, famous for a sanguinary battle, at some very remote period, far beyond the memory of man. We were told of fragments of huge bones that had once whitened all the ground there. We ourselves saw none, however: but turned up various fossils, which, for aught we knew to the contrary, might have belonged to some antediluvian giant or hero, who was cotemporary with the mammoth and leviathan.—*Voyage of Discovery, by J. P. Gomez, p. 63.*

VAGUE mystery hangs on all these desert places!
The fear which hath no name, hath wrought a spell!
Strength, courage, wrath—have been, and left no traces!
They came,—and fled;—but whither? who can tell?

We know but that they were,—that once (in days
When ocean was a bar 'twixt man and man),
Stout spirits wander'd o'er these capes and bays,
And perish'd, where these river-waters ran.

Methinks they should have built some mighty tomb,
Whose granite might endure the century's rain,
White winter, and the sharp night-winds, that boom
Like spirits in their purgatorial pain.

They left, 't is said, their proud unhuried bones
To whiten on this unacknowledged shore;
Yet nought besides the rocks and worn sea-stones
Now answer to the great Pacific's roar!

A mountain stands where Agamemnon died:
And Cheops hath derived eternal fame,
Because he made his tomb a place of pride;
And thus the dead Metella earn'd a name.

But these,—they vanish'd as the lightnings-die
(Their mischiefs over) in the surging deep;
And no one knoweth underneath the sky,
What heroes perish'd here, nor where they sleep!

ON A ROCK IN THE ATLANTIC.

Here in this solemn spot, from hour to hour,
From age to age, Earth and the mighty sea
Fight for dominion. Here—where none can see,
None hear, none aid,—when Autumn tempests low'r,
And the wild winds strike loud their stormy drums,
Forth from his caves the blown Atlantic comes,
Scattering his foaming fury, night by night,
'Gainst the scarr'd basalt's all-enduring might.
Stern foes! who fight for lords ye never saw,
Not vain your noise, if from the unending strife
A peaceful lesson clamorous man would draw,
And thereby learn to sheathe his useless knife:
Or, must ye both still set life against life,
Obeying thus some wise but unknown law?

SEA-SHORE STANZAS.

METHINKS I fain would lie by the lone sea,
And hear the waters their white music weave!
Methinks it were a pleasant thing to grieve,
So that our sorrows might companion'd be
By that strange harmony

Of winds and billows, and the living sound
Sent down from heaven when the thunder speaks
Unto the listening shores and torrent creeks,
When the swoll'n sea doth strive to burst its bound!

Methinks, when tempests come and kiss the ocean
Until the vast and terrible billows wake,
I see the writhing of that curled snake
Which men of old believed, and my emotion
Warreth within me till the fable reigns
God of my fancy, and my curdling veins
Do homage to that serpent old
Which clasp'd the great world in its fold,
And brooded over earth and the unknown sea,
Like endless, restless, drear eternity!

A SEA-SHORE ECHO.

I STAND upon the wild sea-shore—
I see the screaming eagle soar—
I hear the hungry billows roar,
And all around
The hollow answering caves out-pour
Their stores of sound.

The wind, which moaneth on the waves,
Delights me, and the surge that raves,
Loud-talking of a thousand graves—
A watery theme!
But oh! those voices from the caves
Speak like a dream!

They seem long hoarded,—cavern-hung,—
First uttered ere the world was young,
Talking some strange eternal tongue
Old as the skies!
Their words unto all earth are flung:
Yet who replies?

Large answers when the thunders speak
Are blown from every bay and creek,
And when the fire-tongued tempests speak
The bright seas cry,
And when the seas their answer seek
The shores reply.

But Echo from the rock and stone
And seas earns back no second tone;
And Silence pale, who hears alone
Her voice divine,
Absorbs it, like the sponge that's thrown
On glorious wine!

—Nymph Echo,—elder than the world,
Who wast from out deep chaos hurl'd,
When beauty first her flag unfurl'd,
And the bright sun
Laugh'd on her, and the blue waves curl'd,
And voices run.

Like spirits on the new-born air,
Lone Nymph, whom poets thought so fair,
And great Pan wooed from his green lair,
How love will flee!
Thou answer'dst at all; but none now care
To answer thee!

None,—none : Old age has scar'd thy brow ;
 No power, no shrine, no gold hast thou :
 So Fame, the harlot, leaves thee now,
 A frail, false friend !
 And thus, like all things here below,
 Thy fortunes end !

ROSAMUND GRAY.

(CONTINUATION OF THE FRAGMENT AT PAGE 144.)

Here is a tale
 Of dark pollution. Once, upon her cheek
 The story lived ; and you might plainly read
 The burning characters : shrinking shame was there—
 Beseeching looks—painful humility ;—
 And from her face was gone hope (save when she
 Glanced, in petitioning beauty, to the skies,
 Seeking relief or pardon). But she died ;
 And one still lives, to whom the tale was death—
 Death for a time,—for the soul's light was dimm'd,
 And nothing but this visible clay remain'd,
 A dull, base relic of mortality,
 Defrauded of its brightness :—he hath risen
 To life again, but in his frame are sown
 The seeds of quick decay.—Another lives,
 Self-exiled and abhor'd—shut out from heaven,
 Beneath whose thousand starry eyes, the deed
 Was perpetrated :—he wanders here and there
 In pain and peril ; and guilt—murderous guilt
 Hath stamp'd that burning mark upon his front,
 Which whose wears is blasted !—I have told
 The tale confusedly ; but, in truth, I meant
 But to describe poor Rosamund.

FROM AN "ABSENTEE."

Let me wander where I will,
 Thy sweet voice is near me still—
 On the dumb untrodden mountains—
 In the silver-speaking fountains—

In the wandering winds that roam,
 And never, never find a home—
 In the sky-lark's merrier measure,
 When she fills the morn with pleasure ;—

And y day, and in the night,
 Thy soft eyes are my love-light,
 While thy tender voice doth cherish
 Hope to life, which else might perish.

O voice, which comes o'er land and seas !
 O eyes, bright 'midst the tamarisk-trees !
 Why need I dream of past emotion ?
 Of distant skies ? of severing ocean ?

'Midst toil and war, 'neath Indian-suns,
 'Midst deserts where no river runs,
 What care I ? Ye are shade and river—
 Are hope—are joy which fade never !

STANZAS.

"FAREWELL!" "Farewell!"—that was the word
 I utter'd last, and you last heard,
 When, trembling with a deep emotion,
 I left you, on the bounding ocean.

You came then (you remember this),
 And did, with that last dangerous kiss,
 And beauty, with which love array'd thee,
 From the wide, perilous seas dissuade me.

Fear not—though some sad years have past
 Since you, in useless sorrow, cast
 Yourself, with all your tears and charms,
 Fondly, in youth, into my arms ;

Nothing can dim that parting scene ;
 Still lives it in my memory, green :
 Distance doth but confirm, and time
 Shall vindicate a love sublime.

Be it for lighter spirits—things
 Sway'd by the eye's mere fancyings,
 To stoop at every common shrine ;
 To bend once, and but once, be mine.

Then for a few—a few short years,
 Be true thy heart and hush'd thy fears ;
 And I will hasten back to thee
 Freed from the stain of poverty.

SONG.

In her bosom deep
 Love was once lying,
 Hid all in odorous sleep :
 Now—Grief which cannot weep
 Is always sighing.

The bright day is fled ;
 And eve is flying
 Over the mountain's head ;
 And winged faith is dead ;
 And hope is dying.

She who loved thee so
 Is a pale ruin ;
 And on her maiden brow,
 And in her eye, doth show
 What comes of wooing !

SERENADE.

INESILLA ! I am here :
 Thy own cavalier
 Is now beneath thy lattice playing :
 Why art thou delaying ?

He hath riden many a mile
But to see thy smile :
The young light on the flowers is shining,
Yet he is repining.

What to him is a summer star,
If his love 's afar ?
What to him the flowers perfuming,
When his heart 's consuming !

Sweetest girl ! why dost thou hide ?
Beauty may abide
Even before the eye of morning,
And want no adorning.

Now, upon their paths of light,
Starry spirits bright
To catch thy brighter glance are staying :
Why art thou delaying ?

SONG.

WHITHER, ah ! whither is my lost love straying ?
Upon what pleasant land beyond the sea ?
O ye winds ! now playing
Like airy spirits round my temples free,
Fly, and tell him this from me :—

Tell him, sweet winds ! that in my woman's bosom
My young love still retains its perfect power ;
Or, like the summer blossom
That changes still from bud to the full-blown flower
Grows with every passing hour.

Say (and say gently) that, since we two parted,
How little joy—much sorrow—I have known ;
Only not broken-hearted,
Because I muse upon bright moments gone,
And dream and think of him alone.

THE END.

3758



John Milton



W. I. Bowley

John Lubbock



Barry Cornwall